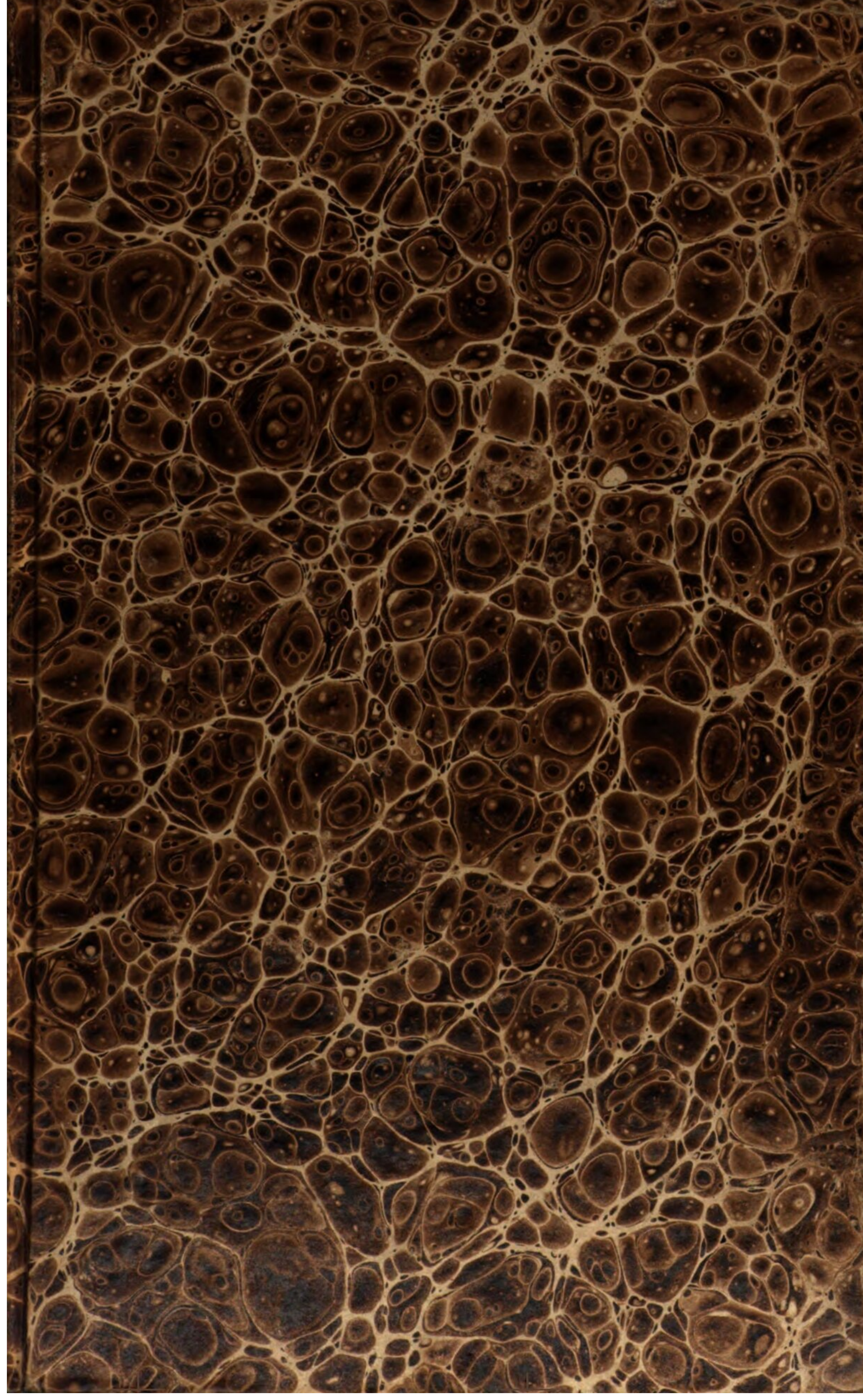




~~879~~

Bibl. Mont.

- 879-7

<36624897580010

<36624897580010

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

THE
PROSE WORKS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PROSE WORKS

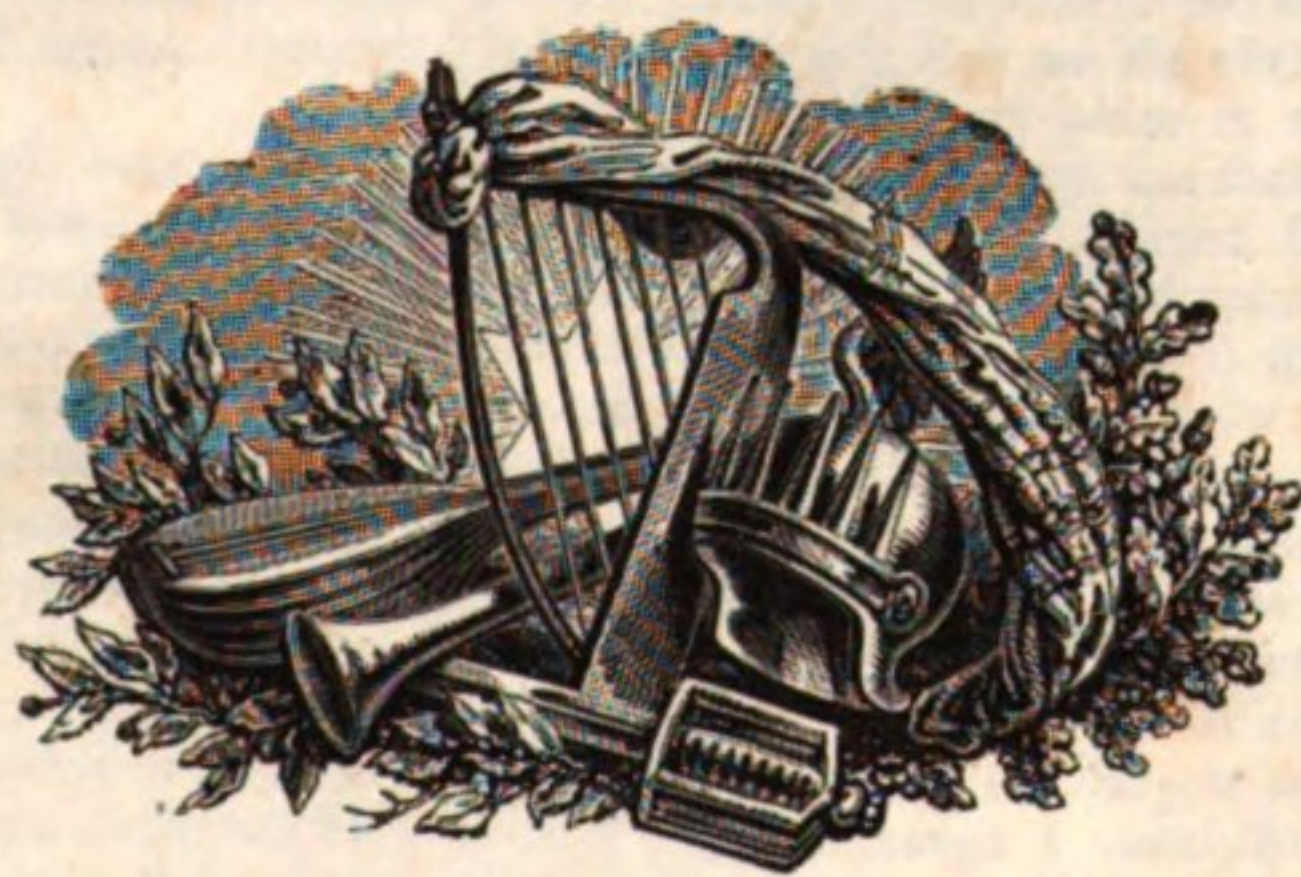
THE

THE
PROSE WORKS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

VOLUME VII.

CONTAINING

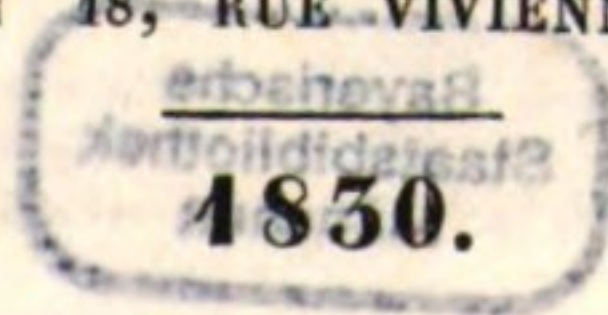
CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE. ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.
TALES OF A GRANDFATHER.



PARIS

PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALIGNANI,

N° 48, RUE VIVIENNE.



THE

PROSE WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

VOLUME VII.

CONTAINING

CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE. ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER.



PARIS

PUBLISHED BY A. AND W. GALLIGAN.

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

THE
PROSE WORKS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Chronicles of the Canongate.

FIRST SERIES.

INTRODUCTION.

ALL who are acquainted with the early history of the Italian stage are aware that Arlechino is not, in his original conception, a mere worker of marvels with his wooden sword, a jumper into and out of windows, as upon our theatre, but, as his party coloured jacket implies, a buffoon or clown, whose mouth, far from being eternally closed, as amongst us, is filled, like that of Touchstone, with quips, and cranks, and witty devices, very often delivered extempore. It is not easy to guess how he became possessed of his black vizard, which was anciently made in the resemblance of the face of a cat; but it seems that the mask was essential to the performance of the character, as will appear from the following theatrical anecdote:—

An actor on the Italian stage, permitted at the Foire de St Germain, in Paris, was renowned for the wild, venturous, and extravagant wit, the brilliant sallies and fortunate repartees with which he prodigally seasoned the character of the party-coloured jester. Some critics, whose good will towards a favourite actor was stronger than their judgment, took occasion to remonstrate with the successful performer on the subject of the grotesque vizard. They went wilily to their purpose, observing that his classical and attic wit, his delicate vein of humour, his happy turn for dialogue, was rendered burlesque and ludicrous by this unmeaning and bizarre disguise, and that those attributes would become far more impressive, if aided by the spirit of his eye and the expression of his natural features. The actor's vanity was easily so far engaged as to induce him to make the experiment. He played Harlequin bare-faced, but was considered on all hands as having made a total failure. He had lost the audacity which a sense of incognito bestowed, and with it all the reckless play of raillery which gave vivacity to his original acting. He cursed his advisers, and resumed his grotesque vizard; but, it is said, without ever being able to regain the careless and successful levity which the consciousness of the disguise had formerly bestowed.

Perhaps the Author of Waverley is now about to incur a risk of the same kind, and endanger his popularity by having laid aside his incognito. It is

certainly not a voluntary experiment, like that of Harlequin; for it was my original intention never to have avowed these works during my lifetime, and the original manuscripts were carefully preserved (though by the care of others rather than mine), with the purpose of supplying the necessary evidence of the truth when the period of announcing it should arrive. But the affairs of my publishers having unfortunately passed into a management different from their own, I had no right any longer to rely upon secrecy in that quarter; and thus my mask, like my Aunt Dinah's in Tristram Shandy, having begun to wax a little threadbare about the chin, it became time to lay it aside with a good grace, unless I desired it should fall in pieces from my face.

Yet I had not the slightest intention of choosing the time and place in which the disclosure was finally made; nor was there any concert betwixt my learned and respected friend Lord Meadowbank and myself upon that occasion. It was, as the reader is probably aware, upon the 23d February last, at a public meeting, called for establishing a professional Theatrical Fund in Edinburgh, that the communication took place. Just before we sat down to table, Lord Meadowbank asked me, whether I was still anxious to preserve my incognito on the subject of what was called the Waverley Novels? I did not immediately see the purpose of his Lordship's question, although I certainly might have been led to infer it, and replied, that the secret had now become known to so many people that I was indifferent on the subject. Lord Meadowbank was thus induced, while doing me the great honour of proposing my health to the meeting, to say something on the subject of these Novels, so strongly connecting them with me as the author, that, by remaining silent, I must have stood convicted, either of the actual paternity, or of the still greater crime of being supposed willing to receive indirectly praise to which I had no just title. I thus found myself suddenly and unexpectedly placed in the confessional, and had only time to recollect that I had been guided thither by a most friendly hand, and could not, perhaps, find a better public opportunity to lay down a disguise, which began to resemble that of a detected masquerader.

I had therefore the task of avowing myself, to the

numerous and respectable company assembled, as the sole and unaided author of these Novels of Waverley, the paternity of which was likely at one time to have formed a controversy of some celebrity. I now think it further necessary to say, that while I take on myself all the merits and demerits attending these compositions, I am bound to acknowledge with gratitude, hints of subjects and legends which I have received from various quarters, and have occasionally used as a foundation of my fictitious compositions, or woven up with them in the shape of episodes. I am bound, in particular, to acknowledge the unremitting kindness of Mr Joseph Train, supervisor of excise at Dumfries, to whose unwearied industry I have been indebted for many curious traditions, and points of antiquarian interest. It was Mr Train who recalled to my recollection the history of Old Mortality, although I myself had a personal interview with that celebrated wanderer so far back as about 1792, when I found him on his usual task. He was then engaged in repairing the gravestones of the Covenanters who had died while imprisoned in the Castle of Dunnottar, to which many of them were committed prisoners at the period of Argyle's rising; their place of confinement is still called the Whigs' Vault. Mr Train, however, procured for me far more extensive information concerning this singular person, whose name was Patterson, than I had been able to acquire during my short conversation with him. He was (as I may have somewhere already stated), a native of the parish of Closeburn, in Dumfries-shire, and it is believed that domestic affliction, as well as devotional feeling, induced him to commence the wandering mode of life, which he pursued for a very long period. It is more than twenty years since Robert Patterson's death, which took place on the high road near Lockerby, where he was found exhausted and expiring. The white pony, the companion of his pilgrimage, was standing by the side of its dying master; the whole furnishing a scene not unfitted for the pencil. These particulars I had from Mr Train.

Another debt, which I pay most willingly, is that which I owe to an unknown correspondent (a lady), who favoured me with the history of the upright and high principled female, whom, in the Heart of Midlothian, I have termed Jeanie Deans. The circumstance of refusing to save her sister's life by an act of perjury, and undertaking a pilgrimage to London to obtain her pardon, are both represented as true by my fair and obliging correspondent; and they led me to consider the possibility of rendering a fictitious personage interesting by mere dignity of mind and rectitude of principle, assisted by unpretending good sense and temper, without any of the beauty, grace, talent, accomplishment, and wit, to which a heroine of romance is supposed to have a prescriptive right. If the portrait was received with interest by the public, I am conscious how much it was owing to the truth and force of the original sketch, which I regret that I am unable to present to the public, as it was written with much feeling and spirit.

Old and odd books, and a considerable collection of family legends, formed another quarry, so ample, that it was much more likely that the strength of the labourer should be exhausted, than that materials

should fail.—I may mention, for example's sake, that the terrible catastrophe of the Bride of Lammermoor actually occurred in a Scottish family of rank. The female relative, by whom the melancholy tale was communicated to me many years since, was a near connexion of the family in which the event happened, and always told it with an appearance of melancholy mystery, which enhanced the interest. She had known, in her youth, the brother who rode before the unhappy victim to the fatal altar, who though then a mere boy, and occupied almost entirely with the gallantry of his own appearance in the bridal procession, could not but remark that the hand of his sister was moist, and cold as that of a statue.—It is unnecessary further to withdraw the veil from this scene of family distress, nor, although it occurred more than a hundred years since, might it be altogether agreeable to the representatives of the families concerned in the narrative. It may be proper to say, that the events are imitated, but I had neither the means nor the intention of copying the manners, or tracing the characters, of the persons concerned in the real story.

Indeed, I may here state generally, that although I have deemed historical personages free subjects of delineation, I have never, on any occasion, violated the respect due to private life. It was indeed impossible that traits proper to persons, both living and dead, with whom I have had intercourse in society, should not have risen to my pen in such works as Waverley, and those which followed it. But I have always studied to generalize the portraits, so that they should still seem, on the whole, the productions of fancy, though possessing some resemblance to real individuals. Yet, I must own, my attempts have not in this last particular been uniformly successful. There are men whose characters are so peculiarly marked, that the delineation of some leading and principal feature, inevitably places the whole person before you in his individuality. Thus, the character of Jonathan Oldbuck, in the Antiquary, was partly founded on that of an old friend of my youth, to whom I am indebted for introducing me to Shakspeare, and other invaluable favours; but I thought I had so completely disguised the likeness, that it could not be recognised by any one now alive. I was mistaken, however, and indeed had endangered what I desired should be considered as a secret; for I afterwards learned that a highly respectable gentleman, one of the few surviving friends of my father, and an acute critic, had said, upon the appearance of the work, that he was now convinced who was the author of it, as he recognised, in the Antiquary, traces of the character of a very intimate friend of my father's family.

I may here also notice, that the sort of exchange of gallantry, which is represented as taking place betwixt the Baron of Bradwardine and Colonel Talbot, is a literal fact.—The real circumstances of the anecdote, alike honourable to Whig and Tory, are these:—

Alexander Stewart of Invermahyle,—a name which I cannot write without the warmest recollections of gratitude to the friend of my childhood, who first introduced me to the Highlands, their traditions, and their manners,—had been engaged ac-

tively in the troubles of 1745. As he charged at the battle of Preston with his clan, the Stewarts of Appine, he saw an officer of the opposite army standing alone by a battery of four cannon, of which he discharged three on the advancing Highlanders, and then drew his sword. Invernahyle rushed on him, and required him to surrender. "Never to rebels!" was the undaunted reply, accompanied with a longe, which the Highlander received on his target; but instead of using his sword in cutting down his now defenceless antagonist, he employed it in parrying the blow of a Lochaber axe, aimed at the officer by the Miller, one of his own followers, a grim-looking old Highlander, whom I remember to have seen.—Thus overpowered, Lieutenant Colonel Allan Whiteford, a gentleman of rank and consequence, as well as a brave officer, gave up his sword, and with it his purse and watch, which Invernahyle accepted, to save them from his followers. After the affair was over, Mr Stewart sought out his prisoner, and they were introduced to each other by the celebrated John Roy Stewart; who acquainted Colonel Whiteford with the quality of his captor, and made him aware of the necessity of receiving back his property, which he was inclined to leave in the hands into which it had fallen. So great became the confidence established betwixt them, that Invernahyle obtained from the Chevalier his freedom upon parole; and soon afterwards, having been sent back to the Highlands to raise men, he visited Colonel Whiteford at his own house, and spent two happy days with him and his Whig friends, without thinking, on either side, of the civil war which was then raging.

When the battle of Culloden put an end to the hopes of Charles Edward, Invernahyle, wounded and unable to move, was borne from the field by the faithful zeal of his retainers. But as he had been a distinguished Jacobite, his family and property were exposed to the system of vindictive destruction, too generally carried into execution through the country of the insurgents. It was now Colonel Whiteford's turn to exert himself; and he wearied all the authorities, civil and military, with his solicitations for pardon to the saver of his life, or at least for a protection for his wife and family. His applications were for a long time unsuccessful:—"I was found with the mark of the Beast upon me in every list," was Invernahyle's expression. At length Colonel Whiteford applied to the Duke of Cumberland, and urged his suit with every argument which he could think of. Being still repulsed, he took his commission from his bosom, and having said something of his own and his family's services to the House of Hanover, begged to resign his situation in their service, since he could not be permitted to show his gratitude to the person to whom he owed his life. The Duke, struck with his earnestness, desired him to take up his commission, and granted the protection required for the family of Invernahyle.

The Chieftain himself lay concealed in a cave near his own house, before which a small body of regular soldiers was encamped. He could hear their muster-roll called every morning, and their drums beat to quarters at night, and not a change of the sentinels escaped him. As it was suspected that he was lurking somewhere on the property, his family were

closely watched, and compelled to use the utmost precaution in supplying him with food. One of his daughters, a child of eight or ten years old, was employed as the agent least likely to be suspected. She was an instance among others, that a time of danger and difficulty creates a premature sharpness of intellect. She made herself acquainted among the soldiers, till she became so familiar to them, that her motions escaped their notice; and her practice was, to stroll away into the neighbourhood of the cave, and leave what slender supply of food she carried for that purpose under some remarkable stone, or the root of some tree, where her father might find it as he crept by night from his lurking-place. Times became milder, and my excellent friend was relieved from proscription by the Act of Indemnity.—Such is the interesting story which I have rather injured than improved, by the manner in which it is told in *Waverley*.

This incident, with several other circumstances illustrating the *Tales* in question, was communicated by me to my late lamented friend, William Erskine (a Scottish Judge, by the title of Lord Kinnedder), who afterwards reviewed with far too much partiality the *Tales* of my Landlord, for the *Quarterly Review* of January, 1817. In the same article, are contained other illustrations of the *Novels*, with which I supplied my accomplished friend, who took the trouble to write the review. The reader who is desirous of such information, will find the original of *Meg Merrilees*, and I believe of one or two other personages of the same cast of character, in the article referred to.

I may also mention, that the tragic and savage circumstances which are represented as preceding the birth of Allan Mac Aulay, in the *Legend of Montrose*, really happened in the family of Stewart of Ardvoirloch. The wager about the candlesticks, whose place was supplied by Highland torch-bearers, was laid and won by one of the MacDonalds of Keppoch.

There can be but little amusement in winnowing out the few grains of truth which are contained in this mass of empty fiction. I may, however, before dismissing the subject, allude to the various localities which have been affixed to some of the scenery introduced into these *Novels*; by which, for example, *Wolf's-Hope* is identified with *Fast-Castle* in *Berwickshire*,—*Tillietudlem* with *Draphane* in *Clydesdale*,—and the valley in the *Monastery*, called *Glendearg*, with the dale of the *Allan*, above *Lord Somerville's villa*, near *Melrose*. I can only say, that, in these and other instances, I had no purpose of describing any particular local spot; and the resemblance must therefore be of that general kind which necessarily exists betwixt scenes of the same character. The iron-bound coast of Scotland affords upon its headlands and promontories fifty such castles as *Wolf's-Hope*; every county has a valley more or less resembling *Glendearg*; and if castles like *Tillietudlem*, or mansions like the *Baron of Bradwardine's*, are now less frequently to be met with, it is owing to the rage of indiscriminate destruction, which has removed or ruined so many monuments of antiquity, when they were not protected by their inaccessible situation.

The scraps of poetry which have been in most

cases tacked to the beginning of chapters in these Novels, are sometimes quoted either from reading or from memory, but, in the general case, are pure invention. I found it too troublesome to turn to the collection of the British Poets to discover apposite mottoes, and, in the situation of the theatrical mechanist, who, when the white paper which represented his shower of snow was exhausted, continued the storm by snowing brown, I drew on my memory as long as I could, and, when that failed, eked it out with invention. I believe that, in some cases, where actual names are affixed to the supposed quotations, it would be to little purpose to seek them in the works of the authors referred to.

And now the reader may expect me, while in the confessional, to explain the motives why I have so long persisted in disclaiming the works of which I am now writing. To this it would be difficult to give any other reply, save that of Corporal Nym—It was the humour or caprice of the time. I hope it will not be construed into ingratitude to the public, to whose indulgence I have owed much more than to any merit of my own, if I confess that I am, and have been, more indifferent to success, or to failure, as an author, than may be the case with others, who feel more strongly the passion for literary fame, probably because they are justly conscious of a better title to it. It was not until I had attained the age of thirty years that I made any serious attempt at distinguishing myself as an author; and at that period, men's hopes, desires, and wishes, have usually acquired something of a decisive character, and are not eagerly and easily diverted into a new channel. When I made the discovery,—for to me it was one,—that by amusing myself with composition, which I felt a delightful occupation, I could also give pleasure to others, and became aware that literary pursuits were likely to engage in future a considerable portion of my time, I felt some alarm that I might acquire those habits of jealousy and fretfulness which have lessened, and even degraded, the character of the children of imagination, and rendered them, by petty squabbles and mutual irritability, the laughing-stock of the people of the world. I resolved, therefore, in this respect to guard my breast (perhaps an unfriendly critic may add, my brow) with triple brass, and as much as possible to avoid resting my thoughts and wishes upon literary success, lest I should endanger my own peace of mind and tranquillity by literary failure. It would argue either stupid apathy, or ridiculous affectation, to say that I have been insensible to the public applause, when I have been honoured with its testimonies; and still more highly do I prize the invaluable friendships which some temporary popularity has enabled me to form among those most distinguished by talents and genius, and which I venture to hope now rest upon a basis more firm than the circumstances which gave rise to them. Yet feeling all these advantages as a man ought to do, and must do, I may say, with truth and confidence, that I have tasted of the intoxicating cup with moderation, and that I have never, either in conversation or correspondence, encouraged discussions respecting my own literary pursuits. On the contrary, I have usually found such topics, even when introduced from motives most

flattering to myself, rather embarrassing and disagreeable.

I have now frankly told my motives for concealment, so far as I am conscious of having any, and the public will forgive the egotism of the detail, as what is necessarily connected with it. The author, so long and loudly called for, has appeared on the stage, and made his obeisance to the audience. Thus far his conduct is a mark of respect. To linger in their presence would be intrusion.

I have only to repeat, that I avow myself in print, as formerly in words, the sole and unassisted author of all the Novels published as the composition of the "Author of Waverley." I do this without shame, for I am unconscious that there is anything in their composition which deserves reproach, either on the score of religion or morality; and without any feeling of exultation, because, whatever may have been their temporary success, I am well aware how much their reputation depends upon the caprice of fashion; and I have already mentioned the precarious tenure by which it is held, as a reason for displaying no great avidity in grasping at the possession.

I ought to mention, before concluding, that twenty persons at least were, either from intimacy or from the confidence which circumstances rendered necessary, participant of this secret; and as there was no instance, to my knowledge, of any one of the number breaking the confidence required from them, I am the more obliged to them, because the slight and trivial character of the mystery was not qualified to inspire much respect in those intrusted with it.

As for the work which follows, it was meditated, and in part printed, long before the avowal of the novels took place, and originally commenced with a declaration that it was neither to have introduction nor preface of any kind. This long proem, prefixed to a work intended not to have any, may, however, serve to show how human purposes, in the most trifling as well as the most important affairs, are liable to be controlled by the course of events. Thus, we begin to cross a strong river with our eyes and our resolution fixed on the point of the opposite shore, on which we purpose to land; but, gradually giving way to the torrent, are glad, by the aid perhaps of branch or bush, to extricate ourselves at some distant and perhaps dangerous landing-place, much farther down the stream than that on which we had fixed our intentions.

Hoping that the Courteous Reader will afford to a known and familiar acquaintance some portion of the favour which he extended to a disguised candidate for his applause, I beg leave to subscribe myself his obliged humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, October 1, 1827.

CHAPTER I.

Sic itur ad astra.

"THIS is the path to heaven." This is the ancient motto attached to the armorial bearing of the Canongate, and which is inscribed, with greater or less propriety, upon all the public buildings, from

the church to the pillory, in the ancient quarter of Edinburgh, which bears, or rather once bore, the same relation to the Good Town which Westminster does to London, being still possessed of the palace of the sovereign, as it formerly was dignified by the residence of the principal nobility and gentry. I may therefore, with some propriety, put the same motto at the head of the literary undertaking by which I hope to illustrate the hitherto undistinguished name of Chrystal Croftangry.

The public may desire to know something of an author who pitches at such height his ambitious expectations. The gentle reader, therefore—for I am much of Captain Bobadil's humour, and could to no other extend myself so far—the *gentle* reader then will be pleased to understand that I am a Scottish gentleman of the old school, with a fortune, temper, and person, rather the worse for wear. I have known the world for these forty years, having written myself man nearly since that period—and I do not think it is much mended—but it is an opinion I keep to myself when I am among younger folk, for I recollect, in my youth, quizzing the sexagenarians who carried back their ideas of a perfect state of society to the days of laced coats and triple ruffles, and some of them to the blood and blows of the Forty-five. Therefore I am cautious in exercising the right of censorship, which is supposed to be acquired by men arrived at, or approaching, the mysterious period of life, when the numbers of seven and nine, multiplied into each other, form what sages have termed the Grand Climacteric.

Of the earlier part of my life it is only necessary to say, that I swept the boards of the Parliament House with the skirts of my gown for the usual number of years, during which young lairds were in my time expected to keep term—got no fees—laughed, and made others laugh—drank claret at Bayle's, Fortune's, and Walker's—and eat oysters in the Covenanter Close.

Becoming my own master, I flung my gown at the bar-keeper, and commenced gay man on my own account. In Edinburgh, I ran into all the expensive society which the place then afforded. When I went to my house in the shire of Lanark, I emulated to the utmost the expenses of men of large fortune, and had my hunters, my first-rate pointers, my gamecocks, and feeders. I can more easily forgive myself for these follies, than for others of a still more blameable kind, so indifferently cloaked over that my poor mother thought herself obliged to leave my habitation, and betake herself to a small inconvenient jointure-house, which she occupied till her death. I think, however, I was not exclusively to blame in this separation, and I believe my mother afterwards blamed herself for being too hasty. Thank God, the adversity which destroyed the means of continuing my dissipation, restored me to the affections of my surviving parent.

My course of life could not last. I ran too fast to run long; and when I would have checked my career, I was perhaps too near the brink of the precipice. Some mishaps I prepared by my own folly, others came upon me unawares. I put my estate out to nurse to a fat man of business, who smothered the babe he should have brought back to me in health and

strength, and, in dispute with this honest gentleman, I found, like a skilful general, that my position would be most judiciously assumed by taking it up near the Abbey of Holyrood. It was then I first became acquainted with the quarter, which my little work will, I hope, render immortal, and grew familiar with these magnificent wilds, through which the Kings of Scotland once chased the dark-brown deer, but which were chiefly recommended to me in those days, by their being inaccessible to those metaphysical persons whom the law of the neighbouring country terms John Doe and Richard Roe.

Dire was the strife betwixt my quondam doer and myself; during which my motions were circumscribed, like those of some conjured demon, within a circle, which, "beginning at the northern gate of the King's Park, thence running northwards, is bounded on the left by the King's garden-wall, and the gutter, or kennel, in a line wherewith it crosses the High Street to the Water-gate, and passing through the sewer, is bounded by the walls of the Tenniscourt and Physic-garden, &c. Then it follows the wall of the church-yard, joins the northwest wall of St Ann's Yards, and going east to the clack mill-house, turns southward to the turnstile in the King's Park wall, and includes the whole King's Park within the Sanctuary."

These limits, which I abridge from the accurate Maitland, once marked the Girth, or Asylum, belonging to the Abbey of Holyrood, and which, being still an appendage to the royal palace, has retained the privilege of an asylum for civil debt. One would think the space sufficiently extensive for a man to stretch his limbs in, as, besides a reasonable proportion of level ground (considering that the scene lies in Scotland), it includes within its precincts the mountain of Arthur's Seat, and the rocks and pasture land called Salisbury Crag. But yet it is inexpressible how, after a certain time had elapsed, I used to long for the Sunday, which permitted me to extend my walk without limitation. During the other six days of the week I felt a sickness of heart, which, but for the speedy approach of the hebdomadal day of liberty, I could hardly have endured. I experienced the impatience of a mastiff, who tugs in vain to extend the limits which his chain permits.

Day after day I have walked by the side of the kennel which divides the Sanctuary from the unpri-
vileged part of the Canongate; and though the month was July, and the scene was the old town of Edinburgh, I preferred it to the fresh air and verdant turf which I might have enjoyed in the King's Park, or to the cool and solemn gloom of the portico which surrounds the palace. To an indifferent person either side of the gutter would have seemed much the same—the houses equally mean, the children as ragged and dirty, the carmen as brutal, the whole forming the same picture of low life in a deserted and impoverished quarter of a large city. But to me the gutter, or kennel, was what the brook Kedron was to Shimei; death was denounced against him should he cross it, doubtless because it was known to his wisdom who pronounced the doom, that from that time the devoted man's desire to transgress the precept would become irresistible, and he would be sure to draw down on his head the penalty which he had

already justly incurred by cursing the anointed of God. For my part, all Elysium seemed opening on the other side of the kennel, and I envied the little blackguards, who, stopping the current with their little dam-dikes of mud, had a right, during the operation, to stand on either side of the nasty puddle which best pleased them. I was so childish as even to make an occasional excursion across, were it only for a few yards, and felt the triumph of a schoolboy, who, trespassing in an orchard, hurries back again with a fluttering sensation of joy and terror, betwixt the pleasure of having executed his purpose, and the fear of being taken or discovered.

I have sometimes asked myself, what I should have done in case of actual imprisonment, since I could not bear without impatience a restriction which is comparatively a mere trifle; but I really could never answer the question to my own satisfaction. I have all my life hated these treacherous expedients called *mezzo-termini*, and it is possible with this disposition I might have endured more patiently an absolute privation of liberty, than the more modified restrictions to which my residence in the Sanctuary at this period subjected me. If, however, the feelings I then experienced were to increase in intensity according to the difference between a jail and my actual condition, I must have hanged myself, or pined to death; there could have been no other alternative.

Amongst many companions who forgot and neglected me of course, when my difficulties seemed to be inextricable, I had one true friend, and that friend was a barrister, who knew the laws of his country well, and, tracing them up to the spirit of equity and justice, in which they originate, had repeatedly prevented, by his benevolent and manly exertions, the triumphs of selfish cunning over simplicity and folly. He undertook my cause, with the assistance of a solicitor of a character similar to his own. My quondam doer had intrenched himself chin-deep among legal trenches, hornworks, and covered ways, but my two protectors shelled him out of his defences, and I was at length a free man, at liberty to go or stay where-soever my mind listed.

I left my lodging as hastily as if it had been a pest-house; I did not even stop to receive some change that was due to me on settling with my landlady, and I saw the poor woman stand at her door looking after my precipitate flight, and shaking her head as she wrapped the silver, which she was counting for me, in a separate piece of paper, apart from the store in her own moleskin purse. An honest Highland-woman was Janet Mac-Evoy, and deserved a greater remuneration, had I possessed the power of bestowing it. But my eagerness of delight was too extreme to pause for explanation with Janet. On I pushed through the groups of children, of whose sports I had been so often a lazy lounging spectator. I sprung over the gutter as if it had been the fatal Styx, and I a ghost, which, eluding Pluto's authority, was making its escape from Limbo lake. My friend had difficulty to restrain me from running like a madman up the street, and in spite of his kindness and hospitality, which soothed me for a day or two, I was not quite happy until I found myself aboard of a Leith smack, and, standing down the Frith with a fair wind,

might snap my fingers at the retreating outline of Arthur's Seat, to the vicinity of which I had been so long confined.

It is not my purpose to trace my future progress through life. I had extricated myself, or rather had been freed by my friends, from the brambles and thickets of the law, but, as befel the sheep in the fable, a great part of my fleece was left behind me. Something remained, however; I was in the season for exertion, and, as my good mother used to say, there was always life for living folk. Stern necessity gave my manhood that prudence which my youth was a stranger to. I faced danger, I endured fatigue, I sought foreign climates, and proved that I belonged to the nation which is proverbially patient of labour and prodigal of life. Independence, like liberty to Virgil's shepherd, came late, but came at last, with no great affluence in its train, but bringing enough to support a decent appearance for the rest of my life, and to induce cousins to be civil, and gossips to say, "I wonder who old Croft will make his heir? he must have picked up something, and I should not be surprised if it prove more than folk think of."

My first impulse, when I returned home, was to rush to the house of my benefactor, the only man who had, in my distress, interested himself in my behalf. He was a snuff taker, and it had been the pride of my heart to save the *ipsa corpora* of the first score of guineas I could hoard, and to have them converted into as tasteful a snuff-box as Rundell and Bridge could devise. This I had thrust, for security, into the breast of my waistcoat, while, impatient to transfer it to the person for whom it was destined, I hastened to his house in — square. When the front of the house became visible, a feeling of alarm checked me. I had been long absent from Scotland; my friend was some years older than I; he might have been called to the congregation of the just. I paused—and gazed on the house, as if I had hoped to form some conjecture from the outward appearance concerning the state of the family within. I know not how it was, but the lower windows being all closed, and no one stirring, my sinister forebodings were rather strengthened. I regretted now that I had not made inquiry before I left the inn where I alighted from the mail-coach. But it was too late, so I hurried on, eager to know the best or the worst which I could learn.

The brass-plate bearing my friend's name and designation was still on the door, and when the door was opened, the old domestic appeared a good deal older, I thought, than he ought naturally to have looked, considering the period of my absence. "Is Mr — at home?" said I, pressing forward.

"Yes, sir," said John, placing himself in opposition to my entrance, "he is at home, but——"

"But he is not in," said I. "I remember your phrase of old, John. Come, I will step into his room, and leave a line for him."

John was obviously embarrassed by my familiarity. I was some one, he saw, whom he ought to recollect, at the same time it was evident he remembered nothing about me.

"Ay, sir, my master is in, and in his own room, but——"

I would not hear him out, but passed before him

towards the well-known apartment. A young lady came out of the room a little disturbed, as it seemed, and said, "John, what is the matter?"

"A gentleman, Miss Nelly, that insists on seeing my master."

"A very old and deeply-indebted friend," said I, "that ventures to press myself on my much-respected benefactor on my return from abroad."

"Alas, sir," replied she, "my uncle would be happy to see you, but——"

At this moment, something was heard within the apartment like the falling of a plate or glass, and immediately after my friend's voice called angrily and eagerly on his niece. She entered the room hastily, and so did I. But it was to see a spectacle, compared with which that of my benefactor stretched on his bier would have been a happy one.

The easy-chair filled with cushions, the extended limbs swathed in flannel, the wide-wrapping gown and night-cap, showed illness; but the dimmed eye, once so replete with living fire, the blabber lip, whose dilation and compression used to give such character to his animated countenance—the stammering tongue, that once poured forth such floods of masculine eloquence, and had often swayed the opinion of the sages whom he addressed, all these sad symptoms evinced that my friend was in the melancholy condition of those in whom the principle of animal life has unfortunately survived that of mental intelligence. He gazed a moment at me, but then seemed insensible of my presence, and went on—he, once the most courteous and well-bred—to babble unintelligible, but violent reproaches against his niece and servant, because he himself had dropped a tea-cup in attempting to place it on a table at his elbow. His eyes caught a momentary fire from his irritation; but he struggled in vain for words to express himself adequately, as, looking from his servant to his niece, and then to the table, he laboured to explain that they had placed it (though it touched his chair) at too great a distance.

The young person, who had naturally a resigned Madonna-like expression of countenance, listened to his impatient chiding with the most humble submission, checked the servant, whose less delicate feelings would have entered on his justification, and gradually, by the sweet and soft tone of her voice, soothed to rest the spirit of causeless irritation.

She then cast a look towards me, which expressed, "You see all that remains of him whom you call friend." It seemed also to say, "Your longer presence here can only be distressing to us all."

"Forgive me, young lady," I said, as well as tears would permit;—"I am a person deeply obliged to your uncle. My name is Croftangry."

"Lord! and that I should not hae minded ye, Maister Croftangry," said the servant. "Ay, I mind my master had muckle fash about your job. I hae heard him order in fresh candles as midnight chappit, and till't again. Indeed, ye had aye his good word, Mr Croftangry, for a' that folks said about you."

"Hold your tongue, John," said the lady, somewhat angrily; and then continued, addressing herself to me, "I am sure, sir, you must be sorry to see my uncle in this state. I know you are his friend. I have heard him mention your name, and wonder he

never heard from you."—A new cut this, and it went to my heart. But she continued, "I really do not know if it is right that any should—If my uncle should know you, which I scarce think possible, he would be much affected, and the doctor says that any agitation——But here comes Dr—— to give his own opinion."

Dr—— entered. I had left him a middle-aged man; he was now an elderly one; but still the same benevolent Samaritan, who went about doing good, and thought the blessings of the poor as good a recompense of his professional skill as the gold of the rich.

He looked at me with surprise, but the young lady said a word of introduction, and I, who was known to the doctor formerly, hastened to complete it. He recollected me perfectly, and intimated that he was well acquainted with the reasons I had for being deeply interested in the fate of his patient. He gave me a very melancholy account of my poor friend, drawing me for that purpose a little apart from the lady. "The light of life," he said, "was trembling in the socket; he scarcely expected it would ever leap up even into a momentary flash, but more was impossible." He then stepped towards his patient, and put some questions, to which the poor invalid, though he seemed to recognise the friendly and familiar voice, answered only in a faltering and uncertain manner.

The young lady, in her turn, had drawn back when the doctor approached his patient. "You see how it is with him," said the doctor, addressing me; "I have heard our poor friend, in one of the most eloquent of his pleadings, give a description of this very disease, which he compared to the tortures inflicted by Mezentius, when he chained the dead to the living. The soul, he said, is imprisoned in its dungeon of flesh, and though retaining its natural and unalienable properties, can no more exert them than the captive inclosed within a prison-house can act as a free agent. Alas! to see *him*, who could so well describe what this malady was in others, a prey himself to its infirmities! I shall never forget the solemn tone of expression with which he summed up the incapacities of the paralytic,—the deafened ear, the dimmed eye, the crippled limbs,—in the noble words of Juvenal—

—— omni
Membrorum damno major, dementia, quæ nec
Nomina servorum, nec vultum agnoscit amici."

As the physician repeated these lines, a flash of intelligence seemed to revive in the invalid's eye—sunk again—again struggled, and he spoke more intelligibly than before, and in the tone of one eager to say something which he felt would escape him unless said instantly. "A question of death-bed, a question of death-bed, doctor—a reduction *ex capite lecti*—Withering against Wilibus—about the *morbus santicus*. I pleaded the cause for the pursuer—I, and—and—Why, I shall forget my own name—I, and—he that was the wittiest and the best-humoured man living——"

The description enabled the doctor to fill up the blank, and the patient joyfully repeated the name suggested. "Ay, ay," he said, "just he—Harry—poor Harry——" The light in his eye died away, and he sunk back in his easy-chair.

"You have now seen more of our poor friend, Mr Croftangry," said the physician, "than I dared venture to promise you; and now I must take my professional authority on me, and ask you to retire. Miss —— will, I am sure, let you know if a moment should by any chance occur when her uncle can see you."

What could I do? I gave my card to the young lady, and, taking my offering from my bosom—"If my poor friend," I said, with accents as broken almost as his own, "should ask where this came from, name me; and say, from the most obliged and most grateful man alive. Say, the gold of which it is composed was saved by grains at a time, and was hoarded with as much avarice as ever was a miser's:—to bring it here I have come a thousand miles, and now, alas, I find him thus!"

I laid the box on the table, and was retiring with a lingering step. The eye of the invalid was caught by it, as that of a child by a glittering toy, and with an infantine impatience he faltered out inquiries at his niece. With gentle mildness she repeated, again and again, who I was, and why I came, &c. I was about to turn, and hasten from a scene so painful, when the physician laid his hand on my sleeve.—"Stop," he said, "there is a change."

There was indeed, and a marked one. A faint glow spread over his pallid features—they seemed to gain the look of intelligence which belongs to vitality—his eye once more kindled—his lip coloured—and drawing himself up out of the listless posture he had hitherto maintained, he rose without assistance. The doctor and the servant ran to give him their support. He waved them aside, and they were contented to place themselves in such a position behind as might insure against accident, should his newly-acquired strength decay as suddenly as it had revived.

"My dear Croftangry," he said, in the tone of kindness of other days, "I am glad to see you returned—You find me but poorly—but my little niece here and Dr —— are very kind—God bless you, my dear friend! we shall not meet again till we meet in a better world."

I pressed his extended hand to my lips—I pressed it to my bosom—I would fain have flung myself on my knees; but the doctor, leaving the patient to the young lady and the servant, who wheeled forward his chair, and were replacing him in it, hurried me out of the room. "My dear sir," he said, "you ought to be satisfied; you have seen our poor invalid more like his former self than he has been for months, or than he may be perhaps again until all is over. The whole Faculty could not have assured such an interval—I must see whether any thing can be derived from it to improve the general health—Pray, begone." The last argument hurried me from the spot, agitated by a crowd of feelings, all of them painful.

When I had overcome the shock of this great disappointment, I renewed gradually my acquaintance with one or two old companions, who, though of infinitely less interest to my feelings than my unfortunate friend, served to relieve the pressure of actual solitude, and who were not perhaps the less open to my advances, that I was a bachelor somewhat stricken in years, newly arrived from foreign parts, and certainly independent, if not wealthy.

I was considered as a tolerable subject of speculation by some, and I could not be burdensome to any: I was therefore, according to the ordinary rule of Edinburgh hospitality, a welcome guest in several respectable families; but I found no one who could replace the loss I had sustained in my best friend and benefactor. I wanted something more than mere companionship could give me, and where was I to look for it?—among the scattered remnants of those that had been my gay friends of yore?—alas!

Many a lad I loved was dead,
And many a lass grown old.

Besides, all community of ties between us had ceased to exist, and such of my former friends as were still in the world held their life in a different tenor from what I did.

Some had become misers, and were as eager in saving sixpence as ever they had been in spending a guinea. Some had turned agriculturists—their talk was of oxen, and they were only fit companions for graziers. Some stuck to cards, and though no longer deep gamblers, rather played small game than sat out. This I particularly despised. The strong impulse of gaming, alas! I had felt in my time—it is as intense as it is criminal; but it produces excitation and interest, and I can conceive how it should become a passion with strong and powerful minds. But to dribble away life in exchanging bits of painted paste-board round a green table, for the piddling concern of a few shillings, can only be excused in folly or superannuation. It is like riding on a rocking-horse, where your utmost exertion never carries you an inch forward: it is a kind of mental treadmill, where you are perpetually climbing, but can never rise an inch. From these hints, my readers will perceive I am incapacitated for one of the pleasures of old age, which, though not mentioned by Cicero, is not the least frequent resource in the present day—the club-room, and the snug hand at whist.

To return to my old companions: Some frequented public assemblies, like the ghost of Beau Nash, or any other beau of half a century back, thrust aside by tittering youth, and pitied by those of their own age. In fine, some went into devotion, as the French term it, and others, I fear, went to the devil; a few found resources in science and letters; one or two turned philosophers in a small way, peeped into microscopes, and became familiar with the fashionable experiments of the day. Some took to reading, and I was one of them.

Some grains of repulsion towards the society around me—some painful recollections of early faults and follies—some touch of displeasure with living mankind, inclined me rather to a study of antiquities, and particularly those of my own country. The reader, if I can prevail on myself to continue the present work, will probably be able to judge, in the course of it, whether I have made any useful progress in the study of the olden times.

I owed this turn of study, in part, to the conversation of my kind man of business, Mr Fairscribe, whom I mentioned as having seconded the efforts of my invaluable friend, in bringing the cause on which my liberty and the remnant of my property depended, to a favourable decision. He had given me a most

kind reception on my return. He was too much engaged in his profession for me to intrude on him often, and perhaps his mind was too much trammelled with its details to permit his being willingly withdrawn from them. In short, he was not a person of my poor friend —'s expanded spirit, and rather a lawyer of the ordinary class of formalists, but a most able and excellent man. When my estate was sold, he retained some of the older title-deeds, arguing, from his own feelings, that they would be of more consequence to the heir of the old family than to the new purchaser. And when I returned to Edinburgh, and found him still in the exercise of the profession to which he was an honour, he sent to my lodgings the old family-bible, which lay always on my father's table, two or three other mouldy volumes, and a couple of sheep-skin bags, full of parchments and papers, whose appearance was by no means inviting.

The next time I shared Mr Fairscribe's hospitable dinner, I failed not to return him due thanks for his kindness, which acknowledgement, indeed, I proportioned rather to the idea which I knew he entertained of the value of such things, than to the interest with which I myself regarded them. But the conversation turning on my family, who were old proprietors in the Upper Ward of Clydesdale, gradually excited some interest in my mind; and when I retired to my solitary parlour, the first thing I did was to look for a pedigree, or sort of history of the family, or house of Croftangry, once of that ilk, latterly of Glentanner. The discoveries which I made shall enrich the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

What's property, dear Swift? I see it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter.

POPE.

"CROFTANGRY — Croftandrew — Croftanridge — Croftandgrey—for sa mony wise hath the name been spellit—is weel known to be ane house of grit antiquity; and it is said, that King Milcolumb, or Malcolm, being the first of our Scottish princes quha removit across the Firth of Forth, did reside and occupy ane palace at Edinburgh, and had there ane valziant man, who did him man-service, by keeping the croft, or corn-land, which was tilled for the convenience of the king's household, and was thence callit Croft-an-ri, that is to say, the king his croft; quhilk place, though now coverit with biggings, is to this day called Croftangry, and lyeth near to the royal palace. And whereas that some of those who bear this auld and honorable name may take scorn that it ariseth from the tilling of the ground, quhilk men account a slavish occupation, yet we ought to honour the pleugh and spade, seeing we all derive our being from our father Adam, whose lot it became to cultivate the earth, in respect of his fall and transgression.

"Also we have witness, as weel in holy writt as in profane history, of the honour in quhilk husbandrie was held of old, and how prophets have been taken from the pleugh, and great captains raised up to defend their ain countries, sic as Cincinnatus, and the like, who fought not the common enemy with the less valiancy, that their arms had been exercized in hald-

ing the stilts of the pleugh, and their bellicose skill in driving of yaulds and owsen.

"Likewise there are sindry honorable families, quhilk are now of our native Scottish nobility, and have clombe higher up the brae of preferment than what this house of Croftangry hath done, quhilk shame not to carry in their warlike shield and insignia of dignity, the tools and implements the quhilk their first forefathers exercized in labouring the croft, or as the poet Virgilius calleth it eloquently, in subduing the soil. And no doubt this ancient house of Croftangry, while it continued to be called of that ilk, produced many worshipful and famous patriots, of quhom I now prætermit the names; it being my purpose, if God shall spare me life for sic ane pious officium, or duty, to resume the first part of my narrative touching the House of Croftangry, when I can set down at length the evidents, and historical witness anent the facts which I shall all allege, seeing that words, when they are unsupported by proofs, are like seed sown on the naked rocks, or like an house biggit on the flitting and faithless sands."

Here I stopped to draw breath; for the style of my grandsire, the inditer of this goodly matter, was rather lengthy, as our American friends say. Indeed, I reserve the rest of the piece until I can obtain admission to the Bannatyne Club, when I propose to throw off an edition, limited according to the rules of that erudite Society, with an autograph of the manuscript, emblazonry of the family arms, surrounded by their quartering, and a handsome disclamation of family pride, with *Hæc nos novimus esse nihil*, or *Vix ea nostra voco*.

In the mean time, to speak truth, I cannot but suspect, that though my worthy ancestor puffed vigorously to swell up the dignity of his family, we had never, in fact, risen above the rank of middling proprietors. The estate of Glentanner came to us by the intermarriage of my ancestor with Tib Sommeril, termed by the southerons Sommerville, a daughter of that noble house, but I fear on what my great-grand-sire calls the "wrong side of the blanket." Her husband, Gilbert, was killed fighting, as the *inquisitio post mortem* has it, "*sub vexillo regis, apud prælium juxta Branxton, LIE Floddenfield*."

We had our share in other national misfortunes—were forfeited, like Sir John Colville of the Dale, for following our betters to the field of Laingside; and in the contentious times of the last Stuarts, we were severely fined for harbouring and resetting intercommuned ministers; and narrowly escaped giving a martyr to the Calendar of the Covenant, in the person of the father of our family historian. He "took the sheaf from the mare," however, as the MS. expresses it, and agreed to accept of the terms of pardon offered by government, and sign the bond, in evidence he would give no farther ground of offence. My grand-sire glosses over his father's backsliding as smoothly as he can, and comforts himself with ascribing his want of resolution to his unwillingness to wreck the ancient name and family, and to permit his lands and lineaments to fall under a doom of forfeiture.

"And, indeed," said the venerable compiler, "as, praised be God, we seldom meet in Scotland with these belly-gods and voluptuaries, whilk are unnatural enough to devour their patrimony bequeathed

to them by their forbears in chambering and wantonness, so that they come, with the prodigal son, to the husks and the swine-trough; and as I have the less to dread the existence of such unnatural Neroes in mine own family to devour the substance of their own house like brute beasts out of mere gluttonie and epicurishnesse, so I need only warn mine descendants against over hastily meddling with the mutations in state and in religion, which have been near-hand to the bringing this poor house of Croftangry to perdition, as we have shown more than once. And albeit I would not that my successors sat still altogether when called on by their duty to Kirk and King; yet I would have them wait till stronger and walthier men nor themselves were up, so that either they may have the better chance of getting through the day; or failing of that, the conquering party having some fatter quarry to live upon, may, like gorged hawks, spare the smaller game."

There was something in this conclusion which at first reading piqued me extremely, and I was so unnatural as to curse the whole concern, as poor, bald, pitiful trash, in which a silly old man was saying a great deal about nothing at all. Nay, my first impression was to thrust it into the fire, the rather that it reminded me, in no very flattering manner, of the loss of the family property, to which the compiler of the history was so much attached, in the very manner which he most severely reprobated. It even seemed to my aggrieved feelings, that his un-prescient gaze on futurity, in which he could not anticipate the folly of one of his descendants, who should throw away the whole inheritance in a few years of idle expense and folly, was meant as a personal incivility to myself, though written fifty or sixty years before I was born.

A little reflection made me ashamed of this feeling of impatience, and as I looked at the even, concise, yet tremulous hand in which the manuscript was written, I could not help thinking, according to an opinion I have heard seriously maintained, that something of a man's character may be conjectured from his hand-writing. That neat, but crowded and constrained small, hand, argued a man of a good conscience, well-regulated passions, and, to use his own phrase, an upright walk in life; but it also indicated narrowness of spirit, inveterate prejudice, and hinted at some degree of intolerance, which, though not natural to the disposition, had arisen out of a limited education. The passages from Scripture and the classics, rather profusely than happily introduced, and written in a half-text character to mark their importance, illustrated that peculiar sort of pedantry which always considers the argument as gained, if secured by a quotation. Then the flourished capital letters, which ornamented the commencement of each paragraph, and the name of his family and of his ancestors, whenever these occurred in the page, do they not express forcibly the pride and sense of importance with which the author undertook and accomplished his task? I persuaded myself, the whole was so complete a portrait of the man, that it would not have been a more undutiful act to have defaced his picture, or even to have disturbed his bones in his coffin, than to destroy his manuscript. I thought, for a moment, of presenting

it to Mr Fairscribe; but that confounded passage about the prodigal and swine-trough—I settled at last it was as well to lock it up in my own bureau, with the intention to look at it no more.

But I do not know how it was, that the subject began to sit nearer my heart than I was aware of, and I found myself repeatedly engaged in reading descriptions of farms which were no longer mine, and boundaries which marked the property of others. A love of the *natale solum*, if Swift be right in translating these words, "family estate," began to awaken in my bosom, the recollections of my own youth adding little to it, save what was connected with field sports. A career of pleasure is unfavourable for acquiring a taste for natural beauty, and still more so for forming associations of a sentimental kind, connecting us with the inanimate objects around us.

I had thought little about my estate while I possessed and was wasting it, unless as affording the rude materials out of which a certain inferior race of creatures, called tenants, were bound to produce (in a greater quantity than they actually did) a certain return called rent, which was destined to supply my expenses. This was my general view of the matter. Of particular places, I recollected that Garvalhill was a famous piece of rough upland pasture, for rearing young colts, and teaching them to throw their feet,—that Minion-burn had the finest yellow trout in the country,—that Seggy-cleugh was unequalled for woodcocks,—that Ben-gibbert moors afforded excellent moorfowl-shooting, and that the clear bubbling fountain called the Harper's Well, was the best recipe in the world on the morning after a *Hard-go* with my neighbour fox-hunters. Still these ideas recalled, by degrees, pictures, of which I had since learned to appreciate the merit—scenes of silent loneliness, where extensive moors, undulating into wild hills, were only disturbed by the whistle of the plover, or the crow of the heath-cock; wild ravines creeping up into mountains, filled with natural wood, and which, when traced downwards along the path formed by shepherds and nutters, were found gradually to enlarge and deepen, as each formed a channel to its own brook, sometimes bordered by steep banks of earth, often with the more romantic boundary of naked rocks or cliffs, crested with oak, mountain-ash, and hazel,—all gratifying the eye the more that the scenery was, from the bare nature of the country around, totally unexpected.

I had recollections too of fair and fertile holms, or level plains, extending between the wooded banks and the bold stream of the Clyde, which, coloured like pure amber, or rather having the hue of the pebbles called Cairngorum, rushes over sheets of rock and beds of gravel, inspiring a species of awe from the few and faithless fords which it presents, and the frequency of fatal accidents, now diminished by the number of new bridges. These alluvial holms were frequently bordered by triple and quadruple rows of immensely large trees, which gracefully marked their boundary, and dipped their long arms into the foaming stream of the river.—Other places I remembered, which had been described by the old huntsman as the lodge of tremendous wild-cats, or the spot where tradition stated the mighty stag to have been brought to bay, or where heroes, whose might was

now as much forgotten, were said to have been slain by surprise, or in battle.

It is not to be supposed that these finished landscapes became visible before the eyes of my imagination, as the scenery of the stage is disclosed by the rising of the curtain. I have said, that I had looked upon the country around me during the hurried and dissipated period of my life with the eyes indeed of my body, but without those of my understanding. It was piece by piece, as a child picks out its lesson, that I began to recollect the beauties of nature which had once surrounded me in the home of my forefathers. A natural taste for them must have lurked at the bottom of my heart, which awakened when I was in foreign countries, and becoming by degrees a favourite passion, gradually turned its eyes inwards, and ransacked the neglected stores which my memory had involuntarily recorded, and, when excited, exerted herself to collect and to complete.

I began now to regret more bitterly than ever the having fooled away my family property, the care and improvement of which I saw might have afforded an agreeable employment for my leisure, which only went to brood on past misfortunes, and increase useless repining. "Had but a single farm been reserved, however small," said I one day to Mr Fairscribe, "I should have had a place I could call my home, and something that I could call business."

"It might have been managed," answered Fairscribe; "and for my part, I inclined to keep the mansion-house, mains, and some of the old family acres together; but both Mr——and you were of opinion that the money would be more useful."

"True, true, my good friend," said I, "I was a fool then, and did not think I could incline to be Glentanner with £200 or £300 a-year, instead of Glentanner with as many thousands. I was then a haughty, petted, ignorant, dissipated, broken-down Scotch laird; and, thinking my imaginary consequence altogether ruined, I cared not how soon, or how absolutely, I was rid of every thing that recalled it to my own memory, or that of others."

"And now it is like you have changed your mind?" said Fairscribe. "Well, Fortune is apt to circumduce the term upon us; but I think she may allow you to revise your condescendence."

"How do you mean, my good friend?"

"Nay," said Fairscribe, "there is ill luck in averring till one is sure of his facts. I will look back on a file of newspapers, and to-morrow you shall hear from me; come, help yourself—I have seen you fill your glass higher."

"And shall see it again," said I, pouring out what remained of our bottle of claret; "the wine is capital, and so shall our toast be—To your fireside, my good friend. And now we shall go beg a Scots song without foreign graces, from my little syren Miss Kattie."

The next day accordingly I received a parcel from Mr Fairscribe with a newspaper enclosed, among the advertisements of which, one was marked with a cross as requiring my attention. I read to my surprise—

"DESIRABLE ESTATE FOR SALE."

"By order of the Lords of Council and Session, will be exposed to sale in the New Sessions House of

Edinburgh, upon Wednesday the 25th November, 18—, all and whole the lands and barony of Glentanner, now called Castle-Treddles, lying in the Middle Ward of Clydesdale and shire of Lanark, with the teinds, parsonage and vicarage, fishings in the Clyde, woods, mosses, moors, and pasturages," &c. &c. &c.

The advertisement went on to set forth the advantages of the soil, situation, natural beauties, and capabilities of improvement, not forgetting its being a freehold estate, with the particular polypus capacity of being sliced up into two, three, or, with a little assistance, four freehold qualifications, and a hint that the county was likely to be eagerly contested between two great families. The upset price at which "the said lands and barony and others" were to be exposed, was thirty years' purchase of the proven rental, which was about a fourth more than the property had fetched at the last sale. This, which was mentioned, I suppose, to show the improvable character of the land, would have given another some pain; but let me speak truth of myself in good as in evil—it pained not me. I was only angry that Fairscribe, who knew something generally of the extent of my funds, should have tantalized me by sending me information that my family property was in the market, since he must have known that the price was far out of my reach.

But a letter dropped from the parcel on the floor, which attracted my eye, and explained the riddle. A client of Mr Fairscribe's, a monied man, thought of buying Glentanner, merely as an investment of money—it was even unlikely he would ever see it; and so the price of the whole being some thousand pounds beyond what cash he had on hand, this accommodating Dives would gladly take a partner in the sale for any detached farm, and would make no objection to its including the most desirable part of the estate in point of beauty, providing that the price was made adequate. Mr Fairscribe would take care I was not imposed on in the matter, and said in his card, he believed, if I really wished to make such a purchase, I had better go out and look at the premises, advising me, at the same time, to keep a strict incognito; an advice somewhat superfluous, since I am naturally of a retired and reserved disposition.

CHAPTER III.

Then sing of stage-coaches,
And fear no reproaches
For riding in one;
But daily be jogging.
Whilst whistling and flogging,
While whistling and flogging,
The coachman drives on.

FARQUHAR.

DISGUISED in a gray surtout which had seen service, a white castor on my head, and a stout Indian cane in my hand, the next week saw me on the top of a mail-coach driving to the westward.

I like mail-coaches, and I hate them. I like them for my convenience, but I detest them for setting the whole world a-gadding, instead of sitting quietly still minding their own business, and preserving the stamp of originality of character which nature or education

may have impressed on them. Off they go, jingling against each other in the rattling vehicle, till they have no more variety of stamp in them than so many smooth shillings—the same even in their Welch wigs and great coats, each without more individuality than belongs to a partner of the company, as the waiter calls them, of the North coach.

Worthy Mr Piper, best of contractors who ever furnished four frampal jades for public use, I bless you when I set out on a journey myself; the neat coaches under your contract render the intercourse, from Johnnie Groat's house to Ladykirk and Cornhill Bridge, safe, pleasant, and cheap. But, Mr Piper, you, who are a shrewd arithmetician, did it never occur to you to calculate how many fools' heads, which might have produced an idea or two in the year, if suffered to remain in quiet, get effectually addled by jolting to and fro in these flying chariots of yours; how many decent countrymen become conceited bumpkins after a cattle-show dinner in the capital, which they could not have attended save for your means; how many decent country parsons return critics and spouters, by way of importing the newest taste from Edinburgh? And how will your conscience answer one day for carrying so many bonny lasses to barter modesty for conceit and levity at the metropolitan Vanity Fair?

Consider, too, the low rate to which you reduce human intellect. I do not believe your habitual customers have their ideas more enlarged than one of your coach-horses. They *knows the road*, like the English postilion, and they know nothing beside. They date, like the carriers at Gadshill, from the death of John Ostler; the succession of guards forms a dynasty to them; coachmen are their ministers of state, and an upset is to them a greater incident than a change of administration. Their only point of interest on the road is to save the time, and see whether the coach keeps the hour. This is surely a miserable degradation of human intellect. Take my advice, my good sir, and disinterestedly contrive that, once or twice a quarter, your most dexterous whip shall overturn a coachful of these superfluous travellers, *in terrorem* to those who, as Horace says, "delight in the dust attracted by your chariots."

Your current and customary mail-coach passenger, too, gets abominably selfish, schemes successfully for the best seat, the freshest egg, the right cut of the sirloin. The mode of travelling is death to all the courtesies and kindnesses of life, and goes a great way to demoralize the character, and cause it to retrograde to barbarism. You allow us excellent dinners, but only twenty minutes to eat them; and what is the consequence? Bashful beauty sits on the one side of us, timid childhood on the other; respectable, yet somewhat feeble old age is placed on our front; and all require those acts of politeness which ought to put every degree upon a level at the convivial board. But have we time—we the strong and active of the party—to perform the duties of the table to the more retired and bashful, to whom these little attentions are due? The lady should be pressed to her chicken—the old man helped to his favourite and tender slice—the child to his tart. But not a fraction of a minute have we to bestow on any other person than ourselves; and the *prut-*

prut—tut-tut of the guard's discordant note, summons us to the coach, the weaker party having gone without their dinner, and the able-bodied and active threatened with indigestion from having swallowed victuals like a Lei'stershire clown bolting bacon.

On the memorable occasion I am speaking of, I lost my breakfast, sheerly from obeying the commands of a respectable-looking old lady, who once required me to ring the bell, and another time to help the tea-kettle. I have some reason to think she was literally an *old Stager*, who laughed in her sleeve at my complaisance; so that I have sworn in my secret soul revenge upon her sex, and all such errant damsels, of whatever age and degree, whom I may encounter in my travels. I mean all this without the least ill-will to my friend the contractor, who, I think, has approached as near as any one is like to do towards accomplishing the modest wish of the Amatus and Amata of the Peri Bathos,

Ye gods, annihilate but time and space,
And make two lovers happy.

I intend to give Mr P. his full revenge when I come to discuss the more recent enormity of steam-boats; meanwhile, I shall only say of both these modes of conveyance, that

There is no living with them or without them.

I am perhaps more critical on the——mail-coach on this particular occasion, that I did not meet all the respect from the worshipful company in his majesty's carriage that I think I was entitled to. I must say it for myself, that I bear, in my own opinion at least, not a vulgar point about me. My face has seen service, but there is still a good set of teeth, an aquiline nose, and a quick gray eye, set a little too deep under the eye-brow; and a cue of the kind once called military, may serve to show that my civil occupations have been sometimes mixed with those of war. Nevertheless, two idle young fellows in the vehicle, or rather on the top of it, were so much amused with the deliberation which I used in ascending to the same place of eminence, that I thought I should have been obliged to pull them up a little. And I was in no good humour, at an unsuppressed laugh following my descent, when set down at the angle where a cross road, striking off from the main one, led me towards Glentanner, from which I was still nearly five miles distant.

It was an old-fashioned road, which, preferring ascents to sloughs, was led in a straight line over height and hollow, through moor and dale. Every object around me, as I passed them in succession, reminded me of old days, and, at the same time, formed the strongest contrast with them possible. Unattended, on foot, with a small bundle in my hand, deemed scarce sufficient good company for the two shabby genteels with whom I had been lately perched on the top of a mail-coach, I did not seem to be the same person with the young prodigal, who lived with the noblest and gayest in the land, and who, twenty years before, would, in the same country, have been on the back of a horse that had been victor for a plate, or smoking along in his travelling chaise-and-four. My sentiments were not less changed

than my condition. I could quite well remember, that my ruling sensation, in the days of heady youth, was a mere schoolboy's eagerness to get farthest forward in the race in which I had engaged; to drink as many bottles as—; to be thought as good a judge of a horse as—; to have the knowing cut of—'s jacket. These were thy gods, O Israel!

Now I was a mere looker-on; seldom an unmoved, and sometimes an angry spectator, but still a spectator only of the pursuits of mankind. I felt how little my opinion was valued by those engaged in the busy turmoil, yet I exercised it with the profusion of an old lawyer retired from his profession, who thrusts himself into his neighbour's affairs, and gives advice where it is not wanted, merely under pretence of loving the crack of the whip.

I came amid these reflections to the brow of a hill, from which I expected to see Glentanner; a modest-looking yet comfortable house, its walls covered with the most productive fruit-trees in that part of the country, and screened from the more stormy quarters of the horizon by a deep and ancient wood, which overhung the neighbouring hill. The house was gone; a great part of the wood was felled; and instead of the gentlemanlike mansion, shrouded and embosomed among its old hereditary trees, stood Castle-Treddles, a huge lumping four-square pile of freestone, as bare as my nail, except for a paltry edging of decayed and lingering exotics, with an impoverished lawn stretched before it, which, instead of boasting deep green tapestry, enamelled with daisies, and with crowsfoot and cowslips, showed an extent of nakedness, raked, indeed, and levelled, but where the sown grasses had failed with drought, and the earth, retaining its natural complexion, seemed nearly as brown and bare as when it was newly dug up.

The house was a large fabric, which pretended to its name of Castle only from the front windows being finished in acute Gothic arches (being, by the way, the very reverse of the castellated style), and each angle graced with a turret about the size of a pepper-box. In every other respect it resembled a large town-house, which, like a fat burgess, had taken a walk to the country on a holiday and climbed to the top of an eminence to look around it. The bright red colour of the freestone, the size of the building, the formality of its shape, and awkwardness of its position, harmonized as ill with the sweeping Clyde in front, and the bubbling brook which danced down on the right, as the fat civic form, with bushy wig, gold-headed cane, maroon-coloured coat, and mottled silk stockings, would have accorded with the wild and magnificent scenery of Corehouse Linn.

I went up to the house. It was in that state of desertion which is perhaps the most unpleasant to look on, for the place was going to decay, without having been inhabited. There were about the mansion, though deserted, none of the slow mouldering touches of time, which communicate to buildings, as to the human frame, a sort of reverence, while depriving them of beauty and of strength. The disconcerted schemes of the Laird of Castle-Treddles had resembled fruit that becomes decayed without ever having ripened. Some windows broken, others patched, others blocked up with deals, gave a dis-

consolate air to all around, and seemed to say, "There Vanity had purposed to fix her seat, but was anticipated by Poverty."

To the inside, after many a vain summons, I was at length admitted by an old labourer. The house contained every contrivance for luxury and accommodation;—the kitchens were a model, and there were hot closets on the office stair-case, that the dishes might not cool, as our Scotch phrase goes, between the kitchen and the hall. But instead of the genial smell of good cheer, these temples of Comus emitted the damp odour of sepulchral vaults, and the large eabinets of cast-iron looked like the cages of some feudal bastille. The eating-room and drawing-room, with an interior boudoir, were magnificent apartments, the ceilings fretted and adorned with stucco-work, which already was broken in many places, and looked in others damp and mouldering; the wood pannelling was shrunk, and warped, and cracked; the doors, which had not been hung for more than two years, were, nevertheless, already swinging loose from their hinges. Desolation, in short, was where enjoyment had never been; and the want of all the usual means to preserve, was fast performing the work of decay.

The story was a common one, and told in a few words. Mr Treddles, senior, who bought the estate, was a cautious money-making person; his son still embarked in commercial speculations, desired at the same time to enjoy his opulence and to increase it. He incurred great expenses, amongst which this edifice was to be numbered. To support these he speculated boldly, and unfortunately; and thus the whole history is told, which may serve for more places than Glentanner.

Strange and various feelings ran through my bosom, as I loitered in these deserted apartments, scarce hearing what my guide said to me about the size and destination of each room. The first sentiment, I am ashamed to say, was one of gratified spite. My patrician pride was pleased, that the mechanic, who had not thought the house of the Croftangrys sufficiently good for him, had now experienced a fall in his turn. My next thought was as mean, though not so malicious. "I have had the better of this fellow," thought I; "if I lost the estate, I at least spent the price; and Mr Treddles has lost his among paltry commercial engagements."

"Wretch!" said the secret voice within, "darest thou exult in thy shame? Recollect how thy youth and fortune were wasted in those years, and triumph not in the enjoyment of an existence which levelled thee with the beasts that perish. Bethink thee, how this poor man's vanity gave at least bread to the labourer, peasant, and citizen; and his profuse expenditure, like water spilt on the ground, refreshed the lowly herbs and plants where it fell. But thou! whom hast thou enriched, during thy career of extravagance, save those brokers of the devil, vintners, panders, gamblers, and horse-jockeys?" The anguish produced by this self-reproof was so strong, that I put my hand suddenly to my forehead, and was obliged to allege a sudden megrim to my attendant, in apology for the action, and a slight groan with which it was accompanied.

I then made an effort to turn my thoughts into a

more philosophical current, and muttered half aloud, as a charm to lull my more painful thoughts to rest—

Nunc ager Umbrani sub nomine, nuper Ofelli
Dictus erat, nulli proprius; sed cedit in usum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii. Quo circa vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.*

In my anxiety to fix the philosophical precept in my mind, I recited the last line aloud, which, joined to my previous agitation, I afterwards found became the cause of a report, that a mad schoolmaster had come from Edinburgh, with the idea in his head of buying Castle-Treddles.

As I saw my companion was desirous of getting rid of me, I asked where I was to find the person in whose hands were left the map of the estate, and other particulars connected with the sale. The agent who had this in possession, I was told, lived at the town of —; which I was informed, and indeed knew well, to be distant five miles and a bittock, which may pass in a country where they are less lavish of their land, for two or three more. Being somewhat afraid of the fatigue of walking so far, I inquired if a horse, or any sort of carriage, was to be had, and was answered in the negative.

"But," said my cicerone, "you may halt a blink till next morning at the Treddles Arms, a very decent house, scarce a mile off."

"A new house, I suppose?" replied I.

"Na, it's a new public, but it's an auld house: it was aye the leddy's jointure-house in the Croftangry-folk's time; but Mr Treddles has fitted it up for the convenience of the country. Poor man, he was a public-spirited man when he had the means."

"Duntarkin a public-house!" I exclaimed.

"Ay!" said the fellow, surprised at my naming the place by its former title; "ye'll ha' been in this country before, I'm thinking."

"Long since," I replied—"And there is good accommodation at the what d'ye call 'em arms, and a civil landlord!" This I said by way of saying something, for the man stared very hard at me.

"Very decent accommodation. Ye'll no be for fashing with wine, I'm thinking, and there's walth of porter, ale, and a drap gude whisky—in an undertone) Fairntosh, if you can get on the lea-side of the gudewife—for there is nae gudeman. They ca' her Christie Steele."

I almost started at the sound. Christie Steele! Christie Steele was my mother's body servant, her very right hand, and, between ourselves, something like a viceroy over her. I recollected her perfectly; and though she had, in former times, been no favourite of mine, her name now sounded in my ear like

* *Horace*, Sat. II, Lib. 2. The meaning will be best conveyed to the English reader in Pope's imitation:—

What's property, dear Swift? you see it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;
Or in a mortgage prove a lawyer's share:
Or in a jointure vanish from the heir.

Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord;
And Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scrivener and city knight.
Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

that of a friend, and was the first word I had heard somewhat in unison with the associations around me. I sallied from Castle-Treddles, determined to make the best of my way to Duntarkin, and my cicerone hung by me for a little way, giving loose to his love of talking; an opportunity which, situated as he was, the seneschal of a deserted castle, was not likely to occur frequently.

"Some folks think Mr Treddles might as weel have put my wife as Christie Steele into the Treddles Arms, for Christie had been aye in service, and never in the public line, and so it's like she is gauging back in the world, as I hear—now, my wife had keepit a victualling-office."

"That would have been an advantage, certainly."

"But I am no sure that I wad ha' looten Eppie take it, if they had put it in her offer."

"That's a different consideration."

"Ony way, I wadna ha' like to have offended Mr Treddles; he was a wee toustie when you rubbed him again the hair—but a kind, weel-meaning man."

I wanted to get rid of this species of chat, and finding myself near the entrance of a foot-path, which made a short cut to Duntarkin, I put half-a-crown into my guide's hand, bade him good evening, and plunged into the woods.

"Hout, sir—fie, sir—no from the like of you—stay, sir, ye wunna find the way that gate—Odd's mercy, he maun ken the gate as weel as I do mysel—weel, I wad like to ken wha the chield is."

Such were the last words of my guide's drowsy, uninteresting tone of voice; and, glad to be rid of him, I strode out stoutly, in despite of large stones, briars, and *bad steps*, which abounded in the road I had chosen. In the interim, I tried as much as I could, with verses from Horace and Prior, and all who have lauded the mixture of literary with rural life, to call back the visions of last night and this morning, imagining myself settled in some detached farm of the estate of Glentanner,

Which sloping hills around enclose—

Where many a birch and brown oak grows;

when I should have a cottage with a small library, a small cellar, a spare bed for a friend, and live more happy and more honoured than when I had the whole barony. But the sight of Castle-Treddles had disturbed all my own castles in the air. The realities of the matter, like a stone plashed into a limpid fountain, had destroyed the reflection of the objects around, which, till this act of violence, lay slumbering on the crystal surface, and I tried in vain to re-establish the picture which had been so rudely broken. Well, then, I would try it another way; I would try to get Christie Steele out of her *public*, since she was not thriving in it, and she who had been my mother's governante should be mine. I knew all her faults, and I told her history over to myself.

She was a grand-daughter, I believe, at least some relative, of the famous covenanters of the name, whom Dean Swift's friend, Captain Crichton, shot on his own staircase in the times of the persecutions, and had perhaps derived from her native stock much both of its good and evil properties. No one could say of her that she was the life and spirit of the

family, though, in my mother's time, she directed all family affairs; her look was austere and gloomy, and when she was not displeased with you, you could only find it out by her silence. If there was cause for complaint, real or imaginary, Christie was loud enough. She loved my mother with the devoted attachment of a younger sister, but she was as jealous of her favour to any one else as if she had been the aged husband of a coquettish wife, and as severe in her reprehensions as an abbess over her nuns. The command which she exercised over her was that, I fear, of a strong and determined over a feeble and more nervous disposition; and though it was used with rigour, yet, to the best of Christie Steele's belief, she was urging her mistress to her best and most becoming course, and would have died rather than have recommended any other. The attachment of this woman was limited to the family of Croftangry, for she had few relations; and a dissolute cousin, whom late in life she had taken as a husband, had long left her a widow.

To me she had a strong dislike. Even from my early childhood, she was jealous, strange as it may seem, of my interest in my mother's affections; she saw my foibles and vices with abhorrence, and without a grain of allowance; nor did she pardon the weakness of paternal affection, even when, by the death of two brothers, I came to be the only child of a widowed parent. At the time my disorderly conduct induced my mother to leave Glentanner, and retreat to her jointure-house, I always blamed Christie Steele for having influenced her resentment, and prevented her from listening to my vows of amendment, which at times were real and serious, and might, perhaps, have accelerated that change of disposition which has since, I trust, taken place. But Christie regarded me as altogether a doomed and predestinated child of perdition, who was sure to hold on my course, and drag downwards whosoever might attempt to afford me support.

Still, though I knew such had been Christie's prejudices against me in other days, yet I thought enough of time had since passed away to destroy all of them. I knew, that when, through the disorder of my affairs, my mother underwent some temporary inconvenience about money matters, Christie, as a thing of course, stood in the gap, and having sold a small inheritance which had descended to her, brought the purchase-money to her mistress, with a sense of devotion as deep as that which inspired the christians of the first age, when they sold all they had, and followed the apostles of the church. I therefore thought that we might, in old Scottish phrase, "let bygones be bygones," and begin upon a new account. Yet I resolved, like a skilful general, to reconnoitre a little before laying down any precise scheme of proceeding, and in the interim I determined to preserve my incognito.

CHAPTER IV.

Alas, how changed from what it once had been!
 'Twas now degraded to a common inn.

GAY.

HALF an hour's brisk walking, or thereabouts, placed me in front of Duntarkin, which had also, I found,

undergone considerable alterations, though it had not been altogether demolished like the principal mansion. An inn-yard extended before the door of the decent little jointure-house, even amidst the remnants of the holly hedges which had screened the lady's garden. Then a broad, raw-looking, new-made road intruded itself up the little glen, instead of the old horseway, so seldom used that it was almost entirely covered with grass. It is a great enormity of which gentlemen trustees on the highways are sometimes guilty, in adopting the breadth necessary for an avenue to the metropolis, where all that is required is an access to some sequestered and unpopulous district. I do not say any thing of the expense; that the trustees and their constituents may settle as they please. But the destruction of sylvan beauty is great, when the breadth of the road is more than proportioned to the vale through which it runs, and lowers of course the consequence of any objects of wood or water, or broken and varied ground, which might otherwise attract notice, and give pleasure. A bubbling runnel by the side of one of these modern Appian or Flaminian highways, is but like a kennel,—the little hill is diminished to a hillock,—the romantic hillock to a mole-hill, almost too small for sight.

Such an enormity, however, had destroyed the quiet loneliness of Duntarkin, and intruded its breadth of dust and gravel, and its associations of po-chays and mail-coaches, upon one of the most sequestered spots in the Middle Ward of Clydesdale. The house was old and dilapidated, and looked sorry for itself, as if sensible of a derogation; but the sign was strong and new, and brightly painted, displaying a heraldic shield, three shuttles in a field diaprè, a web partly unfolded for crest, and two stout giants for supporters, each one holding a weaver's beam proper. To have displayed this monstrous emblem on the front of the house might have hazarded bringing down the wall, but for certain would have blocked up one or two windows. It was therefore established independent of the mansion, being displayed in an iron frame-work, and suspended upon two posts, with as much wood and iron about it as would have builded a brig; and there it hung creaking, groaning, and screaming in every blast of wind, and frightening for five miles distance, for aught I know, the nests of thrushes and linnets, the ancient denizens of the little glen.

When I entered the place, I was received by Christie Steele herself, who seemed uncertain whether to drop me in the kitchen, or usher me into a separate apartment. As I called for tea, with something rather more substantial than bread and butter, and spoke of supping and sleeping, Christie at last inducted me into the room where she herself had been sitting, probably the only one which had a fire, though the month was October. This answered my plan; and, as she was about to remove her spinning-wheel, I begged she would have the goodness to remain and make my tea, adding, that I liked the sound of the wheel, and desired not to disturb her house-wife-thrift in the least.

"I dinna ken, sir," she replied in a dry *revêche* tone, which carried me back twenty years; "I am nane of thae heartsome landleddies that can tell country cracks, and make themselves agreeable; and

I was ganging to pit on a fire for you in the Red-room; but if it is your will to stay here, he that pays the lawing maun chuse the lodging."

I endeavoured to engage her in conversation; but though she answered with a kind of stiff civility, I could get her into no freedom of discourse, and she began to look at her wheel and at the door more than once, as if she meditated a retreat. I was obliged, therefore, to proceed to some special questions that might have interest for a person, whose ideas were probably of a very bounded description.

I looked round the apartment, being the same in which I had last seen my poor mother. The author of the family history, formerly mentioned, had taken great credit to himself for the improvements he had made in this same jointure-house of Duntarkin, and how, upon his marriage, when his mother took possession of the same as her jointure-house, "to his great charges and expenses he caused box the walls of the great parlour (in which I was now sitting), empannel the same, and plaster the roof, finishing the apartment with ane concave chimney, and decorating the same, with pictures, and a barometer and thermometer." And in particular, which his good mother used to say she prized above all the rest, he had caused his own portraiture to be limned over the mantle-piece by a skilful hand. And, in good faith, there he remained still, having much the visage which I was disposed to ascribe to him on the evidence of his hand-writing,—grim and austere, yet not without a cast of shrewdness and determination; in armour, though he never wore it, I fancy; one hand on an open book, and one resting on the hilt of his sword, though, I dare say, his head never ached with reading, or his limbs with fencing.

"That picture is painted on the wood, madam," said I.

"Ay, sir, or it's like it would not have been left there; they took a' they could."

"Mr Treddles's creditors, you mean," said I.

"Na," replied she, dryly, "the creditors of another family, that sweepit cleaner than this poor man's, because I fancy there was less to gather."

"An older family, perhaps, and probably more remembered and regretted than later possessors?"

Christie here settled herself in her seat, and pulled her wheel towards her. I had given her something interesting for her thoughts to dwell upon, and her wheel was a mechanical accompaniment, on such occasions, the revolutions of which assisted her in the explanation of her ideas.

"Mair regretted—mair missed?—I liked ane of the auld family very weel, but I winna say that for them a'. How should they be mair missed than the Treddleses? The cotton-mill was such a thing for the country! The mair bairns a cottar body had the better; they would make their awn keep frae the time they were five years auld; and a widow wi' three or four bairns was a wealthy woman in the time of the Treddleses."

"But the health of these poor children, my good friend—their education and religious instruction—"

"For health," said Christie, looking gloomily at me, "e maun ken little of the warld, sir, if ye dinna ken that the health of the poor man's body, as weel as his youth and his strength, are all at the command

of the rich man's purse. There never was a trade so unhealthy yet, but men would fight to get work at it for twa pennies a-day aboon the common wage. But the bairns were reasonably weel cared for in the way of air and exercise, and a very responsible youth heard them their carritch, and gied them lessons in Reediemadeasy.* Now, what did they ever get before? Maybe on a winter day they wad be called out to beat the wood for cocks or siclike, and then the starving weans would maybe get a bite of broken bread, and maybe no, just as the butler was in humour—that was a' they got."

"They were not, then, a very kind family to the poor, these old possessors?" said I, somewhat bitterly; for I had expected to hear my ancestors' praises recorded, though I certainly despaired of being regaled with my own.

"They werena ill to them, sir, and that is aye something. They were just decent bien bodies;—ony poor creature that had face to beg got an awmous and welcome; they that were shame-faced gaed by, and twice as welcome. But they keepit an honest walk before God and man, the Croftangrys, and, as I said before, if they did little good, they did as little ill. They lifted their rents and spent them, called in their kain and eat them; gaed to the kirk of a Sunday, bowed civilly if folk took aff their bannets as they gaed by, and lookit as black as sin at them that keepit them on."

"These are their arms that you have on the sign?"

"What! on the painted board that is skirling and groaning at the door?—Na, these are Mr Treddles's arms—though they look as like legs as arms—ill pleased I was at the fule thing, that cost as muckle as would have repaired the house from the wa' stane to the rigging-tree. But if I am to bide here, I'll hae the decent board wi' the punch-bowl back again."

"Is there a doubt of your staying here, Mrs Steele?"

"Dinna mistress me," said the cross old woman, whose fingers were now plying their thrift in a manner which indicated nervous irritation—"there was nae luck in the land since Luckie turned Mistress, and Mistress my Leddy; and as for staying here, if it concerns you to ken, I may stay here if I can pay a hundred pund sterling for the lease, and I may flit if I canna; and so good e'en to you, Christie,"—and round went the wheel with much activity.

"And you like the trade of keeping a public-house?"

"I can scarce say that," she replied. "But worthy Mr Prendergast is clear of its lawfulness, and I hae gotten used to it, and made a decent living, though I never make out a fause reckoning, or give any ane the means to disorder reason in my house."

"Indeed," said I, "in that case, there is no wonder you have not made up the hundred pounds to purchase the lease."

"How do ye ken," said she sharply, "that I might not have had a hundred pounds of my ain fee? If I have it not, I am sure it is my ain faut; and I wunna ca' it faut neither, for it gaed to her wha was weel entitled to a' my service." Again she pulled stoutly at the flax, and the wheel went smartly round.

* "Reading made Easy," usually so pronounced in Scotland.

"This old gentleman," said I, fixing my eye on the painted pannel, "seems to have had *his* arms painted as well as Mr Treddles—that is, if that painting in the corner be a scutcheon."

"Ay, ay—cushion, just sae, they maun a' hae their cushions; there's sma' gentry without that; and so the arms, as they ca' them, of the house of Glentanner, may be seen on an auld stane in the west end of the house. But to do them justice, they didna propale sae muckle about them as poor Mr Treddles did;—it's like they were better used to them."

"Very likely.—Are there any of the old family in life, goodwife?"

"No," she replied; then added, after a moment's hesitation—"not that I know of,"—and the wheel, which had intermitted, began again to revolve.

"Gone abroad, perhaps?" I suggested.

She now looked up, and faced me—"No, sir. There were three sons of the last laird of Glentanner, as he was then called; John and William were hopeful young gentlemen, but they died early—one of a decline, brought on by the mizzles, the other lost his life in a fever. It would hae been lucky for mony ane that Chrystal had gane the same gate."

"Oh—he must have been the young spendthrift that sold the property? Well, but you should not have such an ill-will against him; remember necessity has no law; and then, goodwife, he was not more culpable than Mr Treddles, whom you are so sorry for."

"I wish I could think so, sir, for his mother's sake; but Mr Treddles was in trade, and though he had no preceese right to do so, yet there was some warrant for a man being expensive that imagined he was making a mint of money. But this unhappy lad devoured his patrimony, when he kenned that he was living like a ratten in a Dunlap cheese, and diminishing his means at a' hands—I canna bide to think on't." With this she broke out into a snatch of a ballad; but little of mirth was there either in the tone or the expression.

For he did spend and make an end
Of gear that his forcfathers wan;
Of land and ware he made him bare,
So speak nae mair of the old gudeman.

"Come, dame," said I, "it is a long lane that has no turning. I will not keep from you that I have heard something of this poor fellow, Chrystal Croftangry. He has sown his wild oats, as they say, and has settled into a steady and respectable man."

"And wha tell'd ye that tidings?" said she, looking sharply at me.

"Not perhaps the best judge in the world of his character, for it was himself, dame."

"And if he tell'd you truth, it was a virtue he did not aye use to practise," said Christie.

"The devil!" said I, considerably nettled; "all the world held him to be a man of honour."

"Ay, ay! he would hae shot onybody wi' his pistols and his guns, thad had even'd him to be a liar. But if he promised to pay an honest tradesman the next term-day, did he keep his word then? And if he promised a poor silly lass to make gude her shame, did he speak truth then? And what is that, but

VOL. VII.

being a liar, and a black-hearted deceitful liar to boot?"

My indignation was rising, but I strove to suppress it; indeed, I should only have afforded my tormentor a triumph by an angry reply. I partly suspected she began to recognize me; yet she testified so little emotion, that I could not think my suspicion well founded. I went on therefore to say, in a tone as indifferent as I could command, "Well, goodwife, I see you will believe no good of this Chrystal of yours, till he comes back and buys a good farm on the estate, and makes you his housekeeper."

The old woman dropped her thread, folded her hands, as she looked up to heaven with a face of apprehension. "The Lord," she exclaimed, "forbid! the Lord in his mercy forbid! Oh, sir! if you really know this unlucky man, persuade him to settle where folk ken the good that you say he has come to, and dinna ken the evil of his former days. He used to be proud enough—O dinna let him come here, even for his own sake.—He used ance to have some pride."

Here she once more drew the wheel close to her, and began to pull at the flax with both hands—"Dinna let him come here, to be looked down upon by ony that may be left of his auld reiving companions, and to see the decent folk that he looked over his nose at look over their noses at him, baith at kirk and market. Dinna let him come to his ain country to be made a tale about when ony neighbour points him out to another, and tells what he is, and what he was, and how he wrecked a dainty estate, and brought harlots to the door-cheek of his father's house, till he made it nae residence for his mother; and how it had been foretauld by a servant of his ain house, that he was a ne'er-do-weel, and a child of perdition, and how her words were made good, and—"

"Stop there, goodwife, if you please," said I; "you have said as much as I can well remember, and more than it may be safe to repeat. I can use a great deal of freedom with the gentleman we speak of; but I think, were any other person to carry him half of your message, I would scarce insure his personal safety. And now, as I see the night is settled to be a fine one, I will walk on to —, where I must meet a coach to-morrow, as it passes to Edinburgh."

So saying, I paid my moderate reckoning, and took my leave, without being able to discover whether the prejudiced and hard-hearted old woman did, or did not, suspect the identity of her guest, with the Chrystal Croftangry against whom she harboured so much dislike.

The night was fine and frosty, though, when I pretended to see what its character was, it might have rained like the deluge. I only made the excuse to escape from old Christie Steele. The horses which run races in the Corso at Rome without any riders, in order to stimulate their exertion, carry each his own spurs, namely, small balls of steel, with sharp projecting spikes, which are attached to loose straps of leather, and, flying about in the violence of the agitation, keep the horse to his speed by pricking him as they come against his flanks. The old woman's reproaches had the same effect on me, and urged me to a rapid pace, as if it had been possible to escape from my own recollections. In the best days of my life, when I won one or two hard walking

matches, I doubt if I ever walked so fast as I did betwixt the Treddles Arms and the borough town for which I was bound. Though the night was cold, I was warm enough by the time I got to my inn; and it required a refreshing draught of porter, with half an hour's repose, ere I could determine to give no farther thought to Christie and her opinions, than those of any other vulgar prejudiced old woman. I resolved at last to treat the thing *en bagatelle*, and, calling for writing materials, I folded up a cheque for 100*l.* with these lines on the envelope :

Chrystal, the ne'er-do-weel,
Child destined to the Deil,
Sends this to Christie Steele.

And I was so much pleased with this new mode of viewing the subject, that I regretted the lateness of the hour prevented my finding a person to carry the letter express to its destination.

But with the morning cool reflection came.

I considered that the money, and probably more, was actually due by me on my mother's account to Christie, who had lent it in a moment of great necessity, and that the returning it in a light or ludicrous manner was not unlikely to prevent so touchy and punctilious a person from accepting a debt which was most justly her due, and which it became me particularly to see satisfied. Sacrificing then my triad with little regret (for it looked better by candlelight, and through the medium of a pot of porter, than it did by daylight, and with bohea for a menstruum), I determined to employ Mr Fairscribe's mediation in buying up the lease of the little inn, and conferring it upon Christie in the way which should make it most acceptable to her feelings. It is only necessary to add, that my plan succeeded, and that Widow Steele even yet keeps the Treddles Arms. Do not say, therefore, that I have been disingenuous with you, reader; since, if I have not told all the ill of myself I might have done, I have indicated to you a person able and willing to supply the blank, by relating all my delinquencies, as well as my misfortunes.

In the meantime, I totally abandoned the idea of redeeming any part of my paternal property, and resolved to take Christie Steele's advice, as young Norval does Glenalvon's, "although it sounded harshly."

CHAPTER V.

—If you will know my house,
'T is at the tuft of olives here hard-by.
As You Like It.

BY a revolution of humour which I am unable to account for, I changed my mind entirely on my plans of life, in consequence of the disappointment, the history of which fills the last chapter. I began to discover that the country would not at all suit me—that I had relinquished field-sports, and felt no inclination whatever for farming, the ordinary vocation of country gentlemen—that I had no talent for assisting either candidate in case of an expected election—saw no amusement in the duties of a road trustee, a commissioner of supply, or even in the magisterial functions of the bench. I had begun to take some taste for reading; and a domiciliation in the country must remove me from the use of books, excepting

the small subscription library, in which the very book which you want is uniformly sure to be engaged.

I resolved, therefore, to make the Scottish metropolis my regular resting-place, reserving to myself to take occasionally those excursions, which, spite of all I have said against mail-coaches, Mr Piper has rendered so easy. Friend of our life and of our leisure, he secures by dispatch against loss of time, and by the best of coaches, cattle, and steadiest of drivers, against hazard of limb; and wafts us, as well as our letters, from Edinburgh to Cape Wrath in the penning of a paragraph.

When my mind was quite made up to make Auld Reekie my head-quarters, reserving the privilege of *exploring* in all directions, I began to explore, in good earnest, for the purpose of discovering a suitable habitation. "And whare trew ye I gaed?" as Sir Pertinax says. Not to George's Square—nor to Charlotte Square—nor to the old New Town—nor to the new New Town—nor to the Calton Hill; I went to the Canongate, and to the very portion of the Canongate in which I had formerly been immured, like the errant knight, prisoner in some enchanted castle, where spells have made the ambient air impervious to the unhappy captive, although the organs of sight encountered no obstacle to his free passage.

Why I should have thought of pitching my tent here I cannot tell. Perhaps it was to enjoy the pleasures of freedom, where I had so long endured the bitterness of restraint; on the principle of the officer, who, after he had retired from the army, ordered his servant to continue to call him at the hour of parade, simply that he might have the pleasure of saying—"D—n the parade," and turning to the other side to enjoy his slumbers. Or perhaps I expected to find in the vicinity some little old-fashioned house, having somewhat of the *rus in urbe*, which I was ambitious of enjoying. Enough; I went, as aforesaid, to the Canongate.

I stood by the kennel, of which I have formerly spoken, and, my mind being at ease, my bodily organs were more delicate. I was more sensible than heretofore, that, like the trade of Pompey in Measure for Measure—it did in some sort—pah—an ounce of civet, good apothecary.—Turning from thence, my steps naturally directed themselves to my own humble apartment, where my little Highland landlady, as dapper and tight as ever (for old women wear a hundred times better than the hard-wrought seniors of the masculine sex), stood at the door, *teedling* to herself a Highland song as she shook a table napkin over the fore-stair, and then proceeded to fold it up neatly for future service.

"How do you, Janet?"

"Thank ye, good sir," answered my old friend, without looking at me; "but ye might as weel say Mrs MacEvoy, for she is na a' body's Shanet—umph."

"You must be *my* Janet though, for all that—have you forgot me?—Do you not remember Chrystal Croftangry?"

The light, kind-hearted creature threw her napkin into the open door, skipped down the stair like a fairy, three steps at once, seized me by the hands,—both hands,—jumped up, and actually kissed me. I was a little ashamed; but what swain, of some-

where inclining to sixty, could resist the advances of a fair contemporary? So we allowed the full degree of kindness to the meeting,—*honi soit qui mal y pense*,—and then Janet entered instantly upon business. “An ye’ll gae in, man, and see your auld lodgings, nae doubt, and Shanet will pay ye the fifteen shillings of change that ye ran away without, and without bidding Shanet good day. But never mind,” (nodding good-humouredly,) “Shanet saw you were carried for the time.”

By this time we were in my old quarters, and Janet, with her bottle of cordial in one hand and the glass in the other, had forced on me a dram of usquebaugh, distilled with saffron and other herbs, after some old-fashioned Highland receipt. Then was unfolded, out of many a little scrap of paper, the reserved sum of fifteen shillings, which Janet had treasured for twenty years and upwards.

“Here they are,” she said, in honest triumph, “just the same I was holding out to ye when ye ran as if ye had been fey. Shanet has had siller, and Shanet has wanted siller, mony a time since that—and the gauger has come, and the factor has come, and the butcher and baker—Cot bless us—just like to tear poor auld Shanet to pieces; but she took good care of Mr Croftangry’s fifteen shillings.”

“But what if I had never come back, Janet?”

“Och, if Shanet had heard you were dead, she would hae gien it to the poor of the chapel, to pray for Mr Croftangry,” said Janet, crossing herself, for she was a catholic;—“you maybe do not think it would do you cood, but the blessing of the poor can never do no harm.”

I agreed heartily in Janet’s conclusion; and, as to have desired her to consider the hoard as her own property, would have been an indelicate return to her for the uprightness of her conduct, I requested her to dispose of it as she had proposed to do in the event of my death, that is, if she knew any poor people of merit to whom it might be useful.

“Ower mony of them,” raising the corner of her checked apron to her eyes, “e’en ower mony of them, Mr Croftangry.—Och, ay—there is the puir Highland creatures frae Glenshee, that cam down for the harvest, and are lying wi’ the fever—five shillings to them, and half-a-crown to Bessie MacEvoy, whose coodman, puir creature, died of the frost, being a shairman, for a’ the whisky he could drink to keep it out o’ his stamoch—and——”

But she suddenly interrupted the bead-roll of her proposed charities, and assuming a very sage look, and primming up her little chattering mouth, she went on in a different tone—“But, och, Mr Croftangry, bethink ye whether ye will not need a this siller yoursell, and may-be look back and think lang for ha’en kiven it away, whilk is a creat sin to forthink a wark o’ charity, and also is unlucky, and moreover is not the thought of a shentleman’s son like yoursell, dear. And I say this, that ye may think a bit, for your mother’s son kens that ye are no so careful as you should be of the gear, and I hae tauld ye of it before, jewel.”

I assured her I could easily spare the money, without risk of future repentance; and she went on to infer, that, in such a case, “Mr Croftangry had

grown a rich man in foreign parts, and was free of his troubles with messengers and sheriff-officers, and siclike scum of the earth, and Shanet MacEvoy’s mother’s daughter be a blithe woman to hear it. Put if Mr Croftangry was in trouble, there was his room, and his ped, and Shanet to wait on him, and tak payment when it was quite convenient.”

I explained to Janet my situation, in which she expressed unqualified delight. I then proceeded to inquire into her own circumstances, and, though she spoke cheerfully and contentedly, I could see they were precarious. I had paid more than was due; other lodgers fell into an opposite error, and forgot to pay Janet at all. Then, Janet being ignorant of all indirect modes of screwing money out of her lodgers, others in the same line of life, who were sharper than the poor simple Highland woman, were enabled to let their apartments cheaper in appearance, though the inmates usually found them twice as dear in the long run.

As I had already destined my old landlady to be my housekeeper and governante, knowing her honesty, good nature, and, although a Scotch-woman, her cleanliness and excellent temper (saving the short and hasty expressions of anger which Highlanders call a *fuff*), I now proposed the plan to her in such a way as was likely to make it most acceptable. Very acceptable as the proposal was, as I could plainly see, Janet, however, took a day to consider upon it; and her reflections against our next meeting had suggested only one objection, which was singular enough.

“My honour,” so she now termed me, “would pe for biding in some fine street about the town; now Shanet wad ill like to live in a place where polish, and sheriffs, and bailiffs, and sic thieves and trash of the world, could tak puir shentlemen by the troat, just because they wanted a wheen dollars in the sporran. She had lived in the bonny glen of Temanthoulick—Cot, an ony of the vermint had come there, her father would hae wared a shot on them, and he could hit a buck within as mony measured yards as e’er a man of his clan. And the place here was so quiet frae them, they durst na put their nose ower the gutter. Shanet owed nobody a bodle, put she couldna bide to see honest folk and pretty shentlemen forced away to prison whether they would or no; and then if Shanet was to lay her tangs ower ane of the ragamuffins’ heads, it would be, maybe, that the law would gi’ed a hard name.”

One thing I have learned in life,—never to speak sense when nonsense will answer the purpose as well. I should have had great difficulty to convince this practical and disinterested admirer and vindicator of liberty, that arrests seldom or never were to be seen in the streets of Edinburgh; and to satisfy her of their justice and necessity, would have been as difficult as to convert her to the protestant faith. I therefore assured her my intention, if I could get a suitable habitation, was to remain in the quarter where she at present dwelt. Janet gave three skips on the floor, and uttered as many short shrill yells of joy; yet doubt almost instantly returned, and she insisted on knowing what possible reason I could have for making my residence where few lived, save those whose misfortunes drove them thither. It occurred

to me to answer her by recounting the legend of the rise of my family, and of our deriving our name from a particular place near Holyrood Palace. This, which would have appeared to most people a very absurd reason for chusing a residence, was entirely satisfactory to Janet MacEvoy.

"Och, nae doubt! if it was the land of her fathers, there was nae mair to be said. Put it was queer that her family estate should just lie at the town tail, and covered with houses where the king's cows, Cot bless them, hide and horn, used to craze upon. It was strange changes."—She mused a little, and then added, "Put it is something better wi' Croftangry when the changes is frae the field to the habited place, and not from the place of habitation to the desert; for Shanet, her nainsell, kent a glen where there were men as weel as there maybe in Croftangry, and if there werena altogether sae mony of them, they were as good men in their tartan as the others in their broadcloth. And there were houses too, and if they were not biggit with stane and lime, and lofted like the houses at Croftangry, yet they served the purpose of them that lived there; an' mony a braw bonnet, and mony a silk snood, and comely white curch, would come out to gang to kirk or chapel on the lord's day, and little bairns toddling after; and now,—Och, Och, Ohellany, Ohonari! the glen is desolate, and the braw snoods and bonnets are gane, and the Saxon's house stands dull and lonely, like the single bare-breasted rock that the falcon builds on,—the falcon that drives the heath-bird frae the glen."

Janet, like many Highlanders, was full of imagination; and, when melancholy themes came upon her, expressed herself almost poetically, owing to the genius of the Celtic language, in which she thought, and in which, doubtless, she would have spoken, had I understood Gaelic. In two minutes the shade of gloom and regret had passed from her good-humoured features, and she was again the little busy, prating, important old woman, undisputed owner of one flat of a small tenement in the Abbey-yard, and about to be promoted to be housekeeper to an elderly bachelor gentleman, Chrystal Croftangry, Esq.

It was not long before Janet's local researches found out exactly the sort of place I wanted; and there we settled. Janet was afraid I would not be satisfied, because it is not exactly part of Croftangry; but I stopped her doubts, by assuring her it had been part and pendicle thereof in my forefathers' time, which passed very well.

I do not intend to possess any one with an exact knowledge of my lodging; though, as Bobadil says, "I care not who knows it, since the cabin is convenient." But I may state in general, that it is a house "within itself," or, according to a newer phraseology in advertisements, *self-contained*, has a garden of near half an acre, and a patch of ground with trees in front. It boasts five rooms and servants' apartments—looks in front upon the palace, and from behind towards the hill and crags of the King's Park. Fortunately, the place had a name, which, with a little improvement, served to countenance the legend which I had imposed on Janet, and would not perhaps have been sorry if I had been able to impose on myself. It was called Littlecroft; we have dubbed it Little Croftangry, and the men of letters belonging

to the Post Office have sanctioned the change, and deliver letters so addressed.

My establishment consists of Janet, an under maid-servant, and a Highland wench for Janet to exercise her Gaelic upon, with a handy lad, who can lay the cloth and take care besides of a pony, on which I find my way to Portobello sands, especially when the cavalry have a drill; for, like an old fool as I am, I have not altogether become indifferent to the tramp of horses and the flash of weapons, of which, though no professional soldier, it has been my fate to see something in my youth. For wet mornings, I have my book—is it fine weather, I visit or I wander on the Craggs, as the humour dictates. My dinner is indeed solitary, yet not quite so neither; for though Andrew waits, Janet, or,—as she is to all the world but her master, and certain old Highland gossips,—Mrs MacEvoy, attends, bustles about, and desires to see every thing is in first-rate order, and to tell me, Cot pless us, the wonderful news of the Palace for the day. When the cloth is removed, and I light my cigar, and begin to husband a pint of port, or a glass of old whisky and water, it is the rule of the house that Janet takes a chair at some distance, and nods or works her stocking, as she may be disposed; ready to speak, if I am in the talking humour, and sitting quiet as a mouse if I am rather inclined to study a book or the newspaper. At six precisely she makes my tea, and leaves me to drink it; and then occurs an interval of time which most old bachelors find heavy on their hands. The theatre is a good occasional resource, but it is distant, and so are one or two public societies to which I belong; besides, these evening walks are all incompatible with the elbow-chair feeling, which desires some employment that may divert the mind without fatiguing the body.

Under the influence of these impressions, I have sometimes thought of this literary undertaking. I must have been the Bonassus himself to have mistaken myself for a genius; yet I have leisure and reflections like my neighbours. I am a borderer also between two generations, and can point out more perhaps than others of these fading traces of antiquity which are daily vanishing; and I know many a modern instance and many an old tradition, and therefore I ask—

What ails me, I may not, as well as they,
Rake up some thead-bare tales, that mouldering lay
In chimney corners, wont by Christmas fires
To read and rock to sleep our ancient sires?
No man his threshold better knows, than I
Brute's first arrival and first victory,
Saint George's sorrel and his cross of blood,
Arthur's round board and Caledonian wood.

No shop is so easily set up as an antiquary's. Like those of the lowest order of pawnbrokers, a commodity of rusty iron, a bag or two of hobnails, a few odd shoebuckles, cashiered kail-pots, and fire-irons declared incapable of service, are quite sufficient to set him up. If he add a sheaf or two of penny ballads and broadsides, he is a great man—an extensive trader. And then—like the pawnbrokers aforesaid, if the author understands a little legerdemain, he may, by dint of a little picking and stealing, make the inside of his shop a great deal richer than the out, and be able to show you things which

cause those who do not understand the antiquarian trick of clean conveyance, to wonder how the devil he came by them.

It may be said, that antiquarian articles interest but few customers, and that we may bawl ourselves as rusty as the wares we deal in, without any one asking the price of our merchandize. But I do not rest my hopes upon this department of my labours only. I propose also to have a corresponding shop for Sentiment, and Dialogues, and Disquisition, which may captivate the fancy of those who have no relish, as the established phrase goes, for pure antiquity;—a sort of green-grocer's stall erected in front of my ironmongery wares, garlanding the rusty memorials of ancient times with cresses, cabbages, leeks, and water purpy.

As I have some idea that I am writing too well to be understood, I humble myself to ordinary language, and aver, with becoming modesty, that I do think myself capable of sustaining a publication of a miscellaneous nature, as like to the Spectator, or the Guardian, the Mirror, or the Lounger, as my poor abilities may be able to accomplish. Not that I have any purpose of imitating Johnson, whose general learning and power of expression I do not deny, but many of whose Ramblers are little better than a sort of pageant, where trite and obvious maxims are made to swagger in lofty and mystic language, and get some credit only because they are not easily understood. There are some of the great moralist's papers which I cannot peruse without thinking on a second-rate masquerade, where the best-known and least-esteemed characters in town march in as heroes, and sultans, and so forth, and, by dint of tawdry dresses, get some consideration until they are found out.—It is not, however, prudent to commence with throwing stones, just when I am striking out windows of my own.

I think even the local situation of Little Croftangry may be considered as favourable to my undertaking. A nobler contrast there can hardly exist than that of the huge city, dark with the smoke of ages, and groaning with the various sounds of active industry or idle revel, and the lofty and craggy hill, silent and solitary as the grave; one exhibiting the full tide of existence, pressing and precipitating itself forward with the force of an inundation; the other resembling some time-worn anchorite, whose life passed as silent and unobserved as the slender rill which escapes unheard, and scarce seen, from the fountain of his patron-saint. The city resembles the busy temple, where the modern Comus and Mammon hold their court, and thousands sacrifice ease, independence, and virtue itself, at their shrine; the misty and lonely mountain seems as a throne to the majestic but terrible Genius of feudal times, when he dispensed coronets and domains to those who had heads to devise, and arms to execute, bold enterprises.

I have, as it were, the two extremities of the moral world at my threshold. From the front door, a few minutes' walk brings me into the heart of a wealthy and populous city—as many paces from my opposite entrance, places me in a solitude as complete as Zimmerman could have desired. Surely, with such aids to my imagination, I may write better than if I were in a lodging in the New Town, or a garret in

the old. As the Spaniard says, "*Viamos—Caraco!*"

I have not chosen to publish periodically, my reason for which was twofold. In the first place, I don't like to be hurried, and have had enough of duns in an early part of my life to make me reluctant to hear of, or see one, even in the less awful shape of a printer's devil. But, secondly, a periodical paper is not easily extended in circulation beyond the quarter in which it is published. This work, if published in fugitive numbers, would scarce, without a high pressure on the part of the bookseller, be raised above the Netherbow, and never could be expected to ascend to the level of Prince's Street. Now, I am ambitious that my compositions, though having their origin in this Valley of Holyrood, should not only be extended into those exalted regions I have mentioned, but also that they should cross the Forth, astonish the long town of Kirkaldy, enchant the skippers and coaliers of the East of Fife, venture even into the classic arcades of St Andrews, and travel as much farther to the north as the breath of applause will carry their sails. As for a southward direction, it is not to be hoped for in my fondest dreams. I am informed that Scotch literature, like Scotch whisky, will be presently laid under a prohibitory duty.—But enough of this. If any reader is dull enough not to comprehend the advantages which, in point of circulation, a compact book has over a collection of fugitive numbers, let him try the range of a gun loaded with hail-shot, against that of the same piece charged with an equal weight of lead consolidated in a single bullet.

Besides, it was of less consequence that I should have published periodically, since I did not mean to solicit or accept of the contributions of friends, or the criticisms of those who may be less kindly disposed. Notwithstanding the excellent examples which might be quoted, I will establish no begging-box, either under the name of a lion's-head or an ass's. What is good or ill shall be mine own, or the contributions of friends to whom I may have private access. Many of my voluntary assistants might be cleverer than myself, and then I should have a brilliant article appear among my chiller effusions, like a patch of lace on a Scotch cloak of Galashiels grey. Some might be worse, and then I must reject them, to the injury of the feelings of the writers, or else insert them, to make my own darkness yet more opaque and palpable. "Let every herring," says our old-fashioned proverb, "hang by his own head."

One person, however, I may distinguish, as she is now no more, who, living to the utmost term of human life, honoured me with a great share of her friendship, as indeed we were blood-relatives in the Scottish sense—Heaven knows how many degrees removed—and friends in the sense of Old England. I mean the late excellent and regretted Mrs Bethune Baliol. But as I design this admirable picture of the olden time for a principal character in my work, I will only say here, that she knew and approved of my present purpose; and though she declined to contribute to it while she lived, from a sense of dignified retirement, which she thought became her age, sex, and condition in life, she left me some materials for carrying on my proposed work, which I coveted

when I heard her detail them in conversation, and which now, when I have their substance in her own hand-writing, I account far more valuable than any thing I have myself to offer. I hope the mentioning her name in conjunction with my own will give no offence to any of her numerous friends, as it was her own express pleasure that I should employ the manuscripts, which she did me the honour to bequeath me, in the manner in which I have now used them. It must be added, however, that in most cases I have disguised names, and in some added shading and colouring to bring out the narrative.

Many of my materials, besides these, are derived from friends, living or dead. In some cases they may be inaccurate, and in such I would be happy to receive, from sufficient authority, the correction of the errors which must creep into traditional documents. The object of the whole publication is, to throw some light on the manners of Scotland as they were, and to contrast them, occasionally, with such as now are fashionable in the same country. For my own serious opinion, it is in favour of the present age in many respects, but not in so far as it affords means for exercising the imagination, or exciting the interest which attaches to other times. I am glad to be a writer or a reader in 1826, but I would be most interested in reading or relating what happened from half a century to a century before. We have the best of it. Scenes in which our ancestors thought deeply, acted fiercely, and died desperately, are to us tales to divert the tedium of a winter's evening, when we are engaged to no party, or beguile a summer's morning, when it is too scorching to ride or walk.

Yet I do not mean that my essays and narratives should be limited to Scotland. I pledge myself to no particular line of subjects; but, on the contrary, say with Burns,

Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

I have only to add, by way of postscript to these preliminary chapters, that I have had recourse to Molière's recipe, and read my manuscript over to my old woman, Janet MacEvoy.

The dignity of being consulted delighted Janet; and Wilkie, or Allan, would have made a capital sketch of her, as she sate upright in her chair, instead of her ordinary lounging posture, knitting her stockings systematically, as if she meant every twist of her thread, and inclination of the wires, to bear burthen to the cadence of my voice. I am afraid, too, that I myself felt more delight than I ought to have done in my own composition, and read a little more oratorically than I would have ventured to do before an auditor, of whose applause I was not so secure. And the result did not entirely encourage my plan of censorship. Janet did indeed seriously incline to the account of my previous life, and bestowed some Highland maledictions more emphatic than courteous on Christie Steele's reception of a "shentlemans in distress," and of her own mistress's house too. I omitted, for certain reasons, or greatly abridged, what related to herself. But when I came to treat of my general views in publication, I saw poor Janet was entirely thrown out, though, like a jaded hunter, panting, puffing, and short of wind, she endeavoured at least

to keep up with the chase. Or rather her perplexity made her look all the while like a deaf person ashamed of his infirmity, who does not understand a word you are saying, yet desires you to believe that he does understand you, and who is extremely jealous that you suspect his incapacity. When she saw that some remark was necessary, she resembled exactly in her criticism the devotee who pitched on the "sweet word Mesopotamia," as the most edifying note which she could bring away from a sermon. She indeed hastened to bestow general praise on what she said was all "very fine;" but chiefly dwelt on what I had said about Mr Timmerman, as she was pleased to call the German philosopher, and supposed he must be of the same descent with the Highland clan of M^cIntyre, which signifies Son of the Carpenter. "And a fery honourable name too—Shanet's own mither was a M^cIntyre."

In short, it was plain the latter part of my introduction was altogether lost on poor Janet; and so, to have acted up to Molière's system, I should have cancelled the whole, and written it anew. But I do not know how it is; I retained, I suppose, some tolerable opinion of my own composition, though Janet did not comprehend it, and felt loath to retrench those dalilahs of the imagination, as Dryden calls them, the tropes and figures of which are caviar to the multitude. Besides, I hate the rewriting as much as Falstaff did the paying back—it is a double labour. So I determined with myself to consult Janet, in future, only on such things as were within the limits of her comprehension, and hazard my arguments and my rhetoric on the public without her imprimatur. I am pretty sure she will "applaud it done." And in such narratives as come within her range of thought and feeling, I shall, as I at first intended, take the benefit of her unsophisticated judgment, and attend to it deferentially—that is, when it happens not to be in peculiar opposition to my own; for, after all, I say with Almanzor—

Know that I alone am king of me,

The reader has now my who and my where-about, the purpose of the work, and the circumstances under which it is undertaken. He has also a specimen of the author's talents, and may judge for himself, and proceed, or send back the volume to the bookseller, as his own taste shall determine.

CHAPTER VI.

The moon, were she earthly, no nobler.

Coriolanus.

WHEN we set out on the jolly voyage of life, what a brave fleet there is around us, as, stretching our fresh canvas to the breeze, all "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," pennants flying, music playing, cheering each other as we pass, and rather amused than alarmed when some awkward comrade goes right ashore for want of pilotage!—Alas! when the voyage is well spent, and we look about us, toil-worn mariners, how few of our ancient consorts still remain in sight, and they, how torn and wasted, and, like ourselves, struggling to keep as long as possible off the fatal shore, against which we are all finally drifting!

I felt this very trite but melancholy truth in all its force the other day, when a packet with a black seal arrived, containing a letter addressed to me by my late excellent friend Mrs Martha Bethune Baliol, and marked with the fatal indorsation, "To be delivered according to address, after I shall be no more." A letter from her executors accompanied the packet, mentioning that they had found in her will a bequest to me of a painting of some value, which she stated would just fit the space above my cupboard, and fifty guineas to buy a ring. And thus I separated, with all the kindness which we had maintained for many years, from a friend, who, though old enough to have been the companion of my mother, was yet, in gaiety of spirits, and admirable sweetness of temper, capable of being agreeable, and even animating society, for those who write themselves in the vaward of youth; an advantage which I have lost for these five-and-thirty years. The contents of the packet I had no difficulty in guessing, and have partly hinted at them in the last chapter. But to instruct the reader in the particulars, and at the same time to indulge myself with recalling the virtues and agreeable qualities of my late friend, I will give a short sketch of her manners and habits.

Mrs Martha Bethune Baliol was a person of quality and fortune, as these are esteemed in Scotland. Her family was ancient, and her connexions honourable. She was not fond of specially indicating her exact age, but her juvenile recollections stretched backwards till before the eventful year 1745; and she remembered the Highland clans being in possession of the Scottish capital, though probably only as an indistinct vision. Her fortune, independent by her father's bequest, was rendered opulent by the death of more than one brave brother, who fell successively in the service of their country; so that the family estates became vested in the only surviving child of the ancient house of Bethune Baliol. My intimacy was formed with the excellent lady after this event, and when she was already something advanced in age.

She inhabited, when in Edinburgh, where she regularly spent the winter season, one of those old hotels, which, till of late, were to be found in the neighbourhood of the Canongate and of the Palace of Holyrood-house, and which, separated from the street, now dirty and vulgar, by paved courts, and gardens of some extent, made amends for an indifferent access, by showing something of aristocratic state and seclusion, when you were once admitted within their precincts. They have pulled her house down; for, indeed, betwixt building and burning, every ancient monument of the Scottish capital is now likely to be utterly demolished. I pause on the recollections of the place, however; and since nature has denied a pencil when she placed a pen in my hand, I will endeavour to make words answer the purpose of delineation.

Baliol's Lodging, so was the mansion named, reared its high stack of chimneys, among which were seen a turret or two, and one of those small projecting platforms called bartizans, above the mean and modern buildings which line the south side of the Canongate, towards the lower end of that street, and not distant from the palace. A *porte cochère*, having a wicket for foot passengers, was, upon due occasion,

unfolded by a lame old man, tall, grave, and thin, who tenanted a hovel beside the gate, and acted as porter. To this office he had been promoted by my friend's charitable feelings for an old soldier, and partly by an idea, that his head, which was a very fine one, bore some resemblance to that of Garrick in the character of Lusignan. He was a man saturnine, silent, and slow in his proceedings, and would never open the *porte cochère* to a hackney coach; indicating the wicket with his finger, as the proper passage for all who came in that obscure vehicle, which was not permitted to degrade with its ticketed presence the dignity of Baliol's Lodging. I do not think this peculiarity would have met with his lady's approbation, any more than the occasional partiality of Lusignan, or, as mortals called him, Archy Macready, to a dram. But Mrs Martha Bethune Baliol, conscious that, in case of conviction, she could never have prevailed upon herself to dethrone the King of Palestine from the stone bench on which he sat for hours, knitting his stocking, refused, by accrediting the intelligence, even to put him upon his trial; well judging, that he would observe more wholesome caution if he conceived his character unsuspected, than if he were detected, and suffered to pass unpunished. For, after all, she said, it would be cruel to dismiss an old Highland soldier, for a peccadillo so appropriate to his country and profession.

The stately gate for carriages, or the humble accommodation for foot passengers, admitted into a narrow and short passage, running between two rows of lime-trees, whose green foliage, during the spring, contrasted strangely with the swart complexion of the two walls by the side of which they grew. This access led to the front of the house, which was formed by two gable ends, notched, and having their windows adorned with heavy architectural ornaments; they joined each other at right angles; and a half-circular tower, which contained the entrance and the staircase, occupied the point of junction, and rounded the acute angle. One of other two sides of the little court, in which there was just sufficient room to turn a carriage, was occupied by some low buildings answering the purpose of offices; the other, by a parapet surrounded by a highly-ornamented iron railing twined round with honeysuckle and other parasitical shrubs, which permitted the eye to peep into a pretty suburban garden, extending down to the road called the South Back of the Canongate, and boasting a number of old trees, many flowers, and even some fruit. We must not forget to state, that the extreme cleanliness of the court-yard was such as intimated that mop and pail had done the utmost, in that favoured spot, to atone for the general dirt and dinginess of the quarter where the premises were situated.

Over the door-way were the arms of Bethune and Baliol, with various other devices carved in stone; the door itself was studded with iron nails, and formed of black oak; an iron rasp,* as it was called, was placed on it, instead of a knocker, for the purpose of summoning the attendants. He who usually appeared at the summons was a smart lad, in a handsome livery, the son of Mrs Martha's gardener at Mount Baliol. Now and then a servant girl, nicely but plainly dressed, and fully accoutred with

* See Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh*.

stockings and shoes, would perform this duty; and twice or thrice I remember being admitted by Beaufet himself, whose exterior looked as much like that of a clergyman of rank as the butler of a gentleman's family. He had been valet-de-chambre to the last Sir Richard Bethune Baliol, and was a person highly trusted by the present lady. A full stand, as it is called in Scotland, of garments of a dark colour, gold buckles in his shoes, and at the knees of his breeches, with his hair regularly dressed and powdered, announced him to be a domestic of trust and importance. His mistress used to say of him,

He 's sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.

As no one can escape scandal, some said that Beaufet made a rather better thing of the place than the modesty of his old-fashioned wages would, unassisted, have amounted to. But the man was always very civil to me. He had been long in the family; had enjoyed legacies, and laid by a something of his own, upon which he now enjoys ease with dignity, in as far as his newly-married wife, Tibbie Shortacres, will permit him.

The Lodging—Dearest reader, if you are tired, pray pass over the next four or five pages—was not, by any means, so large as its external appearance led people to conjecture. The interior accommodation was much cut up by cross walls and long passages, and that neglect of economizing space which characterizes old Scottish architecture. But there was far more room than my old friend required, even when she had, as was often the case, four or five young cousins under her protection; and I believe much of the house was unoccupied. Mrs Bethune Baliol never, in my presence, showed herself so much offended, as once with a meddling person, who advised her to have the windows of these supernumerary apartments built up, to save the tax. She said in ire, that, while she lived, the light of God should visit the house of her fathers; and while she had a penny, king and country should have their due. Indeed, she was punctiliously loyal, even in that most staggering test of loyalty, the payment of imposts.

Mr Beaufet told me he was ordered to offer a glass of wine to the person who collected the income-tax, and that the poor man was so overcome by a reception so unwontedly generous, that he had well nigh fainted on the spot.

You entered by a matted anti-room into the eating-parlour, filled with old-fashioned furniture, and hung with family-portraits, which, excepting one of Sir Bernard Bethune, in James the Sixth's time, said to be by Jameson, were exceedingly frightful. A saloon, as it was called, a long narrow chamber, led out of the dining-parlour, and served for a drawing-room. It was a pleasant apartment, looking out upon the south flank of Holyrood-house, the gigantic slope of Arthur's Seat, and the girdle of lofty rocks, called Salisbury Crags; objects so rudely wild, that the mind can hardly conceive them to exist in the vicinity of a populous metropolis. The paintings in the saloon came from abroad, and had some of them much merit. To see the best of them, however, you must be admitted into the very penetralia of the temple, and allowed to draw the tapestry at the

upper end of the saloon, and enter Mrs Martha's own special dressing-room. This was a charming apartment, of which it would be difficult to describe the form, it had so many recesses, which were filled up with shelves of ebony, and cabinets of japan and *or molu*, some for holding books, of which Mrs Martha had an admirable collection, some for a display of ornamental china, others for shells and similar curiosities. In a little niche, half-screened by a curtain of crimson silk, was disposed a suit of tilting armour of bright steel, inlaid with silver, which had been worn on some memorable occasion by Sir Bernard Bethune, already mentioned; while over the canopy of the niche, hung the broadsword with which her father had attempted to change the fortunes of Britain in 1715, and the spontoon which her elder brother bore when he was leading on a company of the Black Watch at Fontenoy.

There were some Italian and Flemish pictures of admitted authenticity, a few genuine bronzes, and other objects of curiosity, which her brothers or herself had picked up while abroad. In short, it was a place where the idle were tempted to become studious, the studious to grow idle—where the grave might find matter to make them gay, and the gay subjects for gravity.

That it might maintain some title to its name, I must not forget to say, that the lady's dressing-room exhibited a superb mirror, framed in silver filigree work; a beautiful toilet, the cover of which was of Flanders lace; and a set of boxes, corresponding in materials and work to the frame of the mirror.

This dressing apparatus, however, was mere matter of parade: Mrs Martha Bethune Baliol always went through the actual duties of the toilet in an inner apartment, which corresponded with her sleeping-room by a small detached staircase. There were, I believe, more than one of those *turnpike stairs*, as they were called, about the house, by which the public rooms, all of which entered through each other, were accommodated with separate and independent modes of access. In the little boudoir we have described, Mrs Martha Baliol had her choicest meetings. She kept early hours; and if you went in the morning, you must not reckon that space of day as extending beyond three o'clock, or four at the utmost. These vigilant habits were attended with some restraint on her visitors, but they were indemnified by your always finding the best society, and the best information, which was to be had for the day in the Scottish capital. Without at all affecting the blue stocking, she liked books—they amused her—and if the authors were persons of character, she thought she owed them a debt of civility, which she loved to discharge by personal kindness. When she gave a dinner to a small party, which she did now and then, she had the good nature to look for, and the good luck to discover, what sort of people suited each other best, and chose her company as Duke Theseus did his hounds,

— matched in mouth like belis,
Each under each,

so that every guest could take his part in the cry; instead of one mighty Tom of a fellow, like Dr Johnson, silencing all besides by the tremendous depth

of his diapason. On such occasions she afforded *chère exquise*; and every now and then there was some dish of French, or even Scottish derivation, which, as well as the numerous assortment of *vins extraordinaires* produced by Mr Beauffet, gave a sort of antique and foreign air to the entertainment, which rendered it more interesting.

It was a great thing to be asked to such parties, and not less so to be invited to the early *conversatione*, which, in spite of fashion, by dint of the best coffee, the finest tea, and *chasse café* that would have called the dead to life, she contrived now and then to assemble in her saloon already mentioned, at the unnatural hour of eight in the evening. At such times, the cheerful old lady seemed to enjoy herself so much in the happiness of her guests, that they exerted themselves in turn to prolong her amusement and their own; and a certain charm was excited around, seldom to be met with in parties of pleasure, and which was founded on the general desire of every one present to contribute something to the common amusement.

But although it was a great privilege to be admitted to wait on my excellent friend in the morning, or to be invited to her dinner or evening parties, I prized still higher the right which I had acquired, by old acquaintance, of visiting Baliol's Lodging, upon the chance of finding its venerable inhabitant preparing for tea, just about six o'clock in the evening. It was only to two or three old friends that she permitted this freedom, nor was this sort of chance-party ever allowed to extend itself beyond five in number. The answer to those who came later announced that the company was filled up for the evening; which had the double effect, of making those who waited on Mrs Bethune Baliol in this unceremonious manner punctual in observing her hour, and of adding the zest of a little difficulty to the enjoyment of the party.

It more frequently happened that only one or two persons partook of this refreshment on the same evening, or, supposing the case of a single gentleman, Mrs Martha, though she did not hesitate to admit him to her boudoir, after the privilege of the French and the old Scottish school, took care, as she used to say, to preserve all possible propriety, by commanding the attendance of her principal female attendant, Mrs Alice Lambskin, who might, from the gravity and dignity of her appearance, have sufficed to matronize a whole boarding-school, instead of one maiden lady of eighty and upwards. As the weather permitted, Mrs Alice sate duly remote from the company, in a fauteuil behind the projecting chimney-piece, or in the embrasure of a window, and prosecuted in Carthusian silence, with indefatigable zeal, a piece of embroidery, which seemed no bad emblem of eternity.

But I have neglected, all this while, to introduce my friend herself to the reader, at least so far as words can convey the peculiarities by which her appearance and conversation were distinguished.

A little woman, with ordinary features and an ordinary form, and hair, which in youth had no decided colour, we may believe Mrs Martha when she said of herself that she was never remarkable for personal charms, a modest admission, which was

readily confirmed by certain old ladies, her contemporaries, who, whatever might have been the youthful advantages which they more than hinted had been formerly their own share, were now, in personal appearance, as well as in every thing else, far inferior to my accomplished friend. Mrs Martha's features had been of a kind which might be said to wear well; their irregularity was now of little consequence, animated as they were by the vivacity of her conversation; her teeth were excellent, and her eyes, although inclining to grey, were lively, laughing, and undimmed by time. A slight shade of complexion, more brilliant than her years promised, subjected my friend, amongst strangers, to the suspicion of having stretched her foreign habits as far as the prudent touch of the rouge. But it was a calumny; for when telling or listening to an interesting and affecting story, I have seen her colour come and go as if it played on the cheek of eighteen.

Her hair, whatever its former deficiencies, was now the most beautiful white which time could bleach, and was disposed with some degree of pretension, though in the simplest manner possible, so as to appear neatly smoothed under a cap of Flanders lace, of an old-fashioned, but, as I thought, of a very handsome form, which undoubtedly has a name, and I would endeavour to recur to it if I thought it would make my description a bit more intelligible. I think I have heard her say these favourite caps had been her mother's, and had come in fashion with a peculiar kind of wig used by the gentlemen about the time of the battle of Ramillies. The rest of her dress was always rather costly and distinguished, especially in the evening. A silk or satin gown, of some colour becoming her age, and of a form, which, though complying to a certain degree with the present fashion, had always a reference to some more distant period, was garnished with triple ruffles; her shoes had diamond buckles, and were raised a little at the heel, an advantage which, possessed in her youth, she alleged her size would not permit her to forego in her old age. She always wore rings, bracelets, and other ornaments, of value either for the materials or the workmanship; nay, perhaps she was a little profuse in this species of display. But she wore them as subordinate matters, to which the habits of being constantly in high life rendered her indifferent; she wore them because her rank required it, and thought no more of them as articles of finery, than a gentleman dressed for dinner thinks on his clean linen and well-brushed coat, the consciousness of which embarrasses the rustic beau of a Sunday.

Now and then, however, if a gem or ornament chanced to be noticed for its beauty or singularity, the observation usually led the way to an entertaining account of the manner in which it had been acquired, or the person from whom it had descended to its present possessor. On such and similar occasions my old friend spoke willingly, which is not uncommon, but she also, which is more rare, spoke remarkably well, and had in her little narratives, concerning foreign parts, or former days, which formed an interesting part of her conversation, the singular art of dismissing all the usual protracted tautology respecting time, place, and circumstances,

which is apt to settle like a mist upon the cold and languid tales of age, and at the same time of bringing forward, dwelling upon, and illustrating, those incidents and characters, which give point and interest to the story.

She had, as we have hinted, travelled a good deal in foreign countries; for a brother, to whom she was much attached, had been sent upon various missions of national importance to the Continent, and she had more than once embraced the opportunity of accompanying him. This furnished a great addition to the information which she could supply, especially during the last war, when the Continent was for so many years hermetically sealed against the English nation. But, besides, Mrs Bethune Baliol visited distant countries, not as in the modern fashion, when English travel in caravans together, and see in France and Italy little besides the same society which they might have enjoyed at home. On the contrary, she mingled when abroad with the natives of those countries she visited, and enjoyed at once the advantage of their society, and the pleasure of comparing it with that of Britain.

In the course of her becoming habituated with foreign manners, Mrs Bethune Baliol had, perhaps, acquired some slight tincture of them herself. Yet I was always persuaded, that the peculiar vivacity of look and manner—the pointed and appropriate action with which she accompanied what she said—the use of the gold and gemmed *tabatière*, or rather I should say *bonbonnière* (for she took no snuff, and the little box contained only a few pieces of candied angelica, or some such lady-like sweetmeat), were of real old-fashioned Scottish growth, and such as might have graced the tea-table of Susannah, Countess of Eglinton, the patroness of Allan Ramsay, or of the Hon. Mrs Colonel Ogilvy, who was another mirror by whom the maidens of Auld Reckie were required to dress themselves. Although well acquainted with the customs of other countries, her manners had been chiefly formed in her own, at a time when great folk lived within little space, and when the distinguished names of the highest society gave to Edinburgh the *éclat*, which we now endeavour to derive from the unbounded expense and extended circle of our pleasures.

I was more confirmed in this opinion, by the peculiarity of the dialect which Mrs Baliol used. It was Scottish, decidedly Scottish, often containing phrases and words little used in the present day.

But then her tone and mode of pronunciation were as different from the usual accent of the ordinary Scotch *patois*, as the accent of St James's is from that of Billingsgate. The vowels were not pronounced much broader than in the Italian language, and there was none of the disagreeable drawl which is so offensive to southern ears. In short, it seemed to be the Scottish as spoken by the ancient court of Scotland, to which no idea of vulgarity could be attached; and the lively manner and gestures with which it was accompanied were so completely in accord with the sound of the voice and the manner of talking, that I cannot assign them a different origin. In long derivation, perhaps the manner of the Scottish court might have been originally formed on that of France, to which it had certainly

some affinity; but I will live and die in the belief, that those of Mrs Baliol, as pleasing as they were peculiar, came to her by direct descent from the high dames who anciently adorned with their presence the royal halls of Holyrood.

CHAPTER VII.

SUCH as I have described Mrs Bethune Baliol, the reader will easily believe that when I thought of the miscellaneous nature of my work, I rested upon the information she possessed, and her communicative disposition, as one of the principal supports of my enterprise. Indeed, she by no means disapproved of my proposed publication, though expressing herself very doubtful how far she could personally assist it; a doubt which might be perhaps set down to a little lady-like coquetry, which required to be sued for the boon she was not unwilling to grant. Or, perhaps, the good old lady, conscious that her unusual term of years must soon draw to a close, preferred bequeathing the materials in the shape of a legacy, to subjecting them to the judgment of a critical public during her life-time.

Many a time I used, in our conversations of the Canongate, to resume my request of assistance, from a sense that my friend was the most valuable depository of Scottish traditions that was probably now to be found. This was a subject on which my mind was so much made up, that when I heard her carry her description of manners so far back beyond her own time, and describe how Fletcher of Salton spoke, how Graham of Claverhouse danced, what were the jewels worn by the famous Duchess of Lauderdale, and how she came by them, I could not help telling her I thought her some fairy, who cheated us by retaining the appearance of a mortal of our own day, when, in fact, she had witnessed the revolutions of centuries. She was much diverted, when I required her to take some solemn oath that she had not danced at the balls given by Mary of Este, when her unhappy husband occupied Holyrood in a species of honourable banishment;—or asked, whether she could not recollect Charles the Second, when he came to Scotland in 1650, and did not possess some slight recollections of the bold usurper who drove him beyond the Forth?

"*Beau cousin*," she said, laughing, "none of these do I remember personally; but you must know there has been wonderfully little change on my natural temper from youth to age. From which it follows, cousin, that being even now something too young in spirit for the years which Time has marked me in his calendar, I was, when a girl, a little too old for those of my own standing, and as much inclined at that period to keep the society of elder persons, as I am now disposed to admit the company of gay young fellows of fifty or sixty like yourself, rather than collect about me all the octogenarians. Now, although I do not actually come from Elfland, and therefore cannot boast any personal knowledge of the great personages you inquire about, yet I have seen and heard those who knew them well, and who have given me as distinct an account of them as I could give you myself of the Empress Queen or Frederick of Prussia; and I will frankly add," said she, laughing, and offering her *bonbonnière*, "that I have heard

so much of the years which immediately succeeded the Revolution, that I sometimes am apt to confuse the vivid descriptions fixed on my memory by the frequent and animated recitation of others, for things which I myself have actually witnessed. I caught myself but yesterday describing to Lord M—the riding of the last Scottish Parliament, with as much minuteness as if I had seen it, as my mother did, from the balcony in front of Lord Moray's lodging in the Canongate."

"I am sure you must have given Lord M—a high treat."

"I treated him to a hearty laugh, I believe," she replied; "but it is you, you vile seducer of youth, who lead me into such follies. But I will be on my guard against my own weakness. I do not well know if the wandering Jew is supposed to have a wife, but I should be sorry a decent middle-aged Scottish gentlewoman should be suspected of identity with such a supernatural person."

"For all that, I must torture you a little more, *ma belle cousine*, with my interrogatories; for how shall I ever turn author unless on the strength of the information which you have so often procured me on the ancient state of manners?"

"Stay, I cannot allow you to give your points of inquiry a name so very venerable, if I am expected to answer them. Ancient is a term for antediluvians. You may catechize me about the battle of Flodden, or ask particulars about Bruce and Wallace, under pretext of curiosity after ancient manners; and that last subject would wake my Baliol blood, you know."

"Well, but, Mrs Baliol, suppose we settle our era:—you do not call the accession of James the Sixth to the kingdom of Britain very ancient?"

"Umph! no cousin,—I think I could tell you more of that than folk now-a-days remember,—for instance, that as James was trooping towards England, bag and baggage, his journey was stopped near Cockenzie by meeting the funeral of the Earl of Winton, the old and faithful servant and follower of his ill-fated mother, poor Mary! It was an ill omen for the *infare*, and so was seen of it, cousin."

I did not chuse to prosecute this subject, well knowing Mrs Bethune Baliol did not like to be much pressed on the subject of the Stuarts, whose misfortunes she pitied, the rather that her father had espoused their cause. And yet her attachment to the present dynasty being very sincere, and even ardent, more especially as her family had served his late majesty both in peace and war, she experienced a little embarrassment in reconciling her opinions respecting the exiled family, with those she entertained for the present. In fact, like many an old jacobite, she was contented to be somewhat inconsistent on the subject, comforting herself, that *now* every thing stood as it ought to do, and that there was no use in looking back narrowly on the right or wrong of the matter half a century ago.

"The Highlands," I suggested, "should furnish you with ample subjects of recollection; you have witnessed the complete change of that primeval country, and have seen a race not far removed from the earliest period of society, melted down into the great mass of civilization; and that could not happen with-

out incidents striking in themselves, and curious as chapters in the history of the human race."

"It is very true," said Mrs Baliol; "one would think it should have struck the observers greatly, and yet it scarcely did so. For me, I was no Highlander myself, and the Highland chiefs of old, of whom I certainly knew several, had little in their manners to distinguish them from the Lowland gentry, when they mixed in society in Edinburgh, and assumed the Lowland dress. Their peculiar character was for their clansmen at home; and you must not imagine that they swaggered about in plaids and broadswords at the Cross, or came to the Assembly Rooms in bonnets and kilts."

"I remember," said I, "that Swift, in his Journal, tells Stella he had dined in the house of a Scotch nobleman, with two Highland chiefs, whom he had found as well-bred men as he had ever met with."

"Very likely," said my friend. "The extremes of society approach much more closely to each other than perhaps the Dean of Saint Patrick's expected. The savage is always to a certain degree polite. Besides, going always armed, and having a very punctilious idea of their own gentility and consequence, they usually behaved to each other, and to the Lowlanders, with a good deal of formal politeness, which sometimes even procured them the character of insincerity."

"Falsehood belongs to an early period of society, as well as the deferential forms which we style politeness," I replied. "A child does not see the least moral beauty in truth, until he has been flogged half-a-dozen times. It is so easy, and apparently so natural, to deny what you cannot be easily convicted of, that a savage as well as a child lies to excuse himself, almost as instinctively as he raises his hand to protect his head. The old saying, 'confess and be hanged,' carries much argument in it. I observed a remark the other day in old Birrel. He mentions that M'Gregor of Glenstrae and some of his people had surrendered themselves to one of the Earls of Argyle, upon the express condition that they should be conveyed safe into England. The Maccallan Mhor of the day kept the word of promise, but it was only to the ear. He indeed sent his captives to Berwick, where they had an airing on the other side of the Tweed; but it was under the custody of a strong guard, by whom they were brought back to Edinburgh, and delivered to the executioner. This Birrel calls keeping a Highlandman's promise."

"Well," replied Mrs Baliol, "I might add, that many of the Highland chiefs whom I knew in former days had been brought up in France, which might improve their politeness, though perhaps it did not amend their insincerity. But considering, that, belonging to the depressed and defeated faction in the state, they were compelled sometimes to use dissimulation, you must set their uniform fidelity to their friends against their occasional falsehood to their enemies, and then you will not judge poor John Highlandman too severely. They were in a state of society where bright lights are strongly contrasted with deep shadows."

"It is to that point I would bring you, *ma belle cousine*,—and therefore they are most proper subjects for composition."

"And you want to turn composer, my good friend, and set my old tales to some popular tune? But there have been too many composers, if that be the word, in the field before. The Highlands were indeed a rich mine; but they have, I think, been fairly wrought out, as a good tune is grinded into vulgarity when it descends to the hurdy-gurdy and the barrel-organ."

"If it be a real good tune," I replied, "it will recover its better qualities when it gets into the hands of better artists."

"Umph!" said Mrs Baliol, tapping her box, "we are happy in our own good opinion this evening, Mr Croftangry. And so you think you can restore the gloss to the tartan which it has lost by being dragged through so many fingers?"

"With your assistance to procure materials, my dear lady, much, I think, may be done."

"Well—I must do my best, I suppose; but all I know about the Gael is but of little consequence—Indeed, I gathered it chiefly from Donald MacLeish."

"And who might Donald MacLeish be?"

"Neither bard nor seannachie, I assure you, nor monk nor hermit, the approved authorities for old traditions. Donald was as good a postilion as ever drove a chaise and pair between Glencroe and Inverary. I assure you, when I give you my Highland anecdotes, you will hear much of Donald MacLeish. He was Alice Lambskin's beau and mine through a long Highland tour."

"But when am I to possess these anecdotes?—you answer me as Harley did poor Prior—

Let that be done which Mat doth say.

'Yea,' quoth the earl, 'but not to-day.'

"Well, *mon beau cousin*, if you begin to remind me of my cruelty, I must remind you it has struck nine on the Abbey clock, and it is time you were going home to Little Croftangry. For my promise to assist your antiquarian researches, be assured, I will one day keep it to the utmost extent. It shall not be a Highlandman's promise, as your old citizen calls it."

I by this time suspected the purpose of my friend's procrastination; and it saddened my heart to reflect that I was not to get the information which I desired, excepting in the shape of a legacy. I found accordingly, in the packet transmitted to me after the excellent lady's death, several anecdotes respecting the Highlands, from which I have selected that which follows, chiefly on account of its possessing great power over the feelings of my critical house-keeper, Janet MacEvoy, who wept most bitterly when I read it to her.

It is, however, but a very simple tale, and may have no interest for persons beyond Janet's rank of life or understanding.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW.

It wound as near as near could be,
But what it is she cannot tell;
On the other side it seemed to be,
Of the huge broad-breasted old oak tree.

COLERIDGE.

MRS BETHUNE BALIOL'S memorandum begins thus:—

It is five and thirty, or perhaps nearer forty years ago, since, to relieve the dejection of spirits occasioned by a great family loss sustained two or three months before, I undertook what was called the short Highland tour. This had become in some degree fashionable; but though the military roads were excellent, yet the accommodation was so indifferent that it was reckoned a little adventure to accomplish it. Besides, the Highlands, though now as peaceable as any part of King George's dominions, was a sound which still carried terror, while so many survived who had witnessed the insurrection of 1745; and a vague idea of fear was impressed on many, as they looked from the towers of Stirling northward to the huge chain of mountains, which rises like a dusky rampart to conceal in its recesses a people, whose dress, manners, and language, differed still very much from those of their Lowland countrymen. For my part, I come of a race not greatly subject to apprehensions arising from imagination only. I had some Highland relatives, knew several of their families of distinction, and, excepting the company of my bower-maiden Mistress Alice Lambskin, I went on my journey fearless, though without an escort.

But then I had a guide and cicerone, almost equal to Greatheart in the Pilgrim's Progress, in no less a person than Donald MacLeish, the postilion whom I hired at Stirling, with a pair of able-bodied horses, as steady as Donald himself, to drag my carriage, my duenna, and myself, wheresoever it was my pleasure to go.

Donald MacLeish was one of a race of postboys, whom, I suppose, mail-coaches and steam-boats have put out of fashion. They were to be found chiefly at Perth, Stirling, or Glasgow, where they and their horses were usually hired by travellers, or tourists, to accomplish such journeys of business or pleasure as they might have to perform in the land of the Gael. This class of persons approached to the character of what is called abroad a *conducteur*; or might be compared to the sailing-masters on board a British ship of war, who follows out after his own manner the course which the captain commands him to observe. You explained to your postilion the length of your tour, and the objects you were desirous it should embrace; and you found him perfectly competent to fix the places of rest or refreshment, with due attention that those should be chosen with reference to your convenience, and to any objects of interest which you might desire to visit.

The qualifications of such a person were necessarily much superior to those of the "first ready," who gallops thrice a-day over the same ten miles. Donald MacLeish, besides being quite alert at repairing all ordinary accidents to his horses and carriage, and in making shift to support them, where forage was scarce, with such substitutes as bannocks and cakes where the raw oats were not to be had, was likewise a man of intellectual resources. He had acquired a general knowledge of the traditional stories of the country which he had traversed so often; and, if encouraged (for Donald was a man of the most decorous reserve), he would willingly point out to you the site of the principal clan-battles, and recount the most remarkable legends by which

the road, and the objects which occurred in travelling it, had been distinguished. There was some originality in the man's habits of thinking and expressing himself, his turn for legendary lore strangely contrasting with a portion of the knowing shrewdness belonging to his actual occupation; which made his conversation amuse the way well enough.

Add to this, Donald knew all his peculiar duties in the country which he traversed so frequently. He could tell, to a day, when they would "be killing" lamb at Tyndrum or Glenuilt; so that the stranger would have some chance of being fed like a christian; and knew to a mile the last village where it was possible to procure a wheaten loaf, for the guidance of those who were little familiar with the Land of Cakes. He was acquainted with the road every mile, and could tell to an inch which side of a Highland bridge was passable, which decidedly dangerous.* In short, Donald MacLeish was not only our faithful attendant and steady servant, but our humble and obliging friend; and though I have known the half classical cicerone of Italy, the talkative French valet-de-place, and even the muleteer of Spain, who piques himself on being a maize-eater, and whose honour is not to be questioned without danger, I do not think I have ever had so sensible and intelligent a guide.

Our motions were of course under Donald's direction; and it frequently happened, when the weather was serene, that we preferred halting to rest his horses even where there was no established stage, and taking our refreshment under a crag, from which leaped a waterfall, or beside the verge of a fountain, enamelled with verdant turf and wild flowers. Donald had an eye for such spots, and though he had, I dare say, never read Gil Blas or Don Quixote, yet he chose such halting-places as Le Sage or Cervantes would have described. Very often, as he observed the pleasure I took in conversing with the country people, he would manage to fix our place of rest near a cottage where there was some old Gael, whose broadsword had blazed at Falkirk or Preston, and who seemed the frail yet faithful record of times which had passed away. Or he would contrive to quarter us, as far as a cup of tea went, upon the hospitality of some parish minister of worth and intelligence, or some country family of the better class, who mingled with the wild simplicity of their original manners, and their ready and hospitable welcome, a sort of courtesy belonging to a people, the lowest of whom are accustomed to consider themselves as being, according to the Spanish phrase, "as good gentlemen as the king, only not quite so rich."

To all such persons Donald MacLeish was well known, and his introduction passed as current as if we had brought letters from some high chief of the country.

Sometimes it happened that the Highland hospitality, which welcomed us with all variety of mountain fare, preparations of milk and eggs, and girdle-cakes of various kinds; as well as more substantial

* This is, or was at least, a necessary accomplishment. In one of the most beautiful districts of the Highlands was, not many years since, a bridge bearing this startling caution, "Keep to the right side, the left being dangerous."

dainties, according to the inhabitant's means of regaling the passenger, descended rather too exuberantly on Donald MacLeish in the shape of mountain dew. Poor Donald! he was on such occasions like Gideon's fleece, moist with the noble element, which, of course, fell not on us. But it was his only fault, and when pressed to drink *doch-andorrock* to my ladyship's good health, it would have been ill taken to have refused the pledge, nor was he willing to do such discourtesy. It was, I repeat, his only fault, nor had we any great right to complain; for if it rendered him a little more talkative, it augmented his ordinary share of punctilious civility, and he only drove slower, and talked longer and more pompously than when he had not come by a drop of usquebaugh. It was, we remarked, but on such occasions that Donald talked with an air of importance of the family of MacLeish; and we had no title to be scrupulous in censuring a foible, the consequences of which were confined within such innocent limits.

We became so much accustomed to Donald's mode of managing us, that we observed with some interest the art which he used to produce a little agreeable surprise, by concealing from us the spot where he proposed our halt to be made, when it was of an unusual and interesting character. This was so much his wont, that when he made apologies at setting off, for being obliged to stop in some strange solitary place, till the horses should eat the corn which he brought on with them for that purpose, our imagination used to be on the stretch to guess what romantic retreat he had secretly fixed upon for our noontide baiting-place.

We had spent the greater part of the morning at the delightful village of Dalmally, and had gone upon the lake under the guidance of the excellent clergyman who was then incumbent at Glenorquhy, and had heard a hundred legends of the stern chiefs of Lochawe, Duncan with the thrum bonnet, and the other lords of the now mouldering towers of Kilchurn. Thus it was later than usual when we set out on our journey, after a hint or two from Donald concerning the length of the way to the next stage, as there was no good halting-place between Dalmally and Oban.

Having bid adieu to our venerable and kind cicerone, we proceeded on our tour, winding round the tremendous mountain called Cruachan Ben, which rushes down in all its majesty of rocks and wildness on the lake, leaving only a pass, in which, notwithstanding its extreme strength, the warlike clan of MacDougal of Lorn were almost destroyed by the sagacious Robert Bruce. That king, the Wellington of his day, had accomplished, by a forced march, the unexpected manœuvre of forcing a body of troops round the other side of the mountain, and thus placed them in the flank and in the rear of the men of Lorn, whom at the same time he attacked in front. The great number of cairns yet visible, as you descend the pass on the westward side, shows the extent of the vengeance which Bruce exhausted on his inveterate and personal enemies. I am, you know, the sister of soldiers, and it has since struck me forcibly that the manœuvre which Donald described, resembled those of Wellington or of Bonaparte. He was a great man Robert Bruce, even a Baliol must

admit that; although it begins now to be allowed that his title to the crown was scarce so good as that of the unfortunate family with whom he contended—But let that pass. The slaughter had been the greater, as the deep and rapid river Awe is disgorged from the lake, just in the rear of the fugitives, and encircles the base of the tremendous mountain; so that the retreat of the unfortunate fugitives was intercepted on all sides by the inaccessible character of the country, which had seemed to promise them defence and protection.

Musing, like the Irish lady in the song, “upon things which are long enough a-gone,” we felt no impatience at the slow, and almost creeping pace, with which our conductor proceeded along General Wade’s military road, which never or rarely condescends to turn aside from the steepest ascent, but proceeds right up and down hill, with the indifference to height and hollow, steep or level, indicated by the old Roman engineers. Still, however, the substantial excellence of these great works—for such are the military highways in the Highlands—deserved the compliment of the poet, who, whether he came from our sister kingdom, and spoke in his own dialect, or whether he supposed those whom he addressed might have some national pretension to the second sight, produced the celebrated couplet—

Had you but seen these roads *before* they were made,
You would hold up your hands, and bless General Wade.

Nothing indeed can be more wonderful than to see these wildernesses penetrated and pervious in every quarter by broad accesses of the best possible construction, and so superior to what the country could have demanded for many centuries for any pacific purpose of commercial intercourse. Thus the traces of war are sometimes happily accommodated to the purposes of peace. The victories of Bonaparte have been without results; but his road over the Simplon will long be the communication betwixt peaceful countries, who will apply to the ends of commerce and friendly intercourse that gigantic work, which was formed for the ambitious purpose of warlike invasion.

While we were thus stealing along, we gradually turned round the shoulder of Ben Cruachan, and descending the course of the foaming and rapid Awe, left behind us the expanse of the majestic lake which gives birth to that impetuous river. The rocks and precipices which stooped down perpendicularly on our path on the right hand, exhibited a few remains of the wood which once clothed them, but which had, in latter times, been felled, to supply, Donald Mac-Leish informed us, the iron-founderies at Bunawe. This made us fix our eyes with interest on one large oak, which grew on the left hand towards the river. It seemed a tree of extraordinary magnitude and picturesque beauty, and stood just where there appeared to be a few roods of open ground lying among huge stones, which had rolled down from the mountain. To add to the romance of the situation, the spot of clear ground extended round the foot of a proud-browed rock, from the summit of which leaped a mountain stream in a fall of sixty feet, in which it was dissolved into foam and dew. At the bottom of the fall the rivulet with difficulty col-

lected, like a routed general, its dispersed forces, and, as if tamed by its descent, found a noiseless passage through the heath to join the Awe.

I was much struck with the tree and waterfall, and wished myself nearer them; not that I thought of sketch-book or portfolio,—for, in my younger days, Misses were not accustomed to black-lead pencils, unless they could use them to some good purpose—but merely to indulge myself with a closer view. Donald immediately opened the chaise door, but observed it was rough walking down the brae, and that I would see the tree better by keeping the road for a hundred yards farther, when it passed closer to the spot, for which he seemed, however, to have no predilection. “He knew,” he said, “a far bigger tree than that nearer Bunawe, and it was a place where there was flat ground for the carriage to stand, which it could jimply do on these braes;—but just as my leddyship liked.”

My ladyship did choose rather to look at the fine tree before me, than to pass it by in hopes of a finer; so we walked beside the carriage till we should come to a point, from which, Donald assured us, we might, without scrambling, go as near the tree as we chose, “though he wadna advise us to go nearer than the high-road.”

There was something grave and mysterious in Donald’s sun-browned countenance when he gave us this intimation, and his manner was so different from his usual frankness, that my female curiosity was set in motion. We walked on the whilst, and I found the tree, of which we had now lost sight by the intervention of some rising ground, was really more distant than I had at first supposed. “I could have sworn now,” said I to my cicerone, “that yon tree and waterfall was the very place where you intended to make a stop to-day.”

“The Lord forbid!” said Donald, hastily.

“And for what, Donald? why should you be willing to pass so pleasant a spot?”

“It’s too near Dalmally, my leddy, to corn the beasts—it would bring their dinner ower near their breakfast, poor things;—an’, besides, the place is not canny.”

“O! the mystery is out. There is a bogle or a brownie, a witch or a gyre-carlin, a bodach or a fairy in the case?”

“The ne’er a bit, my leddy—ye are clean aff the road, as I may say. But if your leddyship will just hae patience, and wait till we are by the place, and out of the glen, I’ll tell ye all about it. There is no much luck in speaking of such things in the place they chanced in.”

I was obliged to suspend my curiosity, observing, that if I persisted in twisting the discourse one way while Donald was twining it another, I should make his objection, like a hempen cord, just so much the tougher. At length the promised turn of the road brought us within fifty paces of the tree which I desired to admire, and I now saw, to my surprise, that there was a human habitation among the cliffs which surrounded it. It was a hut of the least dimensions, and most miserable description, that I ever saw even in the Highlands. The walls of sod, or *divot*, as the Scotch call it, were not four feet high—the roof was of turf, repaired with reeds and sedges—

the chimney was composed of clay, bound round by straw ropes—and the whole walls, roof and chimney, were alike covered with the vegetation of houseleek, ryegrass, and moss, common to decayed cottages formed of such materials. There was not the slightest vestige of a kale-yard, the usual accompaniment of the very worst huts; and of living things we saw nothing, save a kid which was browsing on the roof of the hut, and a goat, its mother, at some distance, feeding betwixt the oak and the river Awe.

"What man," I could not help exclaiming, "can have committed sin deep enough to deserve such a miserable dwelling!"

"Sin enough," said Donald MacLeish, with a half-suppressed groan; "and God he knoweth, misery enough too;—and it is no man's dwelling neither, but a woman's."

"A woman's!" I repeated, "and in so lonely a place—What sort of a woman can she be?"

"Come this way, my leddy, and you may judge that for yourself," said Donald. And by advancing a few steps, and making a sharp turn to the left, we gained a sight of the side of the great broad-breasted oak, in the direction opposed to that in which we had hitherto seen it.

"If she keeps her old wont, she will be there at this hour of the day," said Donald; but immediately became silent, and pointed with his finger, as one afraid of being overheard. I looked, and beheld not without some sense of awe, a female form actually seated by the stem of the oak, with her head drooping, her hands clasped, and a dark-coloured mantle drawn over her head, exactly as Judah is represented in the Syrian medals as seated under her palm tree. I was infected with the fear and reverence which my guide seemed to entertain towards this solitary being, nor did I think of advancing towards her to obtain a nearer view until I had cast an inquiring look on Donald; to which he replied in a half whisper—"She has been a fearfu' bad woman, my leddy."

"Mad woman, said you," replied I, hearing him imperfectly; "then she is perhaps dangerous?"

"No—she is not mad," replied Donald; "for then it may be she would be happier than she is; though when she thinks on what she has done, and caused to be done, rather than yield up a hair-breadth of her ain wicked will, it is not likely she can be very well settled. But she neither is mad nor mischievous; and yet, my leddy, I think you had best not go nearer to her." And then, in a few hurried words, he made me acquainted with the story which I am now to tell a little more in detail. I heard the narrative with a mixture of horror and sympathy, which at once impelled me to approach the sufferer, and speak to her the words of comfort, or rather of pity, and at the same time made me afraid to do so.

This indeed was the feeling with which she was regarded by the Highlanders in the neighbourhood, who looked upon Elspat MacTavish, or the woman of the Tree, as they called her, as the Greeks considered those who were pursued by the Furies, and endured the mental torment consequent on great criminal actions. They regarded such unhappy beings as Orestes and Œdipus, as being less the voluntary perpetrators of their crimes, than as the passive instruments by which the terrible decrees of

Destiny had been accomplished; and the fear with which they beheld them was not unmingled with veneration.

I also learned farther from Donald MacLeish, that there was some apprehension of ill-luck attending those who had the boldness to approach too near, or disturb the awful solitude of a being so unutterably miserable, that it was supposed that whosoever approached her must experience in some respect the contagion of her wretchedness.

It was therefore with some reluctance that Donald saw me prepare to obtain a nearer view of the sufferer, and that he himself followed to assist me in the descent down a very rough path. I believe his regard for me conquered some ominous feelings in his own breast, which connected his duty on this occasion with the presaging fear of lame horses, lost linch-pins, overturns, and other perilous chances of the postilion's life.

I am not sure if my own courage would have carried me so close to Elspat, had not he followed. There was in her countenance the stern abstraction of hopeless and overpowering sorrow, mixed with the contending feelings of remorse, and of the pride which struggled to conceal it. She guessed, perhaps, that it was curiosity, arising out of her uncommon story, which induced me to intrude on her solitude—and she could not be pleased that a fate like hers had been the theme of a traveller's amusement. Yet the look with which she regarded me was one of scorn instead of embarrassment. The opinion of the world and all its children could not add or take an iota from her load of misery; and, save from the half smile that seemed to intimate the contempt of a being rapt by the very intensity of her affliction above the sphere of ordinary humanities, she seemed as indifferent to my gaze as if she had been a dead corpse or a marble statue.

Elspat was above the middle stature; her hair, now grizzled, was still profuse; and it had been of the most decided black. So were her eyes, in which, contradicting the stern and rigid features of her countenance, there shone the wild and troubled light that indicates an unsettled mind. Her hair was wrapt round a silver bodkin with some attention to neatness, and her dark mantle was disposed around her with a degree of taste, though the materials were of the most ordinary sort.

After gazing on this victim of guilt and calamity till I was ashamed to remain silent, though uncertain how I ought to address her, I began to express my surprise at her chusing such a desert and deplorable dwelling. She cut short these expressions of sympathy, by answering in a stern voice, without the least change of countenance or posture—"Daughter of the stranger, he has told you my story." I was silenced at once, and felt how little all earthly accommodation must seem to the mind which had such subjects as hers for rumination. Without again attempting to open the conversation, I took a piece of gold from my purse, for Donald had intimated she lived on alms, expecting she would at least stretch her hand to receive it. But she neither accepted nor rejected the gift—she did not even seem to notice it, though twenty times as valuable, probably, as was usually offered. I was obliged to place it on her

knee, saying involuntarily, as I did so, "May God pardon you, and relieve you!" I shall never forget the look which she cast up to heaven, nor the tone in which she exclaimed, in the very words of my old friend, John Home—

"My beautiful—my brave."

It was the language of nature, and arose from the heart of the deprived mother, as it did from that gifted imaginative poet, while furnishing with appropriate expressions the ideal grief of Lady Randolph.

CHAPTER IX.

O, I'm come to the Low Country,
Och, och, ohonochie,
Without a penny in my pouch
To buy a meal for me.
I was the proudest of my clan,
Long, long may I repine;
And Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald he was mine.

Old Song.

ELSPAT had enjoyed happy days, though her age had sunk into hopeless and inconsolable sorrow and distress. She was once the beautiful and happy wife of Hamish MacTavish, for whom his strength and feats of prowess had gained him the title of MacTavish Mhor. His life was turbulent and dangerous, his habits being of the old Highland stamp, which esteemed it shame to want any thing that could be had for the taking. Those in the Lowland line who lay near him, and desired to enjoy their lives and property in quiet, were contented to pay him a small composition, in name of protection-money, and comforted themselves with the old proverb, that it was better to "fleece the deil than fight him." Others, who accounted such composition dishonourable, were often surprised by MacTavish Mhor, and his associates and followers, who usually inflicted an adequate penalty, either in person or property, or both. The creagh is yet remembered, in which he swept one hundred and fifty cows from Monteith in one drove; and how he placed the Laird of Ballybught naked in a slough, for having threatened to send for a party of the Highland Watch to protect his property.

Whatever were occasionally the triumphs of this daring cateran, they were often exchanged for reverses; and his narrow escapes, rapid flights, and the ingenious stratagems with which he extricated himself from imminent danger, were no less remembered and admired than the exploits in which he had been successful. In weal or woe, through every species of fatigue, difficulty, and danger, Elspat was his faithful companion. She enjoyed with him the fits of occasional prosperity; and when adversity pressed them hard, her strength of mind, readiness of wit, and courageous endurance of danger, and toil, were said often to have stimulated the exertions of her husband.

Their morality was of the old Highland cast, faithful friends and fierce enemies: the Lowland herds and harvests they accounted their own, whenever they had the means of driving off the one, or of seizing upon the other; nor did the least scruple on the right of property interfere on such occasions. Hamish Mhor argued like the old Cretan warrior:

My sword, my spear, my shaggy shield,
They make me lord of all below:
For he that fears the lance to wield,
Before my shaggy shield must bow,—
His lands, his living, must resign;
And all that cowards have is mine.

But these days of perilous, though frequently successful depredation, began to be abridged after the failure of the expedition of Prince Charles Edward. MacTavish Mhor had not sate still on that occasion, and he was outlawed, both as a traitor to the state, and as a robber and cateran. Garrisons were now settled in many places where a red coat had never before been seen, and the Saxon war-drum resounded among the most hidden recesses of the Highland mountains. The fate of MacTavish became every day more inevitable; and it was the more difficult for him to make his exertions for defence or escape, that Elspat, amid his evil days, had increased his family with an infant child, which was a considerable encumbrance upon the necessary rapidity of their motions.

At length the fatal day arrived. In a strong pass on the skirts of Ben Cruachan, the celebrated MacTavish Mhor was surprised by a detachment of the Sidier Roy. His wife assisted him heroically, charging his piece from time to time; and as they were in possession of a post that was nearly unassailable, he might have perhaps escaped if his ammunition had lasted. But at length his balls were expended, although it was not until he had fired off most of the silver buttons from his waistcoat, that the soldiers, no longer deterred by fear of the unerring marksman, who had slain three, and wounded more of their number, approached his stronghold, and, unable to take him alive, slew him, after a most desperate resistance.

All this Elspat witnessed and survived, for she had, in the child which relied on her for support, a motive for strength and exertion. In what manner she maintained herself it is not easy to say. Her only ostensible means of support were, a flock of three or four goats, which she fed wherever she pleased on the mountain pastures, no one challenging the intrusion. In the general distress of the country, her ancient acquaintances had little to bestow; but what they could part with from their own necessities, they willingly devoted to the relief of others. From Lowlanders she sometimes demanded tribute, rather than requested alms. She had not forgotten she was the widow of MacTavish Mhor, or that the child who trotted by her knee might, such were her imaginations, emulate one day the fame of his father, and command the same influence which he had once exerted without control. She associated so little with others, went so seldom and so unwillingly from the wildest recesses of the mountains, where she usually dwelt with her goats, that she was quite unconscious of the great change which had taken place in the country around her, the substitution of civil order for military violence, and the strength gained by the law and its adherents over those who were called in Gaelic song, "the stormy sons of the sword." Her own diminished consequence and straitened circumstances she indeed felt, but for this the death of MacTavish Mhor was, in her apprehension, a sufficing reason; and she doubted not

that she should rise to her former state of importance, when Hamish Bean (or Fairhaired James) should be able to wield the arms of his father. If, then, Elspat was repelled rudely when she demanded any thing necessary for her wants, or the accommodation of her little flock, by a churlish farmer, her threats of vengeance, obscurely expressed, yet terrible in their tenor, used frequently to extort, through fear of her maledictions, the relief which was denied to her necessities; and the trembling goodwife, who gave meal or money to the widow of MacTavish Mhor, wished in her heart that the stern old carlin had been burnt on the day her husband had his due.

Years thus ran on, and Hamish Bean grew up, not indeed to be of his father's size or strength, but to become an active, high-spirited, fair-haired youth, with a ruddy cheek, an eye like an eagle, and all the agility, if not all the strength, of his formidable father, upon whose history and achievements his mother dwelt, in order to form her son's mind to a similar course of adventures. But the young see the present state of this changeful world more keenly than the old. Much attached to his mother, and disposed to do all in his power for her support, Hamish yet perceived, when he mixed with the world, that the trade of the cateran was now alike dangerous and discreditable, and that if he were to emulate his father's prowess, it must be in some other line of warfare, more consonant to the opinions of the present day.

As the faculties of mind and body began to expand, he became more sensible of the precarious nature of his situation, of the erroneous views of his mother, and her ignorance respecting the changes of the society with which she mingled so little. In visiting friends and neighbours, he became aware of the extremely reduced scale to which his parent was limited, and learned that she possessed little or nothing more than the extreme necessities of life, and that these were sometimes on the point of failing. At times his success in fishing and the chase was able to add something to her subsistence; but he saw no regular means of contributing to her support, unless by stooping to servile labour, which, if he himself could have endured it, would, he knew, have been like a death's-wound to the pride of his mother.

Elspat, meanwhile, saw with surprise, that Hamish Bean, although now tall and fit for the field, showed no disposition to enter on his father's scene of action. There was something of the mother at her heart, which prevented her urging him in plain terms to take the field as a cateran, for the fear occurred of the perils into which the trade must conduct him; and when she would have spoken to him on the subject, it seemed to her heated imagination as if the ghost of her husband arose between them in his bloody tartans, and laying his finger on his lips, appeared to prohibit the topic. Yet she wondered at what seemed his want of spirit, sighed as she saw him from day to day lounging about in the long-skirted Lowland coat, which the legislature had imposed upon the Gael instead of their own romantic garb, and thought how much nearer he would have resembled her husband, had he been clad in the belted

plaid and short hose, with his polished arms gleaming at his side.

Besides these subjects for anxiety, Elspat had others arising from the engrossing impetuosity of her temper. Her love of MacTavish Mhor had been qualified by respect, and sometimes even by fear; for the cateran was not the species of man who submits to female government; but over his son she had exerted, at first during childhood, and afterwards in early youth, an imperious authority, which gave her maternal love a character of jealousy. She could not bear, when Hamish, with advancing life, made repeated steps towards independence, absented himself from her cottage at such season, and for such length of time as he chose, and seemed to consider, although maintaining towards her every possible degree of respect and kindness, that the control and responsibility of his actions rested on himself alone. This would have been of little consequence, could she have concealed her feelings within her own bosom; but the ardour and impatience of her passions made her frequently show her son that she conceived herself neglected and ill used. When he was absent for any length of time from her cottage, without giving intimation of his purpose, her resentment on his return used to be so unreasonable, that it naturally suggested to a young man fond of independence, and desirous to amend his situation in the world, to leave her, even for the very purpose of enabling him to provide for the parent whose egotistical demands on his filial attention tended to confine him to a desert, in which both were starving in hopeless and helpless indigence.

Upon one occasion, the son having been guilty of some independent excursion, by which the mother felt herself affronted and disobliged, she had been more than usually violent on his return, and awakened in Hamish a sense of displeasure, which clouded his brow and cheek. At length, as she persevered in her unreasonable resentment, his patience became exhausted, and taking his gun from the chimney corner, and muttering to himself the reply which his respect for his mother prevented him from speaking aloud, he was about to leave the hut which he had but barely entered.

"Hamish," said his mother, "are you again about to leave me?" But Hamish only replied by looking at, and rubbing the lock of his gun.

"Ay, rub the lock of your gun," said his parent, bitterly; "I am glad you have courage enough to fire it, though it be but at a roe-deer." Hamish started at this undeserved taunt, and cast a look of anger at her in reply. She saw that she had found the means of giving him pain.

"Yes," she said, "look fierce as you will at an old woman, and your mother; it would be long ere you bent your brow on the angry countenance of a bearded man."

"Be silent, mother, or speak of what you understand," said Hamish, much irritated, "and that is of the distaff and the spindle."

"And was it of spindle and distaff that I was thinking when I bore you away on my back through the fire of six of the Saxon soldiers, and you a wailing child? I tell you, Hamish, I know a hundred-fold more of swords and guns than ever you will; and you will never

learn so much of noble war by yourself, as you have seen when you were wrapped up in my plaid."

"You are determined at least to allow me no peace at home, mother; but this shall have an end," said Hamish, as, resuming his purpose of leaving the hut, he rose and went towards the door.

"Stay, I command you," said his mother; "stay! or may the gun you carry be the means of your ruin—may the road you are going be the track of your funeral!"

"What makes you use such words, mother?" said the young man, turning a little back—"they are not good, and good cannot come of them. Farewell just now; we are too angry to speak together—farewell! it will be long ere you see me again." And he departed, his mother, in the first burst of her impatience, showering after him her maledictions, and in the next invoking them on her own head, so that they might spare her son's. She passed that day and the next in all the vehemence of impotent and yet unrestrained passion, now entreating Heaven, and such powers as were familiar to her by rude tradition, to restore her dear son, "the calf of her heart;" now in impatient resentment, meditating with what bitter terms she should rebuke his filial disobedience upon his return, and now studying the most tender language to attach him to the cottage, which, when her boy was present, she would not, in the rapture of affection, have exchanged for the apartments of Taymouth Castle.

Two days passed, during which, neglecting even the slender means of supporting nature which her situation afforded, nothing but the strength of a frame accustomed to hardships and privations of every kind, could have kept her in existence, notwithstanding the anguish of her mind prevented her being sensible of her personal weakness. Her dwelling, at this unhappy period, was the same cottage near which I had found her, but then more habitable by the exertions of Hamish, by whom it had been in a great measure built and repaired.

It was on the third day after her son had disappeared, as she sat at the door rocking herself, after the fashion of her countrywomen when in distress, or in pain, that the then unwonted circumstance occurred of a passenger being seen on the high-road above the cottage. She cast but one glance at him—he was on horseback, so that it could not be Hamish, and Elspat cared not enough for any other being on earth, to make her turn her eyes towards him a second time. The stranger, however, paused opposite to her cottage, and dismounting from his pony, led it down the steep and broken path which conducted to her door.

"God bless you, Elspat MacTavish!"—She looked at the man as he addressed her in her native language, with the displeased air of one whose reverie is interrupted; but the traveller went on to say, "I bring you tidings of your son Hamish." At once, from being the most uninteresting being, in respect to Elspat, that could exist, the form of the stranger became awful in her eyes, as that of a messenger descended from Heaven, expressly to pronounce upon her death or life.—She started from her seat, and with hands convulsively clasped together, and held up to Heaven, eyes fixed on the stranger's counte-

nance and person, stooping forward to him, she looked those inquiries, which her faltering tongue could not articulate. "Your son sends you his dutiful remembrance, and this," said the messenger, putting into Elspat's hand a small purse containing four or five dollars.

"He is gone, he is gone!" exclaimed Elspat; "he has sold himself to be the servant of the Saxons, and I shall never more behold him. Tell me, Miles MacPhadraick, for now I know you, is it the price of the son's blood that you have put into the mother's hand?"

"Now, God forbid!" answered MacPhadraick, who was a tacksman, and had possession of a considerable track of ground under his chief, a proprietor who lived about twenty miles off—"God forbid I should do wrong, or say wrong, to you, or to the son of MacTavish Mhor! I swear to you, by the hand of my chief, that your son is well, and will soon see you; and the rest he will tell you himself." So saying, MacPhadraick hastened back up the pathway—gained the road, mounted his pony, and rode upon his way.

CHAPTER X.

ELSPAT MACTAVISH remained gazing on the money, as if the impress of the coin could have conveyed information how it was procured.

"I love not this MacPhadraick," she said to herself; "it was his race of whom the Bard hath spoken, saying, fear them not when their words are loud as the winter's wind, but fear them when they fall on you like the sound of the thrush's song. And yet this riddle can be read but one way: My son hath taken the sword, to win that with strength like a man, which churls would keep him from with the words that frighten children." This idea, when once it occurred to her, seemed the more reasonable, that MacPhadraick, as she well knew, himself a cautious man, had so far encouraged her husband's practices, as occasionally to buy cattle of MacTavish, although he must have well known how they were come by, taking care, however, that the transaction was so made, as to be accompanied with great profit and absolute safety. Who so likely as MacPhadraick to indicate to a young cateran the glen in which he could commence his perilous trade with most prospect of success? who so likely to convert his booty into money? The feelings which another might have experienced on believing that an only son had rushed forward on the same path in which his father had perished, were scarce known to the Highland mothers of that day. She thought of the death of MacTavish Mhor as that of a hero who had fallen in his proper trade of war, and who had not fallen unavenged. She feared less for her son's life than for his dishonour. She dreaded on his account the subjection to strangers, and the death-sleep of the soul which is brought on by what she regarded as slavery.

The moral principle, which so naturally and so justly occurs to the mind of those who have been educated under a settled government of laws that protect the property of the weak against the incursions of the strong, were to poor Elspat a book

sealed and a fountain closed. She had been taught to consider those whom they called Saxons, as a race with whom the Gael were constantly at war, and she regarded every settlement of theirs within reach of Highland incursion, as affording a legitimate object of attack and plunder. Her feelings on this point had been strengthened and confirmed, not only by the desire of revenge for the death of her husband, but by the sense of general indignation entertained, not unjustly, through the Highlands of Scotland, on account of the barbarous and violent conduct of the victors after the battle of Culloden. Other Highland clans, too, she regarded as the fair objects of plunder, when that was possible, upon the score of ancient enmities and deadly feuds.

The prudence that might have weighed the slender means which the times afforded for resisting the efforts of a combined government, which had, in its less compact and established authority, been unable to put down the ravages of such lawless caterans as MacTavish Mhor, was unknown to a solitary woman, whose ideas still dwelt upon her own early times. She imagined that her son had only to proclaim himself his father's successor in adventure and enterprise, and that a force of men as gallant as those who had followed his father's banner, would crowd around to support it when again displayed. To her, Hamish was the eagle who had only to soar aloft and resume his native place in the skies, without her being able to comprehend how many additional eyes would have watched his flight, how many additional bullets would have been directed at his bosom. To be brief, Elspat was one who viewed the present state of society with the same feelings with which she regarded the times that had passed away. She had been indigent, neglected, oppressed, since the days that her husband had no longer been feared and powerful, and she thought that the term of her ascendancy would return when her son had determined to play the part of his father. If she permitted her eye to glance farther on futurity, it was but to anticipate that she must be for many a day cold in the grave, with the coronach of her tribe cried duly over her, before her fair-haired Hamish could, according to her calculation, die with his hand on the basket-hilt of the red claymore. His father's hair was grey, ere, after a hundred dangers, he had fallen with his arms in his hands—That she should have seen and survived the sight, was a natural consequence of the manners of that age. And better it was—such was her proud thought, that she had seen him so die, than to have witnessed his departure from life in a smoky hovel—on a bed of rotten straw, like an over-worn hound, or a bullock which died of disease. But the hour of her young, her brave Hamish, was yet far distant. He must succeed—he must conquer, like his father. And when he fell at length,—for she anticipated for him no bloodless death,—Elspat would ere then have lain long in the grave, and could neither see his death-struggle, nor mourn over his grave-sod.

With such wild notions working in her brain, the spirit of Elspat arose to its usual pitch, or rather to one which ascended higher. In the emphatic language of Scripture, which in that idiom does not

greatly differ from her own, she arose, she washed and changed her apparel, and ate bread, and was refreshed.

She longed eagerly for the return of her son, but she now longed not with the bitter anxiety of doubt and apprehension. She said to herself, that much must be done ere he could in these times arise to be an eminent and dreaded leader. Yet when she saw him again, she almost expected him at the head of a daring band, with pipes playing, and banners flying, the noble tartans fluttering free in the wind, in despite of the laws which had suppressed, under severe penalties, the use of the national garb, and all the appurtenances of Highland chivalry. For all this, her eager imagination was content only to allow the interval of some days.

From the moment this opinion had taken deep and serious possession of her mind, her thoughts were bent upon receiving her son at the head of his adherents in the manner in which she used to adorn her hut for the return of his father.

The substantial means of subsistence she had not the power of providing, nor did she consider that of importance. The successful caterans would bring with them herds and flocks. But the interior of her hut was arranged for their reception—the usquebaugh was brewed or distilled in a larger quantity than it could have been supposed one lone woman could have made ready. Her hut was put into such order as might, in some degree, give it the appearance of a day of rejoicing. It was swept and decorated with boughs of various kinds, like the house of a Jewess, upon what is termed the Feast of the Tabernacles. The produce of the milk of her little flock was prepared in as great variety of forms as her skill admitted, to entertain her son and his associates whom she expected to receive along with him.

But the principal decoration, which she sought with the greatest toil, was the cloud-berry, a scarlet fruit, which is only found on very high hills, and there only in small quantities. Her husband, or perhaps one of his forefathers, had chosen this as the emblem of his family, because it seemed at once to imply by its scarcity the smallness of their clan, and by the places in which it was found, the ambitious height of their pretensions.

For the time that these simple preparations of welcome endured, Elspat was in a state of troubled happiness. In fact, her only anxiety was that she might be able to complete all that she could do to welcome Hamish and the friends who she supposed must have attached themselves to his band, before they should arrive, and find her unprovided for their reception.

But when such efforts as she could make had been accomplished, she once more had nothing left to engage her save the trifling care of her goats; and when these had been attended to, she had only to review her little preparations, renew such as were of a transitory nature, replace decayed branches and fading boughs, and then to sit down at her cottage door and watch the road, as it ascended on the one side from the banks of the Awe, and on the other wound round the heights of the mountain, with such a degree of accommodation to hill and

level as the plan of the military engineer permitted. While so occupied, her imagination, anticipating the future from recollections of the past, formed out of the morning mist or the evening cloud the wild forms of an advancing band, which were then called "Sidier Dhu,"—Dark soldiers dressed in their native tartan, and so named to distinguish them from the scarlet ranks of the British army. In this occupation she spent many hours of each morning and evening.

CHAPTER XI.

It was in vain that Elspat's eyes surveyed the distant path, by the earliest light of the dawn and the latest glimmer of the twilight. No rising dust awakened the expectation of nodding plumes or flashing arms—the solitary traveller trudged listlessly along in his brown lowland great-coat, his tartans dyed black or purple, to comply with or evade the law which prohibited their being worn in their variegated hues. The spirit of the Gael, sunk and broken by the severe though perhaps necessary laws, that proscribed the dress and arms which he considered as his birthright, was intimidated by his drooping head and dejected appearance. Not in such depressed wanderers did Elspat recognize the light and free step of her son, now, as she concluded, regenerated from every sign of Saxon thralldom. Night by night, as darkness came, she removed from her unclosed door to throw herself on her restless pallet, not to sleep, but to watch. The brave and the terrible, she said, walk by night—their steps are heard in darkness, when all is silent save the whirlwind and the cataract—the timid deer comes only forth when the sun is upon the mountain's peak; but the bold wolf walks in the red light of the harvest-moon. She reasoned in vain—her son's expected summons did not call her from the lowly couch, where she lay dreaming of his approach. Hamish came not.

"Hope deferred," saith the royal sage, "maketh the heart sick;" and strong as was Elspat's constitution, she began to experience that it was unequal to the toils to which her anxious and immoderate affection subjected her, when early one morning the appearance of a traveller on the lonely mountain-road, revived hopes which had begun to sink into listless despair. There was no sign of Saxon subjugation about the stranger. At a distance she could see the flutter of the belted-plaid, that drooped in graceful folds behind him, and the plume that, placed in the bonnet, showed rank and gentle birth. He carried a gun over his shoulder, the claymore was swinging by his side, with its usual appendages, the dirk, the pistol, and the *sporrán-mollach*. * Ere yet her eye had scanned all these particulars, the light step of the traveller was hastened, his arm was waved in token of recognition—a moment more, and Elspat held in her arms her darling son, dressed in the garb of his ancestors, and looking, in her maternal eyes, the fairest among ten thousand.

The first outpouring of affection it would be impossible to describe. Blessings mingled with the

most endearing epithets which her energetic language affords, in striving to express the wild rapture of Elspat's joy. Her board was heaped hastily with all she had to offer; and the mother watched the young soldier, as he partook of the refreshment, with feelings how similar to, yet how different from, those with which she had seen him draw his first sustenance from her bosom!

When the tumult of joy was appeased, Elspat became anxious to know her son's adventures since they parted, and could not help greatly censuring his rashness for traversing the hills in the Highland dress in the broad sun-shine, when the penalty was so heavy, and so many red soldiers were abroad in the country.

"Fear not for me, mother," said Hamish, in a tone designed to relieve her anxiety, and yet somewhat embarrassed; "I may wear the *breacan* * at the gate of Fort-Augustus, if I like it."

"Oh, be not too daring, my beloved Hamish, though it be the fault which best becomes thy father's son—yet be not too daring! Alas, they fight not now, as in former days, with fair weapons, and on equal terms, but take odds of numbers and of arms, so that the feeble and the strong are alike levelled by the shot of a boy. And do not think me unworthy to be called your father's widow, and your mother, because I speak thus; for God knoweth, that, man to man, I would peril thee against the best in Breadalbane, and broad Lorne besides."

"I assure you, my dearest mother," replied Hamish, "that I am in no danger. But have you seen MacPhadraick, mother, and what has he said to you on my account?"

"Silver he left me in plenty, Hamish; but the best of his comfort was, that you were well, and would see me soon. But beware of MacPhadraick, my son; for when he called himself the friend of your father, he better loved the most worthless stirk in his herd, than he did the life-blood of MacTavish Mhor. Use his services, therefore, and pay him for them—for it is thus we should deal with the unworthy; but take my counsel, and trust him not."

Hamish could not suppress a sigh, which seemed to Elspat to intimate that the caution came too late. "What have you done with him?" she continued, eager and alarmed. "I had money of him, and he gives not that without value—he is none of those who exchange barley for chaff. Oh, if you repent you of your bargain, and if it be one which you may break off without disgrace to your truth or your manhood, take back his silver, and trust not to his fair words."

"It may not be, mother," said Hamish; "I do not repent my engagement, unless that it must make me leave you soon."

"Leave me! how leave me? Silly boy, think you I know not what duty belongs to the wife or mother of a daring man! Thou art but a boy yet; and when thy father had been the dread of the country for twenty years, he did not despise my company and assistance, but often said my help was worth that of two strong gillies."

"It is not on that score, mother; but since I must leave the country——"

"Leave the country!" replied his mother, inter-

* The goat-skin pouch worn by the Highlanders round their waist.

* That which is variegated, i. e. the tartan.

rupting him; "and think you that I am like a bush, that is rooted to the soil where it grows, and must die if carried elsewhere? I have breathed other winds than these of Ben Cruachan—I have followed your father to the wilds of Ross, and the impenetrable deserts of Y Mac Y Mhor—Tush, man, my limbs, old as they are, will bear me as far as your young feet can trace the way."

"Alas, mother," said the young man, with a faltering accent, "but to cross the sea——"

"The sea? who am I that I should fear the sea? Have I never been in a birling in my life—never known the Sound of Mull, the Isles of Treshornish, and the rough rocks of Harris?"

"Alas, mother, I go far, far from all of these—I am enlisted in one of the new regiments, and we go against the French in America."

"Enlisted!" uttered the astonished mother—"against *my* will—without *my* consent—You could not—you would not,"—then rising up, and assuming a posture of almost imperial command, "Hamish, you DARED not!"

"Despair, mother, dares every thing," answered Hamish, in a tone of melancholy resolution. "What should I do here, where I can scarce get bread for myself and you, and when the times are growing daily worse? Would you but sit down and listen, I would convince you I have acted for the best."

With a bitter smile Elspat sat down, and the same severe ironical expression was on her features, as, with her lips firmly closed, she listened to his vindication.

Hamish went on, without being disconcerted by her expected displeasure. "When I left you, dearest mother, it was to go to MacPhadraick's house, for although I know he is crafty and worldly, after the fashion of the Sassenach, yet he is wise, and I thought how he would teach me, as it would cost him nothing, in which way I could mend our estate in the world."

"Our estate in the world!" said Elspat, losing patience at the word; "and went you to a base fellow, with a soul no better than that of a cow-herd, to ask counsel about your conduct? Your father asked none, save at his courage and his sword."

"Dearest mother," answered Hamish, "how shall I convince you, that you live in this land of our fathers as if our fathers were yet living? You walk as it were in a dream, surrounded by the phantoms of those who have been long with the dead. When my father lived and fought, the great respected the Man of the strong right hand, and the rich feared him. He had protection from MacAllan Mhor, and from Caberfae, and tribute from meaner men. That is ended, and his son would only earn a disgraceful and unpitied death, by the practices which gave his father credit and power among those who wear the breacan. The land is conquered—its lights are quenched,—Glengarry, Lochiel, Perth, Lord Lewis, all the high chiefs are dead or in exile—We may mourn for it, but we cannot help it. Bonnet, broadsword, and sporran—power, strength, and wealth, were all lost on Drummoissie-muir."

"It is false!" said Elspat, fiercely; "you, and such like dastardly spirits, are quelled by your own faint hearts, not by the strength of the enemy; you

are like the fearful waterfowl, to whom the least cloud in the sky seems the shadow of the eagle."

"Mother," said Hamish, proudly, "lay not faint heart to my charge. I go where men are wanted who have strong arms and bold hearts too. I leave a desert, for a land where I may gather fame."

"And you leave your mother to perish in want, age, and solitude," said Elspat, essaying successively every means of moving a resolution, which she began to see was more deeply rooted than she had at first thought.

"Not so, neither," he answered; "I leave you to comfort and certainty, which you have yet never known. Barcaldine's son is made a leader, and with him I have enrolled myself; MacPhadraick acts for him, and raises men, and finds his own in it."

"That is the truest word of the tale, were all the rest as false as hell," said the old woman bitterly.

"But we are to find our good in it also," continued Hamish; "for Barcaldine is to give you a shieling in his wood of Letter-findreight, with grass for your goats, and a cow, when you please to have one, on the common; and my own pay, dearest mother, though I am far away, will do more than provide you with meal, and with all else you can want. Do not fear for me. I enter, a private gentleman; but I will return, if hard fighting and regular duty can deserve it, an officer, and with half a dollar a-day."

"Poor child!"—replied Elspat, in a tone of pity mingled with contempt, "and you trust MacPhadraick?"

"I might, mother—" said Hamish, the dark red colour of his race crossing his forehead and cheeks, "for MacPhadraick knows the blood which flows in my veins, and is aware, that should he break trust with you, he might count the days which could bring Hamish back to Breadalbane, and number those of his life within three suns more. I would kill him at his own hearth, did he break his word with me—I would by the Great Being who made us both!"

The look and attitude of the young soldier for a moment overawed Elspat; she was unused to see him express a deep and bitter mood, which reminded her so strongly of his father, but she resumed her remonstrances in the same taunting manner in which she had commenced them.

"Poor boy!" she said; and you think that at the distance of half the world your threats will be heard or thought of! But, go—go—place your neck under him of Hanover's yoke, against whom every true Gael fought to the death.—Go, disown the royal Stuart, for whom your father, and his fathers, and your mother's fathers, have crimsoned many a field with their blood.—Go, put your head under the belt of one of the race of Dermid, whose children murdered—Yes," she added, with a wild shriek, "murdered your mother's fathers in their peaceful dwellings at Glencoe!—Yes," she again exclaimed, with a wilder and shriller scream, "I was then unborn, but my mother has told me—and I attended to the voice of *my* mother—well I remember her words!—They came in peace, and were received in friendship, and blood and fire arose, and screams and murder!"

"Mother," answered Hamish mournfully, but with a decided tone, "all that I have thought over—there is not a drop of the blood of Glencoe on the

noble hand of Barcaldine—with the unhappy house of Glenlyon the curse remains, and on them God hath avenged it!"

"You speak like the Saxon priest already," replied his mother; "will you not better stay, and ask a kirk from MacAllan Mhor, that you may preach forgiveness to the race of Dermid?"

"Yesterday was yesterday," answered Hamish, "and to-day is to-day. When the clans are crushed and confounded together, it is well and wise that their hatreds and their feuds should not survive their independence and their power. He that cannot execute vengeance like a man, should not harbour useless enmity like a craven. Mother, young Barcaldine is true and brave; I know that MacPhadraick counselled him, that he should not let me take leave of you, lest you dissuaded me from my purpose; but he said, 'Hamish MacTavish is the son of a brave man, and he will not break his word.' Mother, Barcaldine leads an hundred of the bravest of the sons of the Gael in their native dress, and with their father's arms—heart to heart—shoulder to shoulder. I have sworn to go with him—He has trusted me, and I will trust him."

At this reply, so firmly and resolvedly pronounced, Elspat remained like one thunderstruck, and sunk in despair. The arguments which she had considered so irresistibly conclusive, had recoiled like a wave from a rock. After a long pause, she filled her son's quagh, and presented it to him with an air of dejected deference and submission.

"Drink," she said, "to thy father's roof-tree, ere you leave it for ever; and tell me,—since the chains of a new king, and of a new chief, whom your fathers knew not save as mortal enemies, are fastened upon the limbs of your father's son,—tell me how many links you count upon them?"

Hamish took the cup, but looked at her as if uncertain of her meaning. She proceeded in a raised voice. "Tell me," she said, "for I have a right to know, for how many days the will of those you have made your masters permits me to look upon you?—In other words, how many are the days of my life? for when you leave me, the earth has nought besides worth living for!"

"Mother," replied Hamish MacTavish, "for six days I may remain with you, and if you will set out with me on the fifth, I will conduct you in safety to your new dwelling. But if you remain here, then will I depart on the seventh by day-break—then, as at the last moment, I MUST set out for Dunbarton, for if I appear not on the eighth day, I am subject to punishment as a deserter, and am dishonoured as a soldier and a gentleman."

"Your father's foot," she answered, "was free as the wind on the heath—it were as vain to say to him where goest thou, as to ask that viewless driver of the clouds, wherefore blowest thou. Tell me under what penalty thou must,—since go thou must, and go thou wilt—return to thy thralldom."

"Call it not thralldom, mother, it is the service of an honourable soldier—the only service which is now open to the son of MacTavish Mhor."

"Yet say what is the penalty if thou shouldst not return?" replied Elspat.

"Military punishment as a deserter," answered

Hamish; writhing, however, as his mother failed not to observe, under some internal feelings, which she resolved to probe to the uttermost.

"And that," she said, with assumed calmness, which her glancing eye disowned, "is the punishment of a disobedient hound, is it not?"

"Ask me no more, mother," said Hamish, "the punishment is nothing to one who will never deserve it."

"To me it is something," replied Elspat, "since I know better than thou, that where there is power to inflict, there is often the will to do so without cause. I would pray for thee, Hamish, and I must know against what evils I should beseech Him who leaves none unguarded, to protect thy youth and simplicity."

"Mother," said Hamish, "it signifies little to what a criminal may be exposed, if a man is determined not to be such. Our Highland chiefs used also to punish their vassals, and, as I have heard, severely—Was it not Lachlan MacIain whom we remember of old, whose head was struck off by order of his chieftain for shooting at the stag before him?"

"Ay," said Elspat, "and right he had to lose it, since he dishonoured the father of the people even in the face of the assembled clan. But the chiefs were noble in their ire—they punished with the sharp blade, and not with the baton. Their punishments drew blood, but they did not infer dishonour. Canst thou say the same for the laws under whose yoke thou hast placed thy free-born neck?"

"I cannot—mother—I cannot," said Hamish, mournfully. "I saw them punish a Sassenach for deserting, as they called it, his banner. He was scourged—I own it—scourged like a hound who has offended an imperious master. I was sick at the sight—I confess it. But the punishment of dogs is only for those worse than dogs, who know not how to keep their faith."

"To this infamy, however, thou hast subjected thyself, Hamish," replied Elspat, "if thou shouldst give, or thy officers take, measure of offence against thee.—I speak no more to thee on thy purpose—Were the sixth day from this morning's sun my dying day, and thou wert to stay to close mine eyes, thou wouldst run the risk of being lashed like a dog at a post—yes! unless thou hadst the gallant heart to leave me to die alone, and upon my desolate hearth, the last spark of thy father's fire, and of thy forsaken mother's life, to be extinguished together!"—Hamish traversed the hut with an impatient and angry pace.

"Mother," he said at length, "concern not yourself about such things. I cannot be subjected to such infamy, for never will I deserve it; and were I threatened with it, I should know how to die before I was so far dishonoured."

"There spoke the son of the husband of my heart!" replied Elspat; and she changed the discourse, and seemed to listen in melancholy acquiescence, when her son reminded her how short the time was which they were permitted to pass in each other's society, and entreated that it might be spent without useless and unpleasant recollections respecting the circumstances under which they must soon be separated.

Elspat was now satisfied that her son, with some

of his father's other properties, preserved the haughty masculine spirit which rendered it impossible to divert him from a resolution which he had deliberately adopted. She assumed, therefore, an exterior of apparent submission to their inevitable separation; and if she now and then broke out into complaints and murmurs, it was either that she could not altogether suppress the natural impetuosity of her temper, or because she had the wit to consider, that a total and unreserved acquiescence might have seemed to her son constrained and suspicious, and induced him to watch and defeat the means by which she still hoped to prevent his leaving her. Her ardent, though selfish affection for her son, incapable of being qualified by a regard for the true interests of the unfortunate object of her attachment, resembled the instinctive fondness of the animal race for their offspring; and diving little farther into futurity than one of the inferior creatures, she only felt, that to be separated from Hamish was to die.

In the brief interval permitted them, Elspat exhausted every art which affection could devise, to render agreeable to him the space which they were apparently to spend with each other. Her memory carried her far back into former days, and her stores of legendary history, which furnish at all times a principal amusement of the Highlander in his moments of repose, were augmented by an unusual acquaintance with the songs of ancient bards, and traditions of the most approved Seannachies and tellers of tales. Her officious attentions to her son's accommodation, indeed, were so unremitted as almost to give him pain; and he endeavoured quietly to prevent her from taking so much personal toil in selecting the blooming heath for his bed, or preparing the meal for his refreshment. "Let me alone, Hamish," she would reply on such occasions; "you follow your own will in departing from your mother; let your mother have hers in doing what gives her pleasure while you remain."

So much she seemed to be reconciled to the arrangements which he had made in her behalf, that she could hear him speak to her of her removing to the lands of Green Colin, as the gentleman was called, on whose estate he had provided her an asylum. In truth, however, nothing could be farther from her thoughts. From what he had said during their first violent dispute, Elspat had gathered, that if Hamish returned not by the appointed time permitted by his furlough, he would incur the hazard of corporal punishment. Were he placed within the risk of being thus dishonoured, she was well aware that he would never submit to the disgrace, by a return to the regiment where it might be inflicted. Whether she looked to any farther probable consequences of her unhappy scheme, cannot be known; but the partner of MacTavish Mhor, in all his perils and wanderings, was familiar with an hundred instances of resistance or escape, by which one brave man, amidst a land of rocks, lakes, and mountains, dangerous passes, and dark forests, might baffle the pursuit of hundreds. For the future, therefore, she feared nothing; her sole engrossing object was to prevent her son from keeping his word with his commanding-officer.

With this secret purpose, she evaded the proposal which Hamish repeatedly made, that they should set out together to take possession of her new abode; and she resisted it upon grounds apparently so natural to her character, that her son was neither alarmed nor displeased. "Let me not," she said, "in the same short week, bid farewell to my only son, and to the glen in which I have so long dwelt. Let my eye, when dimmed with weeping for thee, still look around, for a while at least, upon Loch Awe and on Ben Cruachan."

Hamish yielded the more willingly to his mother's humour in this particular, that one or two persons who resided in a neighbouring glen, and had given their sons to Barcaldine's levy, were also to be provided for on the estate of the chieftain, and it was apparently settled that Elspat was to take her journey along with them when they should remove to their new residence. Thus, Hamish believed that he had at once indulged his mother's humour, and insured her safety and accommodation. But she nourished in her mind very different thoughts and projects!

The period of Hamish's leave of absence was fast approaching, and more than once he proposed to depart, in such time as to insure his gaining easily and early Dunbarton, the town where were the headquarters of his regiment. But still his mother's entreaties, his own natural disposition to linger among scenes long dear to him, and, above all, his firm reliance in his speed and activity, induced him to protract his departure till the sixth day, being the very last which he could possibly afford to spend with his mother, if indeed he meant to comply with the conditions of his furlough.

CHAPTER XII.

But for your son, believe it—Oh, believe it—
Most dangerously you have with him prevailed,
If not most mortal to him.—

Coriolanus.

ON the evening which preceded his proposed departure, Hamish walked down to the river with his fishing-rod, to practise in the Awe, for the last time, a sport in which he excelled, and to find, at the same time, the means for making one social meal with his mother on something better than their ordinary cheer. He was as successful as usual, and soon killed a fine salmon. On his return homeward an incident befell him, which he afterwards related as ominous, though probably his heated imagination, joined to the universal turn of his countrymen for the marvellous, exaggerated into superstitious importance some very ordinary and accidental circumstance.

In the path which he pursued homeward, he was surprised to observe a person, who, like himself, was dressed and armed after the old Highland fashion. The first natural idea was that the passenger belonged to his own corps, who, levied by government, and bearing arms under royal authority, were not amenable for breach of the statutes against the use of the Highland garb or weapons. But he was struck on perceiving, as he mended his pace to make up to his supposed comrade, meaning to request his company for the next day's journey, that the stranger wore a white cockade, the fatal badge which was

proscribed in the Highlands. The stature of the man was tall, and there was something shadowy in the outline, which added to his size; and his mode of motion, which rather resembled gliding than walking, impressed Hamish with superstitious fears concerning the character of the being which thus passed before him in the twilight. He no longer strove to make up to the stranger, but contented himself with keeping him in view, under the superstition common to the Highlanders, that you ought neither to intrude yourself on such supernatural apparitions as you may witness, nor avoid their presence, but leave it to themselves to withhold or extend their communication, as their power may permit, or the purpose of their commission require.

Upon an elevated knoll by the side of the road, just where the pathway turned down to Elspat's hut, the stranger made a pause, and seemed to wait Hamish's coming up. Hamish, on his part, seeing it was necessary he should pass the object of his suspicion, mustered up his courage, and approached the spot where the stranger had placed himself; who first pointed to Elspat's hut, and made, with arm and head, a gesture prohibiting Hamish to approach it, then stretched his hand to the road which led to the southward, with a motion which seemed to enjoin his instant departure in that direction. In a moment afterwards the plaided form was gone—Hamish did not exactly say vanished, because there were rocks and stunted trees enough to have concealed him; but it was his own opinion that he had seen the spirit of MacTavish Mhor, warning him to commence his instant journey to Dunbarton, without waiting till morning, or again visiting his mother's hut.

In fact, so many accidents might arise to delay his journey, especially where there were many ferries, that it became his settled purpose, though he could not depart without bidding his mother adieu, that he neither could nor would abide longer than for that object; and that the first glimpse of next day's sun should see him many miles advanced towards Dunbarton. He descended the path, therefore, and entering the cottage, he communicated, in a hasty and troubled voice, which indicated mental agitation, his determination to take his instant departure. Somewhat to his surprise, Elspat appeared not to combat his purpose, but she urged him to take some refreshment ere he left her for ever. He did so hastily, and in silence, thinking on the approaching separation, and scarce yet believing it would take place without a final struggle with his mother's fondness. To his surprise, she filled the quaigh with liquor for his parting cup.

"Go," she said, "my son, since such is thy settled purpose; but first stand once more on thy mother's hearth, the flame on which will be extinguished long ere thy foot shall again be placed there."

"To your health, mother!" said Hamish, "and may we meet again in happiness, in spite of your ominous words."

"It were better not to part," said his mother, watching him as he quaffed the liquor, of which he would have held it ominous to have left a drop.

"And now," she said, muttering the words to herself, "go—if thou canst go."

"Mother," said Hamish, as he replaced on the table the empty quaigh, "thy drink is pleasant to the taste, but it takes away the strength which it ought to give."

"Such is its first effect, my son," replied Elspat; "but lie down upon that soft heather couch, shut your eyes but for a moment, and, in the sleep of an hour, you shall have more refreshment than in the ordinary repose of three whole nights, could they be blended into one."

"Mother," said Hamish, upon whose brain the potion was now taking rapid effect, "give me my bonnet—I must kiss you and begone—yet it seems as if my feet were nailed to the floor."

"Indeed," said his mother, "you will be instantly well, if you will sit down for half an hour—but half an hour; it is eight hours to dawn, and dawn were time enough for your father's son to begin such a journey."

"I must obey you, mother—I feel I must," said Hamish, inarticulately; "but call me when the moon rises."

He sat down on the bed—reclined back, and almost instantly was fast asleep. With the throbbing glee of one who has brought to an end a difficult and troublesome enterprise, Elspat proceeded tenderly to arrange the plaid of the unconscious slumberer, to whom her extravagant affection was doomed to be so fatal, expressing, while busied in her office, her delight, in tones of mingled tenderness and triumph. "Yes," she said, "calf of my heart, the moon shall arise and set to thee, and so shall the sun; but not to light thee from the land of thy fathers, or tempt thee to serve the foreign prince or the feudal enemy! To no son of Dermid shall I be delivered, to be fed like a bondswoman; but he who is my pleasure and my pride shall be my guard and my protector. They say the Highlands are changed: but I see Ben Cruachan rear his crest as high as ever into the evening sky—no one hath yet herded his kine on the depth of Loch Awe—and yonder oak does not yet bend like a willow. The children of the mountains will be such as their fathers, until the mountains themselves shall be levelled with the strath. In these wild forests, which used to support thousands of the brave, there is still surely subsistence and refuge left for one aged woman, and one gallant youth, of the ancient race and the ancient manners."

While the misjudging mother thus exulted in the success of her stratagem, we may mention to the reader that it was founded on the acquaintance with drugs and simples, which Elspat, accomplished in all things belonging to the wild life which she had led, possessed in an uncommon degree, and which she exercised for various purposes. With the herbs, which she knew how to select as well as how to distil, she could relieve more diseases than a regular medical person could easily believe. She applied some to dye the bright colours of the tartan—from others she compounded draughts of various power, and unhappily possessed the secret of one which was strongly soporific. Upon the effects of this last concoction, as the reader doubtless has anticipated, she reckoned with security on delaying Hamish beyond the period for which his return was appointed; and she trusted to his horror for the apprehended punishment,

to which he was thus rendered liable, to prevent him from returning at all.

Sound and deep, beyond natural rest, was the sleep of Hamish MacTavish on that eventful evening; but not such the repose of his mother. Scarce did she close her eyes from time to time, but she awakened again with a start, in the terror that her son had arisen and departed; and it was only on approaching his couch, and hearing his deep-drawn and regular breathing, that she reassured herself of the security of the repose in which he was plunged.

Still, dawning, she feared, might awaken him, notwithstanding the unusual strength of the potion with which she had drugged his cup. If there remained a hope of mortal man accomplishing the journey, she was aware that Hamish would attempt it, though he were to die from fatigue upon the road. Animated by this new fear, she studied to exclude the light, by stopping all the crannies and crevices through which, rather than through any regular entrance, the morning beams might find access to her miserable dwelling; and this in order to detain, amid its wants and wretchedness, the being on whom, if the world itself had been at her disposal, she would have joyfully conferred it.

Her pains were bestowed unnecessarily. The sun rose high above the heavens, and not the fleetest stag in Breadalbane, were the hounds at his heels, could have sped, to save his life, so fast as would have been necessary to keep Hamish's appointment. Her purpose was fully attained—her son's return within the period assigned was impossible. She deemed it equally impossible, that he would ever dream of returning, standing, as he must now do, in the danger of an infamous punishment. By degrees, and at different times, she had gained from him a full acquaintance with the predicament in which he would be placed, by failing to appear on the day appointed, and the very small hope he could entertain of being treated with lenity.

It is well known, that the great and wise Earl of Chatham prided himself on the scheme, by which he drew together for defence of the colonies those hardy Highlanders, who, until his time, had been the objects of doubt, fear, and suspicion, on the part of each successive administration. But some obstacles occurred, from the peculiar habits and temper of this people, to the execution of his patriotic project. By nature and habit, every Highlander was accustomed to the use of arms, but at the same time totally unaccustomed to and impatient of, the restraints imposed by discipline upon regular troops. They were a species of militia, who had no conception of a camp as their only home. If a battle was lost, they dispersed to save themselves, and look out for the safety of their families; if won, they went back to their glens to hoard up their booty, and attend to their cattle and their farms. This privilege of going and coming at their pleasure, they would not be deprived of even by their chiefs, whose authority was in most other respects so despotic. It followed, as a matter of course, that the new-levied Highland recruits could scarce be made to comprehend the nature of a military engagement, which compelled a man to serve in the army longer than he pleased; and perhaps, in many instances, sufficient care was not taken at enlisting

VOL. VII.

to explain to them the permanency of the engagement which they came under, lest such a disclosure should induce them to change their mind. Desertions were therefore become numerous from the newly-raised regiment, and the veteran general who commanded at Dunbarton, saw no better way of checking them than by causing an unusually severe example to be made of a deserter from an English corps. The young Highland regiment was obliged to attend upon the punishment, which struck a people, peculiarly jealous of personal honour, with equal horror and disgust, and not unnaturally indisposed some of them to the service. The old general, however, who had been regularly bred in the German wars, stuck to his own opinion, and gave out in orders that the first Highlander who might either desert, or fail to appear at the expiry of his furlough, should be brought to the halberts, and punished like the culprit whom they had seen in that condition. No man doubted that General———would keep his word rigorously whenever severity was required, and Elspat, therefore, knew that her son, when he perceived that due compliance with his orders was impossible, must at the same time consider the degrading punishment denounced against his defection as inevitable, should he place himself within the general's power.

When noon was well passed, new apprehensions came on the mind of the lonely woman. Her son still slept under the influence of the draught; but what if, being stronger than she had ever known it administered, his health or his reason should be affected by its potency? For the first time, likewise, notwithstanding her high ideas on the subject of parental authority, she began to dread the resentment of her son, whom her heart told her she had wronged. Of late, she had observed that his temper was less docile, and his determinations, especially upon this late occasion of his enlistment, independently formed, and then boldly carried through. She remembered the stern wilfulness of his father when he accounted himself ill-used, and began to dread that Hamish, upon finding the deceit she had put upon him, might resent it even to the extent of casting her off, and pursuing his own course through the world alone. Such were the alarming and yet the reasonable apprehensions which began to crowd upon the unfortunate woman, after the apparent success of her ill-advised stratagem.

It was near evening when Hamish first awoke, and then he was far from being in the full possession either of his mental or bodily powers. From his vague expressions and disordered pulse, Elspat at first experienced much apprehension; but she used such expedients as her medical knowledge suggested; and, in the course of the night, she had the satisfaction to see him sink once more into a deep sleep, which probably carried off the greater part of the effects of the drug, for about sunrising she heard him arise, and call to her for his bonnet. This she had purposely removed, from a fear that he might awaken and depart in the night-time, without her knowledge.

"My bonnet—my bonnet," cried Hamish, "it is time to take farewell. Mother, your drink was too strong—the sun is up—but with the next morning I will still see the double summit of the ancient Dun.

My bonnet—my bonnet! mother, I must be instant in my departure.” These expressions made it plain that poor Hamish was unconscious that two nights and a day had passed since he had drained the fatal quaigh, and Elspat had now to venture on what she felt as the almost perilous, as well as painful task, of explaining her machinations.

“Forgive me, my son,” she said, approaching Hamish, and taking him by the hand with an air of deferential awe, which perhaps she had not always used to his father, even when in his moody fits.

“Forgive you, mother—for what?” said Hamish, laughing; “for giving me a dram that was too strong, and which my head still feels this morning, or for hiding my bonnet to keep me an instant longer? Nay, do *you* forgive *me*. Give me the bonnet, and let that be done which now must be done. Give me my bonnet, or I go without it; surely I am not to be delayed by so trifling a want as that—I, who have gone for years with only a strap of deer’s hide to tie back my hair. Trifle not, but give it me, or I must go bare-headed, since to stay is impossible.”

“My son,” said Elspat, keeping fast hold of his hand, “what is done cannot be recalled; could you borrow the wings of yonder eagle, you would arrive at the Dun too late for what you purpose,—too soon for what awaits you there. You believe you see the sun rising for the first time since you have seen him set, but yesterday beheld him climb Ben Cruachan, though your eyes were closed to his light.”

Hamish cast upon his mother a wild glance of extreme terror, then instantly recovering himself, said, “I am no child to be cheated out of my purpose by such tricks as these—Farewell, mother, each moment is worth a life-time.”

“Stay,” she said, “my dear—my deceived son! rush not on infamy and ruin—Yonder I see the priest upon the high-road on his white horse—ask him the day of the month and week—let him decide between us.”

With the speed of an eagle, Hamish darted up the acclivity, and stood by the minister of Glenorquhy, who was pacing out thus early to administer consolation to a distressed family near Bunawe.

The good man was somewhat startled to behold an armed Highlander, then so unusual a sight, and apparently much agitated, stop his horse by the bridle, and ask him with a faltering voice the day of the week and month. “Had you been where you should have been yesterday, young man,” replied the clergyman, “you would have known that it was God’s Sabbath; and that this is Monday, the second day of the week, and twenty-first of the month.”

“And this is true?” said Hamish.

“As true,” answered the surprised minister, “as that I yesterday preached the word of God to this parish. What ails you, young man?—are you sick?—are you in your right mind?”

Hamish made no answer, only repeated to himself the first expression of the clergyman, “Had you been where you should have been yesterday;” and so saying, he let go the bridle, turned from the road, and descended the path towards the hut, with the look and pace of one who was going to execution. The minister looked after him with surprise, but although he knew the inha-

bitant of the hovel, the character of Elspat had not invited him to open any communication with her, because she was generally reputed a papist, or rather one indifferent to all religion, except some superstitious observances which had been handed down from her parents. On Hamish the Reverend Mr Tyrie had bestowed instructions when he was occasionally thrown in his way, and if the seed fell among the brambles and thorns of a wild and uncultivated disposition, it had not yet been entirely checked or destroyed. There was something so ghastly in the present expression of the youth’s features, that the good man was tempted to go down to the hovel, and inquire whether any distress had befallen the inhabitants, in which his presence might be consoling, and his ministry useful. Unhappily he did not persevere in this resolution, which might have saved a great misfortune, as he would have probably become a mediator for the unfortunate young man; but recollection of the wild moods of such Highlanders as had been educated after the old fashion of the country, prevented his interesting himself in the widow and son of the far-dreaded robber MacTavish Mhor; and he thus missed an opportunity, which he afterwards sorely repented, of doing much good.

When Hamish MacTavish entered his mother’s hut, it was only to throw himself on the bed he had left, and, exclaiming “Undone, undone!” to give vent, in cries of grief and anger, to his deep sense of the deceit which had been practised on him, and of the cruel predicament to which he was reduced.

Elspat was prepared for the first explosion of her son’s passion, and said to herself, “It is but the mountain torrent, swelled by the thunder shower. Let us sit and rest us by the bank; for all its present tumult, the time will soon come when we may pass it dry-shod.” She suffered his complaints and his reproaches, which were, even in the midst of his agony, respectful and affectionate, to die away without returning any answer; and when, at length, having exhausted all the exclamations of sorrow which his language, copious in expressing the feelings of the heart, affords to the sufferer, he sunk into a gloomy silence, she suffered the interval to continue near an hour ere she approached her son’s couch.

“And now,” she said at length, with a voice in which the authority of the mother was qualified by her tenderness, “have you exhausted your idle sorrows, and are you able to place what you have gained against what you have lost? Is the false son of Dermid your brother, or the father of your tribe, that you weep because you cannot bind yourself to his belt, and become one of those who must do his bidding? Could you find in yonder distant country the lakes and the mountains that you leave behind you here? Can you hunt the deer of Breadalbane in the forests of America, or will the ocean afford you the silver-scaled salmon of the Awe? Consider, then, what is your loss, and, like a wise man, set it against what you have won.”

“I have lost all, mother,” replied Hamish, “since I have broken my word, and lost my honour. I might tell my tale, but who, oh! who would believe me?” The unfortunate young man again clasped his hands together, and, pressing them to his forehead, hid his face upon the bed.

Elspat was now really alarmed, and perhaps wished the fatal deceit had been left unattempted. She had no hope or refuge saving in the eloquence of persuasion, of which she possessed no small share, though her total ignorance of the world as it actually existed, rendered its energy unavailing. She urged her son, by every tender epithet which a parent could bestow, to take care for his own safety.

"Leave me," she said, "to baffle your pursuers. I will save your life—I will save your honour—I will tell them that my fair-haired Hamish fell from the Corrie dhu (black precipice) into the gulf, of which human eye never beheld the bottom. I will tell them this, and I will fling your plaid on the thorns which grow on the brink of the precipice, that they may believe my words. They will believe, and they will return to the Dun of the double-crest; for though the Saxon drum can call the living to die, it cannot recall the dead to their slavish standard. Then will we travel together far northward to the salt lakes of Kintail, and place glens and mountains betwixt us and the sons of Dermid. We will visit the shores of the dark lake, and my kinsmen—(for was not my mother of the children of Kenneth, and will they not remember us with the old love?)—my kinsmen will receive us with the affection of the olden time, which lives in those distant glens, where the Gael still dwell in their nobleness, unmingled with the churl Saxons, or with the base brood that are their tools and their slaves."

The energy of the language, somewhat allied to hyperbole, even in its most ordinary expressions, now seemed almost too weak to afford Elspat the means of bringing out the splendid picture which she presented to her son of the land in which she proposed to him to take refuge. Yet the colours were few with which she could paint her Highland paradise. "The hills," she said, "were higher and more magnificent than those of Breadalbane—Ben Cruachan was but a dwarf to Skooroora. The lakes were broader and larger, and abounded not only with fish, but with the enchanted and amphibious animal which gives oil to the lamp.* The deer were larger and more numerous—the white-tusked boar, the chase of which the brave loved best, was yet to be roused in these western solitudes—the men were nobler, wiser, and stronger, than the degenerate brood who lived under the Saxon banner. The daughters of the land were beautiful, with blue eyes and fair hair, and bosoms of snow, and out of these she would choose a wife for Hamish, of blameless descent, spotless fame, fixed and true affection, who should be in their summer bothy as a beam of the sun, and in their winter abode as the warmth of the needful fire."

Such were the topics with which Elspat strove to soothe the despair of her son, and to determine him, if possible, to leave the fatal spot, on which he seemed resolved to linger. The style of her rhetoric was poetical, but in other respects resembled that which, like other fond mothers, she had lavished on Hamish, while a child or a boy, in order to gain his consent to do something he had no mind to; and she spoke louder, quicker, and more earnestly, in pro-

portion as she began to despair of her words carrying conviction.

On the mind of Hamish her eloquence made no impression. He knew far better than she did the actual situation of the country, and was sensible, that, though it might be possible to hide himself as a fugitive among more distant mountains, there was now no corner in the Highlands in which his father's profession could be practised, even if he had not adopted, from the improved ideas of the time when he lived, the opinion that the trade of the cateran was no longer the road to honour and distinction. Her words were therefore poured into regardless ears, and she exhausted herself in vain in the attempt to paint the regions of her mother's kinsmen in such terms as might tempt Hamish to accompany her thither. She spoke for hours, but she spoke in vain. She could extort no answer, save groans, and sighs, and ejaculations, expressing the extremity of despair.

At length, starting on her feet, and changing the monotonous tone in which she had chanted, as it were, the praises of the province of refuge, into the short, stern language of eager passion—"I am a fool," she said, "to spend my words upon an idle, poor-spirited unintelligent boy, who crouches like a hound to the lash. Wait here, and receive your task-masters, and abide your chastisement at their hands; but do not think your mother's eyes will behold it. I could not see it and live. My eyes have looked often upon death, but never upon dishonour. Farewell, Hamish!—We never meet again."

She dashed from the hut like a lapwing, and perhaps for the moment actually entertained the purpose which she expressed, of parting with her son for ever. She would have been a fearful sight that evening to those who might have met her wandering through the wilderness like a restless spirit, and speaking to herself in language which will endure no translation. She rambled for hours, seeking rather than shunning the most dangerous paths. The precarious track through the morass, the dizzy path along the edge of the precipice, or by the banks of the gulping river, were the roads which, far from avoiding, she sought with eagerness, and traversed with reckless haste. But the courage arising from despair was the means of saving the life, which (though deliberate suicide was rarely practised in the Highlands) she was perhaps desirous of terminating. Her step on the verge of the precipice was firm as that of the wild-goat. Her eye, in that state of excitation, was so keen as to discern, even amid darkness, the perils which noon would not have enabled a stranger to avoid.

Elspat's course was not directly forward, else she had soon been far from the bothy in which she had left her son. It was circuitous, for that hut was the centre to which her heart-strings were chained, and though she wandered around it, she felt it impossible to leave the vicinity. With the first beams of morning, she returned to the hut. Awhile she paused at the wattled door, as if ashamed that lingering fondness should have brought her back to the spot which she had left with the purpose of never returning; but there was yet more of fear and anxiety in her hesitation—of anxiety, lest her fair-haired son had suffered from the effects of her potion—of fear, lest his ene-

* The seals are considered by the Highlanders as enchanted princes.

mies had come upon him in the night. She opened the door of the hut gently, and entered with noiseless step. Exhausted with his sorrow and anxiety, and not entirely relieved perhaps from the influence of the powerful opiate, Hamish Bean again slept the stern sound sleep, by which the Indians are said to be overcome during the interval of their torments. His mother was scarcely sure that she actually discerned his form on the bed, scarce certain that her ear caught the sound of his breathing. With a throbbing heart, Elspat went to the fire-place in the centre of the hut, where slumbered, covered with a piece of turf, the glimmering embers of the fire never extinguished on a Scottish hearth until the indwellers leave the mansion for ever.

"Feeble greishogh,"* she said, as she lighted, by the help of a match, a splinter of bog pine which was to serve the place of a candle; "weak greishogh, soon shalt thou be put out for ever, and may Heaven grant that the life of Elspat MacTavish have no longer duration than thine!"

While she spoke she raised the blazing light towards the bed, on which still lay the prostrate limbs of her son, in a posture that left it doubtful whether he slept or swooned. As she advanced towards him, the light flashed upon his eyes—he started up in an instant, made a stride forward with his naked dirk in his hand like a man armed to meet a mortal enemy, and exclaimed, "Stand off!—on thy life, stand off!"

"It is the word and the action of my husband," answered Elspat; "and I know by his speech and his step the son of MacTavish Mhor."

"Mother," said Hamish, relapsing from his tone of desperate firmness into one of melancholy expostulation; "oh, dearest mother, wherefore have you returned hither?"

"Ask why the hind comes back to the fawn," said Elspat; "why the cat of the mountain returns to her lodge and her young. Know you, Hamish, that the heart of the mother only lives in the bosom of the child."

"Then will it soon cease to throb," said Hamish, unless it can beat within a bosom that lies beneath the turf.—Mother, do not blame me; if I weep, it is not for myself but for you, for my sufferings will soon be over; but yours—O, who but Heaven shall set a boundary to them!"

Elspat shuddered and stepped backward, but almost instantly resumed her firm and upright position, and her dauntless bearing.

"I thought thou wert a man but even now," she said, "and thou art again a child. Harken to me yet, and let us leave this place together. Have I done thee wrong or injury? if so, yet do not avenge it so cruelly—See, Elspat MacTavish, who never kneeled before even to a priest, falls prostrate before her own son, and craves his forgiveness." And at once she threw herself on her knees before the young man, seized on his hand, and kissing it an hundred times, repeated as often, in heart-breaking accents, the most earnest entreaties for forgiveness. "Pardon," she exclaimed, "pardon for the sake of your father's ashes—pardon for the sake of the pain with which I bore thee, the care with which I nurtured thee!—Hear it, Heaven, and behold it, Earth—the

mother asks pardon of her child, and she is refused!"

It was in vain that Hamish endeavoured to stem this tide of passion, by assuring his mother, with the most solemn asseverations, that he forgave entirely the fatal deceit which she had practised upon him.

"Empty words," she said; "idle protestations, which are but used to hide the obduracy of your resentment. Would you have me believe you, then leave the hut this instant, and retire from a country which every hour renders more dangerous.—Do this, and I may think you have forgiven me—refuse it, and again I call on moon and stars, heaven and earth, to witness the unrelenting resentment with which you prosecute your mother for a fault, which, if it be one, arose out of love to you."

"Mother," said Hamish, "on this subject you move me not. I will fly before no man. If Barcaldine should send every Gael that is under his banner, here, and in this place, will I abide them; and when you bid me fly, you may as well command yonder mountain to be loosened from its foundations. Had I been sure of the road by which they are coming hither, I had spared them the pains of seeking me; but I might go by the mountain, while they perchance came by the lake. Here I will abide my fate; nor is there in Scotland a voice of power enough to bid me stir from hence, and be obeyed."

"Here, then, I also stay," said Elspat, rising up and speaking with assumed composure. "I have seen my husband's death—my eye-lids shall not grieve to look on the fall of my son. But MacTavish Mhor died as became the brave, with his good sword in his right hand; my son will perish like the bullock that is driven to the shambles by the Saxon owner who has bought him for a price."

"Mother," said the unhappy young man, "you have taken my life; to that you have a right, for you gave it; but touch not my honour! It came to me from a brave strain of ancestors, and should be sullied neither by man's deed nor woman's speech. What I shall do, perhaps I myself yet know not; but tempt me no farther by reproachful words; you have already made wounds more than you can ever heal."

"It is well, my son," said Elspat, in reply. "Expect neither farther complaint nor remonstrance from me; but let us be silent, and wait the chance which Heaven shall send us."

The sun arose on the next morning, and found the bothy silent as the grave. The mother and son had arisen, and were engaged each in their separate task—Hamish in preparing and cleaning his arms with the greatest accuracy, but with an air of deep dejection; Elspat, more restless in her agony of spirit, employed herself in making ready the food which the distress of yesterday had induced them both to dispense with for an unusual number of hours. She placed it on the board before her son so soon as it was prepared, with the words of a Gaelic poet, "Without daily food, the husbandman's plough-share stands still in the furrow; without daily food, the sword of the warrior is too heavy for his hand. Our bodies are our slaves, yet they must be fed if we would have their service. So spake in ancient days the Blind Bard to the warriors of Fion."

The young man made no reply, but he fed on what was placed before him, as if to gather strength

* Greishogh, a glowing ember.

for the scene which he was to undergo. When his mother saw that he had eaten what sufficed him, she again filled the fatal quaigh, and proffered it as the conclusion of the repast. But he started aside with a convulsive gesture, expressive at once of fear and abhorrence.

"Nay, my son," she said, "this time, surely, thou hast no cause of fear."

"Urge me not, mother," answered Hamish; "or put the leprous toad into a flagon, and I will drink; but from that accursed cup, and of that mind-destroying potion, never will I taste more!"

"At your pleasure, my son," said Elspat, haughtily, and began, with much apparent assiduity, the various domestic tasks which had been interrupted during the preceding day. Whatever was at her heart, all anxiety seemed banished from her looks and demeanour. It was but from an over activity of bustling exertion that it might have been perceived, by a close observer, that her actions were spurred by some internal cause of painful excitement; and such a spectator, too, might also have observed how often she broke off the snatches of songs or tunes which she hummed, apparently without knowing what she was doing, in order to cast a hasty glance from the door of the hut. Whatever might be in the mind of Hamish, his demeanour was directly the reverse of that adopted by his mother. Having finished the task of cleaning and preparing his arms, which he arranged within the hut, he sat himself down before the door of the bothy, and watched the opposite hill, like the fixed sentinel who expects the approach of an enemy. Noon found him in the same unchanged posture, and it was an hour after that period, when his mother, standing beside him, laid her hand on his shoulder, and said, in a tone indifferent, as if she had been talking of some friendly visit, "When dost thou expect them?"

"They cannot be here till the shadows fall long to the eastward," replied Hamish; "that is, even supposing the nearest party, commanded by Sergeant Allan Breack Cameron, has been commanded hither by express from Dunbarton, as it is most likely they will."

"Then enter beneath your mother's roof once more; partake the last time of the food which she has prepared; after this let them come, and thou shalt see if thy mother is an useless encumbrance in the day of strife. Thy hand, practised as it is, cannot fire these arms so fast as I can load them; nay, if it is necessary, I do not myself fear the flash or the report, and my aim has been held fatal."

"In the name of Heaven, mother, meddle not with this matter!" said Hamish. "Allan Break is a wise man and a kind one, and comes of a good stem. It may be he can promise for our officers, that they will touch me with no infamous punishment; and if they offer me confinement in the dungeon, or death by the musket, to that I may not object."

"Alas, and wilt thou trust to their word, my foolish child? Remember the race of Dermid were ever fair and false, and no sooner shall they have gyves on thy hands, than they will strip thy shoulders for the scourge."

"Save your advice, mother," said Hamish, sternly; "for me, my mind is made up."

But though he spoke thus, to escape the almost persecuting urgency of his mother, Hamish would have found it, at that moment, impossible to say upon what course of conduct he had thus fixed. On one point alone he was determined, namely, to abide his destiny, be what it might, and not to add to the breach of his word, of which he had been involuntarily rendered guilty, by attempting to escape from punishment. This act of self-devotion he conceived to be due to his own honour, and that of his countrymen. Which of his comrades would in future be trusted, if he should be considered as having broken his word, and betrayed the confidence of his officers? and whom but Hamish Bean MacTavish would the Gael accuse, for having verified and confirmed the suspicions which the Saxon general was well known to entertain against the good faith of the Highlanders? He was, therefore, bent firmly to abide his fate. But whether his intention was to yield himself peaceably into the hands of the party who should come to apprehend him, or whether he purposed by a show of resistance to provoke them to kill him on the spot, was a question which he could not himself have answered. His desire to see Barcaldine, and explain the cause of his absence at the appointed time, urged him to the one course; his fear of the degrading punishment, and of his mother's bitter upbraidings, strongly instigated the latter and the more dangerous purpose. He left it to chance to decide when the crisis should arrive; nor did he tarry long in expectation of the catastrophe.

Evening approached, the gigantic shadows of the mountains streamed in darkness towards the east, while their western peaks were still glowing with crimson and gold. The road which winds round Ben Cruachan was fully visible from the door of the bothy, when a party of five Highland soldiers, whose arms glanced in the sun, wheeled suddenly into sight from the most distant extremity, where the highway is hidden behind the mountain. One of the party walked a little before the other four, who marched regularly and in files, according to the rules of military discipline. There was no dispute, from the firelocks which they carried, and the plaids and bonnets which they wore, that they were a party of Hamish's regiment, under a non-commissioned officer; and there could be as little doubt of the purpose of their appearance on the banks of Loch Awe.

"They come briskly forward—" said the widow of MacTavish Mhor,— "I wonder how fast or how slow some of them will return again. But they are five, and it is too much odds for a fair field. Step back within the hut, my son, and shoot from the loophole beside the door. Two you may bring down ere they quit the high-road for the footpath—there will remain but three; and your father, with my aid, has often stood against that number."

Hamish Bean took the gun which his mother offered, but did not stir from the door of the hut. He was soon visible to the party on the high-road, as was evident from their increasing their pace to a run; the files, however, still keeping together like coupled greyhounds, and advancing with great rapidity. In far less time than would have been accomplished by men less accustomed to the mountains, they had left

the high-road, traversed the narrow path, and approached within pistol-shot of the bothy, at the door of which stood Hamish fixed like a statue of stone, with his firelock in his hand, while his mother, placed behind him, and almost driven to frenzy by the violence of her passions, reproached him in the strongest terms which despair could invent, for his want of resolution and faintness of heart. Her words increased the bitter gall which was arising in the young man's own heart, as he observed the unfriendly speed with which his late comrades were eagerly making towards him, like hounds towards the stag when he is at bay. The untamed and angry passions which he inherited from father and mother, were awakened by the supposed hostility of those who pursued him; and the restraint under which these passions had been hitherto held by his sober judgment, began gradually to give way. The sergeant now called to him, "Hamish Bean MacTavish, lay down your arms and surrender."

"Do you stand, Allan Breack Cameron, and command your men to stand, or it will be the worse for us all."

"Halt, men—" said the sergeant, but continuing himself to advance. "Hamish, think what you do, and give up your gun; you may spill blood, but you cannot escape punishment."

"The scourge—the scourge—my son; beware the scourge," whispered his mother.

"Take heed, Allan Breack," said Hamish. "I would not hurt you willingly,—but I will not be taken unless you can assure me against the Saxon lash."

"Fool!" answered Cameron, "you know I cannot. Yet I will do all I can. I will say I met you on your return, and the punishment will be light—but give up your musket—Come on, men."

Instantly he rushed forward, extending his arm as if to push aside the young man's levelled firelock. Elspat exclaimed, "Now, spare not your father's blood to defend your father's hearth!" Hamish fired his piece, and Cameron dropped dead.—All these things happened, it might be said, in the same moment of time. The soldiers rushed forward and seized Hamish, who, seeming petrified with what he had done, offered not the least resistance. Not so his mother, who, seeing the men about to put handcuffs on her son, threw herself on the soldiers with such fury, that it required two of them to hold her, while the rest secured the prisoner.

"Are you not an accursed creature," said one of the men to Hamish, "to have slain your best friend, who was contriving, during the whole march, how he could find some way of getting you off without punishment for your desertion?"

"Do you hear *that*, mother?" said Hamish, turning himself as much towards her as his bonds would permit—but the mother heard nothing, and saw nothing. She had fainted on the floor of her hut. Without waiting for her recovery, the party almost immediately began their homeward march towards Dunbarton, leading along with them their prisoner. They thought it necessary, however, to stay for a little space at the village of Dalmally, from which they dispatched a party of the inhabitants to bring away the body of their unfortunate leader, while they

themselves repaired to a magistrate to state what had happened, and require his instructions as to the farther course to be pursued. The crime being of a military character, they were instructed to march the prisoner to Dunbarton without delay.

The swoon of the mother of Hamish lasted for a length of time; the longer perhaps that her constitution, strong as it was, must have been much exhausted by her previous agitation of three days' endurance. She was roused from her stupor at length by female voices, which cried the coronach, or lament for the dead, with clapping of hands and loud exclamations; while the melancholy note of a lament, appropriate to the clan Cameron, played on the bag-pipe, was heard from time to time.

Elspat started up like one awaked from the dead, and without any accurate recollection of the scene which had passed before her eyes. There were females in the hut who were swathing the corpse in its bloody plaid before carrying it from the fatal spot. "Women," she said, starting up and interrupting their labour—"Tell me, women, why sing you the dirge of MacDhonnail Dhu in the house of MacTavish Mhor?"

"She-wolf, be silent with thine ill-omened yell," answered one of the females, a relation of the deceased, "and let us do our duty to our beloved kinsman. There shall never be coronach cried, or dirge played, for thee or thy bloody wolf-burd.* The ravens shall eat him from the gibbet, and the foxes and wild-cats shall tear thy corpse upon the hill. Cursed be he that would stain your bones, or add a stone to your cairn!"

"Daughter of a foolish mother," answered the widow of MacTavish Mhor, "know that the gibbet, with which you threaten us, is no portion of our inheritance. For thirty years the Black Tree of the Law, whose apples are dead men's bodies, hungered after the beloved husband of my heart; but he died like a brave man, with the sword in his hand, and defrauded it of its hopes and its fruits."

"So shall it not be with thy child, bloody sorceress," replied the female mourner, whose passions were as violent as those of Elspat herself. "The ravens shall tear his fair hair to line their nests, before the sun sinks beneath the Treshornish islands."

These words recalled to Elspat's mind the whole history of the last three dreadful days. At first, she stood fixed as if the extremity of distress had converted her into stone; but in a minute, the pride and violence of her temper, out-braved as she thought herself on her own threshold, enabled her to reply—"Yes, insulting hag, my fair-haired boy may die, but it will not be with a white hand—it has been dyed in the blood of his enemy, in the best blood of a Cameron—remember that; and when you lay your dead in his grave, let it be his best epitaph, that he was killed by Hamish Bean for essaying to lay hands on the son of MacTavish Mhor on his own threshold. Farewell—the shame of defeat, loss, and slaughter, remain with the clan that has endured it!"

The relative of the slaughtered Cameron raised her voice in reply; but Elspat, disdaining to continue the oburgation, or perhaps feeling her griefs likely to overmaster her power of expressing her resentment,

* Wolf-brood, i. e. wolf-cub.

had left the hut, and was walking forth in the bright moonshine.

The females who were arranging the corpse of the slaughtered man, hurried from their melancholy labour to look after her tall figure as it glided away among the cliffs. "I am glad she is gone," said one of the younger persons who assisted. "I would as soon dress a corpse where the great Fiend himself—God sains us—stood visibly before us, than when Elspat of the Tree is amongst us.—Ay—ay, even over-much intercourse hath she had with the enemy in her day."

"Silly woman," answered the female who had maintained the dialogue with the departed Elspat, "thinkest thou that there is a worse fiend on earth, or beneath it, than the pride and fury of an offended woman, like yonder bloody-minded hag? Know that blood has been as familiar to her as the dew to the mountain-daisy. Many and many a brave man has she caused to breathe their last for little wrong they had done to her or hers. But her hough-sinews are cut, now that her wolf-burd must, like a murderer as he is, make a murderer's end."

Whilst the women thus discoursed together, as they watched the corpse of Allan Breack Cameron, the unhappy cause of his death pursued her lonely way across the mountain. While she remained within sight of the bothy, she put a strong constraint on herself, that by no alteration of pace or gesture, she might afford to her enemies the triumph of calculating the excess of her mental agitation, nay despair. She stalked, therefore, with a slow rather than a swift step, and, holding herself upright, seemed at once to endure with firmness that woe which was past, and bid defiance to that which was about to come. But when she was beyond the sight of those who remained in the hut, she could no longer suppress the extremity of her agitation. Drawing her mantle wildly round her, she stopped at the first knoll, and climbing to its summit, extended her arms up to the bright moon, as if accusing heaven and earth for her misfortunes, and uttered scream on scream, like those of an eagle whose nest has been plundered of her brood. Awhile she vented her grief in these inarticulate cries, then rushed on her way with a hasty and unequal step, in the vain hope of overtaking the party which was conveying her son a prisoner to Dunbarton. But her strength, superhuman as it seemed, failed her in the trial, nor was it possible for her, with her utmost efforts, to accomplish her purpose.

Yet she pressed onward, with all the speed which her exhausted frame could exert. When food became indispensable, she entered the first cottage: "Give me to eat," she said; "I am the widow of MacTavish Mhor—I am the mother of Hamish MacTavish Bean,—give me to eat, that I may once more see my fair-haired son." Her demand was never refused, though granted in many cases with a kind of struggle between compassion and aversion in some of those to whom she applied, which was in others qualified by fear. The share she had had in occasioning the death of Allan Breack Cameron, which must probably involve that of her own son, was not accurately known, but, from knowledge of her violent passions and former habits of life, no one doubted that in one way or other she had been the cause of

the catastrophe; and Hamish Bean was considered, in the slaughter which he had committed, rather as the instrument than as the accomplice of his mother.

This general opinion of his countrymen was of little service to the unfortunate Hamish. As his captain, Green Colin, understood the manners and habits of his country, he had no difficulty in collecting from Hamish the particulars accompanying his supposed desertion, and the subsequent death of the non-commissioned officer. He felt the utmost compassion for a youth, who had thus fallen a victim to the extravagant and fatal fondness of a parent. But he had no excuse to plead which could rescue his unhappy recruit from the doom, which military discipline and the award of a court-martial denounced against him for the crime he had committed.

No time had been lost in their proceedings, and as little was interposed betwixt sentence and execution. General —— had determined to make a severe example of the first deserter who should fall into his power, and here was one who had defended himself by main force, and slain in the affray the officer sent to take him into custody. A fitter subject for punishment could not have occurred, and Hamish was sentenced to immediate execution. All which the interference of his captain in his favour could procure, was that he should die a soldier's death; for there had been a purpose of executing him upon the gibbet.

The worthy clergyman of Glenorquhy chanced to be at Dunbarton, in attendance upon some church courts, at the time of this catastrophe. He visited his unfortunate parishioner in his dungeon, found him ignorant indeed, but not obstinate, and the answers which he received from him, when conversing on religious topics, were such as induced him doubly to regret, that a mind naturally pure and noble should have remained unhappily so wild and uncultivated.

When he ascertained the real character and disposition of the young man, the worthy pastor made deep and painful reflection on his own shyness and timidity, which, arising out of the evil fame that attached to the lineage of Hamish, had restrained him from charitably endeavouring to bring this strayed sheep within the great fold. While the good minister blamed his cowardice in times past, which had deterred him from risking his person, to save, perhaps, an immortal soul, he resolved no longer to be governed by such timid counsels, but to endeavour, by application to his officers, to obtain a reprieve, at least, if not a pardon, for the criminal, in whom he felt so unusually interested, at once from his docility of temper and his generosity of disposition.

Accordingly the divine sought out Captain Campbell at the barracks within the garrison. There was a gloomy melancholy on the brow of Green Colin, which was not lessened, but increased, when the clergyman stated his name, quality, and errand. You cannot tell me better of the young man than I am disposed to believe," answered the Highland officer; "you cannot ask me to do more in his behalf than I am of myself inclined, and have already endeavoured to do. But it is all in vain. General —— is half a Lowlander, half an Englishman. He has no idea of the high and enthusiastic cha-

racter which in these mountains often brings exalted virtues in contact with great crimes, which, however, are less offences of the heart than errors of the understanding. I have gone so far as to tell him, that in this young man he was putting to death the best and the bravest of my company, where all, or almost all, are good and brave. I explained to him by what strange delusion the culprit's apparent desertion was occasioned, and how little his heart was accessory to the crime which his hand unhappily committed. His answer was, 'There are Highland visions, Captain Campbell, as unsatisfactory and vain as those of the second sight. An act of gross desertion may, in any case, be palliated under the plea of intoxication; the murder of an officer may be as easily coloured over with that of temporary insanity. The example must be made, and if it has fallen on a man otherwise a good recruit, it will have the greater effect.'—Such being the general's unalterable purpose," continued Captain Campbell, with a sigh, "be it your care, reverend sir, that your penitent prepare by break of day to-morrow for that great change which we shall all one day be subjected to."

"And for which," said the clergyman, "may God prepare us all, as I in my duty will not be wanting to this poor youth."

Next morning, as the very earliest beams of sunrise saluted the gray towers which crown the summit of that singular and tremendous rock, the soldiers of the new Highland regiment appeared on the parade, within the Castle of Dunbarton, and having fallen into order, began to move downward by steep staircases and narrow passages towards the external barrier-gate, which is at the very bottom of the rock. The wild wailings of the pibroch were heard at times, interchanged with the drums and fifes, which beat the Dead March.

The unhappy criminal's fate did not, at first, excite that general sympathy in the regiment which would probably have arisen had he been executed for desertion alone. The slaughter of the unfortunate Allan Breack had given a different colour to Hamish's offence: for the deceased was much beloved, and, besides, belonged to a numerous and powerful clan, of whom there were many in the ranks. The unfortunate criminal, on the contrary, was little known to, and scarcely connected with, any of his regimental companions. His father had been, indeed, distinguished for his strength and manhood; but he was of a broken clan, as those names were called, who had no chief to lead them to battle.

It would have been almost impossible, in another case, to have turned out of the ranks of the regiment the party necessary for execution of the sentence; but the six individuals selected for that purpose were friends of the deceased, descended, like him, from the race of MacDhonnill Dhu; and while they prepared for the dismal task which their duty imposed, it was not without a stern feeling of gratified revenge. The leading company of the regiment began now to defile from the barrier-gate, and was followed by the others, each successively moving and halting according to the orders of the adjutant, so as to form three sides of an oblong square, with the ranks faced inwards. The fourth, or blank

side of the square, was closed up by the huge and lofty precipice on which the Castle rises. About the centre of the procession, bare-headed, disarmed, and with his hands bound, came the unfortunate victim of military law. He was deadly pale, but his step was firm and his eye as bright as ever. The clergyman walked by his side—the coffin, which was to receive his mortal remains, was borne before him. The looks of his comrades were still, composed, and solemn. They felt for the youth, whose handsome form, and manly yet submissive deportment had, as soon as he was distinctly visible to them, softened the hearts of many, even of some who had been actuated by vindictive feelings.

The coffin destined for the yet living body of Hamish Bean was placed at the bottom of the hollow square, about two yards distant from the foot of the precipice, which rises in that place as steep as a stone wall to the height of three or four hundred feet. Thither the prisoner was also led, the clergyman still continuing by his side, pouring forth exhortations of courage and consolation, to which the youth appeared to listen with respectful devotion. With slow, and, it seemed, almost unwilling steps, the firing party entered the square, and were drawn up facing the prisoner, about ten yards distant. The clergyman was now about to retire—"Think, my son," he said, "on what I have told you, and let your hope be rested on the anchor which I have given. You will then exchange a short and miserable existence here, for a life in which you will experience neither sorrow nor pain.—Is there aught else which you can intrust to me to execute for you?"

The youth looked at his sleeve-buttons. They were of gold,—booty perhaps which his father had taken from some English officer during the civil wars. The clergyman disengaged them from his sleeves.

"My mother!" he said with some effort, "give them to my poor mother!—See her, good father, and teach her what she should think of all this. Tell her Hamish Bean is more glad to die than ever he was to rest after the longest day's hunting. Farewell, sir—farewell!"

The good man could scarce retire from the fatal spot. An officer afforded him the support of his arm. At his last look towards Hamish, he beheld him alive and kneeling on the coffin; the few that were around him had all withdrawn. The fatal word was given, the rock rung sharp to the sound of the discharge, and Hamish, falling forward with a groan, died, it may be supposed, without almost a sense of the passing agony.

Ten or twelve of his own company then came forward, and laid with solemn reverence the remains of their comrade in the coffin, while the Dead March was again struck up; and the several companies, marching in single files, passed the coffin one by one, in order that all might receive from the awful spectacle the warning which it was peculiarly intended to afford. The regiment was then marched off the ground, and reascended the ancient cliff; their music, as usual on such occasions, striking lively strains, as if sorrow, or even deep thought, should as short a while as possible be the tenant of the soldier's bosom.

At the same time, the small party, which we before

mentioned, bore the bier of the ill-fated Hamish to his humble grave, in a corner of the church-yard of Dunbarton, usually assigned to criminals. Here, among the dust of the guilty, lies a youth, whose name, had he survived the ruin of the fatal events by which he was hurried into crime, might have adorned the annals of the brave.

The minister of Glenorquhy left Dunbarton immediately after he had witnessed the last scene of this melancholy catastrophe. His reason acquiesced in the justice of the sentence, which required blood for blood, and he acknowledged that the vindictive character of his countrymen required to be powerfully restrained by the strong curb of social law. But still he mourned over the individual victim. Who may arraign the bolt of Heaven, when it bursts among the sons of the forest?—yet who can refrain from mourning, when it selects for the object of its blighting aim the fair stem of a young oak, that promised to be the pride of the dell in which it flourished? Musing on these melancholy events, noon found him engaged in the mountain passes, by which he was to return to his still distant home.

Confident in his knowledge of the country, the clergyman had left the main road, to seek one of those shorter paths, which are only used by pedestrians, or by men, like the minister, mounted on the small, but sure-footed, hardy, and sagacious horses of the country. The place which he now traversed was in itself gloomy and desolate; and tradition had added to it the terror of superstition, by affirming it was haunted by an evil spirit, termed *Cloght-dearg*, that is, Redmantle, who at all times, but especially at noon and at midnight, traversed the glen, in enmity both to man and the inferior creation, did such evil as her power was permitted to extend to, and afflicted with ghastly terrors those whom she had not license otherwise to hurt.

The minister of Glenorquhy had set his face in opposition to many of the superstitions, which he justly thought were derived from the dark ages of popery, perhaps even from those of paganism, and unfit to be entertained or believed by the christians of an enlightened age. Some of his more attached parishioners considered him as too rash in opposing the ancient faith of their fathers; and though they honoured the moral intrepidity of their pastor, they could not avoid entertaining and expressing fears, that he would one day fall a victim to his temerity, and be torn to pieces in the glen of the *Cloght-dearg*, or some of those other haunted wilds, which he appeared rather to have a pride and pleasure in traversing alone, on the days and hours when the wicked spirits were supposed to have especial power over man and beast.

These legends came across the mind of the clergyman; and solitary as he was, a melancholy smile shaded his cheek, as he thought of the inconsistency of human nature, and reflected how many brave men, whom the yell of the pibroch would have sent headlong against fixed bayonets, as the wild-bull rushes on his enemy, might have yet feared to encounter those visionary terrors, which he himself, a man of peace, and, in ordinary perils, no way remarkable for the firmness of his nerves, was now risking without hesitation.

VOL. VII.

As he looked around the scene of desolation, he could not but acknowledge, in his own mind, that it was not ill chosen for the haunt of those spirits, which are said to delight in solitude and desolation. The glen was so steep and narrow, that there was but just room for the meridian sun to dart a few scattered rays upon the gloomy and precarious stream which stole through its recesses, for the most part in silence, but occasionally murmuring sullenly against the rocks and large stones, which seemed determined to bar its farther progress. In winter, or in the rainy season, this small stream was a foaming torrent of the most formidable magnitude, and it was at such periods that it had torn open and laid bare the broad-faced and huge fragments of rock, which, at the season of which we speak, hid its course from the eye, and seemed disposed totally to interrupt its course. "Undoubtedly," thought the clergyman, "this mountain rivulet, suddenly swelled by a waper-spout, or thunderstorm, has often been the cause of those accidents which, happening in the glen called by her name, have been ascribed to the agency of the *Cloght-dearg*."

Just as this idea crossed his mind, he heard a female voice exclaim, in a wild and thrilling accent, "Michael Tyrie—Michael Tyrie!" He looked round in astonishment, and not without some fear. It seemed, for an instant, as if the Evil Being, whose existence he had disowned, was about to appear for the punishment of his incredulity. This alarm did not hold him more than an instant, nor did it prevent his replying in a firm voice, "Who calls—and where are you?"

"One who journeys in wretchedness, between life and death," answered the voice; and the speaker, a tall female, appeared from among the fragments of rocks which had concealed her from view.

As she approached more closely, her mantle of bright tartan, in which the red colour much predominated, her stature, the long stride with which she advanced, and the writhen features and wild eyes which were visible from under her curch, would have made her no inadequate representative of the spirit which gave name to the valley. But Mr Tyrie instantly knew her as the Woman of the Tree, the widow of MacTavish Mhor, the now childless mother of Hamish Bean. I am not sure whether the minister would not have endured the visitation of the *Cloght-dearg* herself, rather than the shock of Elspat's presence, considering her crime and her misery. He drew up his horse instinctively, and stood endeavouring to collect his ideas, while a few paces brought her up to his horse's head.

"Michael Tyrie," said she, "the foolish women of the Clachan,* hold thee as a God—be one to me, and say that my son lives. Say this, and I too will be of thy worship—I will bend my knees on the seventh day in thy house of worship, and thy God shall be my God."

"Unhappy woman," replied the clergyman, "man forms not pactions with his Maker as with a creature of clay like himself. Thinkest thou to chaffer with Him, who formed the earth, and spread out the heavens, or that thou canst offer aught of homage or devotion that can be worth acceptance in his eyes?"

* i. e. The village, literally the stones.

He hath asked obedience, not sacrifice; patience under the trials with which he afflicts us, instead of vain bribes, such as man offers to his changeable brother of clay, that he may be moved from his purpose."

"Be silent, priest!" answered the desperate woman; "speak not to me the words of thy white book. Elspat's kindred were of those who crossed themselves and knelt when the sacring bell was rung; and she knows that atonement can be made on the altar for deeds done in the field. Elspat had once flocks and herds, goats upon the cliffs, and cattle in the strath. She wore gold around her neck and on her hair—thick twists, as those worn by the heroes of old. All these would she have resigned to the priest—all these; and if he wished for the ornaments of a gentle lady, or the sporran of a high chief, though they had been great as Macallanmore himself, MacTavish Mhor would have procured them, if Elspat had promised them. Elspat is now poor, and has nothing to give. But the Black Abbot of Inchaffray would have bidden her scourge her shoulders, and macerate her feet by pilgrimage, and he would have granted his pardon to her when he saw that her blood had flowed, and that her flesh had been torn. These were the priests who had indeed power even with the most powerful; they threatened the great men of the earth with the word of their mouth, the sentence of their book, the blaze of their torch, the sound of their sacring bell. The mighty bent to their will, and unloosed, at the word of the priests, those whom they had bound in their wrath, and set at liberty, unharmed, him whom they had sentenced to death; and for whose blood they had thirsted. These were a powerful race, and might well ask the poor to kneel, since their power could humble the proud. But you!—against whom are ye strong, but against women who have been guilty of folly, and men who never wore sword? The priests of old were like the winter torrent which fills this hollow valley, and rolls these massive rocks against each other as easily as the boy plays with the ball which he casts before him.—But you, you do but resemble the summer-stricken stream, which is turned aside by the rushes, and stemmed by a bush of sedges—Woe worth you, for there is no help in you!"

The clergyman was at no loss to conceive that Elspat had lost the Roman Catholic faith without gaining any other, and that she still retained a vague and confused idea of the composition with the priesthood, by confession, alms, and penance, and of their extensive power, which, according to her notion, was adequate, if duly propitiated, even to effecting her son's safety. Compassionating her situation, and allowing for her errors and ignorance, he answered her with mildness—

"Alas, unhappy woman! would to God I could convince thee as easily where thou oughtest to seek, and art sure to find consolation, as I can assure you with a single word, that were Rome and all her priesthood once more in the plenitude of their power, they could not, for largesse or penance, afford to thy misery an atom of aid or comfort.—Elspat MacTavish, I grieve to tell you the news."

"I know them without thy speech," said the unhappy woman—"My son is doomed to die."

"Elspat," resumed the clergyman, "he was doomed,

and the sentence has been executed." The hapless mother threw her eyes up to heaven, and uttered a shriek so unlike the voice of a human being, that the eagle which soared in middle air answered it as she would have done the call of her mate.

"It is impossible!" she exclaimed, "it is impossible! Men do not condemn and kill on the same day! Thou art deceiving me. The people call thee holy—hast thou the heart to tell a mother she has murdered her only child?"

"God knows," said the priest, the tears falling fast from his eyes, "that were it in my power, I would gladly tell better tidings—But these which I bear are as certain as they are fatal—My own ears heard the death-shot, my own eyes beheld thy son's death—thy son's funeral.—My tongue bears witness to what my ears heard and my eyes saw."

The wretched female clasped her hands close together, and held them up towards heaven like a sibyl announcing war and desolation, while, in impotent yet frightful rage, she poured forth a tide of the deepest imprecations.—"Base Saxon churl!" she exclaimed, "vile hypocritical juggler! May the eyes that looked tamely on the death of my fair-haired boy be melted in their sockets with ceaseless tears, shed for those that are nearest and most dear to thee! May the ears that heard his death-knell be dead hereafter to all other sounds save the screech of the raven, and the hissing of the adder! May the tongue that tells me of his death and of my own crime, be withered in thy mouth—or better, when thou wouldst pray with thy people, may the Evil One guide it, and give voice to blasphemies instead of blessings, until men shall fly in terror from thy presence, and the thunder of heaven be launched against thy head, and stop for ever thy cursing and accursed voice! Begone! with this malison.—Elspat will never, never again bestow so many words upon living man."

She kept her word—from that day the world was to her a wilderness, in which she remained without thought, care, or interest, absorbed in her own grief, indifferent to every thing else.

With her mode of life, or rather of existence, the reader is already as far acquainted as I have the power of making him. Of her death, I can tell him nothing. It is supposed to have happened several years after she had attracted the attention of my excellent friend, Mrs Bethune Baliol. Her benevolence, which was never satisfied with dropping a sentimental tear, when there was room for the operation of effective charity, induced her to make various attempts to alleviate the condition of this most wretched woman. But all her exertions could only render Elspat's means of subsistence less precarious, a circumstance which, though generally interesting even to the most wretched outcasts, seemed to her a matter of total indifference. Every attempt to place any person in her hut to take charge of her miscarried, through the extreme resentment with which she regarded all intrusion on her solitude, or by the timidity of those who had been pitched upon to be inmates with the terrible Woman of the Tree. At length, when Elspat became totally unable (in appearance at least) to turn herself on the wretched settle which served her for a couch, the humanity of Mr Tyrie's

successor sent two women to attend upon the last moments of the solitary, which could not, it was judged, be far distant, and to avert the shocking possibility that she might perish for want of assistance or food, before she sunk under the effects of extreme age, or mortal malady.

It was on a November evening, that the two women appointed for this melancholy purpose arrived at the miserable cottage which we have already described. Its wretched inmate lay stretched upon the bed, and seemed almost already a lifeless corpse, save for the wandering of the fierce dark eyes, which rolled in their sockets in a manner terrible to look upon, and seemed to watch with surprise and indignation the motions of the strangers, as persons whose presence was alike unexpected and unwelcome. They were frightened at her looks; but assured in each other's company, they kindled a fire, lighted a candle, prepared food, and made other arrangements for the discharge of the duty assigned them.

The assistants agreed they should watch the bedside of the sick person by turns; but, about midnight, overcome by fatigue (for they had walked far that morning), both of them fell fast asleep. When they awoke, which was not till after the interval of some hours, the hut was empty, and the patient gone. They rose in terror, and went to the door of the cottage, which was latched as it had been at night. They looked out into the darkness, and called upon their charge by her name. The night-raven screamed from the old oak-tree, the fox howled on the hill, the hoarse waterfall replied with its echoes, but there was no human answer. The terrified women did not dare to make further search till morning should appear; for the sudden disappearance of a creature so frail as Elspat, together with the wild tenor of her history, intimidated them from stirring from the hut. They remained, therefore, in dreadful terror, sometimes thinking they heard her voice without, and at other times, that sounds of a different description were mingled with the mournful sigh of the night-breeze, or the dash of the cascade. Sometimes, too, the latch rattled, as if some frail and impotent hand were in vain attempting to lift it, and ever and anon they expected the entrance of their terrible patient, animated by supernatural strength, and in the company, perhaps, of some being more dreadful than herself. Morning came at length. They sought brake, rock, and thicket in vain. Two hours after daylight, the minister himself appeared, and on the report of the watchers, caused the country to be alarmed, and a general and exact search to be made through the whole neighbourhood of the cottage, and the oak-tree. But it was all in vain. Elspat MacTavish was never found, whether dead or alive; nor could there ever be traced the slightest circumstance to indicate her fate.

The neighbourhood was divided concerning the cause of her disappearance. The credulous thought that the evil spirit, under whose influence she seemed to have acted, had carried her away in the body; and there are many who are still unwilling, at untimely hours, to pass the oak-tree, beneath which, as they allege, she may still be seen seated according to her wont. Others less superstitious supposed,

that had it been possible to search the gulf of the Corri Dhu, the profound deeps of the lake, or the whelming eddies of the river, the remains of Elspat MacTavish might have been discovered; as nothing was more natural, considering her state of body and mind, than that she should have fallen in by accident, or precipitated herself intentionally into one or other of those places of sure destruction. The clergyman entertained an opinion of his own. He thought, that, impatient of the watch which was placed over her, this unhappy woman's instinct had taught her, as it directs various domestic animals, to withdraw herself from the sight of her own race, that the death-struggle might take place in some secret den, where, in all probability, her mortal relics would never meet the eyes of mortals. This species of instinctive feeling seemed to him of a tenor with the whole course of her unhappy life, and most likely to influence her, when it drew to a conclusion.

CHAPTER XIII.

Together both on the high lawns appear'd,
Under the opening eyelids of the morn
They drove afield.

Elegy on Lycidas.

I HAVE sometimes wondered why all the favourite occupations and pastimes of mankind go to the disturbance of that happy state of tranquillity, that *otium*, as Horace terms it, which he says is the object of all men's prayers, whether preferred from sea or land; and that the undisturbed repose, of which we are so tenacious, when duty or necessity compels us to abandon it, is precisely what we long to exchange for a state of excitation, as soon as we may prolong it at our own pleasure. Briefly, you have only to say to a man, "remain at rest," and you instantly inspire the love of labour. The sportsman toils like his gamekeeper, the master of the pack takes as severe exercise as his whipper-in, the statesman or politician drudges more than the professional lawyer; and, to come to my own case, the volunteer author subjects himself to the risk of painful criticism, and the assured certainty of mental and manual labour, just as completely as his needy brother, whose necessities compel him to assume the pen.

These reflections have been suggested by an announcement on the part of Janet, "that the little Gillie-whitefoot was come from the printing office."

"Gillie-blackfoot you should call him, Janet," was my reponse, "for he is neither more nor less than an imp of the devil come to torment me for *copy*, for so they call a supply of manuscript for the press."

"Now, Cot forgie your honour," said Janet; "for it is no like your ainsell to give such names to a faithless bairn."

"I have got nothing else to give him, Janet—he must wait a little."

"Then I have got some breakfast to give the bit gillie," said Janet; "and he can wait by the fireside in the kitchen, till your honour's ready; and cood enough for the like of him, if he was to wait your honour's pleasure all day."

"But, Janet," said I to my little active superintendant, on her return to the parlour, after having made her hospitable arrangement, "I begin to find

this writing our Chronicles is rather more tiresome than I expected, for here comes this little fellow to ask for manuscript—that is, for something to print, and I have got none to give him.”

“Your honour can be at nae loss; I have seen you write fast and fast enough; and for subjects, you have the whole Highlands to write about, and I am sure you know a hundred tales better than that about Hamish MacTavish, for it was but about a young cateran and an auld carline, when all’s done; and if they had burned the rudas quean for a witch, I am thinking, may be, they would not have tyned their coals—and her to gar her neer-do-weel son shoot a gentleman Cameron! I am third cousin to the Camerons mysell—my blood warms to them—And if you want to write about deserters, I am sure there were deserters enough on the top of Arthur’s Seat, when the MacRaas broke out, and on that woeful day beside Leith Pier—Ohonari!”

Here Janet began to weep, and to wipe her eyes with her apron. For my part, the idea I wanted was supplied, but I hesitated to make use of it. Topics, like times, are apt to become common by frequent use. It is only an ass like Justice Shallow, who would pitch upon the overscutched tunes, which the carmen whistled, and try to pass them off as his *fancies* and his *goodnights*. Now, the Highlands, though formerly a rich mine for original matter, is, as my friend Mrs Bethune Baliol warned me, in some degree worn out by the incessant labour of modern romancers and novelists, who, finding in these remote regions primitive habits and manners, have vainly imagined that the public can never tire of them; and so kilted Highlanders are to be found as frequently, and nearly of as genuine descent, on the shelves of a circulating library, as at a Caledonian ball. Much might have been made at an earlier time out of the history of a Highland regiment, and the singular change of ideas which must have taken place in the minds of those who composed it, when exchanging their native hills for the battle-fields of the Continent, and their simple, and sometimes indolent domestic habits, for the regular exertions demanded by modern discipline. But the market is forestalled. There is Mrs Grant of Laggan, has drawn the manners, customs, and superstitions of the mountains in their natural unsophisticated state, and my friend, General Stewart of Garth, in giving the real history of the Highland regiments, has rendered any attempt to fill up the sketch with fancy-colouring extremely rash and precarious. Yet I, too, have still a lingering fancy to add a stone to the cairn; and without calling in imagination to aid the impressions of juvenile recollection, I may just attempt to embody one or two scenes illustrative of the Highland character, and which belong peculiarly to the Chronicles of the Canongate, to the greyheaded eld of whom they are as familiar as to Chrystal Croftangry. Yet I will not go back to the days of clanship and claymores. Have at you, gentle reader, with a tale of Two Drovers. An oyster may be crossed in love, says the gentle Tilburina—and a drover may be touched in point of honour, says the Chronicler of the Canongate.

THE TWO DROVERS.

It was the day after the Doune Fair when my story commences. It had been a brisk market, several dealers had attended from the northern and midland counties in England, and the English money had flown so merrily about as to gladden the hearts of the Highland farmers. Many large droves were about to set off for England, under the protection of their owners, or of the topsmen whom they employed in the tedious, laborious, and responsible office of driving the cattle for many hundred miles, from the market where they had been purchased to the fields or farm-yards where they were to be fattened for the shambles.

The Highlanders in particular are masters of this difficult trade of driving, which seems to suit them as well as the trade of war. It affords exercise for all their habits of patient endurance and active exertion. They are required to know perfectly the drove-roads, which lie over the wildest tracts of the country, and to avoid as much as possible the highways, which distress the feet of the bullocks, and the turnpikes, which annoy the spirit of the drover; whereas on the broad green or grey track, which leads across the pathless moor, the herd not only move at ease and without taxation, but, if they mind their business, may pick up a mouthful of food by the way. At night, the drovers usually sleep along with their cattle, let the weather be what it will; and many of these hardy men do not once rest under a roof during a journey on foot from Lochaber to Lincolnshire. They are paid very highly, for the trust reposed is of the last importance, as it depends on their prudence, vigilance, and honesty, whether the cattle reach the final market in good order, and afford a profit to the grazier. But as they maintain themselves at their own expense, they are especially economical in that particular. At the period we speak of, a Highland drover was victualled for his long and toilsome journey with a few handfulls of oatmeal and two or three onions, renewed from time to time, and a ram’s horn filled with whisky, which he used regularly, but sparingly, every night and morning. His dirk, or *skene-dhu*, (*i. e.* black knife,) so worn as to be concealed beneath the arm, or by the folds of the plaid, was his only weapon, excepting the cudgel with which he directed the movements of the cattle. A Highlander was never so happy as on these occasions. There was a variety in the whole journey, which exercised the Celt’s natural curiosity and love of motion; there were the constant change of place and scene, the petty adventures incidental to the traffic, and the intercourse with the various farmers, graziers, and traders, intermingled with occasional merry-makings, not the less acceptable to Donald that they were void of expense;—and there was the consciousness of superior skill; for the Highlander, a child amongst flocks, is a prince amongst herds, and his natural habits induce him to disdain the shepherd’s slothful life, so that he feels himself nowhere more at home than when following a gallant drove of his country cattle in the character of their guardian.

Of the number who left Doune in the morning, and with the purpose we have described, not a

Glanamie of them all cocked his bonnet more briskly, or gartered his tartan hose under knee over a pair of more promising *spiogs* (legs), than did Robin Oig M'Combich, called familiarly Robin Oig, that is Young, or the Lesser, Robin. Though small of stature, as the epithet Oig implies, and not very strongly limbed, he was as light and alert as one of the deer of his mountains. He had an elasticity of step, which, in the course of a long march, made many a stout fellow envy him; and the manner in which he busked his plaid and adjusted his bonnet, argued a consciousness that so smart a John Highlandman as himself would not pass unnoticed among the Lowland lasses. The ruddy cheek, red lips, and white teeth, set off a countenance which had gained by exposure to the weather a healthful and hardy rather than a rugged hue. If Robin Oig did not laugh, or even smile frequently, as indeed is not the practice among his countrymen, his bright eyes usually gleamed from under his bonnet with an expression of cheerfulness ready to be turned into mirth.

The departure of Robin Oig was an incident in the little town, in and near which he had many friends, male and female. He was a topping person in his way, transacted considerable business on his own behalf, and was intrusted by the best farmers in the Highlands, in preference to any other drover in that district. He might have increased his business to any extent had he condescended to manage it by deputy; but except a lad or two, sister's sons of his own, Robin rejected the idea of assistance, conscious, perhaps, how much his reputation depended upon his attending in person to the practical discharge of his duty in every instance. He remained, therefore, contented with the highest premium given to persons of his description, and comforted himself with the hopes that a few journeys to England might enable him to conduct business on his own account, in a manner becoming his birth. For Robin Oig's father, Lachlan M'Combich (or, *son of my friend*, his actual clan-surname being M'Gregor), had been so called by the celebrated Rob Roy, because of the particular friendship which had subsisted between the grandsire of Robin and that renowned cateran. Some people even say, that Robin Oig derived his christian name from a man, as renowned in the wilds of Lochlomond as ever was his namesake Robin Hood, in the precincts of merry Sherwood. "Of such ancestry," as James Boswell says, "who would not be proud?" Robin Oig was proud accordingly; but his frequent visits to England and to the Lowlands had given him tact enough to know that pretensions, which still gave him a little right to distinction in his own lonely glen, might be both obnoxious and ridiculous if preferred elsewhere. The pride of birth, therefore, was, like the miser's treasure, the secret subject of his contemplation, but never exhibited to strangers as a subject of boasting.

Many were the words of gratulation and good luck which were bestowed on Robin Oig. The judges commended his drove, especially the best of them, which were Robin's own property. Some thrust out their snuff-mulls for the parting pinch—others tendered the *doch-an-dorrach*, or parting cup. All cried — "Good-luck travel out with you and come home with you. Give you luck in the Saxon

market—brave notes in the *leabhar-dhu* (black pocket-book), and plenty of English gold in the *sporrán* (pouch of goatskin)."

The bonny lasses made their adieus more modestly, and more than one, it was said, would have given her best brooch to be certain that it was upon her that his eye last rested as he turned towards his road.

Robin Oig had just given the preliminary "*Hoo-hoo!*" to urge forward the loiterers of the drove, when there was a cry behind him.

"Stay, Robin—bide a blink. Here is Janet of Tomahourich—auld Janet, your father's sister."

"Plague on her for an auld Highland witch and spaewife," said a farmer from the Carse of Stirling; "she'll cast some of her cantrips on the cattle."

"She canna do that," said another sapient of the same profession; "Robin Oig is not the lad to leave any of them, without tying Saint Mungo's knot on their tails, and that will put to her speed the best witch that ever flew over Dimayet upon a broomstick."

It may not be indifferent to the reader to know, that the Highland cattle are peculiarly liable to be *taken*, or infected, by spells and witchcraft, which judicious people guard against by knitting knots of peculiar complexity on the tuft of hair which terminates the animal's tail.

But the old woman who was the object of the farmer's suspicion seemed only busied about the drover, without paying any attention to the flock. Robin, on the contrary, appeared rather impatient of her presence.

"What auld-world fancy," he said, "has brought you so early from the ingle-side this morning, Muhme? I am sure I bid you good even, and had your God-speed, last night."

"And left me mpre siller than the useless old woman will use till you come back again, bird of my bosom," said the sibyl. "But it is little I would care for the food that nourishes me, or the fire that warms me, or for God's blessed sun itself, if aught but weal should happen to the grandson of my father. So let me walk the *deasil* round you, that you may go safe out into the far foreign land, and come safe home."

Robin Oig stopped, half embarrassed, half laughing, and signing to those around that he only complied with the old woman to soothe her humour. In the mean time she traced around him, with wavering steps, the propitiation, which some have thought has been derived from the druidical mythology. It consists, as is well known, in the person who makes the *deasil*, walking three times round the person who is the object of the ceremony, taking care to move according to the course of the sun. At once, however, she stopped short, and exclaimed, in a voice of alarm and horror, "Grandson of my father, there is blood on your hand."

"Hush, for God's sake, aunt," said Robin Oig; "you will bring more trouble on yourself with this Taishataragh (second sight) than you will be able to get out of for many a day."

The old woman only repeated, with a ghastly look, "There is blood on your hand, and it is English blood. The blood of the Gael is richer and redder. Let us see—let us—"

Ere Robin Oig could prevent her, which, indeed,

could only have been by positive violence, so hasty and peremptory were her proceedings, she had drawn from his side the dirk which lodged in the folds of his plaid, and held it up, exclaiming, although the weapon gleamed clear and bright in the sun, "Blood, blood—Saxon blood again. Robin Oig M'Combich, go not this day to England!"

"Prutt, trutt," answered Robin Oig, "that will never do neither—it would be next thing to running the country. For shame, Muhme—give me the dirk. You cannot tell by the colour the difference betwixt the blood of a black bullock and a white one, and you speak of knowing Saxon from Gaelic blood. All men have their blood from Adam, Muhme. Give me my skene-dhu, and let me go on my road. I should have been half way to Stirling brig by this time—Give me my dirk, and let me go."

"Never will I give it to you," said the old woman—"never will I quit my hold on your plaid, unless you promise me not to wear that unhappy weapon."

The women around him urged him also, saying few of his aunt's words fell to the ground; and as the Lowland farmers continued to look moodily on the scene, Robin Oig determined to close it at any sacrifice.

"Well, then," said the young drover, giving the scabbard of the weapon to Hugh Morrison, "you Lowlanders care nothing for these freats. Keep my dirk for me. I cannot give it you, because it was my father's; but your drove follows ours, and I am content it should be in your keeping, not in mine.—Will this do, Muhme?"

"It must," said the old woman; "that is, if the Lowlander is mad enough to carry the knife."

The strong westlandman laughed aloud.

"Goodwife," said he, "I am Hugh Morrison from Glenae, come of the Manly Morrisons of auld langsyne, that never took short weapon against a man in their lives. And neither needed they: They had their broadswords, and I have this bit supple (showing a formidable cudgel)—for dirking ower the board, I leave that to John Highlandman. Ye needna snort, none of you Highlanders, and you in especial, Robin. I'll keep the bit knife, if you are feared for the auld spawife's tale, and give it back to you whenever you want it."

Robin was not particularly pleased with some part of Hugh Morrison's speech; but he had learned in his travels more patience than belonged to his Highland constitution originally, and he accepted the service of the descendant of the Manly Morrisons, without finding fault with the rather depreciating manner in which it was offered.

"If he had not had his morning in his head, and been but a Dumfries-shire hog into the boot, he would have spoken more like a gentleman. But you cannot have more of a sow but a grumph. It's shame my father's knife should ever slash a haggis for the like of him."

Thus saying (but saying it in Gaelic), Robin drove on his cattle, and waved farewell to all behind him. He was in the greater haste, because he expected to join at Falkirk a comrade and brother in profession, with whom he proposed to travel in company.

Robin Oig's chosen friend was a young Englishman, Harry Wakefield by name, well known at every northern market, and in his way as much famed and honoured as our Highland driver of bullocks. He was nearly six feet high, gallantly formed to keep the rounds at Smithfield, or maintain the ring at a wrestling match; and although he might have been overmatched, perhaps, among the regular professors of the Fancy, yet, as a chance customer, he was able to give a bellyful to any amateur of the pugilistic art. Doncaster races saw him in his glory, betting his guinea, and generally successfully; nor was there a main fought in Yorkshire, the feeders being persons of celebrity, at which he was not to be seen, if business permitted. But though a *sprack* lad, and fond of pleasure and its haunts, Harry Wakefield was steady, and not the cautious Robin Oig M'Combich himself was more attentive to the main chance. His holidays were holidays indeed; but his days of work were dedicated to steady and persevering labour. In countenance and temper, Wakefield was the model of Old England's merry yeomen, whose clothyard shafts, in so many hundred battles, asserted her superiority over the nations, and whose good sabres, in our own time, are her cheapest and most assured defence. His mirth was readily excited; for, strong in limb and constitution, and fortunate in circumstances, he was disposed to be pleased with everything about him; and such difficulties as he might occasionally encounter, were, to a man of his energy, rather matter of amusement than serious annoyance. With all the merits of a sanguine temper, our young English drover was not without its defects. He was irascible, and sometimes to the verge of being quarrelsome; and perhaps not the less inclined to bring his disputes to a pugilistic decision, because he found few antagonists able to stand up to him in the boxing ring.

It is difficult to say how Henry Wakefield and Robin Oig first became intimates; but it is certain a close acquaintance had taken place betwixt them, although they had apparently few common topics of conversation or of interest, so soon as their talk ceased to be of bullocks. Robin Oig, indeed, spoke the English language rather imperfectly upon any other topics but stots and kyloes, and Harry Wakefield could never bring his broad Yorkshire tongue to utter a single word of Gaelic. It was in vain Robin spent a whole morning, during a walk over Minch-Moor, in attempting to teach his companion to utter, with true precision, the shibboleth *Llhu*, which is the Gaelic for a calf. From Traquair to Murder-cairn, the hill rung with the discordant attempts of the Saxon upon the unmanageable monosyllable, and the heartfelt laugh which followed every failure. They had, however, better modes of awakening the echoes; for Wakefield could sing many a ditty to the praise of Moll, Susan, and Cicely, and Robin Oig had a particular gift at whistling interminable pibrochs through all their involutions, and what was more agreeable to his companion's southern ear, knew many of the northern airs, both lively and pathetic, to which Wakefield learned to pipe a bass. Thus, though Robin could hardly have comprehended his companion's stories about horse-racing, cock-fighting, or fox-hunting, and although

his own legends of clan-fights and *creaghs*, varied with talk of Highland goblins and fairy folk, would have been caviare to his companion, they contrived nevertheless to find a degree of pleasure in each other's company, which had for three years back induced them to join company and travel together, when the direction of their journey permitted. Each, indeed, found his advantage in this companionship; for where could the Englishman have found a guide through the Western Highlands like Robin Oig M'Combich? and when they were on what Harry called the *right* side of the Border, his patronage, which was extensive, and his purse, which was heavy, were at all times at the service of his Highland friend, and on many occasions his liberality did him genuine yeoman's service.

CHAPTER XIV.

Were ever two such loving friends!—
How could they disagree?
O thus it was, he loved him dear,
And thought how to requite him,
And having no friend left but he,
He did resolve to fight him.

Duke upon Duke.

THE pair of friends had traversed with their usual cordiality the grassy wilds of Liddesdale, and crossed the opposite part of Cumberland, emphatically called *The Waste*. In these solitary regions, the cattle under the charge of our drovers subsisted themselves cheaply, by picking their food as they went along the drove-road, or sometimes by the tempting opportunity of a *start and owerloup*, or invasion of the neighbouring pasture, where an occasion presented itself. But now the scene changed before them; they were descending towards a fertile and enclosed country, where no such liberties could be taken with impunity, or without a previous arrangement and bargain with the possessors of the ground. This was more especially the case, as a great northern fair was upon the eve of taking place, where both the Scotch and English drover expected to dispose of a part of their cattle, which it was desirable to produce in the market, rested and in good order. Fields were therefore difficult to be obtained, and only upon high terms. This necessity occasioned a temporary separation betwixt the two friends, who went to bargain, each as he could, for the separate accommodation of his herd. Unhappily it chanced that both of them, unknown to each other, thought of bargaining for the ground they wanted on the property of a country gentleman of some fortune, whose estate lay in the neighbourhood. The English drover applied to the bailiff on the property, who was known to him. It chanced that the *Cumbrian Squire*, who had entertained some suspicions of his manager's honesty, was taking occasional measures to ascertain how far they were well founded, and had desired that any inquiries about his enclosures, with a view to occupy them for a temporary purpose, should be referred to himself. As, however, Mr Ireby had gone the day before upon a journey of some miles' distance to the northward, the bailiff chose to consider the check upon his full powers as for the time removed, and concluded that he should best consult his master's interest, and perhaps his own, in making an agreement with Harry Wakefield.

Meanwhile, ignorant of what his comrade was doing, Robin Oig, on his side, chanced to be overtaken by a well-looking smart little man upon a pony, most knowingly hogged and cropped, as was then the fashion, the rider wearing tight leather breeches, and long-necked bright spurs. This cavalier asked one or two pertinent questions about markets and the price of stock. So Donald, seeing him a well-judging civil gentleman, took the freedom to ask him whether he could let him know if there was any grass-land to be let in that neighbourhood, for the temporary accommodation of his drove. He could not have put the question to more willing ears. The gentleman of the buckskins was the proprietor, with whose bailiff Harry Wakefield had dealt, or was in the act of dealing.

"Thou art in good luck, my canny Scot," said Mr Ireby, "to have spoken to me, for I see thy cattle have done their day's work, and I have at my disposal the only field within three miles that is to be let in these parts."

"The drove can pe gang two, three, four miles very pratty weel indeed—" said the cautious Highlander; "put what would his honour pe axing for the peasts pe the head, if she was to tak the park for twa or three days?"

"We wont differ, Sawney, if you let me have six stots for winterers, in the way of reason."

"And which peasts wad your honour pe for having?"

"Why—let me see—the two black—the dun one—yon doddy—him with the twisted horn—the brockit—How much by the head?"

"Ah," said Robin, "your honour is a shudge—a real shudge—I couldna have set off the pest six peasts petter mysell, me that ken them as if they were my pairns, pur things."

"Well, how much per head, Sawney?" continued Mr Ireby.

"It was high markets at Doune and Falkirk," answered Robin.

And thus the conversation proceeded, until they had agreed on the *prix juste* for the bullocks, the Squire throwing in the temporary accommodation of the enclosure for the cattle into the boot, and Robin making, as he thought, a very good bargain, providing the grass was but tolerable. The Squire walked his pony alongside of the drove, partly to show him the way, and see him put into possession of the field, and partly to learn the latest news of the northern markets.

They arrived at the field, and the pasture seemed excellent. But what was their surprise when they saw the bailiff quietly inducting the cattle of Harry Wakefield into the grassy Goshen which had just been assigned to those of Robin Oig M'Combich by the proprietor himself! Squire Ireby set spurs to his horse, dashed up to his servant, and learning what had passed between the parties, briefly informed the English drover that his bailiff had let the ground without his authority, and that he might seek grass for his cattle wherever he would, since he was to get none there. At the same time he rebuked his servant severely for having transgressed his commands, and ordered him instantly to assist in ejecting the hungry and weary cattle of Harry

Wakefield, which were just beginning to enjoy a meal of unusual plenty, and to introduce those of his comrade, whom the English drover now began to consider as a rival.

The feelings which arose in Wakefield's mind would have induced him to resist Mr Ireby's decision; but every Englishman has a tolerably accurate sense of law and justice, and John Fleecebumpkin, the bailiff, having acknowledged that he had exceeded his commission, Wakefield saw nothing else for it than to collect his hungry and disappointed charge, and drive them on to seek quarters elsewhere. Robin Oig saw what had happened with regret, and hastened to offer to his English friend to share with him the disputed possession. But Wakefield's pride was severely hurt, and he answered disdainfully, "Take it all, man—take it all—never make two bites of a cherry—thou canst talk over the gentry, and blear a plain man's eye—Out upon you, man—I would not kiss any man's dirty latchets for leave to bake in his oven."

Robin Oig, sorry but not surprised at his comrade's displeasure, hastened to entreat his friend to wait but an hour till he had gone to the Squire's house to receive payment for the cattle he had sold, and he would come back and help him to drive the cattle into some convenient place of rest, and explain to him the whole mistake they had both of them fallen into. But the Englishman continued indignant: "Thou hast been selling, hast thou? Ay, ay—thou is a cunning lad for kenning the hours of bargaining. Go to the devil with thyself, for I will ne'er see thy fause loon's visage again—thou should be ashamed to look me in the face."

"I am ashamed to look no man in the face," said Robin Oig, something moved; "and, moreover, I will look you in the face this blessed day, if you will bide at the Clachan down yonder."

"Mayhap you had as well keep away," said his comrade; and turning his back on his former friend, he collected his unwilling associates, assisted by the bailiff, who took some real and some affected interest in seeing Wakefield accommodated.

After spending some time in negotiating with more than one of the neighbouring farmers, who could not, or would not, afford the accommodation desired, Henry Wakefield at last, and in his necessity, accomplished his point by means of the landlord of the alehouse at which Robin Oig and he had agreed to pass the night, when they first separated from each other. Mine host was content to let him turn his cattle on a piece of barren moor, at a price little less than the bailiff had asked for the disputed inclosure; and the wretchedness of the pasture, as well as the price paid for it, were set down as exaggerations of the breach of faith and friendship of his Scottish crony. This turn of Wakefield's passions was encouraged by the bailiff (who had his own reasons for being offended against poor Robin, as having been the unwitting cause of his falling into disgrace with his master), as well as by the innkeeper, and two or three chance guests, who soothed the drover in his resentment against his quondam associate,—some from the ancient grudge against the Scots, which, when it exists anywhere, is to be found lurking in the Border counties, and some from the general love of mischief, which characterizes

mankind in all ranks of life, to the honour of Adam's children be it spoken. Good John Barleycorn also, who always heightens and exaggerates the prevailing passions, be they angry or kindly, was not wanting in his offices on this occasion; and "confusion to false friends and hard masters," was pledged in more than one tankard.

In the meanwhile, Mr Ireby found some amusement in detaining the northern drover at his ancient hall. He caused a cold round of beef to be placed before the Scot in the butler's pantry, together with a foaming tankard of home-brewed, and took pleasure in seeing the hearty appetite with which these unwonted edibles were discussed by Robin Oig M'Combich. The Squire himself, lighting his pipe, compounded between his patrician dignity and his love of agricultural gossip, by walking up and down while he conversed with his guest.

"I passed another drove," said the Squire, "with one of your countrymen behind them—they were something less beasts than your drove, doddies most of them—a big man was with them—none of your kilts though, but a decent pair of breeches—D'ye know who he may be?"

"Hout ay—that might, could, and would pe Hughie Morrison—I didna think he could hae been sae weel up. He has made a day on us; put his Argyleshires will have wearied shanks. How far was he behind?"

"I think about six or seven miles," answered the Squire, "for I passed them at the Christenbury Cragg, and I overtook you at the Hollan Bush. If his beasts be leg-weary, he will be maybe selling bargains."

"Na, na, Hughie Morrison is no the man for par-gains—ye maun come to some Highland body like Robin Oig hersell for the like of these—put I maun pe wishing you goot night, and twenty of them let alane ane, and I maun down to the Clachan to see if the lad Henry Waakfelt is out of his humdudgeons yet."

The party at the alehouse were still in full talk, and the treachery of Robin Oig still the theme of conversation, when the supposed culprit entered the apartment. His arrival, as usually happens in such a case, put an instant stop to the discussion of which he had furnished the subject, and he was received by the company assembled with that chilling silence, which, more than a thousand exclamations, tells an intruder that he is unwelcome. Surprised and offended, but not appalled by the reception which he experienced, Robin entered with an undaunted and even a haughty air, attempted no greeting as he saw he was received with none, and placed himself by the side of the fire, a little apart from a table, at which Harry Wakefield, the bailiff, and two or three other persons, were seated. The ample Cumbrian kitchen would have afforded plenty of room even for a larger separation.

Robin, thus seated, proceeded to light his pipe, and call for a pint of twopenny.

"We have no twopence ale," answered Ralph Heskitt the landlord; "but as thou find'st thy own tobacco, it's like thou mayst find thy own liquor too—it's the wont of thy country, I wot."

"Shame, goodman," said the landlady, a blithe

bustling housewife, hastening herself to supply the guest with liquor—"Thou knowest well enow what the strange man wants, and it's thy trade to be civil, man. Thou shouldst know, that if the Scot likes a small pot, he pays a sure penny."

Without taking any notice of this nuptial dialogue, the Highlander took the flagon in his hand, and addressing the company generally, drank the interesting toast of "Good markets," to the party assembled.

"The better that the wind blew fewer dealers from the north," said one of the farmers, "and fewer Highland runts to eat up the English meadows."

"Saul of my pody, put you are wrang there, my friend," answered Robin, with composure; "it is your fat Englishmen that eat up our Scots cattle, puir things."

"I wish there was a summat to eat up their drovers," said another; "a plain Englishman canna make bread within a kenning of them."

"Or an honest servant keep his master's favour, but they will come sliding in between him and the sunshine," said the bailiff.

"If these pe jokes," said Robin Oig, with the same composure, "there is ower mony jokes upon one man."

"It is no joke, but downright earnest," said the bailiff. "Harkye, Mr Robin Ogg, or whatever is your name, it's right we should tell you that we are all of one opinion, and that is, that you, Mr Robin Ogg, have behaved to our friend Mr Harry Wakefield here, like a raff and a blackguard."

"Nae doubt, nae doubt," answered Robin, with great composure; "and you are a set of very feeling judges, for whose prains or pehaviour I wad not gie a pinch of sneeshing. If Mr Harry Waakfelt kens where he is wranged, he kens where he may be righted."

"He speaks truth," said Wakefield, who had listened to what passed, divided between the offence which he had taken at Robin's late behaviour, and the revival of his habitual habits of friendship.

He now rose, and went towards Robin, who got up from his seat as he approached, and held out his hand.

"That's right, Harry—go it—serve him out," resounded on all sides—"tip him the nailer—show him the mill."

"Hold your peace all of you, and be —," said Wakefield; and then addressing his comrade, he took him by the extended hand, with something alike of respect and defiance. "Robin," he said, "thou hast used me ill enough this day; but if you mean, like a frank fellow, to shake hands, and take a tussle for love on the sod, why I'll forgive thee, man, and we shall be better friends than ever."

"And would it not pe petter to be cood friends without more of the matter?" said Robin; "we will pe much petter friendships with our panes hale than proken."

Harry Wakefield dropped the hand of his friend, or rather threw it from him.

"I did not think I had been keeping company for three years with a coward."

"Coward pelongs to none of my name," said Robin, whose eyes began to kindle, but keeping the command of his temper. "It was no coward's legs or hands, Harry Waakfelt, that drew you out of

the fords of Frew, when you was drifting ower the plack rock, and every eel in the river expected his share of you."

"And that is true enough, too," said the Englishman, struck by the appeal.

"Adzooks!" exclaimed the bailiff—"sure Harry Wakefield, the nattiest lad at Whitson Tryste, Wooler Fair, Carlisle Sands, or Stagshaw Bank, is not going to show white feather? Ah, this comes of living so long with kilts and bonnets—men forget the use of their daddles."

"I may teach you, Master Fleecebumpkin, that I have not lost the use of mine," said Wakefield, and then went on. "This will never do, Robin. We must have a turn-up, or we shall be the talk of the country side. I'll be d——d if I hurt thee—I'll put on the gloves gin thou like. Come, stand forward like a man."

"To pe peaten like a dog," said Robin; "is there any reason in that? If you think I have done you wrong, I'll go before your shudge, though I neither know his law nor his language."

A general cry, of "No no—no law, no lawyer! a bellyful and be friends," was echoed by the bystanders.

"But," continued Robin, "if I am to fight, I have no skill to fight like a jackanapes, with hands and nails."

"How would you fight, then?" said his antagonist; "though I am thinking it would be hard to bring you to the scratch any how."

"I would fight with broadswords, and sink point on the first plood drawn—like a gentlemans."

A loud shout of laughter followed the proposal, which indeed had rather escaped from poor Robin's swelling heart, than been the dictates of his sober judgment.

"Gentleman, quotha!" was echoed on all sides, with a shout of unextinguishable laughter; "a very pretty gentleman, God wot—Canst get two swords for the gentleman to fight with, Ralph Heskett?"

"No, but I can send to the armoury at Carlisle; and lend them two forks, to be making shift with in the meantime."

"Tush, man," said another, "the bonny Scots come into the world with the blue bonnet on their heads, and dirk and pistol at their belt."

"Best send post," said Mr Fleecebumpkin, "to the Squire of Corby Castle, to come and stand second to the gentleman."

In the midst of this torrent of general ridicule, the Highlander instinctively griped beneath the folds of his plaid.

"But it's better not," he said in his own language. "A hundred curses on the swine-eaters, who know neither decency nor civility!"

"Make room, the pack of you," he said, advancing to the door.

But his former friend interposed his sturdy bulk, and opposed his leaving the house; and when Robin Oig attempted to make his way by force, he hit him down on the floor, with as much ease as a boy bowls down a nine-pin.

"A ring, a ring!" was now shouted, until the dark rafters, and the hams that hung on them, trembled again, and the very platters on the *bink* clattered

against each other. "Well done, Harry"—"Give it him home, Harry"—"Take care of him now—he sees his own blood!"

Such were the exclamations, while the Highlander, starting from the ground, all his coldness and caution lost in frantic rage, sprung at his antagonist with the fury, the activity, and the vindictive purpose, of an incensed tiger-cat. But when could rage encounter science and temper? Robin Oig again went down in the unequal contest; and as the blow was necessarily a severe one, he lay motionless on the floor of the kitchen. The landlady ran to offer some aid, but Mr Fleecebumpkin would not permit her to approach.

"Let him alone," he said, "he will come to within time, and come up to the scratch again. He has not got half his broth yet."

"He has got all I mean to give him, though," said his antagonist, whose heart began to relent towards his old associate; "and I would rather by half give the rest to yourself, Mr Fleecebumpkin, for you pretend to know a thing or two, and Robin had not art enough even to peel before setting to, but fought with his plaid dangling about him.—Stand up, Robin, my man! all friends now; and let me hear the man that will speak a word against you, or your country, for your sake."

Robin Oig was still under the dominion of his passion, and eager to renew the onset; but being withheld on the one side by the peace-making Dame Heskett, and on the other, aware that Wakefield no longer meant to renew the combat, his fury sunk into gloomy sullenness.

"Come, come, never grudge so much at it, man," said the brave-spirited Englishman, with the placability of his country, "shake hands, and we will be better friends than ever."

"Friends!" exclaimed Robin Oig with strong emphasis—"Friends!—Never. Look to yourself, Harry Waakfelt."

"Then the curse of Cromwell on your proud Scots stomach, as the man says in the play, and you may do your worst, and be d—; for one man can say nothing more to another after a tussle, than that he is sorry for it."

On these terms the friends parted; Robin Oig drew out, in silence, a piece of money, threw it on the table, and then left the alehouse. But turning at the door, he shook his hand at Wakefield, pointing with his fore-fingers upwards, in a manner which might imply either a threat or a caution. He then disappeared in the moonlight.

Some words passed after his departure, between the bailiff, who piqued himself on being a little of a bully, and Harry Wakefield, who, with generous inconsistency, was now not indisposed to begin a new combat in defence of Robin Oig's reputation, "although he could not use his daddles like an Englishman, as it did not come natural to him." But Dame Heskett prevented this second quarrel from coming to a head by her peremptory interference. "There should be no more fighting in her house," she said; "there had been too much already.—And you, Mr Wakefield, may live to learn," she added, "what it is to make a deadly enemy out of a good friend."

"Pshaw, dame! Robin Oig is an honest fellow, and will never keep malice."

"Do not trust to that—you do not know the dour temper of the Scotch, though you have dealt with them so often. I have a right to know them, my mother being a Scot."

"And so is well seen on her daughter," said Ralph Heskett.

This nuptial sarcasm gave the discourse another turn; fresh customers entered the taproom or kitchen, and others left it. The conversation turned on the expected markets, and the report of prices from different parts both of Scotland and England—treaties were commenced, and Harry Wakefield was lucky enough to find a chap for a part of his drove, and at a very considerable profit; an event of consequence more than sufficient to blot out all remembrances of the unpleasant scuffle in the earlier part of the day. But there remained one party from whose mind that recollection could not have been wiped away by possession of every head of cattle betwixt Esk and Eden.

This was Robin Oig M'Combich.—"That I should have had no weapon," he said, "and for the first time in my life!—Blighted be the tongue that bids the Highlander part with the dirk—the dirk—ha! the English blood!—My Muhme's word—when did her word fall to the ground?"

The recollection of the fatal prophecy confirmed the deadly intention which instantly sprang up in his mind.

"Ha! Morrison cannot be many miles behind; and if it were an hundred, what then?"

His impetuous spirit had now a fixed purpose and motive of action, and he turned the light foot of his country towards the wilds, through which he knew, by Mr Ireby's report, that Morrison was advancing. His mind was wholly engrossed by the sense of injury—injury sustained from a friend; and by the desire of vengeance on one whom he now accounted his most bitter enemy. The treasured ideas of self-importance and self-opinion—of ideal birth and quality, had become more precious to him (like the hoard to the miser), because he could only enjoy them in secret. But that hoard was pillaged, the idols which he had secretly worshipped had been desecrated and profaned. Insulted, abused, and beaten, he was no longer worthy; in his own opinion, of the name he bore, or the lineage which he belonged to—nothing was left to him—nothing but revenge; and, as the reflection added a galling spur to every step, he determined it should be as sudden and signal as the offence.

When Robin Oig left the door of the alehouse, seven or eight English miles at least lay betwixt Morrison and him. The advance of the former was slow, limited by the sluggish pace of his cattle; the last left behind him stubble-field and hedge-row, crag and dark heath, all glittering with frost-rhime in the broad November moonlight, at the rate of six miles an hour. And now the distant lowing of Morrison's cattle is heard; and now they are seen creeping like moles in size and slowness of motion on the broad face of the moor; and now he meets them—passes them, and stops their conductor.

"May good betide us," said the Southlander—"Is this you, Robin M'Combich, or your wraith?"

"It is Robin Oig M'Combich," answered the Highlander, "and it is not.—But never mind that, put pe giving me the skene-dhu."

"What! you are for back to the Highlands—The devil!—Have you selt all off before the fair? This beats all for quick markets."

"I have not sold—I am not going north—May pe I will never go north again.—Give me pack my dirk, Hugh Morrison, or there will pe words between us."

"Indeed, Robin, I'll be better advised or I gie it back to you—it is a wanchancy weapon in a Highlandman's hand, and I am thinking you will be about some barns-breaking."

"Pruitt! trutt! let me have my weapon," said Robin Oig, impatiently.

"Hooly and fairly," said his well-meaning friend.

"I'll tell you what will do better than these dirking doings—Ye ken Highlander and Lowlander, and Border-men, are a' ae man's bairns when you are over the Scots dyke. See, the Eskdale callants, and fighting Charlie of Liddesdale, and the Lockerby lads, and the four Dandies of Lustruther, and a wheen mair gray plaids, are coming up behind; and if you are wranged, there is the hand of a manly Morrison, we'll see you righted, if Carlisle and Stanwix baith took up the feud."

"To tell you the truth," said Robin Oig, desirous of eluding the suspicions of his friend, "I have enlisted with a party of the Black Watch, and must march off to-morrow morning."

"Enlisted! Were you mad or drunk?—You must buy yourself off—I can lend you twenty notes, and twenty to that, if the drove sell."

"I thank you—thank ye, Hughie; but I go with good will the gate that I am going,—so the dirk—the dirk!"

"There it is for you then, since less wunna serve. But think on what I was saying.—Wae's me, it will be sair news in the braes of Balquidder, that Robin Oig M'Combich should have run an ill gate, and ta'en on."

"Ill news in Balquidder, indeed!" echoed poor Robin; "put Cot speed you, Hughie, and send you good mareats. Ye winna meet with Robin Oig again either at tryste or fair."

So saying, he shook hastily the hand of his acquaintance, and set out in the direction from which he had advanced, with the spirit of his former pace.

"There is something wrang with the lad," muttered the Morrison to himself; "but we will may be see better into it the morn's morning."

But long ere the morning dawned, the catastrophe of our tale had taken place. It was two hours after the affray had happened, and it was totally forgotten by almost every one, when Robin Oig returned to Heskett's inn. The place was filled at once by various sorts of men, and with noises corresponding to their character. There were the grave, low sounds of men engaged in busy traffic, with the laugh, the song, and the riotous jest of those who had nothing to do but to enjoy themselves. Among the last was Harry Wakefield, who, amidst a grinning group of smock-frocks, hobnailed shoes, and jolly English physiognomies, was troling forth the old ditty,

"What though my name be Roger,
Who drives the plough and cart—"

when he was interrupted by a well known voice, saying in a high and stern voice, marked by the sharp Highland accent, "Harry Waakfelt—if you be a man, stand up!"

"What is the matter?—what is it?" the guests demanded of each other.

"It is only a d—d Scotsman," said Fleecebumpkin, who was by this time very drunk, "whom Harry Wakefield helped to his broth to-day, who is now come to have *his cauld kail* het again."

"Harry Waakfelt," repeated the same ominous summons, "stand up, if you be a man!"

There is something in the tone of deep and concentrated passion, which attracts attention and imposes awe, even by the very sound. The guests shrunk back on every side, and gazed at the Highlander, as he stood in the middle of them, his brows bent, and his features rigid with resolution.

"I will stand up with all my heart, Robin, my boy, but it shall be to shake hands with you, and drink down all unkindness. It is not the fault of your heart, man, that you do not know how to clench your hands."

By this time he stood opposite to his antagonist; his open and unsuspecting look strangely contrasted with the stern purpose, which gleamed wild, dark, and vindictive in the eyes of the Highlander.

"'Tis not thy fault, man, that, not having the luck to be an Englishman, thou canst not fight more than a school-girl."

"I *can* fight," answered Robin Oig sternly, but calmly, "and you shall know it. You, Harry Waakfelt, showed me to-day how the Saxon churls fight—I show you now how the Highland Dunnie-wassel fights."

He seconded the word with the action, and plunged the dagger, which he suddenly displayed, into the broad breast of the English yeoman, with such fatal certainty and force, that the hilt made a hollow sound against the breast-bone, and the double-edged point split the very heart of his victim. Harry Wakefield fell, and expired with a single groan. His assassin next seized the bailiff by the collar, and offered the bloody poniard to his throat, whilst dread and surprise rendered the man incapable of defence.

"It were very just to lay you beside him," he said, "but the blood of a base pick-thank shall never mix on my father's dirk with that of a brave man."

As he spoke, he cast the man from him with so much force that he fell on the floor, while Robin, with his other hand, threw the fatal weapon into the blazing turf-fire.

"There," he said, "take me who likes—and let fire cleanse blood, if it can."

The pause of astonishment still continuing, Robin Oig asked for a peace-officer, and a constable having stepped out, he surrendered himself to his custody.

"A bloody night's work you have made of it," said the constable.

"Your own fault," said the Highlander. "Had you kept his hands off me twa hours since, he would have been now as well and merry as he was twa minutes since."

"It must be sorely answered," said the peace-officer.

"Never you mind that—death pays all debts; it will pay that too."

The horror of the bystanders began now to give way to indignation; and the sight of a favourite companion murdered in the midst of them, the provocation being, in their opinion, so utterly inadequate to the excess of vengeance, might have induced them to kill the perpetrator of the deed even upon the very spot. The constable, however, did his duty on this occasion, and with the assistance of some of the more reasonable persons present, procured horses to guard the prisoner to Carlisle, to abide his doom at the next assizes. While the escort was preparing, the prisoner neither expressed the least interest, nor attempted the slightest reply. Only, before he was carried from the fatal apartment, he desired to look at the dead body, which, raised from the floor, had been deposited upon the large table (at the head of which Harry Wakefield had presided but a few minutes before, full of life, vigour, and animation), until the surgeons should examine the mortal wound. The face of the corpse was decently covered with a napkin. To the surprise and horror of the bystanders, which displayed itself in a general *Ah!* drawn through clenched teeth and half-shut lips, Robin Oig removed the cloth and gazed with a mournful but steady eye on the lifeless visage, which had been so lately animated, that the smile of good humoured confidence in his own strength, of conciliation at once, and contempt towards his enemy, still curled his lip. While those present expected that the wound, which had so lately flooded the apartment with gore, would send forth fresh streams at the touch of the homicide, Robin Oig replaced the covering, with the brief exclamation—"He was a pretty man!"

My story is nearly ended. The unfortunate Highlander stood his trial at Carlisle. I was myself present, and, as a young Scottish lawyer, or barrister at least, and reputed a man of some quality, the politeness of the Sheriff of Cumberland offered me a place on the bench. The facts of the case were proved in the manner I have related them; and whatever might be at first the prejudice of the audience against a crime so un-English as that of assassination from revenge, yet when the rooted national prejudices of the prisoner had been explained, which made him consider himself as stained with indelible dishonour, when subjected to personal violence; when his previous patience, moderation, and endurance, were considered, the generosity of the English audience was inclined to regard his crime as the wayward aberration of a false idea of honour, rather than as flowing from a heart naturally savage, or perverted by habitual vice. I shall never forget the charge of the venerable judge to the jury, although not at that time liable to be much affected either by that which was eloquent or pathetic.

"We have had," he said, "in the previous part of our duty (alluding to some former trials), to discuss crimes which infer disgust and abhorrence, while they call down the well merited vengeance of the law. It is now our still more melancholy duty to apply its salutary though severe enactments to a case of a very singular character, in which the crime (for

a crime it is, and a deep one) arose less out of the malevolence of the heart, than the error of the understanding—less from any idea of committing wrong, than from an unhappily perverted notion of that which is right. Here we have two men, highly esteemed, it has been stated, in their rank of life, and attached, it seems, to each other as friends, one of whose lives has been already sacrificed to a punctilio, and the other is about to prove the vengeance of the offended laws; and yet both may claim our commiseration at least, as men acting in ignorance of each other's national prejudices, and unhappily misguided rather than voluntarily erring from the path of right conduct.

"In the original cause of the misunderstanding, we must in justice give the right to the prisoner at the bar. He had acquired possession of the inclosure, which was the object of competition, by a legal contract with the proprietor, Mr Ireby; and yet, when accosted with reproaches undeserved in themselves, and galling doubtless to a temper at least sufficiently susceptible of passion, he offered notwithstanding to yield up half his acquisition for the sake of peace and good neighbourhood, and his amicable proposal was rejected with scorn. Then follows the scene at Mr Heskett the publican's, and you will observe how the stranger was treated by the deceased, and I am sorry to observe, by those around, who seem to have urged him in a manner which was aggravating in the highest degree. While he asked for peace and for composition, and offered submission to a magistrate, or to a mutual arbiter, the prisoner was insulted by a whole company, who seem on this occasion to have forgotten the national maxim of 'fair play;' and while attempting to escape from the place in peace, he was intercepted, struck down, and beaten to the effusion of his blood.

"Gentlemen of the jury, it was with some impatience that I heard my learned brother, who opened the case for the crown, give an unfavourable turn to the prisoner's conduct on this occasion. He said the prisoner was afraid to encounter his antagonist in fair fight, or to submit to the laws of the ring; and that therefore, like a cowardly Italian, he had recourse to his fatal stiletto, to murder the man whom he dared not meet in manly encounter. I observed the prisoner shrink from this part of the accusation with the abhorrence natural to a brave man; and as I would wish to make my words impressive, when I paint his real crime, I must secure his opinion of my impartiality, by rebutting everything that seems to me a false accusation. There can be no doubt that the prisoner is a man of resolution—too much resolution—I wish to Heaven that he had less, or rather that he had had a better education to regulate it.

"Gentlemen, as to the laws my brother talks of, they may be known in the bull-ring, or the bear-garden, or the cock-pit, but they are not known here. Or, if they should be so far admitted as furnishing a species of proof, that no malice was intended in this sort of combat, from which fatal accidents do sometimes arise, it can only be so admitted when both parties are *in pari casu*, equally acquainted with and equally willing to refer themselves to that species

of arbitrement. But will it be contended that a man of superior rank and education is to be subjected, or is obliged to subject himself, to this coarse and brutal strife, perhaps in opposition to a younger, stronger, or more skilful opponent? Certainly, even the pugilistic code, if founded upon the fair play of Merry Old England, as my brother alleges it to be, can contain nothing so preposterous. And, gentlemen of the jury, if the laws would support an English gentleman, wearing, we will suppose, his sword, in defending himself by force against a violent personal aggression of the nature offered to this prisoner, they will not less protect a foreigner and a stranger, involved in the same unpleasing circumstances. If, therefore, gentlemen of the jury, when thus pressed by a *vis major*, the object of obloquy to a whole company, and of direct violence from one at least, and as he might reasonably apprehend, from more, the panel had produced the weapon, which his countrymen, as we are informed, generally carry about their persons, and the same unhappy circumstance had ensued, which you have heard detailed in evidence, I could not in my conscience have asked from you a verdict of murder. The prisoner's personal defence might, indeed, even in that case, have gone more or less beyond the boundary of the *Moderamen inculpatæ tutelæ*, spoken of by lawyers, but the punishment incurred would have been that of manslaughter, not of murder. I beg leave to add, that I should have thought this milder species of charge was demanded in the case supposed, notwithstanding the statute of James I, cap. 8, which takes the case of slaughter by stabbing with a short weapon, even without malice prepense, out of the benefit of clergy. For this statute of stabbing, as it is termed, arose out of a temporary cause; and as the real guilt is the same, whether the slaughter be committed by the dagger, or by sword or pistol, the benignity of the modern law places them all on the same, or nearly the same footing.

"But, gentlemen of the jury, the pinch of the case lies in the interval of two hours interposed betwixt the reception of the injury and the fatal retaliation. In the heat of affray and *chaude mêlée*, law, compassionating the infirmities of humanity, makes allowance for the passions which rule such a stormy moment—for the sense of present pain, for the apprehension of further injury, for the difficulty of ascertaining with due accuracy the precise degree of violence which is necessary to protect the person of the individual, without annoying or injuring the assailant more than is absolutely necessary. But the time necessary to walk twelve miles, however speedily performed, was an interval sufficient for the prisoner to have recollected himself; and the violence with which he carried his purpose into effect, with so many circumstances of deliberate determination, could neither be induced by the passion of anger, nor that of fear. It was the purpose and the act of predetermined revenge, for which law neither can, will, nor ought to have sympathy or allowance.

"It is true, we may repeat to ourselves, in alleviation of this poor man's unhappy action, that his case is a very peculiar one. The country which he inhabits was, in the days of many now alive, inac-

cessible to the laws, not only of England, which have not even yet penetrated thither, but to those to which our neighbours of Scotland are subjected, and which must be supposed to be, and no doubt actually are, founded upon the general principles of justice and equity which pervade every civilized country. Amongst their mountains, as among the North American Indians, the various tribes were wont to make war upon each other, so that each man was obliged to go armed for his own protection, and for the offence of his neighbour. These men, from the ideas which they entertained of their own descent and of their own consequence, regarded themselves as so many cavaliers or men-at-arms, rather than as the peasantry of a peaceful country. Those laws of the ring, as my brother terms them, were unknown to the race of warlike mountaineers; that decision of quarrels by no other weapons than those which nature has given every man, must to them have seemed as vulgar and as preposterous as to the Noblesse of France. Revenge, on the other hand, must have been as familiar to their habits of society as to those of the Cherokees or Mohawks. It is, indeed, as described by Bacon, at bottom a kind of wild untutored justice; for the fear of retaliation must withhold the hands of the oppressor where there is no regular law to check daring violence. But though all this may be granted, and though we may allow that, such having been the case of the Highlands in the days of the prisoner's fathers, many of the opinions and sentiments must still continue to influence the present generation, it cannot, and ought not, even in this most painful case, to alter the administration of the law, either in your hands, gentlemen of the jury, or in mine. The first object of civilization is to place the general protection of the law, equally administered, in the room of that wild justice, which every man cut and carved for himself, according to the length of his sword and the strength of his arm. The law says to the subjects, with a voice only inferior to that of the Deity, 'Vengeance is mine.' The instant that there is time for passion to cool, and reason to interpose, an injured party must become aware, that the law assumes the exclusive cognizance of the right and wrong betwixt the parties, and opposes her inviolable buckler to every attempt of the private party to right himself. I repeat, that this unhappy man ought personally to be the object rather of our pity than our abhorrence, for he failed in his ignorance, and from mistaken notions of honour. But his crime is not the less that of murder, gentlemen, and, in your high and important office, it is your duty so to find. Englishmen have their angry passions as well as Scots; and should this man's action remain unpunished, you may unsheath, under various pretences, a thousand daggers betwixt the Land's-end and the Orkneys."

The venerable judge thus ended what, to judge by his apparent emotion, and by the tears which filled his eyes, was really a painful task. The jury, according to his instructions, brought in a verdict of Guilty; and Robin Oig M'Combich, *alias* M'Gregor, was sentenced to death, and left for execution, which took place accordingly. He met his fate with great firmness, and acknowledged the justice of his

sentence. But he repelled indignantly the observations of those who accused him of attacking an unarmed man. "I give a life for the life I took," he said, "and what can I do more?"

CHAPTER XV.

Indite, my muse, indite,
Subpoena'd is thy lyre,
The praises to requite
Which rules of court require.
Probationary Odes.

THE concluding a literary undertaking, in whole or in part, is, to the inexperienced at least, attended with an irritating titillation, like that which attends on the healing of a wound—a prurient impatience, in short, to know what the world in general, and friends in particular, will say to our labours. Some authors, I am told, profess an oyster-like indifference upon this subject; for my own part, I hardly believe in their sincerity. Others may acquire it from habit; in my poor opinion, a neophyte like myself must be for a long time incapable of such *sang froid*.

Frankly, I was ashamed to feel how childish I felt on the occasion. No person could have said prettier things than myself upon the importance of stoicism concerning the opinion of others, when their applause or censure refers to literary character only; and I had determined to lay my work before the public, with the same unconcern with which the ostrich lays her eggs in the sand, giving herself no farther trouble concerning the incubation, but leaving to the atmosphere to bring forth the young, or otherwise, as the climate shall serve. But though an ostrich in theory, I became in practice a poor hen, who has no sooner made her deposit but she runs cackling about to call the attention of every one to the wonderful work which she has performed.

As soon as I became possessed of my first volume, neatly stitched up and boarded, my sense of the necessity of communicating with some one became ungovernable. Janet was inexorable, and seemed already to have tired of my literary confidence; for whenever I drew near the subject, after evading it as long as she could, she made, under some pretext or other, a bodily retreat to the kitchen or the cockloft, her own peculiar and inviolate domains. My publisher would have been a natural resource; but he understands his business too well, and follows it too closely, to desire to enter into literary discussions, wisely considering, that he who has to sell books has seldom leisure to read them. Then my acquaintance, now that I have lost Mrs Bethune Baliol, are of that distant and accidental kind, to whom I had not face enough to communicate the nature of my uneasiness, and who probably would only have laughed at me had I made any attempt to interest them in my labours.

Reduced thus to a sort of despair, I thought of my friend and man of business, Mr Fairscribe. His habits, it was true, were not likely to render him indulgent to light literature, and indeed, I had more than once noticed his daughters, and especially my little songstress, whip into her reticule what looked very like a circulating library volume, as soon as her father entered the room. Still, he was not only my assured, but almost my only friend, and I

had little doubt that he would take an interest in the volume for the sake of the author, which the work itself might fail to inspire. I sent him, therefore, the book, carefully sealed up, with an intimation that I requested the favour of his opinion upon the contents, of which I affected to talk in the depreciatory style, which calls for point-blank contradiction, if your correspondent possess a grain of civility.

This communication took place on a Monday, and I daily expected (what I was ashamed to anticipate by volunteering my presence, however sure of a welcome) an invitation to eat an egg, as was my friend's favourite phrase, or a card to drink tea with Misses Fairscribe, or a provocation to breakfast, at least, with my hospitable friend and benefactor, and to talk over the contents of my inclosure. But the hours and days passed on from Monday till Saturday, and I had no acknowledgment whatever that my packet had reached its destination. "This is very unlike my good friend's punctuality," thought I; and having again and again vexed James, my male attendant, by a close examination concerning the time, place, and delivery, I had only to strain my imagination to conceive reasons for my friend's silence. Sometimes I thought that his opinion of the work had proved so unfavourable, that he was averse to hurt my feelings by communicating it—sometimes, that, escaping his hands to whom it was destined, it had found its way into his writing-chamber, and was become the subject of criticism to his smart clerks and conceited apprentices. "Sdeath!" thought I, "if I were sure of this, I would——"

"And what would you do?" said Reason, after a few moments' reflection. "You are ambitious of introducing your book into every writing and reading-chamber in Edinburgh, and yet you take fire at the thoughts of its being criticized by Mr Fairscribe's young people? Be a little consistent, for shame."

"I will be consistent," said I, doggedly; "but, for all that, I will call on Mr Fairscribe this evening."

I hastened my dinner, donn'd my great-coat (for the evening threatened rain), and went to Mr Fairscribe's house. The old domestic opened the door cautiously, and before I asked the question, said, "Mr Fairscribe is at home, sir; but it is Sunday night." Recognizing, however, my face and voice, he opened the door wider, admitted me, and conducted me to the parlour, where I found Mr Fairscribe and the rest of his family engaged in listening to a sermon by the late Mr Walker of Edinburgh, which was read by Miss Catherine with unusual distinctness, simplicity, and judgment. Welcomed as a friend of the house, I had nothing for it but to take my seat quietly, and, making a virtue of necessity, endeavour to derive my share of the benefit arising from an excellent sermon. But I am afraid Mr Walker's force of logic and precision of expression were somewhat lost upon me. I was sensible I had chosen an improper time to disturb Mr Fairscribe, and when the discourse was ended, I rose to take my leave, somewhat hastily, I believe. "A cup of tea, Mr Croftangry?" said the young lady. "You will wait and take part of a presbyterian supper," said Mr Fairscribe. "Nine o'clock—I make it a point of keeping

my father's hours on Sunday at e'en. Perhaps Dr —— (naming an excellent clergyman) may look in."

I made my apology for declining his invitation, and I fancy my unexpected appearance, and hasty retreat, had rather surprised my friend, since, instead of accompanying me to the door, he conducted me into his own apartment.

"What is the matter," he said, "Mr Croftangry? This is not a night for secular business, but if any thing sudden or extraordinary has happened——"

"Nothing in the world," said I, forcing myself upon confession, as the best way of clearing myself out of the scrape,—“only—only I sent you a little parcel, and as you are so regular in acknowledging letters and communications, I—I thought it might have miscarried—that's all."

My friend laughed heartily, as if he saw into and enjoyed my motives and my confusion. "Safe?—it came safe enough," he said. "The wind of the world always blows its vanities into haven. But this is the end of the session, when I have little time to read any thing printed except Inner-House papers; yet if you will take your kail with us next Saturday, I will glance over your work, though I am sure I am no competent judge of such matters."

With this promise I was fain to take my leave, not without half persuading myself that if once the phlegmatic lawyer began my lucubrations, he would not be able to rise from them till he had finished the perusal, nor to endure an interval betwixt his reading the last page, and requesting an interview with the author.

No such marks of impatience displayed themselves. Time, blunt or keen, as my friend Joanna says, swift or leisurely, held his course; and on the appointed Saturday, I was at the door precisely as it struck four. The dinner hour, indeed, was five punctually; but what did I know but my friend might want half an hour's conversation with me before that time? I was ushered into an empty drawing-room, and, from a needle-book and work-basket, hastily abandoned, I had some reason to think I interrupted my little friend Miss Katie in some domestic labour more praise-worthy than elegant. In this critical age, filial piety must hide herself in a closet, if she has a mind to darn her father's linen.

Shortly after, I was the more fully convinced that I had been too early an intruder, when a wench came to fetch away the basket, and recommend to my courtesies a red and green gentleman in a cage, who answered all my advances by croaking out, "You're a fool—you're a fool, I tell you!" until, upon my word, I began to think the creature was in the right. At last my friend arrived, a little overheated. He had been taking a turn at golf, to prepare him for "colloquy sublime." And wherefore not? since the game, with its variety of odds, lengths, bunkers, tee'd balls, and so on, may be no inadequate representation of the hazards attending literary pursuits. In particular, those formidable buffets, which make one ball spin through the air like a rifle shot, and strike another down into the very earth it is placed upon, by the maladroitness or the malicious purpose of the player,—what are they but parallels to the favourable or depreciating notices of the reviewers, who play at golf with the publications of the season,

even as Altisidora, in her approach to the gates of the infernal regions, saw the devils playing at racket with the new books of Cervantes' days.

Well, every hour has its end. Five o'clock came, and my friend, with his daughters, and his handsome young son, who, though fairly buckled to the desk, is every now and then looking over his shoulder at a smart uniform, set seriously about satisfying the corporeal wants of nature; while I, stimulated by a nobler appetite after fame, wished that the touch of a magic wand could, without all the ceremony of picking and chusing, carving and slicing, masticating and swallowing, have transported a *quantum sufficit* of the good things on my friend's hospitable board, into the stomachs of those who surrounded it, to be there at leisure converted into chyle, while their thoughts were turned on higher matters. At length all was over. But the young ladies sat still, and talked of the music of the Freischutz, for nothing else was then thought of; so we discussed the wild hunters' song, and the tame hunters' song, etc., etc., in all which, my young friends were quite at home. Luckily for me, all this horning and hooping drew on some allusion to the Seventh Hussars, which gallant regiment, I observe, is a more favourite theme with both Miss Catherine and her brother than with my old friend, who presently looked at his watch, and said something significantly to Mr James about office-hours. The youth got up with the ease of a youngster that would be thought a man of fashion rather than of business, and endeavoured, with some success, to walk out of the room, as if the locomotion was entirely voluntary; Miss Catherine and her sisters left us at the same time, and now, thought I, my trial comes on.

Reader, did you ever, in the course of your life, cheat the courts of justice and lawyers, by agreeing to refer a dubious and important question to the decision of a mutual friend? If so, you may have remarked the relative change which the arbiter undergoes in your estimation, when raised, though by your own free choice, from an ordinary acquaintance, whose opinions were of as little consequence to you as yours to him, into a superior personage, on whose decision your fate must depend *pro tanto*, as my friend Mr Fairscribe would say. His looks assume a mysterious, if not a minatory expression; his hat has a loftier air, and his wig, if he wears one, a more formidable buckle.

I felt, accordingly, that my good friend Fairscribe, on the present occasion, had acquired something of a similar increase of consequence. But a week since, he had, in my opinion, been indeed an excellent-meaning man, perfectly competent to every thing within his own profession, but immured at the same time among its forms and technicalities, and as incapable of judging of matters of taste as any mighty Goth whatsoever, of or belonging to the ancient Senate House of Scotland. But what of that? I had made him my judge by my own election; and I have often observed that an idea of declining such a reference, on account of his own consciousness of incompetency, is, as it perhaps ought to be, the last which occurs to the referee himself. He that has a literary work subjected to his judgment by the author, immediately throws his mind into a critical

attitude, though the subject be one which he never before thought of. No doubt the author is well qualified to select his own judge, and why should the arbiter whom he has chosen doubt his own talents for condemnation or acquittal, since he has been doubtless picked out by his friend, from his indubitable reliance on their competence?—Surely, the man who wrote the production is likely to know the person best qualified to judge of it.

Whilst these thoughts crossed my brain, I kept my eyes fixed on my good friend, whose motions appeared unusually tardy to me, while he ordered a bottle of particular claret, decanted it with scrupulous accuracy with his own hand, caused his old domestic to bring a saucer of olives and chips of toasted bread, and thus, on hospitable thoughts intent, seemed to me to adjourn the discussion which I longed to bring on, yet feared to precipitate.

"He is dissatisfied," thought I, "and is ashamed to show it, afraid doubtless of hurting my feelings. What had I to do to talk to him about any thing save charters and sasines?—Stay, he is going to begin."

"We are old fellows now, Mr Croftangry," said my landlord, "scarcely so fit to take a poor quart of claret between us, as we would have been in better days to take a pint, in the old Scottish liberal acceptation of the phrase. Maybe you would have liked me to have kept James to help us. But if it is not on a holiday or so, I think it is best he should observe office hours."

Here the discourse was about to fall. I relieved it by saying, Mr James was at the happy time of life, when he had better things to do than to sit over the bottle. "I suppose," said I, "your son is a reader?"

"Um—yes—James may be called a reader in a sense; but I doubt there is little solid in his studies—poetry and plays, Mr Croftangry, all nonsense—they set his head a-gadding after the army, when he should be minding his business."

"I suppose, then, that romances do not find much more grace in your eyes than dramatic and poetical compositions?"

"Deil a bit, deil a bit, Mr Croftangry, nor historical productions either. There is too much fighting in history, as if men only were brought into this world to send one another out of it. It nourishes false notions of our being, and chief and proper end, Mr Croftangry."

Still all this was general, and I became determined to bring our discourse to a focus. "I am afraid, then, I have done very ill to trouble you with my idle manuscripts, Mr Fairscribe; but you must do me the justice to remember, that I had nothing better to do than to amuse myself by writing the sheets I put into your hands the other day. I may truly plead—

I left no calling for this idle trade.

"I cry your mercy, Mr Croftangry," said my old friend, suddenly recollecting—"yes, yes, I have been very rude; but I had forgotten entirely that you had taken a spell yourself at that idle-man's trade."

"I suppose," replied I, "you, on your side, have been too busy a man to look at my poor Chronicles?"

"No, no," said my friend, "I am not so bad as that neither. I have read them bit by bit, just as

I could get a moment's time, and I believe I shall very soon get through them."

"Well, my good friend?" said I, interrogatively.

And "Well, Mr Croftangry," cried he, "I really think you have got over the ground very tolerably well. I have noted down here two or three bits of things, which I presume to be errors of the press, otherwise it might be alleged, perhaps, that you did not fully pay that attention to the grammatical rules which one would desire to see rigidly observed."

I looked at my friend's notes, which, in fact, showed, that in one or two grossly obvious passages, I had left uncorrected such solecisms in grammar.

"Well, well, I own my fault; but, setting apart these casual errors, how do you like the matter and the manner of what I have been writing, Mr Fairscribe?"

"Why," said my friend, pausing with more grave and important hesitation than I thanked him for, "there is not much to be said against the manner. The style is terse and intelligible, Mr Croftangry, very intelligible; and that I consider as the first point in every thing that is intended to be understood. There are, indeed, here and there some flights and fancies, which I comprehend with difficulty; but I got to your meaning at last. There are people that are like ponies; their judgments cannot go fast, but they go sure."

"That is a pretty clear proposition, my friend; but then how did you like the meaning when you did get at it? or was that, like some ponies, too difficult to catch, and, when caught, not worth the trouble!"

"I am far from saying that, my dear sir, in respect it would be downright uncivil; but since you ask my opinion, I wish you could have thought about something more appertaining to civil policy, than all this bloody work about shooting, and dirking, and downright hanging. I am told it was the Germans who first brought in such a practice of choosing their heroes out of the Porteous Roll;* but, by my faith, we are like to be upsides with them. The first was, as I am credibly informed, Mr Scholar, as they call him; a scholar-like piece of work he has made of it, with his Robbers and thieves."

"Schiller," said I; "my dear sir, let it be Schiller."

"Shiller, or what you like," said Mr Fairscribe; "I found the book where I wish I had found a better one, and that is, in Kate's work-basket. I sat down, and, like an old fool, began to read; but there, I grant, you have the better of Shiller, Mr Croftangry."

"I should be glad, my dear sir, that you really think I have *approached* that admirable author; even your friendly partiality ought not to talk of my having *excelled* him."

"But I do say you have excelled him, Mr Croftangry, in a most material particular. For surely a book of amusement should be something that one can take up and lay down at pleasure; and I can say justly, I was never at the least loss to put aside these sheets of yours when business came in the way. But, faith, this Shiller, sir, does not let you off

* List of criminal indictments, so termed in Scotland.

so easily. I forgot one appointment on particular business, and I wilfully broke through another, that I might stay at home and finish his confounded book, which, after all, is about two brothers, the greatest rascals I ever heard of. The one, sir, goes near to murder his own father, and the other (which you would think still stranger) sets about to debauch his own wife."

"I find, then, Mr Fairscribe, that you have no taste for the romance of real life, no pleasure in contemplating those spirit-rousing impulses, which force men of fiery passions upon great crimes and great virtues?"

"Why, as to that, I am not just so sure. But then, to mend the matter," continued the critic, "you have brought in Highlanders into every story, as if you were going back again, *velis et remis*, into the old days of jacobitism. I must speak my plain mind, Mr Croftangry. I cannot tell what innovations in Kirk and State may be now proposed, but our fathers were friends to both, as they were settled at the glorious Revolution, and liked a tartan plaid as little as they did a white surplice. I wish to Heaven, all this tartan fever bode well to the Protestant succession and the Kirk of Scotland."

"Both too well settled, I hope, in the minds of the subject," said I, "to be affected by old remembrances, on which we look back as on the portraits of our ancestors, without recollecting, while we gaze on them, any of the feuds by which the originals were animated while alive. But most happy should I be to light upon any topic to supply the place of the Highlands, Mr Fairscribe. I have been just reflecting that the theme is becoming a little exhausted, and your experience may perhaps supply——"

"Ha, ha, ha—*my* experience supply!" interrupted Mr Fairscribe, with a laugh of derision. "Why, you might as well ask my son James's experience to supply a case about thirlage. No, no, my good friend, I have lived by the law, and in the law, all my life; and when you seek the impulses that make soldiers desert and shoot their sergeants and corporals, and Highland drovers dirk English graziers, to prove themselves men of fiery passions, it is not to a man like me you should come. I could tell you some tricks of my own trade, perhaps, and a queer story or two of estates that have been lost and recovered. But, to tell you the truth, I think you might do with your Muse of Fiction, as you call her, as many an honest man does with his own sons in flesh and blood."

"And how is that, my dear sir?"

"Send her to India, to be sure. That is the true place for a Scot to thrive in; and if you carry your story fifty years back, as there is nothing to hinder you, you will find as much shooting and stabbing there as ever was in the wild Highlands. If you want rogues, as they are so much in fashion with you, you have that gallant caste of adventurers, who laid down their consciences at the Cape of Good Hope as they went out to India, and forgot to take them up again when they returned. Then, for great exploits, you have in the old history of India, before Europeans were numerous there, the most wonderful deeds, done by the least possible means, that perhaps the annals of the world can afford."

VOL. VII.

"I know it," said I, kindling at the ideas his speech inspired. "I remember in the delightful pages of Orme, the interest which mingles in his narratives, from the very small number of English which are engaged. Each officer of a regiment becomes known to you by name, nay, the non-commissioned officers and privates acquire an individual share of interest. They are distinguished among the natives like the Spaniards among the Mexicans. What do I say? they are like Homer's demigods among the warring mortals. Men, like Clive and Caillaud, influenced great events, like Jove himself. Inferior officers are like Mars or Neptune, and the sergeants and corporals might well pass for demigods. Then the various religious costumes, habits, and manners of the people of Hindustan,—the patient Hindhu, the warlike Rajahpoot, the haughty Moslemah, the savage and vindictive Malay—Glorious and unbounded subjects! The only objection is, that I have never been there, and know nothing at all about them."

"Nonsense, my good friend. You will tell us about them all the better that you know nothing of what you are saying; and come, we'll finish the bottle, and when Katie (her sisters go to the Assembly,) has given us tea, she will tell you the outline of the story of poor Menie Gray, whose picture you will see in the drawing-room, a distant relation of my father's, who had, however, a handsome part of cousin Menie's succession. There are none living that can be hurt by the story now, though it was thought best to smother it up at the time, as indeed even the whispers about it led poor cousin Menie to live very retired. I mind her well when a child. There was something very gentle, but rather tiresome, about poor cousin Menie."

When we came into the drawing-room, my friend pointed to a picture which I had before noticed, but without, however, its having attracted more than a passing look; now I regarded it with more attention. It was one of those portraits of the middle of the eighteenth century, in which artists endeavoured to conquer the stiffness of hoops and brocades, by throwing a fancy drapery around the figure, with loose folds like a mantle or dressing-gown, the stays, however, being retained, and the bosom displayed in a manner which shows that our mothers, like their daughters, were as liberal of their charms as the nature of their dress permitted. To this, the well-known style of the period, the features and form of the individual added, at first sight, little interest. It represented a handsome woman of about thirty, her hair wound simply about her head, her features regular, and her complexion fair. But on looking more closely, especially after having had a hint that the original had been the heroine of a tale, I could observe a melancholy sweetness in the countenance, that seemed to speak of woes endured, and injuries sustained, with that resignation which women can and do sometimes display under the insults and ingratitude of those on whom they have bestowed their affections.

"Yes, she was an excellent and an ill-used woman," said Mr Fairscribe, his eye fixed like mine on the picture—"She left our family not less, I dare

say, than five thousand pounds, and I believe she died worth four times that sum; but it was divided among the nearest of kin, which was all fair."

"But her history, Mr Fairscribe," said I—"to judge from her look, it must have been a melancholy one."

"You may say that, Mr Croftangry. Melancholy enough, and extraordinary enough too—But," added he, swallowing in haste a cup of the tea which was presented to him, "I must away to my business—we cannot be gowfing all the morning, and telling old stories all the afternoon. Katie knows all the outs and the ins of cousin Menie's adventures as well as I do, and when she has given you the particulars, then I am at your service, to condescend more articulately upon dates or particulars."

Well, here was I, a gay old bachelor, left to hear a love tale from my young friend Katie Fairscribe, who, when she is not surrounded by a bevy of gallants, at which time, to my thinking, she shows less to advantage, is as pretty, well behaved, and unaffected a girl as you see tripping the new walks of Prince's-street or Heriot-row. Old bachelorship so decided as mine has its privileges in such a *tête-à-tête*, providing you are, or can seem for the time, perfectly good-humoured and attentive, and do not ape the manners of your younger years, in attempting which you will only make yourself ridiculous. I don't pretend to be so indifferent to the company of a pretty young woman as was desired by the poet, who wished to sit beside his mistress—

— As unconcern'd, as when
Her infant beauty could beget
Nor happiness nor pain.

On the contrary, I can look on beauty and innocence, as something of which I know and esteem the value, without the desire or hope to make them my own. A young lady can afford to talk with an old stager like me without either artifice or affectation; and we may maintain a species of friendship, the more tender, perhaps, because we are of different sexes, yet with which that distinction has very little to do.

Now, I hear my wisest and most critical neighbour remark, "Mr Croftangry is in the way of doing a foolish thing. He is well to pass—Old Fairscribe knows to a penny what he is worth, and Miss Katie, with all her airs, may like the old brass that buys the new pan. I thought Mr Croftangry was looking very cadgy when he came in to play a rubber with us last night. Poor gentleman, I am sure I should be sorry to see him make a fool of himself."

Spare your compassion, dear madam, there is not the least danger. The *beaux yeux de ma cassette* are not brilliant enough to make amends for the spectacles which must supply the dimness of my own. I am a little deaf, too, as you know to your sorrow when we are partners; and if I could get a nymph to marry me with all these imperfections, who the deuce would marry Janet M'Evoy? and from Janet M'Evoy Chrystal Croftangry will not part.

Miss Katie Fairscribe gave me the tale of Menie Gray with much taste and simplicity, not attempting to suppress the feelings, whether of grief or resentment, which justly and naturally arose from the circumstances of the tale. Her father afterwards con-

firmed the principal outlines of the story, and furnished me with some additional circumstances, which Miss Katie had suppressed or forgotten. Indeed, I have learned on this occasion, what old Lintot meant when he told Pope, that he used to propitiate the critics of importance, when he had a work in the press, by now and then letting them see a sheet of the blotted proof, or a few leaves of the original manuscript. Our mystery of authorship hath something about it so fascinating, that if you admit any one, however little he may previously have been disposed to such studies, into your confidence, you will find that he considers himself as a party interested, and if success follows, will think himself entitled to no considerable share of the praise.

The reader has seen that no one could have been naturally less interested than was my excellent friend Fairscribe in my lucubrations, when I first consulted him on the subject; but since he has contributed a subject to the work, he has become a most zealous coadjutor; and half-ashamed, I believe, yet half-proud of the literary stock-company in which he has got a share, he never meets me without jogging my elbow, and dropping some mysterious hints, as, "I am saying—when will you give us any more of you?"—or, "Yon's not a bad narrative—I like you."

Pray Heaven the reader may be of his opinion.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER.

When fainting Nature call'd for aid,
And hovering Death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy display'd
The power of Art without the show.
In Misery's darkest caverns known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely Want retired to die.
No summons mock'd by cold delay,
No petty gains disclaim'd by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE exquisitely beautiful portrait which the Rambler has painted of his friend Levett, well describes Gideon Grey, and many other village doctors, from whom Scotland reaps more benefit, and to whom she is perhaps more ungrateful, than to any other class of men, excepting her school-masters.

Such a rural man of medicine is usually the inhabitant of some petty burgh or village, which forms the central point of his practice. But, besides attending to such cases as the village may afford, he is day and night at the service of every one who may command his assistance within a circle of forty miles in diameter, untraversed by roads in many directions, and including moors, mountains, rivers, and lakes. For late and dangerous journeys through an inaccessible country, for services of the most essential kind, rendered at the expense, or risk at least, of his own health and life, the Scottish village doctor receives at best a very moderate recompense, often one which is totally inadequate, and very frequently none whatsoever. He has none of the ample

resources proper to the brothers of the profession in an English town. The burgesses of a Scottish borough are rendered, by their limited means of luxury, inaccessible to gout, surfeits, and all the comfortable chronic diseases, which are attendant on wealth and indolence. Four years, or so, of abstemiousness, enable them to stand an election dinner; and there is no hope of broken heads among a score or two of quiet electors, who settle the business over a table. There the mothers of the state never make a point of pouring, in the course of every revolving year, a certain quantity of doctor's stuff through the bowels of their beloved children. Every old woman, from the townhead to the townfit, can prescribe a dose of salts, or spread a plaster; and it is only when a fever or a palsy renders matters serious, that the assistance of the doctor is invoked by his neighbours in the borough.

But still the man of science cannot complain of inactivity or want of practice. If he does not find patients at his door, he seeks them through a wide circle. Like the ghostly lover of Leonora, he mounts at midnight, and traverses in darkness paths which, to those less accustomed to them, seem formidable in daylight, through straits where the slightest aberration would plunge him into a morass, or throw him over a precipice, on to cabins which his horse might ride over without knowing they lay in his way, unless he happened to fall through the roofs. When he arrives at such a stately termination of his journey, where his services are required, either to bring a wretch into the world, or prevent one from leaving it, the scene of misery is often such, that far from touching the hard-saved shillings which are gratefully offered to him, he bestows his medicines as well as his attendance, for charity. I have heard the celebrated traveller, Mungo Park, who had experienced both courses of life, rather give the preference to travelling as a discoverer in Africa, than to wandering by night and day the wilds of his native land in the capacity of a country medical practitioner. He mentioned having once upon a time rode forty miles, sat up all night, and successfully assisted a woman under the influence of the primitive curse, for which his sole remuneration was a roasted potatoe and a draught of butter-milk. But his was not the heart which grudged the labour that relieved human misery.—In short, there is no creature in Scotland that works harder and is more poorly requited than the country doctor,—unless, perhaps, it may be his horse. Yet the horse is, and indeed must be, hardy, active, and indefatigable, in spite of a rough coat and indifferent condition; and so you will often find in his master, under an unpromising and blunt exterior, professional skill and enthusiasm, intelligence, humanity, courage, and science.

Mr Gideon Grey, surgeon in the village of Middlemas, situated in one of the midland counties of Scotland, led the rough, active, and ill-rewarded course of life which we have endeavoured to describe. He was a man between forty and fifty, devoted to his profession, and of such reputation in the medical world, that he had been more than once, as opportunities occurred, advised to exchange Middlemas and its meagre circle of practice, for some of the larger towns in Scotland, or for Edinburgh itself.

This advice he had always declined. He was a plain blunt man, who did not love restraint, and was unwilling to subject himself to that which was exacted in polite society. He had not himself found out, nor had any friend hinted to him, that a slight touch of the cynic, in manner and habits, gives the physician, to the common eye, an air of authority which greatly tends to enlarge his reputation. Mr Grey, or, as the country people called him, Doctor Grey (he might hold the title by diploma for what I know, though he only claimed the rank of Master of Arts), had few wants, and these were amply supplied by a professional income, which generally approached two hundred pounds a-year; for which, upon an average, he travelled about five thousand miles on horseback in the course of the twelve months. Nay, so liberally did this revenue support himself and his ponies, called Pestle and Mortar, which he exercised alternately, that he took a damsel to share it, Jean Watson, namely, the cherry-cheeked daughter of an honest farmer, who being herself one of twelve children, who had been brought up on an income of fourscore pounds a-year, never thought there could be poverty in more than double the sum; and looked on Grey, though now termed by irreverent youth the Old Doctor, as a very advantageous match. For several years they had no children, and it seemed as if Doctor Grey, who had so often assisted the efforts of the goddess Lucina, was never to invoke her in his own behalf. Yet his domestic roof was, on a remarkable occasion, decreed to be the scene where the goddess's art was required.

Late of an autumn evening three old women might be observed plying their aged limbs through the single street of the village at Middlemas towards the honoured door, which, fenced off from the vulgar causeway, was defended by a broken paling, inclosing two slips of ground, half arable, half overrun with an abortive attempt at shrubbery. The door itself was blazoned with the name of Gideon Grey, M. A., Surgeon, etc. etc. Some of the idle young fellows, who had been a minute or two before loitering at the other end of the street before the door of the alehouse (for the pretended inn deserved no better name), now accompanied the old dames with shouts of laughter, excited by their unwonted agility; and with bets on the winner, as loudly expressed as if they had been laid at the starting-post of Middlemas races. "Half-a-mutchkin on Luckie Simson!" "Auld Peg Tamson against the field!"—"Mair speed, Alison Jaup; ye'll tak the wind out of them yet!"—"Canny against the hill, lasses, or we may have a brusten auld carline amang ye!" These, and a thousand such gibes rent the air, without being noticed, or even heard, by the anxious racers, whose object of contention seemed to be, which should first reach the Doctor's door.

"Guide us, Doctor, what can be the matter now?" said Mrs Grey, whose character was that of a good-natured simpleton: "Here's Peg Tamson, Jean Simson, and Alison Jaup, running a race on the hie street of the burgh!"

The Doctor, who had but the moment before hung his wet great-coat before the fire (for he was just dismounted from a long journey), hastened down

stairs, auguring some new occasion for his services, and happy that, from the character of the messengers, it was likely to be within burgh, and not landward.

He had just reached the door as Luckie Simson, one of the racers, arrived in the little area before it. She had got the start, and kept it, but at the expense, for the time, of her power of utterance; for when she came in presence of the Doctor, she stood blowing like a grampus, her loose toy flying back from her face, making the most violent efforts to speak, but without the power of uttering a single intelligible word. Peg Thomson whipped in before her.

"The leddy, sir, the leddy—"

"Instant help, instant help!"—screeched, rather than uttered, Alison Jaup; while Luckie Simson, who had certainly won the race, found words to claim the prize which had set them all in motion. "And I hope, sir, you will recommend me to be the sick-nurse; I was here to bring you the tidings lang before ony o' thae lazy queans."

Loud were the counter protestations of the two competitors, and loud the laugh of the idle loons who listened at a little distance.

"Hold your tongue, ye flyting fools," said the Doctor; "and you, ye idle rascals, if I come out among you—" So saying, he smacked his long-lashed whip with great emphasis, producing much the effect of the celebrated *Quos ego* of Neptune, in the first *Æneid*. "And now," said the Doctor, "where, or who, is this lady?"

The question was scarce necessary; for a plain carriage, with four horses, came at a foot's-pace towards the door of the Doctor's house, and the old women, now more at their ease, gave the Doctor to understand, that the gentleman thought the accommodation of the Swan Inn totally unfit for his lady's rank and condition, and had, by their advice (each claiming the merit of the suggestion) brought her here, to experience the hospitality of the *west-room*;—a spare apartment, in which Doctor Grey occasionally accommodated such patients, as he desired to keep for a space of time under his own eye.

There were two persons only in the vehicle. The one, a gentleman in a riding-dress, sprung out, and having received from the Doctor an assurance that the lady would receive tolerable accommodation in his house, he lent assistance to his companion to leave the carriage, and with great apparent satisfaction, saw her safely deposited in a decent sleeping apartment, and under the respectable charge of the Doctor and his lady, who assured him once more of every species of attention. To bind their promise more firmly, the stranger slipped a purse of twenty guineas (for this story chanced in the golden age) into the hand of the Doctor, as an earnest of the most liberal recompense, and requested he would spare no expense in providing all that was necessary or desirable for a person in the lady's condition, and for the helpless being to whom she might immediately be expected to give birth. He then said he would retire to the inn, where he begged a message might instantly acquaint him with the expected change in the lady's situation.

"She is of rank," he said, "and a foreigner; let

no expense be spared. We designed to have reached Edinburgh, but were forced to turn off the road by an accident." Once more he said, "let no expense be spared, and manage that she may travel as soon as possible."

"That," said the Doctor, "is past my control. Nature must not be hurried, and she avenges herself of every attempt to do so."

"But art," said the stranger, "can do much;" and he proffered a second purse, which seemed as heavy as the first.

"Art," said the Doctor, "may be recompensed, but cannot be purchased. You have already paid me more than enough to take the utmost care I can of your lady; should I accept more money, it could only be for promising, by implication at least, what is beyond my power to perform. Every possible care shall be taken of your lady, and that affords the best chance of her being speedily able to travel.—Now, go you to the inn, sir, for I may be instantly wanted, and we have not yet provided either an attendant for the lady, or a nurse for the child, but both shall be presently done."

"Yet a moment, Doctor—what languages do you understand?"

"Latin and French I can speak indifferently, and so as to be understood; and I read a little Italian."

"But no Portuguese or Spanish?" continued the stranger.

"No, sir."

"That is unlucky. But you may make her understand you by means of French. Take notice, you are to comply with her request in every thing—if you want means to do so, you may apply to me."

"May I ask, sir, by what name the lady is to be—"

"It is totally indifferent," said the stranger, interrupting the question; "you shall know it at more leisure."

So saying, he threw his ample cloak about him, turning himself half round to assist the operation, with an air which the Doctor would have found it difficult to imitate, and walked down the street to the little inn. Here he paid and dismissed the postilions, and shut himself up in an apartment, ordering no one to be admitted, till the Doctor should call.

The Doctor, when he returned to his patient's apartment, found his wife in great surprise, which, as is usual with persons of her character, was not unmixed with fear and anxiety.

"She cannot speak a word like a Christian being," said Mrs Grey.

"I know it," said the Doctor.

"But she threeps to keep on a black fause-face, and skirls if we offer to take it away."

"Well then, let her wear it—What harm will it do?"

"Harm, Doctor! Was ever honest woman brought to bed with a fause-face on?"

"Seldom, perhaps. But, Jean, my dear, those who are not quite honest must be brought to bed all the same as those who are, and we are not to endanger the poor thing's life by contradicting her whims at present."

Approaching the sick woman's bed, he observed that she indeed wore a thin silk mask, of the kind

which do such uncommon service in the elder comedy; such as women of rank still wore in travelling, but certainly never in the situation of this poor lady. It would seem she had sustained importunity on the subject, for when she saw the Doctor, she put her hand to her face, as if she was afraid he would insist on pulling off the vizard. He hastened to say, in tolerable French, that her will should be a law to them in every respect, and that she was at perfect liberty to wear the mask till it was her pleasure to lay it aside. She understood him; for she replied, by a very imperfect attempt, in the same language, to express her gratitude for the permission, as she seemed to regard it, of retaining her disguise.

The Doctor proceeded to other arrangements, and, for the satisfaction of those readers who may love minute information, we record, that Luckie Simson, the first in the race, carried as a prize the situation of sick-nurse beside the delicate patient; that Peg Thomson was permitted the privilege of recommending her good-daughter, Bet Jamieson, to be wet-nurse; and an *oe*, or grandchild, of Luckie Jaup was hired to assist in the increased drudgery of the family; the Doctor thus, like a practised minister, dividing among his trusty adherents such good things as fortune placed at his disposal.

About one in the morning the Doctor made his appearance at the Swan Inn, and acquainted the stranger gentleman, that he wished him joy of being the father of a healthy boy, and that the mother was, in the usual phrase, as well as could be expected.

The stranger heard the news with seeming satisfaction, and then exclaimed, "He must be christened, Doctor! he must be christened instantly!"

"There can be no hurry for that," said the Doctor.

"We think otherwise," said the stranger, cutting his argument short. "I am a catholic, Doctor, and as I may be obliged to leave this place before the lady is able to travel, I desire to see my child received into the pale of the church. There is, I understand, a catholic priest in this wretched place?"

"There is a catholic gentleman, sir, Mr Goodriche, who is reported to be in orders."

"I commend your caution, Doctor," said the stranger; "it is dangerous to be too positive on any subject. I will bring that same Mr Goodriche to your house to-morrow."

Grey hesitated for a moment. "I am a presbyterian protestant, sir," he said, "a friend to the constitution as established in church and state, as I have a good right, having drawn his majesty's pay, God bless him, for four years, as surgeon's mate in the Cameronian Regiment, as my regimental Bible and commission can testify. But although I be bound especially to abhor all trafficking or trinketing with papists, yet I will not stand in the way of a tender conscience. Sir, you may call with Mr Goodriche, when you please, at my house; and undoubtedly, you being, as I suppose, the father of the child, you will arrange matters as you please; only, I do not desire to be thought an abettor or countenancer of any part of the popish ritual."

"Enough, sir," said the stranger haughtily; "we understand each other."

The next day he appeared at the Doctor's house with Mr Goodriche, and two persons understood

to belong to that reverend gentleman's communion. The party were shut up in an apartment with the infant, and it may be presumed that the solemnity of baptism was administered to the unconscious being, thus strangely launched upon the world. When the priest and witnesses had retired, the strange gentleman informed Mr Grey, that, as the lady had been pronounced unfit for travelling for several days, he was himself about to leave the neighbourhood, but would return thither in the space of ten days, when he hoped to find his companion able to leave it.

"And by what name are we to call the child and mother?"

"The infant's name is Richard."

"But it must have some surname—so must the lady—She cannot reside in my house, yet be without a name."

"Call them by the name of your town here—Middlemas, I think it is?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Mrs Middlemas is the name of the mother, and Richard Middlemas of the child—and I am Matthew Middlemas, at your service. This," he continued, "will provide Mrs Middlemas in everything she may wish to possess—or assist her in case of accidents." With that he placed 100*l.* in Mr Grey's hand, who rather scrupled receiving it, saying, "He supposed the lady was qualified to be her own purse-bearer."

"The worst in the world, I assure you, Doctor," replied the stranger. "If she wished to change that piece of paper, she would scarce know how many guineas she should receive for it. No, Mr Grey, I assure you you will find Mrs Middleton—Middlemas—what did I call her—as ignorant of the affairs of this world as any one you have met with in your practice: so you will please to be her treasurer and administrator for the time, as for a patient that is incapable to look after her own affairs."

This was spoke, as it struck Dr Grey, in rather a haughty and supercilious manner. The words intimated nothing in themselves, more than the same desire of preserving incognito, which might be gathered from all the rest of the stranger's conduct; but the manner seemed to say, "I am not a person to be questioned by any one—What I say must be received without comment, how little soever you may believe or understand it." It strengthened Grey in his opinion, that he had before him a case either of seduction, or of private marriage, betwixt persons of the very highest rank; and the whole bearing, both of the lady and the gentleman, confirmed his suspicions. It was not in his nature to be troublesome or inquisitive, but he could not fail to see that the lady wore no marriage-ring; and her deep sorrow, and perpetual tremor, seemed to indicate an unhappy creature, who had lost the protection of parents, without acquiring a legitimate right to that of a husband. He was therefore somewhat anxious when Mr Middlemas, after a private conference of some length with the lady, bade him farewell. It is true, he assured him of his return within ten days, being the very shortest space which Grey could be prevailed upon to assign for any prospect of the lady being moved with safety.

"I trust in Heaven that he will return," said Grey to himself; "but there is too much mystery about all this, for its being a plain and well-meaning transaction. If he means to treat this poor thing, as many a poor girl has been used before, I hope that my house will not be the scene in which he chuses to desert her. The leaving the money has somewhat a suspicious aspect, and looks as if my friend were in the act of making some compromise with his conscience. Well—I must hope the best. Mean time, my path is plainly to do what I can for the poor lady's benefit."

Mr Grey visited his patient shortly after Mr Middlemas's departure—as soon, indeed, as he could be admitted. He found her in violent agitation. Grey's experience dictated the best mode of relief and tranquillity. He caused her infant to be brought to her. She wept over it for a long time, and the violence of her agitation subsided under the influence of parental feelings, which, from her appearance of extreme youth, she must have experienced for the first time.

The observant physician could, after this paroxysm, remark that his patient's mind was chiefly occupied in computing the passage of the time, and anticipating the period when the return of her husband—if husband he was—might be expected. She consulted almanacks, inquired concerning distances, though so cautiously as to make it evident she desired to give no indication of the direction of her companion's journey, and repeatedly compared her watch with those of others; exercising, it was evident, all that delusive species of mental arithmetic, by which mortals attempt to accelerate the passage of time while they calculate his progress. At other times she wept anew over her child, which was by all judges pronounced as goodly an infant as needed to be seen; and Grey sometimes observed that she murmured sentences to the unconscious infant, not only the words, but the very sound and accents of which were strange to him, and which, in particular, he knew not to be Portuguese.

Mr Goodriche, the catholic priest, demanded access to her upon one occasion. She at first declined his visit, but afterwards received it, under the idea, perhaps, that he might have news from Mr Middlemas, as he called himself. The interview was a very short one, and the priest left the lady's apartment in displeasure, which his prudence could scarce disguise from Mr Grey. He never returned, although the lady's condition would have made his attentions and consolations necessary, had she been a member of the catholic church.

Mr Grey began at length to suspect his fair guest was a Jewess, who had yielded up her person and affections to one of a different religion; and the peculiar style of her beautiful countenance went to enforce this opinion. The circumstance made no difference to Grey, who saw only her distress and desolation, and endeavoured to remedy both to the utmost of his power. He was, however, desirous to conceal it from his wife, and the others around the sick person, whose prudence and liberality of thinking might be more justly doubted. He therefore so regulated her diet, that she could not be either offended, or brought under suspicion, by any of the articles forbidden by the Mosaic law being presented to her.

In other respects than what concerned her health or convenience, he had but little intercourse with her.

The space passed within which the stranger's return to the borough had been so anxiously expected by his female companion. The disappointment occasioned by his non-arrival was manifested in the convalescent by anxiety, which was at first mingled with peevishness, and afterwards with anxiety and fear. When two or three days had passed by without message or letter of any kind, Grey himself became anxious, both on his own account and the poor lady's, lest the stranger should have actually entertained the idea of deserting this defenceless and probably injured woman. He longed to have some communication with her, which might enable him to judge what inquiries could be made, or what else was most fitting to be done. But so imperfect was the poor young woman's knowledge of the French language, and perhaps so unwilling she herself to throw any light on her situation, that every attempt of this kind proved abortive. When Grey asked questions concerning any subject which appeared to approach to explanation, he observed she usually answered him by shaking her head, in token of not understanding what he said; at other times by silence and with tears, and sometimes referring him to *Monsieur*.

For Monsieur's arrival, then, Grey began to become very impatient, as that which alone could put an end to a disagreeable species of mystery, which the good company of the borough began now to make the principal subject of their gossip; some blaming Grey for taking foreign *landloupers* into his house, on the subject of whose morals the most serious doubts might be entertained; others envying the "bonny hand" the doctor was like to make of it, by having disposal of the wealthy stranger's travelling funds; a circumstance which could not be well concealed from the public, when the honest man's expenditure for trifling articles of luxury came far to exceed its ordinary bounds.

The conscious probity of the honest doctor enabled him to despise this sort of tittle-tattle, though the secret knowledge of its existence could not be agreeable to him. He went his usual rounds with his usual perseverance, and waited with patience until time should throw light on the subject and history of his lodger. It was now the fourth week after her confinement, and the recovery of the stranger might be considered as perfect, when Grey, returning from one of his ten-mile visits, saw a post-chaise and four horses at the door. "This man has returned," he said, "and my suspicions have done him less than justice." With that he spurred his horse, a signal which the trusty steed obeyed the more readily, as its progress was in the direction of the stable-door. But when, dismounting, the doctor hurried into his own house, it seemed to him, that the departure as well as the arrival of this distressed lady was destined to bring confusion to his peaceful dwelling. Several idlers had assembled about his door, and two or three had impudently thrust themselves forward almost into the passage, to listen to a confused altercation which was heard from within.

Grey hastened forward, the foremost of the intruders retreating in confusion on his approach, while he caught the tones of his wife's voice, raised to a pitch

which he knew, by experience, boded no good; for Mrs Grey, good-humoured and tractable in general, could sometimes perform the high part in a matrimonial duet. Having much more confidence in his wife's good intentions than her prudence, he lost no time in pushing into the parlour, to take the matter into his own hands. Here he found Mrs Grey at the head of the whole militia of the sick lady's apartment, that is, wet nurse, and sick nurse, and girl of all work, engaged in violent dispute with two strangers. The one was a dark-featured elderly man, with an eye of much sharpness and severity of expression, which now seemed partly quenched by a mixture of grief and mortification. The other, who appeared actively sustaining the dispute with Mrs Grey, was a stout, bold-looking, hard-faced person, armed with pistols, of which he made rather an unnecessary and ostentatious display.

"Here is my husband, sir," said Mrs Grey in a tone of triumph, for she had the grace to believe the doctor one of the greatest men living,—“Here is the Doctor,—let us see what you will say now.”

"Why, just what I said before, ma'am," answered the man, "which is, that my warrant must be obeyed. It is regular, ma'am, regular."

So saying, he struck the forefinger of his right hand against a paper which he held towards Mrs Grey with his left.

"Address yourself to me, if you please, sir," said Dr Grey, seeing that he ought to lose no time in removing the cause into the proper court. "I am the master of this house, sir, and I wish to know the cause of this visit."

"My business is soon told," said the man. "I am a king's messenger, and this lady has treated me, as if I was a baron-baillie's officer."

"That is not the question, sir," replied the Doctor. "If you are a king's messenger, where is your warrant, and what do you propose to do here?" At the same time he whispered the little wench to call Mr Lawford, the town-clerk, to come thither as fast as he possibly could. The good-daughter of Peg Thomson started off with an activity worthy of her mother-in-law.

"There is my warrant," said the official, "and you may satisfy yourself."

"The shameless loon dare not tell the Doctor his errand," said Mrs Grey exultingly.

"A bonny errand it is," said old Luckie Simson, "to carry away a lying-in woman, as a gled would do a clocking-hen."

"A woman no a month delivered—" echoed the nurse Jamieson.

"Twenty-four days eight hours and seven minutes to a second," said Mrs Grey.

The Doctor having looked over the warrant, which was regular, began to be afraid that the females of his family, in their zeal for defending the character of their sex, might be stirred up into some sudden fit of mutiny, and therefore commanded them to be silent.

"This," he said, "is a warrant for arresting the bodies of Richard Tresham, and of Zilia de Monçada, on account of High Treason. Sir, I have served his majesty, and this is not a house in which traitors are harboured. I know nothing of any of these two persons, nor have I ever heard even their names."

"But the lady whom you have received into your family," said the messenger, "is Zilia Monçada, and here stands her father, Matthias de Monçada, who will make oath to it."

"If this be true," said Mr Grey, looking towards the alleged father, "you have taken a singular office on you. It is neither my habit to deny my own actions, or oppose the laws of the land. There is a lady in this house slowly recovering from confinement, having become under this roof the mother of a healthy child. If she be the person described in this warrant, and this gentleman's daughter, I must surrender her to the laws of the country."

Here the Esculapian militia were once more in motion.

"Surrender, Doctor Grey! It's a shame to hear you speak, and you that lives by women and weans, above your other means!" so exclaimed his fair better part.

"I wonder to hear the Doctor!"—said the younger nurse; "there's no a wife in the town would believe it o' him."

"I aye thought the Doctor was a man till this moment," said Luckie Simson; "but I believe him now to be an auld wife, little baulder than mysell; and I dinna wonder now that poor Mrs Grey——"

"Hold your peace, you foolish women," said the Doctor. "Do you think this business is not bad enough already, that you are making it worse with your senseless clavers?—Gentlemen, this is a very sad case. Here is a warrant for a high crime against a poor creature, who is little fit to be moved from one house to another, much more dragged to a prison. I tell you plainly, that I think the execution of this arrest may cause her death. It is your business, sir, if you be really her father, to consider what you can do to soften this matter, rather than drive it on."

"Better death than dishonour," replied the stern-looking old man, with a voice as harsh as his aspect; "and you, messenger," he continued, "look what you do, and execute the warrant at your peril."

"You hear," said the man, appealing to Grey himself; "I must have immediate access to the lady."

"In a lucky time," said Mr Grey, "here comes the town-clerk.—You are very welcome, Mr Lawford. Your opinion here is much wanted as a man of law, as well as of sense and humanity. I was never more glad to see you in all my life."

He then rapidly stated the case; and the messenger, understanding the new-comer to be a man of some authority, again exhibited his warrant.

"This is a very sufficient and valid warrant, Dr Grey," replied the man of law. "Nevertheless, if you are disposed to make oath, that instant removal would be unfavourable to the lady's health, unquestionably she must remain here, suitably guarded."

"It is not so much the mere act of locomotion which I am afraid of," said the surgeon; "but I am free to depone, on soul and conscience, that the shame and fear of her father's anger, and the sense of the affront of such an arrest, with terror for its consequences, may occasion violent and dangerous illness—even death itself."

"The father must see the daughter, though they may have quarrelled," said Mr Lawford; "the officer of justice must execute his warrant, though it should

frighten the criminal to death; these evils are only contingent, not direct and immediate consequences. You must give up the lady, Mr Grey, though your hesitation is very natural."

"At least, Mr Lawford, I ought to be certain that the person in my house is the party they search for."

"Admit me to her apartment," replied the man whom the messenger termed Monçada.

"If it must be," said Grey,—"but I would rather face a cannon."

The messenger, whom the presence of Lawford had made something more placid, began to become impudent once more. He hoped, he said, by means of his female prisoner, to acquire the information necessary to apprehend the more guilty person. If more delays were thrown in his way, that information might come too late, and he would make all who were accessory to such delay responsible for the consequences.

"And I," said Mr Grey, "though I were to be brought to the gallows for it, protest, that this course may be the murder of my patient—Can bail not be taken, Mr Lawford?"

"Not in cases of high treason," said the official person; and then continued in a confidential tone, "Come, Mr Grey, we all know you to be a person well affected to our royal sovereign King George and the Government; but you must not push this too far, lest you bring yourself into trouble, which everybody in Middlemas would be sorry for. The forty-five has not been so far gone by, but we can remember enough of warrants of high-treason—ay, and ladies of quality committed upon such charges. But they were all favourably dealt with—Lady Ogilvy, Lady Mac-Intosh, Flora Macdonald, and all. No doubt this gentleman knows what he is doing, and has assurances of the young lady's safety—So you must just jouk and let the jaw gae by, as we say."

"Follow me, then, gentlemen," said Gideon, "and you shall see the young lady;" and then, his strong features working with emotion at anticipation of the distress which he was about to inflict, he led the way up the small staircase, and opening the door, said to Monçada who had followed him, "This is your daughter's only place of refuge, in which I am, alas! too weak to be her protector. Enter, sir, if your conscience will permit you."

The stranger turned on him a scowl, into which it seemed as if he would willingly have thrown the power of the fabled basilisk. Then stepping proudly forward, he stalked into the room. He was followed by Lawford and Grey, at a little distance. The messenger remained in the doorway. The unhappy young woman had heard the disturbance, and guessed the cause too truly. It is possible she might even have seen the strangers on their descent from the carriage. When they entered the room, she was on her knees, beside an easy chair, her face in a silk wrapper that was hung over it. The man called Monçada uttered a single word; by the accent it might have been something equivalent to *wretch*; but none knew its import. The female gave a convulsive shudder, such as that by which a half-dying soldier is affected on receiving a second wound. But without minding her emotion, Monçada seized

her by the arm, and with little gentleness raised her to her feet, on which she seemed to stand only because she was supported by his strong grasp on her arm. He then pulled from her face the mask which she had hitherto worn. The poor creature still endeavoured to shroud her face, by covering it with her left hand, as the manner in which she was held prevented her from using the aid of the right. With little effort her father secured that hand also, which, indeed, was of itself far too little to serve the purpose of concealment, and showed her beautiful face, burning with blushes and covered with tears.

"You Alcalde, and you Surgeon," he said to Lawford and Grey, with a foreign action and accent, "this woman is my daughter, the same Zilia Monçada who is signaled in that protocol. Make way, and let me carry her where her crimes may be atoned for."

"Are you that person's daughter?" said Lawford to the lady.

"She understands no English," said Grey; and addressing his patient in French, conjured her to let him know whether she was that man's daughter or not, assuring her of protection if the fact were otherwise. The answer was murmured faintly, but was too distinctly intelligible—"He was her father."

All farther title of interference seemed now ended. The messenger arrested his prisoner, and, with some delicacy, required the assistance of the females to get her conveyed to the carriage in waiting.

Grey again interfered.—"You will not," he said, "separate the mother and the infant?"

Zilia de Monçada heard the question; and it seemed as if it recalled to her recollection the existence of the helpless creature to which she had given birth, forgotten for a moment amongst the accumulated horrors of her father's presence. She uttered a shriek, expressing poignant grief, and turned her eyes on her father with the most intense supplication.

"To the parish with the bastard!"—said Monçada; while the helpless mother sunk lifeless into the arms of the females who had now gathered round her.

"That will not pas, sir," said Mr Grey.—"If you are father to that lady, you must be grandfather to the helpless child; and you must settle in some manner for its future provision, or refer us to some responsible person."

Monçada looked towards Lawford, who expressed himself satisfied of the propriety of what Grey said.

"I object not to pay for whatever the wretched child may require," said he; "and if you, sir," addressing Grey, "chuse to take charge of him and breed him up, you shall have what will better your living."

Grey was about to refuse a charge so uncivilly offered; but after a moment's reflection, he replied, "I think so indifferently of the proceedings I have witnessed, and of those concerned in them, that if the mother desires that I should retain the care of this child, I will not refuse to do so."

Monçada spoke to his daughter, who was just beginning to recover from her swoon, in the same language in which he had first addressed her. The proposition which he made seemed highly acceptable, as she started from the arms of the females,

and, advancing to Grey, seized his hand, kissed it, bathed it in her tears, and seemed reconciled, even in parting with her child, by the consideration that the infant was to remain under his guardianship.

"Good, kind man," she said, in her indifferent French, "you have saved both mother and child."

The father, meanwhile, with mercantile deliberation, placed in Mr Lawford's hands notes and bills to the amount of a thousand pounds, which he stated was to be vested for the child's use, and advanced in such portions as his board and education might require. In the event of any correspondence on his account being necessary, as in case of death or the like, he directed that communication should be made to Seignior Matthias Monçada, under cover to a certain banking-house in London.

"But beware," he said to Grey, "how you trouble me about these concerns, unless in case of absolute necessity."

"You need not fear, sir," replied Grey; "I have seen nothing to-day which can induce me to desire a more intimate correspondence with you than may be indispensable."

While Lawford drew up a proper minute of this transaction, by which he himself and Grey were named trustees for the child, Mr Grey attempted to restore to the lady the balance of the considerable sum of money which Tresham (if such was his real name) had formerly deposited with him. With every species of gesture, by which hands, eyes, and even feet, could express rejection, as well as in her own broken French, she repelled the proposal of reimbursement, while she entreated that Grey would consider the money as his own property; and at the same time, forced upon him a ring set with brilliants, which seemed of considerable value. The father then spoke to her a few stern words, which she heard with an air of mingled agony and submission.

"I have given her a few minutes to see and weep over the miserable being which has been the seal of her dishonour," said the stern father. "Let us retire, and leave her alone.—You (to the messenger), watch the door of the room on the outside."

Grey, Lawford, and Monçada, retired to the parlour accordingly, where they waited in silence, each busied with his own reflections, till, within the space of half an hour, they received information that the lady was ready to depart.

"It is well," replied Monçada; "I am glad she has yet sense enough left to submit to that which needs must be."

So saying, he ascended the stair, and returned, leading down his daughter, now again masked and veiled. As she passed Grey, she uttered the words—"My child, my child!" in a tone of unutterable anguish; then entered the carriage, which was drawn up as close to the door of the Doctor's house as the little enclosure would permit. The messenger, mounted on a led horse, and accompanied by a servant and assistant, followed the carriage, which drove furiously off, taking the road which leads to Edinburgh. All who had witnessed this strange scene, now departed to make their conjectures, and some to count their gains; for money had been distributed among the females who had attended on the lady, with so much liberality, as considerably to

VOL. VII.

reconcile them to the breach of the rights of womanhood inflicted by the precipitate removal of the patient.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE last cloud of dust which the wheels of the carriage had raised was dissipated, when dinner, which claims a share of human thoughts even in the midst of the most marvellous and affecting incidents, recurred to those of Mrs Grey.

"Indeed, Doctor, you will stand glowering out of the window till some other patient calls for you, and then have to set off without your dinner;—and I hope Mr Lawford will take pot-luck with us, for it is just his own hour; and indeed we had something rather better than ordinary for this poor lady—lamb and spinnage, and a veal Florentine."

The surgeon started as from a dream, and joined in his wife's hospitable request, to which Lawford willingly assented.

We will suppose the meal finished, a bottle of old and generous Antigua upon the table, and a modest little punch-bowl, judiciously replenished for the accommodation of the Doctor and his guest. Their conversation naturally turned on the strange scene which they had witnessed, and the Town-Clerk took considerable merit for his presence of mind.

"I am thinking, Doctor," said he, "you might have brewed a bitter browst to yourself if I had not come in as I did."

"Troth, and it might very well so be," answered Grey; "for, to tell you the truth, when I saw yonder fellow vapouring with his pistols among the women folk in my own house, the old Cameronian spirit began to rise in me, and little thing would have made me cleek to the poker."

"Hoot! hoot! that would never have done. Na, na," said the man of law, "this was a case where a little prudence was worth all the pistols and pokers in the world."

"And that was just what I thought when I sent to you, Clerk Lawford," said the Doctor.

"A wiser man he could not have called on to a difficult case," added Mrs Grey, as she sat with her work at a little distance from the table.

"Thanks t' ye, and here's t' ye, my good neighbour," answered the scribe; "will you not let me help you to another glass of punch, Mrs Grey?" This being declined, he proceeded. "I am jealous that the messenger and his warrant were just brought in to prevent any opposition. Ye saw how quietly he behaved after I had laid down the law—I'll never believe the lady is in any risk from him. But the father is a dour chield; depend upon it, he has bred up the young filly on the curb-rein, and that has made the poor thing start off the course. I should not be surprised that he took her abroad, and shut her up in a convent."

"Hardly," replied Doctor Grey, "if it be true, as I suspect, that both the father and daughter are of the Jewish persuasion."

"A Jew!" said Mrs Grey; "and have I been taking a' this fyke about a Jew?—I thought she seemed to gie a scunner at the eggs and bacon that Nurse Simson spoke about to her. But I thought

10

Jews had aye had lang beards, and yon man's face is just like one of our ain folks—I have seen the Doctor with a langer beard himsell, when he has not had leisure to shave."

"That might have been Mr Monçada's case," said Lawford, "for he seemed to have had a hard journey. But the Jews are often very respectable people, Mrs Grey—they have no territorial property, because the law is against them there, but they have a good hank in the money-market—plenty of stock in the funds, Mrs Grey; and, indeed, I think this poor young woman is better with her ain father, though he be a Jew and a dour chield into the bargain, than she would have been with the loon that wranged her, who is, by your account, Dr Grey, baith a papist and a rebel. The Jews are well attached to government; they hate the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender, as much as any honest man among ourselves."

"I cannot admire either of the gentlemen," said Dr Grey. "But it is but fair to say, that I saw Mr Monçada when he was highly incensed, and to all appearance not without reason. Now, this other man Tresham, if that be his name, was haughty to me, and I think something careless of the poor young woman, just at the time when he owed her most kindness, and me some thankfulness. I am, therefore, of your opinion, Clerk Lawford, that the christian is the worse bargain of the two."

"And you think of taking care of this wean yourself, Doctor? That is what I call the good Samaritan."

"At cheap cost, Clerk; the child, if it lives, has enough to bring it up decently, and set it out in life, and I can teach it an honourable and useful profession. It will be rather an amusement than a trouble to me, and I want to make some remarks on the childish diseases which, with God's blessing, the child must come through under my charge; and since Heaven has sent us no children——"

"Hoot, hoot!" said the Town-Clerk, you are in ower great a hurry now—you have na been sae lang married yet.—Mrs Grey, dinna let my daffing chase you away—we will be for a dish of tea believe, for the Doctor and I are nae glass-breakers."

Four years after this conversation took place, the event happened, at the possibility of which the Town-Clerk had hinted; and Mrs Grey presented her husband with an infant daughter. But good and evil are strangely mingled in this sublunary world. The fulfilment of his anxious longing for posterity was attended with the loss of his simple and kind-hearted wife; one of the most heavy blows which fate could inflict on poor Grey, and his house was made desolate even by the event which had promised for months before to add new comforts to its humble roof. Grey felt the shock as men of sense and firmness feel a decided blow, from the effects of which they never hope again fully to raise themselves. He discharged the duties of his profession with the same punctuality as ever, was easy, and even, to appearance, cheerful in his intercourse with society; but the sunshine of existence was gone. Every morning he missed the affectionate charges which recommended to him to pay attention to his own health, while he was labouring to restore that

blessing to his patients. Every evening, as he returned from his weary round, it was without the consciousness of a kind and affectionate reception from one eager to tell, and interested to hear, all the little events of the day. His whistle, which used to arise clear and strong so soon as Middlemas steeple was in view, was now for ever silenced, and the rider's head drooped, while the tired horse, lacking the stimulus of his master's hand and voice, seemed to shuffle along as if it experienced a share of his despondency. There were times when he was so much dejected as to be unable to endure even the presence of his little Menie, in whose infant countenance he could trace the lineaments of the mother, of whose loss she had been the innocent and unconscious cause. "Had it not been for this poor child"—he would think; but, instantly aware that the sentiment was sinful, he would snatch the infant to his breast, and load it with caresses—then hastily desire it to be removed from the parlour.

The Mahometans have a fanciful idea, that the true believer, in his passage to Paradise, is under the necessity of passing bare-footed over a bridge composed of red-hot iron. But on this occasion, all the pieces of paper which the Moslem has preserved during his life, lest some holy thing being written upon them might be profaned, arrange themselves between his feet and the burning metal, and so save him from injury. In the same manner, the effects of kind and benevolent actions are sometimes found, even in this world, to assuage the pangs of subsequent afflictions.

Thus, the greatest consolation which poor Grey could find after his heavy deprivation, was in the frolic fondness of Richard Middlemas, the child who was in so singular a manner thrown upon his charge. Even at this early age he was eminently handsome. When silent, or out of humour, his dark eyes and striking countenance presented some recollections of the stern character imprinted on the features of his supposed father; but when he was gay and happy, which was much more frequently the case, these clouds were exchanged for the most frolicsome, mirthful expression, that ever dwelt on the laughing and thoughtless aspect of a child. He seemed to have a tact beyond his years in discovering and conforming to the peculiarities of human character. His nurse, one prime object of Richard's observance, was Nurse Jamieson, or as she was more commonly called for brevity, and *par excellence*, Nurse. This was the person who had brought him up from infancy. She had lost her own child, and soon after her husband, and being thus a lone woman, had, as used to be common in Scotland, remained a member of Dr Grey's family. After the death of his wife, she gradually obtained the principal superintendence of the whole household; and being an honest and capable manager, was a person of very great importance in the family.

She was bold in her temper, violent in her feelings, and, as often happens with those in her condition, was as much attached to Richard Middlemas, whom she had once nursed at her bosom, as if he had been her own son. This affection the child repaid by all the tender attentions of which his age was capable.

Little Dick was also distinguished by the fondest and kindest attachment to his guardian and benefactor, Dr Grey. He was officious in the right time and place, quiet as a lamb when his patron seemed inclined to study or to muse, active and assiduous to assist or amuse him whenever it seemed to be wished, and, in chusing his opportunities, he seemed to display an address far beyond his childish years.

As time passed on, this pleasing character seemed to be still more refined. In every thing like exercise or amusement, he was the pride and the leader of the boys of the place, over the most of whom his strength and activity gave him a decided superiority. At school his abilities were less distinguished, yet he was a favourite with the master, a sensible and useful teacher.

"Richard is not swift," he used to say to his patron, Dr Grey, "but then he is sure; and it is impossible not to be pleased with a child who is so very desirous to give satisfaction."

Young Middlemas's grateful affection to his patron seemed to increase with the expanding of his faculties, and found a natural and pleasing mode of displaying itself in his attentions to little Menie Grey. Her slightest hint was Richard's law, and it was in vain that he was summoned forth by a hundred shrill voices to take the lead in hye-spye, or at foot-ball, if it was little Menie's pleasure that he should remain within, and build card-houses for her amusement. At other times, he would take the charge of the little damsel entirely under his own care, and be seen wandering with her on the borough common, collecting wild flowers, or knitting caps made of bulrushes. Menie was attached to Dick Middlemas, in proportion to his affectionate assiduities; and the father saw with pleasure every new mark of attention to his child on the part of his protégé.

During the time that Richard was silently advancing from a beautiful child into a fine boy, and approaching from a fine boy to the time when he must be termed a handsome youth, Mr Grey wrote twice a-year with much regularity to Mr Monçada, through the channel that gentleman had pointed out. The benevolent man thought, that if the wealthy grandfather could only see this relative, of whom any family might be proud, he would be unable to persevere in his resolution of treating as an outcast one so nearly connected with him in blood, and so interesting in person and disposition. He thought it his duty, therefore, to keep open the slender and oblique communication with the boy's maternal grandfather, as that which might, at some fortunate period, lead to a closer connexion. Yet the correspondence could not, in other respects, be agreeable to a man of spirit like Mr Grey. His own letters were as short as possible, merely rendering an account of his ward's expenses, including a moderate board to himself, attested by Mr Lawford, his co-trustee; and intimating Richard's state of health, and his progress in education, with a few words of brief but warm eulogy upon his goodness of head and heart. But the answers he received were still shorter:—"Mr Monçada," such was their usual tenor, "acknowledges Mr Grey's letter of such a date, notices the contents, and requests Mr Grey to persist in the plan which he has hitherto prosecuted on

the subject of their correspondence." On occasions where extraordinary expense seemed likely to be incurred, the remittances were made with readiness.

That day fortnight after Mrs Grey's death, fifty pounds were received, with a note, intimating that it was designed to put the child R. Mr into proper mourning. The writer had added two or three words, desiring that the surplus should be at Mr Grey's disposal, to meet the additional expenses of this period of calamity; but Mr Monçada had left the phrase unfinished, apparently in despair of turning it suitably into English. Dr Grey, without farther investigation, quietly added the sum to the account of his ward's little fortune, contrary to the opinion of Mr Lawford, who, aware that he was rather a loser than a gainer by the boy's residence in his house, was desirous that his friend should not omit an opportunity of recovering some part of his expenses on that score. But Grey was proof against all remonstrance.

As the boy advanced towards his fourteenth year, Dr Grey wrote a more elaborate account of his ward's character, acquirements, and capacity. He added, that he did this for the purpose of enabling Mr Monçada to judge how the young man's future education should be directed. Richard, he observed, was arrived at the point where education, losing its original and general character, branches off into different paths of knowledge, suitable to particular professions, and when it was therefore become necessary to determine which of them it was his pleasure that young Richard should be trained for; and he would, on his part, do all he could to carry Mr Monçada's wishes into execution, since the amiable qualities of the boy made him as dear to him, though but a guardian, as he could have been to his own father.

The answer, which arrived in the course of a week or ten days, was fuller than usual, and written in the first person:—"Mr Grey," such was the tenor, "our meeting has been under such circumstances as could not make us favourably known to each other at the time. But I have the advantage of you, since, knowing your motives for entertaining an indifferent opinion of me, I could respect them and you at the same time; whereas you, unable to comprehend the motives—I say, you, being unacquainted with the infamous treatment I had received, could not understand the reasons that I have for acting as I have done. Deprived, sir, by the act of a villain, of my child, and she despoiled of honour, I cannot bring myself to think of beholding the creature, however innocent, whose look must always remind me of hatred and of shame. Keep the poor child by you—educate him to your own profession, but take heed he looks no higher than to fill such a situation in life as you yourself worthily occupy. For the condition of a farmer, a country lawyer, a medical practitioner, or some such retired course of life, the means of outfit and education shall be amply supplied. But I must warn him and you, that any attempt to intrude himself on me, further than I may especially permit, will be attended with the total forfeiture of my favour and protection. So, having made known my mind to you, I expect you will act accordingly."

The receipt of this letter determined Grey to have some explanation with the boy himself, in order to

learn if he had any choice among the professions thus opened to him; convinced, at the same time, from his docility of temper, that he would refer the selection to his (Dr Grey's) better judgment.

He had previously, however, the unpleasing task of acquainting Richard Middlemas with the mysterious circumstances attending his birth, of which he presumed him to be entirely ignorant, simply because he himself had never communicated them, but had let the boy consider himself as the orphan child of a distant relation. But though the Doctor himself was silent, he might have remembered that Nurse Jamieson had the handsome enjoyment of her tongue, and was disposed to use it liberally.

From a very early period, Nurse Jamieson, amongst the variety of legendary lore which she instilled into her foster-son, had not forgotten what she called the awful season of his coming into the world—the personable appearance of his father, a grand gentleman, who looked as if the whole world lay at his feet—the beauty of his mother, and the terrible blackness of the mask which she wore, her een that glanced like diamonds, and the diamonds she wore on her fingers, that could be compared to nothing but her own een, the fairness of her skin, and the colour of her silk rokelay, with much proper stuff to the same purpose. Then she expatiated on the arrival of his grandfather, and the awful man, armed with pistol, dirk, and claymore (the last weapons existed only in Nurse's imagination), the very Ogre of a fairy tale—then all the circumstances of the carrying off his mother, while bank-notes were flying about the house like screeds of brown paper, and gold guineas were as plenty as chuckie stanes. All this, partly to please and interest the boy, partly to indulge her own talent for amplification, Nurse told with so many additional circumstances, and gratuitous commentaries, that the real transaction, mysterious and odd as it certainly was, sunk into tameness, like humble prose contrasted with the boldest flights of poetry.

To hear all this did Richard seriously incline, and still more was he interested with the idea of his valiant father coming for him unexpectedly at the head of a gallant regiment, with music playing and colours flying, and carrying his son away on the most beautiful pony eyes ever beheld: Or his mother, bright as the day, might suddenly appear in her coach-and-six, to reclaim her beloved child; or his repentant grandfather, with his pockets stuffed out with bank-notes, would come to atone for his past cruelty, by heaping his neglected grandchild with unexpected wealth. Sure was Nurse Jamieson, "that it wanted but a blink of her bairn's bonny ee to turn their hearts, as Scripture sayeth; and as strange things had been, as they should come a' thegither to the town at the same time, and make such a day as had never been seen in Middlemas; and then her bairn would never be called by that lowland name of Middlemas any more, which sounded as if it had been gathered out of the town gutter: but would be called Galatian, or Sir William Wallace, or Robin Hood, or after some other of the great princes named in story books."

Nurse Jamieson's history of the past, and prospects of the future, were too flattering not to excite the most ambitious visions in the mind of a boy, who na-

turally felt a strong desire of rising in the world, and was conscious of possessing the powers necessary to his advancement. The incidents of his birth resembled those he found commemorated in the tales which he read or listened to; and there seemed no reason why they should not have a termination corresponding to those of such veracious histories. In a word, while good Doctor Grey imagined that his pupil was dwelling in utter ignorance of his origin, Richard was meditating upon nothing else than the time and means by which he anticipated his being extricated from the obscurity of his present condition, and enabled to assume the rank to which, in his own opinion, he was entitled by birth.

So stood the feelings of the young man, when, one day after dinner, the Doctor snuffing the candle, and taking from his pouch the great leathern pocket-book in which he deposited particular papers, with a small supply of the most necessary and active medicines, he took from it Mr Monçada's letter, and requested Richard Middlemas's serious attention, while he told him some circumstances concerning himself, which it greatly imported him to know. Richard's dark eyes flashed fire—the blood flushed his broad and well-formed forehead—the hour of explanation was at length come. He listened to the narrative of Gideon Grey, which, the reader may believe, being altogether divested of the gilding which Nurse Jamieson's imagination had bestowed upon it, and reduced to what mercantile men termed the *needful*, exhibited little more than the tale of a child of shame, deserted by its father and mother, and brought up on the reluctant charity of a more distant relation, who regarded him as the living though unconscious evidence of the disgrace of his family, and would more willingly have paid for the expenses of his funeral, than that of the food which was grudgingly provided for him. "Temple and tower," a hundred flattering edifices of Richard's childish imagination, went to the ground at once, and the pain which attended their demolition was rendered the more acute, by a sense of shame that he should have nursed such reveries. He remained, while Dr Grey continued his explanation, in a dejected posture, his eyes fixed on the ground, and the veins of his forehead swollen with contending passions.

"And now, my dear Richard," said the good surgeon, "you must think what you can do for yourself, since your grandfather leaves you the choice of three honourable professions, by any of which, well and wisely prosecuted, you may become independent if not wealthy, and respectable if not great. You naturally desire a little time for consideration."

"Not a minute," said the boy, raising his head, and looking boldly at his guardian. "I am a free-born Englishman, and will return to England if I think fit."

"A free-born fool you are—" said Grey; "you were born as I think, no one can know better than I do, in the blue room of Stevenlaw's Land, in the town-head of Middlemas, if you call that being a free-born Englishman."

"But Tom Hillary says that I am a freeborn Englishman, notwithstanding, in right of my parents."

"Pooh, child! what do we know of your pa-

rents!—But what has your being an Englishman to do with the present question?"

"Oh Doctor!" answered the boy, bitterly, "you know we cannot scramble so hard as you do. The Scots are too moral, and too prudent, and too robust, for a poor pudding-eater to live amongst them, whether as a parson, or as a lawyer, or as a doctor—with your pardon, sir."

"Upon my life, Dick," said Dr Grey, "this Tom Hillary will turn your brain. What is the meaning of all this trash?"

"Tom Hillary says that the parson lives by the sins of the people, the lawyer by their distresses—and the doctor by their diseases—always asking your pardon, sir."

"Tom Hillary," replied the Doctor, "should be drummed out of the borough. A whipper-snapper of an attorney's apprentice, run away from Newcastle! If I hear him talking so, I'll teach him to speak with more reverence of the learned professions. Let me hear no more of Tom Hillary, whom you have seen far too much of lately. Think a little, like a lad of sense, and tell me what answer I am to give Mr Monçada."

"Tell him," said the boy, the tone of affected sarcasm laid aside, and that of injured pride substituted in its room, "tell him, that my soul revolts at the obscure lot he recommends to me. I am determined to enter my father's profession, the army, unless my grandfather chuses to receive me into his house, and place me in his own line of business."

"Yes, and make you his partner, I suppose, and acknowledge you for his heir?"—said Dr Grey; "a thing extremely likely to happen, no doubt, considering the way in which he has brought you up all along, and the terms in which he now writes concerning you."

"Then, sir, there is one thing which I can demand of you," replied the boy. "There is a large sum of money in your hands belonging to me; and since it is consigned to you for my use, I demand you should make the necessary advances to procure a commission in the army—account to me for the balance—and so, with thanks for past favours, I will give you no trouble in future."

"Young man," said the Doctor, gravely, "I am very sorry to see that your usual prudence and good humour are not proof against the disappointment of some idle expectations which you had not the slightest reason to entertain. It is very true that there is a sum, which, in spite of various expenses, may still approach to a thousand pounds or better, which remains in my hands for your behoof. But I am bound to dispose of it according to the will of the donor; and, at any rate, you are not entitled to call for it until you come to years of discretion; a period from which you are six years absent according to law, and which, in one sense, you will never reach at all, unless you alter your present unreasonable crotchets. But come, Dick, this is the first time I have seen you in so absurd a humour, and you have many things, I own, in your situation, to apologize for impatience even greater than you have displayed. But you should not turn your resentment on me, that am no way in fault. You should remember, that I

was your earliest and only friend, and took charge of you when every other person forsook you."

"I do not thank you for it," said Richard, giving way to a burst of uncontrolled passion. "You might have done better for me had you pleased."

"And in what manner, you ungrateful boy?" said Grey, whose composure was a little ruffled.

"You might have flung me under the wheels of their carriages as they drove off, and have let them trample on the body of their child, as they have done on his feelings."

So saying, he rushed out of the room, and shut the door behind him with great violence, leaving his guardian astonished at his sudden and violent change of temper and manner.

"What the deuce can have possessed him? Ah, well. High-spirited, and disappointed in some follies which that Tom Hillary has put into his head—But his is a case for anodynes, and shall be treated accordingly."

While the Doctor formed this good-natured resolution, young Middlemas rushed to Nurse Jamieson's apartment, where poor Menie, to whom his presence always gave holiday feelings, hastened to exhibit, for his admiration, a new doll, of which she had made the acquisition. No one, generally, was more interested in Menie's amusements than Richard; but at present, Richard, like his celebrated namesake, was not i' the vein. He threw off the little damsel so carelessly, almost so rudely, that the doll flew out of Menie's hand, fell on the hearth-stone, and broke its waxen face.—The rudeness drew from Nurse Jamieson a rebuke, even although the culprit was her darling.

"Hout awa', Richard—that wasna like yoursell, to guide Miss Menie that gate.—Haud your tongue, Miss Menie, and I'll soon mend the baby's face."

But if Menie cried, she did not cry for the doll; but while the tears flowed silently down her cheeks, she sat looking at Dick Middlemas with a childish face of fear, sorrow, and wonder. Nurse Jamieson was soon diverted from her attention to Menie Grey's distresses, especially as she did not weep aloud, and her attention became fixed on the altered countenance, red eyes, and swollen features, of her darling foster-child. She instantly commenced an investigation into the cause of his distress, after the usual inquisitorial manner of matrons of her class. "What is the matter wi' my bairn?" and, "Wha has been vexing my bairn?" with similar questions, at last extorted this reply:

"I am not your bairn: I am no one's bairn—no one's son. I am an outcast from my family, and belong to no one. Dr Grey has told me so himself."

"And did he cast up to my bairn that he was a bastard?—troth he wasna blate—my certie, your father was a better man than ever stood on the Doctor's shanks—a handsome grand gentleman, with an ee like a gled's, and a step like a Highland piper."

Nurse Jamieson had got on a favourite topic, and would have expatiated long enough, for she was a professed admirer of masculine beauty, but there was something which displeased the boy in her last simile; so he cut the conversation short, by asking

whether she knew exactly how much money his grandfather had left with Dr Grey for his maintenance. "She could not say—didna ken—an awfu' sum it was to pass out o' ae man's hand. She was sure it wasna less than ae hundred pounds, and it might weel be twa." In short, she knew nothing about the matter; but "she was sure Doctor Grey would count to him to the last farthing; for everybody ken'd that he was a just man where siller was concerned. —However, if her bairn wanted to ken mair about it, to be sure the Town-clerk could tell him all about it."

Richard Middlemas arose and left the apartment, without saying more. He went immediately to visit the old Town-clerk, to whom he had made himself acceptable, as, indeed, he had done to most of the dignitaries about the burgh. He introduced the conversation by the proposal which had been made to him for chusing a profession, and, after speaking of the mysterious circumstances of his birth, and the doubtful prospects which lay before him, he easily led the Town-clerk into conversation as to the amount of the funds, and heard the exact state of the money in his guardian's hands, which corresponded with the information he had already received. He next sounded the worthy scribe on the possibility of his going into the army; but received a second confirmation of the intelligence Mr Grey had given him; being informed that no part of the money could be placed at his disposal till he was of age, and then not without the especial consent of both his guardians, and particularly of his master. He therefore took leave of the Town-clerk, who, much approving the cautious manner in which he spoke, and his prudent selection of an adviser at this important crisis of his life, intimated to him, that should he chuse the law, he would himself receive him into his office, upon a very moderate apprenticeship, and would part with Tom Hillary to make room for him, as the lad was "rather pragmatistical, and plagued him with speaking about his English practice, which they had nothing to do with on this side of the Border—the Lord be thanked!"

Middlemas thanked him for his kindness, and promised to consider his kind offer, in case he should determine upon following the profession of the law.

From Tom Hillary's master Richard went to Tom Hillary himself, who chanced then to be in the office. He was a lad about twenty, as smart as small, but distinguished for the accuracy with which he dressed his hair, and the splendour of a laced hat and embroidered waistcoat, with which he graced the church of Middlemas on Sundays. Tom Hillary had been bred an attorney's clerk in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, but, for some reason or other, had found it more convenient of late years to reside in Scotland, and was recommended to the Town-clerk of Middlemas, by the accuracy and beauty with which he transcribed the records of the burgh. It is not improbable that the reports concerning the singular circumstances of Richard Middlemas's birth, and the knowledge that he was actually possessed of a considerable sum of money, induced Hillary, though so much his senior, to admit the lad to his company, and enrich his youthful mind with some branches of information, which, in that re-

tired corner, his pupil might otherwise have been some time in attaining. Amongst these were certain games at cards and dice, in which the pupil paid, as was reasonable, the price of initiation by his losses to his instructor. After a long walk with this youngster, whose advice, like the unwise son of the wisest of men, he probably valued more than that of his more aged counsellors, Richard Middlemas returned to his lodgings in Stevenlaw's Land, and went to bed sad and supperless.

The next morning Richard arose with the sun, and his night's rest appeared to have had its frequent effect, in cooling the passions and correcting the understanding. Little Menie was the first person to whom he made the *amende honorable*; and a much smaller propitiation than the new doll with which he presented her, would have been accepted as an atonement for a much greater offence. Menie was one of those pure spirits, to whom a state of unkindness is a state of pain, and the slightest advance of her friend and protector was sufficient to regain all her childish confidence and affection.

The father did not prove more inexorable than Menie had done. Mr Grey, indeed, thought he had good reason to look cold upon Richard at their next meeting, being not a little hurt at the treatment which he had received on the preceding evening. But Middlemas disarmed him at once, by frankly pleading that he had suffered his mind to be carried away by the supposed rank and importance of his parents, into a conviction that he was one day to share them. The letter of his grandfather, which condemned him to banishment and obscurity for life, was, he acknowledged, a very severe blow; and it was with deep sorrow that he reflected, that the irritation of his disappointment had led him to express himself in a manner far short of the respect and reverence of one who owed Mr Grey the duty and respect of a son, and ought to refer to his decision every action of his life.—Grey, propitiated by an admission so candid, and made with so much humility, readily dismissed his resentment, and kindly inquired of Richard, whether he had bestowed any reflection upon the choice of profession which had been submitted to him; offering, at the same time, to allow him all reasonable time to make up his mind.

On this subject, Richard Middlemas answered with the same promptitude and candour.—"He had," he said, "in order to forming his opinion more safely, consulted with his friend the Town-clerk." The Doctor nodded approbation. "Mr Lawford had, indeed, been most friendly, and had even offered to take him into his own office. But if his father and benefactor would permit him to study, under his instructions, the noble art in which he himself enjoyed such a deserved reputation, the mere hope that he might by and by be of some use to Mr Grey in his business, would greatly overbalance every other consideration. Such a course of education, and such a use of professional knowledge when he had acquired it, would be a greater spur to his industry, than the prospect even of becoming Town-clerk of Middlemas in his proper person."

As the young man expressed it to be his firm and unalterable choice, to study medicine under his guardian, and to remain a member of his family,

Dr Grey informed Mr Monçada of the lad's determination; who, to testify his approbation, remitted to the Doctor the sum of £100 as apprentice fee, a sum nearly three times as much as Grey's modesty had required.

Shortly after, when Dr Grey and the Town-clerk met at the small club of the burgh, their joint theme was the sense and steadiness of Richard Middlemas.

"Indeed," said the Town-clerk, "he is such a friendly and disinterested boy, that I could not get him to accept a place in my office, for fear he should be thought to be pushing himself forward at the expense of Tam Hillary."

"And, indeed, Clerk," said Grey, "I have sometimes been afraid that he kept too much company with that Tam Hillary of yours; but twenty Tam Hillarys would not corrupt Dick Middlemas."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Dick was come to high renown
Since he commenced physician;
Tom was held by all the town
The better politician.

Tom and Dick.

AT the same period when Dr Grey took under his charge his youthful lodger Richard Middlemas, he received proposals from the friends of one Adam Hartley, to receive him also as an apprentice. The lad was the son of a respectable farmer on the English side of the Border, who, educating his eldest son to his own occupation, desired to make his second a medical man, in order to avail himself of the friendship of a great man, his landlord, who had offered to assist his views in life, and represented a doctor or surgeon as the sort of person to whose advantage his interest could be most readily applied. Middlemas and Hartley were therefore associated in their studies. In winter they were boarded in Edinburgh, for attending the medical classes which were necessary for taking their degree. Three or four years thus passed on, and, from being mere boys, the two medical aspirants shot up into young men, who, being both very good-looking, well dressed, well bred, and having money in their pockets, became personages of some importance in the little town of Middlemas, where there was scarce any thing that could be termed an aristocracy, but where beaux were scarce and belles were plenty.

Each of the two had his especial partisans; for though the young men themselves lived in tolerable harmony together, yet, as usual in such cases, no one could approve of one of them, without at the same time comparing him with, and asserting his superiority, over his companion.

Both were gay, fond of dancing, and sedulous attendants on the *practeezings*, as he called them, of Mr M'Fittoch, a dancing-master, who, itinerant during the summer, afforded the youth of Middlemas in winter the benefit of his instructions at the rate of twenty lessons for five shillings sterling. On these occasions, each of Dr Grey's pupils had his appropriate praise. Hartley danced with most spirit—Middlemas with a better grace. Mr M'Fittoch would have turned out Richard against the countryside in the minuet, and wagered the thing dearest to him in the world (and that was his kit) upon his

assured superiority; but he admitted Hartley was superior to him in hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels.

In dress, Hartley was most expensive, perhaps because his father afforded him better means of being so; but his clothes were neither so tasteful when new, nor so well preserved when they began to grow old, as those of Richard Middlemas. Adam Hartley was sometimes fine, at other times rather slovenly, and on the former occasions looked rather too conscious of his splendour. His chum was at all times regularly neat and well dressed; while at the same time he had an air of goodbreeding, which made him appear always at ease; so that his dress, whatever it was, seemed to be just what he ought to have worn at the time.

In their persons there was a still more strongly marked distinction. Adam Hartley was full middle size, stout, and well limbed; and an open English countenance, of the genuine Saxon mould, showed itself among chestnut locks, until the hair-dresser destroyed them. He loved the rough exercises of wrestling, boxing, leaping, and quarter-staff, and frequented, when he could obtain leisure, the bull-baitings, and foot-ball matches, by which the burgh was sometimes enlivened.

Richard, on the contrary, was dark, like his father and mother, with high features, beautifully formed, but exhibiting something of a foreign character; and his person was tall and slim, though muscular and active. His address and manners must have been natural to him, for they were, in elegance and ease, far beyond any example which he could have found in his native burgh. He learned the use of the small sword while in Edinburgh, and took lessons from a performer at the theatre, with the purpose of refining his mode of speaking. He became also an amateur of the drama, regularly attending the playhouse, and assuming the tone of a critic in that and other lighter departments of literature. To fill up the contrast, so far as taste was concerned, Richard was a dexterous and successful angler—Adam, a bold and unerring shot. Their efforts to surpass each other in supplying Dr Grey's table, rendered his housekeeping much preferable to what it had been on former occasions; and besides, small presents of fish and game are always agreeable amongst the inhabitants of a country town, and contributed to increase the popularity of the young sportsmen.

While the burgh was divided, for lack of better subject of disputation, concerning the comparative merits of Dr Grey's two apprentices, he himself was sometimes chosen the referee. But in this, as on other matters, the Doctor was cautious. He said the lads were both good lads, and would be useful men in the profession, if their heads were not carried with the notice which the foolish people of the burgh took of them, and the parties of pleasure that were so often taking them away from their business. No doubt it was natural for him to feel more confidence in Hartley, who came of ken'd folk, and was very near as good as a born Scotsman. But if he did feel such a partiality, he blamed himself for it, since the stranger child, so oddly cast upon his hands, had peculiar good right to such patronage and affection as he had to bestow; and truly the young man himself

seemed so grateful, that it was impossible for him to hint the slightest wish, that Dick Middlemas did not hasten to execute.

There were persons in the burgh of Middlemas who were indiscreet enough to suppose that Miss Menie Grey must be a better judge than any other person of the comparative merits of these accomplished personages, respecting which the public opinion was generally divided. No one even of her greatest intimates ventured to put the question to her in precise terms; but her conduct was narrowly observed, and the critics remarked, that to Adam Hartley her attentions were given more freely and frankly. She laughed with him, chatted with him, and danced with him; while to Dick Middlemas her conduct was more shy and distant. The premises seemed certain, but the public were divided in the conclusions which were to be drawn from them.

It was not possible for the young men to be the subject of such discussions without being sensible that they existed; and thus contrasted together by the little society in which they moved, they must have been made of better than ordinary clay, if they had not themselves entered by degrees into the spirit of the controversy, and considered themselves as rivals for public applause.

Nor is it to be forgotten, that Menie Grey was by this time shot up into one of the prettiest young women, not of Middlemas only, but of the whole county in which the little burgh is situated. This, indeed, had been settled by evidence, which could not be esteemed short of decisive. At the time of the races, there were usually assembled in the burgh some company of the higher classes from the country around, and many of the sober burghers mended their incomes, by letting their apartments, or taking in lodgers of quality for the busy week. All the rural thanes and thanesses attended on these occasions; and such was the number of cocked hats and silken trains, that the little town seemed for a time totally to have changed its inhabitants. On this occasion, persons of a certain quality only were permitted to attend upon the nightly balls which were given in the old Town-house, and the line of distinction excluded Mr Grey's family.

The aristocracy, however, used their privileges with some feelings of deference to the native beaux and belles of the burgh, who were thus doomed to hear the fiddles nightly, without being permitted to dance to them.—One evening in the race-week, termed the Hunters' Ball, was dedicated to general amusement, and liberated from the usual restrictions of etiquette. On this occasion all the respectable families in the town were invited to share the amusement of the evening, and to wonder at the finery, and be grateful for the condescension of their betters. This was especially the case with the females, for the number of invitations to the gentlemen of the town was much more limited. Now, at this general muster, the beauty of Miss Grey's face and person had placed her, in the opinion of all competent judges, decidedly at the head of all the belles present, saving those with whom, according to the ideas of the place, it would hardly have been decent to compare her.

The Laird of the ancient and distinguished house of Louponheight did not hesitate to engage her hand

during the greater part of the evening; and his mother, renowned for her stern assertion of the distinctions of rank, placed the little plebeian beside her at supper, and was heard to say, that the surgeon's daughter behaved very prettily indeed, and seemed to know perfectly well where and what she was. As for the young Laird himself, he capered so high, and laughed so uproariously, as to give rise to a rumour, that he was minded to "shoot madly from his sphere," and to convert the village Doctor's daughter into a lady of his own ancient name.

During this memorable evening, Middlemas and Hartley, who had found room in the music gallery, witnessed the scene, and, as it would seem, with very different feelings. Hartley was evidently annoyed by the excess of attention which the gallant Laird of Louponheight, stimulated by the influence of a couple of bottles of claret, and by the presence of a partner who danced remarkably well, paid to Miss Menie Grey. He saw from his lofty stand all the dumb show of gallantry with the comfortable feelings of a famishing creature looking upon a feast which he is not permitted to share, and regarded every extraordinary frisk of the jovial Laird, as the same might have been regarded by a gouty person, who apprehended that the dignitary was about to descend on his toes. At length, unable to restrain his emotion, he left the gallery and returned no more.

Far different was the demeanour of Middlemas. He seemed gratified and elevated by the attention which was generally paid to Miss Grey, and by the admiration she excited. On the valiant Laird of Louponheight he looked with indescribable contempt, and amused himself with pointing out to the burgh dancing-master, who acted *pro tempore* as one of the band, the frolicsome bounds and pirouettes, in which that worthy displayed a great deal more of vigour than of grace.

"But ye shouldna laugh sae loud, Master Dick," said the master of capers; "he hasna had the advantage of a real gracefu' teacher, as ye have had; and troth, if he listed to tak some lessons, I think I could make some hand of his feet, for he is a souple chield, and has a gallant instep of his ain; and sic a laced hat hasna been seen on the causeway of Middlemas this mony a day.—Ye are standing laughing there, Dick Middlemas; I would have you be sure he does not cut you out with your bonny partner yonder."

"He be ——!" Middlemas was beginning a sentence which could not have concluded with strict attention to propriety, when the master of the band summoned M'Fittoch to his post, by the following ireful expostulation:—"What are ye about, sir? Mind your bow-hand. How the deil d'ye think three fiddles is to keep down a bass, if yin o' them stands girning and gabbling as ye're doing? Play up, sir!"

Dick Middlemas, thus reduced to silence, continued, from his lofty station, like one of the gods of the Epicureans, to survey what passed below, without the gaieties which he witnessed being able to excite more than a smile, which seemed, however, rather to indicate a good-humoured contempt for what was passing, than a benevolent sympathy with the pleasures of others.

CHAPTER XIX.

Now, hold thy tongue, Billie Bewick, he said,
Of peaceful talking let me be;
But if thou 'rt a man, as I think thou art,
Come ower the dike and fight with me.
Northumberland Ballad.

ON the morning after this gay evening, the two young men were labouring together in a plot of ground behind Stevenlaw's Land, which the Doctor had converted into a garden, where he raised, with a view to pharmacy as well as botany, some rare plants, which obtained the place from the vulgar the sounding name of the Physic Garden. Mr Grey's pupils readily complied with his wishes, that they would take some care of this favourite spot, to which both contributed their labours; after which Hartley used to devote himself to the cultivation of the kitchen garden, which he had raised into this respectability from a spot not excelling a common kailyard, while Richard Middlemas did his utmost to decorate with flowers and shrubs, a sort of arbour, usually called Miss Menie's bower.

At present, they were both in the botanic patch of the garden, when Dick Middlemas asked Hartley why he had left the ball so soon the evening before?

"I should rather ask you," said Hartley, "what pleasure you felt in staying there?—I tell you, Dick, it is a shabby low place this Middlemas of ours. In the smallest burgh in England every decent freeholder would have been asked if the member gave a ball."

"What, Hartley!" said his companion, "are you, of all men, a candidate for the honour of mixing with the first-born of the earth? Mercy on us! How will canny Northumberland (throwing a true northern accent on the letter R), acquit himself? Methinks I see thee in thy peagreen suit, dancing a jig with the Honourable Miss Maddie Mac-Fudgeon, while chiefs and thanes around laugh as they would do at a hog in armour!"

"You don't, or perhaps you won't, understand me," said Hartley. "I am not such a fool as to desire to be hail-fellow-well-met with these fine folks—I care as little for them as they do for me. But as they do not chuse to ask us to dance, I don't see what business they have with our partners."

"Partners, said you!" answered Middlemas; "I don't think Menie is very often yours."

"As often as I ask her," answered Hartley, rather haughtily.

"Ay? Indeed!—I did not think that—And hang me, if I think so yet," said Middlemas, with the same sarcastic tone. "I tell thee, Adam, I will bet you a bowl of punch, that Miss Grey will not dance with you the next time you ask her. All I stipulate is, to know the day."

"I will lay no bets about Miss Grey," said Hartley; "her father is my master, and I am obliged to him—I think I should act very scurvily, if I were to make her the subject of any idle debate betwixt you and me."

"Very right," replied Middlemas; "you should finish one quarrel before you begin another. Pray, saddle your pony—ride up to the gate of Loupon-height Castle, and defy the Baron to mortal combat,

VOL. VII.

for having presumed to touch the fair hand of Menie Grey."

"I wish you would leave Miss Grey's name out of the question, and take your defiances to your fine folks in your own name, and see what they will say to the surgeon's apprentice."

"Speak for yourself, if you please, Mr Adam Hartley. I was not born a clown, like some folks, and should care little, if I saw it fit, to talk to the best of them at the ordinary, and make myself understood too."

"Very likely," answered Hartley, losing patience; "you are one of themselves, you know—Middlemas of that ilk."

"You scoundrel!" said Richard, advancing on him in fury, his taunting humour entirely changed into rage.

"Stand back," said Hartley, "or you will come by the worst; if you will break rude jests, you must put up with rough answers."

"I will have satisfaction for this insult, by Heaven!"

"Why, so you shall, if you insist on it," said Hartley; "but better, I think, to say no more about the matter. We have both spoken what would have been better left unsaid. I was in the wrong to say what I said to you, although you did provoke me—And now I have given you as much satisfaction as a reasonable man can ask."

"Sir," repeated Middlemas, "the satisfaction which I demand, is that of a gentleman—the Doctor has a pair of pistols."

"And a pair of mortars also, which are heartily at your service, gentlemen," said Mr Grey, coming forward from behind a yew-hedge, where he had listened to the whole or greater part of this dispute. "A fine story it would be of my 'prentices shooting each other with my own pistols! Let me see either of you fit to treat a gunshot wound, before you think of inflicting one. Go, you are both very foolish boys, and I cannot take it kind of either of you to bring the name of my daughter into such disputes as these. Hark ye, lads; you both owe me, I think, some portion of respect, and even of gratitude—it will be a poor return, if, instead of living quietly with this poor motherless girl, like brothers with a sister; you should oblige me to increase my expense, and abridge my comfort, by sending my child from me, for the few months that you are to remain with me.—Let me see you shake hands, and let us have no more of this nonsense."

While their master spoke in this manner, both the young men stood before him in the attitude of self-convicted criminals. At the conclusion of his rebuke, Hartley turned frankly round, and offered his hand to his companion, who accepted it, but after a moment's hesitation. There was nothing further passed on the subject, but the lads never resumed the same sort of intimacy which had existed betwixt them in their earlier acquaintance. On the contrary, avoiding every connexion not absolutely required by their situation, and abridging as much as possible even their indispensable intercourse in professional matters, they seemed as much estranged from each other, as two persons residing in the same small house had the means of being.

As for Menie Grey, her father did not appear to entertain the least anxiety upon her account, although from his frequent and almost daily absence from home, she was exposed to constant intercourse with two handsome young men, both, it might be supposed, ambitious of pleasing her more than most parents would have deemed entirely prudent. Nor was Nurse Jamieson,—her menial situation, and her excessive partiality for her foster-son considered,—altogether such a matron as could afford her protection. Gideon Grey, however, knew that his daughter possessed, in its fullest extent, the upright and pure integrity of his own character, and that never father had less reason to apprehend that a daughter should deceive his confidence; and, justly secure of her principles, he overlooked the danger to which he exposed her feelings and affections.

The intercourse betwixt Menie and the young men seemed now of a guarded kind on all sides. Their meeting was only at meals, and Miss Grey was at pains, perhaps by her father's recommendation, to treat them with the same degree of attention. This, however, was no easy matter; for Hartley became so retiring, cold, and formal, that it was impossible for her to sustain any prolonged intercourse with him; whereas Middlemas, perfectly at his ease, sustained his part as formerly upon all occasions that occurred, and without appearing to press his intimacy assiduously, seemed nevertheless to retain the complete possession of it.

The time drew nigh at length when the young men, freed from the engagements of their indentures, must look to play their own independent part in the world. Mr Grey informed Richard Middlemas that he had written pressing upon the subject to Monçada, and that more than once, but had not yet received an answer; nor did he presume to offer his own advice, until the pleasure of his grandfather should be known. Richard seemed to endure this suspense with more patience than the Doctor thought belonged naturally to his character. He asked no questions—stated no conjectures—showed no anxiety, but seemed to await with patience the turn which events should take. "My young gentleman," thought Mr Grey, "has either fixed on some course in his own mind, or he is about to be more tractable than some points of his character have led me to expect."

In fact, Richard had made an experiment on this inflexible relative, by sending Mr Monçada a letter full of duty, and affection, and gratitude, desiring to be permitted to correspond with him in person, and promising to be guided in every particular by his will. The answer to this appeal was his own letter returned, with a note from the bankers whose cover had been used, saying, that any future attempt to intrude on Mr Monçada, would put a final period to their remittances.

While things were in this situation in Stevenlaw's Land, Adam Hartley one evening, contrary to his custom for several months, sought a private interview with his fellow-apprentice. He found him in the little arbour, and could not omit observing, that Dick Middlemas, on his appearance, shoved into his bosom a small packet, as if afraid of its being seen, and

snatching up a hoe, began to work with great devotion, like one who wished to have it thought that his whole soul was in his occupation.

"I wished to speak with you, Mr Middlemas," said Hartley; "but I fear I interrupt you."

"Not in the least," said the other, laying down his hoe; "I was only scratching up the weeds which the late showers have made rush up so numerously. I am at your service."

Hartley proceeded to the arbour, and seated himself. Richard imitated his example, and seemed to wait for the proposed communication.

"I have had an interesting communication with Mr Grey—" said Hartley, and there stopped, like one who finds himself entering upon a difficult task.

"I hope the explanation has been satisfactory?" said Middlemas.

"You shall judge.—Doctor Grey was pleased to say something to me very civil about my proficiency in the duties of our profession; and, to my great astonishment, asked me, whether, as he was now becoming old, I had any particular objection to continue in my present situation, but with some pecuniary advantages, for two years longer; at the end of which, he promised to me that I should enter into partnership with him."

"Mr Grey is an undoubted judge," said Middlemas, "what person will best suit him as a professional assistant. The business may be worth £200 a-year, and an active assistant might go nigh to double it, by riding Strath-Devan and the Carse. No great subject for division after all, Mr Hartley."

"But," continued Hartley, "that is not all. The Doctor says—he proposes—in short, if I can render myself agreeable, in the course of these two years, to Miss Menie Grey, he proposes, that when they terminate, I should become his son as well as his partner."

As he spoke, he kept his eye fixed on Richard's face, which was for a moment strongly agitated; but instantly recovering, he answered, in a tone where pique and offended pride vainly endeavoured to disguise themselves under an affectation of indifference, "Well, Master Adam, I cannot but wish you joy of the patriarchal arrangement. You have served five years for your professional diploma—a sort of Leah, that privilege of killing and curing. Now you begin a new course of servitude for a lively Rachael. Undoubtedly—perhaps it is rude in me to ask—but undoubtedly you have accepted so flattering an arrangement?"

"You cannot but recollect there was a condition annexed," said Hartley, gravely.

"That of rendering yourself acceptable to a girl you have known for so many years?" said Middlemas, with a half-suppressed sneer. "No great difficulty in that, I should think, for such a person as Mr Hartley, with Doctor Grey's favour to back him. No, no—there could be no great obstacle there."

"Both you and I know the contrary, Mr Middlemas," said Hartley, very seriously.

"I know?—How should I know anything more than yourself about the state of Miss Grey's inclinations?" said Middlemas. "I am sure we have had equal access to know them."

"Perhaps so; but some know better how to avail themselves of opportunities.—Mr Middlemas, I have

long suspected that you have had the inestimable advantage of possessing Miss Grey's affections, and——"

"I?—" interrupted Middlemas; "you are jesting, or you are jealous. You do yourself less, and me more, than justice; but the compliment is so great, that I am obliged to you for the mistake."

"That you may know," answered Hartley, "I do not speak either by guess, or from what you call jealousy, I tell you frankly, that Menie Grey herself told me the state of her affections. I naturally communicated to her the discourse I had with her father. I told her I was but too well convinced that, at the present moment, I did not possess that interest in her heart, which alone might entitle me to request her acquiescence in the views which her father's goodness held out to me; but I entreated her not at once to decide against me, but give me an opportunity to make way in her affections, if possible; trusting that time, and the services which I should render to her father, might have an ultimate effect in my favour."

"A most natural and modest request. But what did the young lady say in reply?"

"She is a noble-hearted girl, Richard Middlemas; and for her frankness alone, even without her beauty and her good sense, deserves an emperor. I cannot express the graceful modesty with which she told me, that she knew too well the kindness, as she was pleased to call it, of my heart, to expose me to the protracted pain of an unrequited passion. She candidly informed me that she had been long engaged to you in secret—that you had exchanged portraits;—and though, without her father's consent, she would never become yours, yet she felt it impossible that she should ever so far change her sentiments as to afford the most distant prospect of success to another."

"Upon my word," said Middlemas, "she has been extremely candid indeed, and I am very much obliged to her!"

"And upon *my* honest word, Mr Middlemas," returned Hartley, "you do Miss Grey the greatest injustice—nay, you are ungrateful to her, if you are displeased at her making this declaration. She loves you as a woman loves the first object of her affection—she loves you better—" He stopped, and Middlemas completed the sentence.

"Better than I deserve, perhaps?—Faith, it may well be so, and I love her dearly in return. But after all, you know, the secret was mine as well as hers, and it would have been better that she had consulted me before making it public."

"Mr Middlemas," said Hartley, earnestly, "if the least of this feeling, on your part, arises from the apprehension that your secret is less safe because it is in my keeping, I can assure you that such is my grateful sense of Miss Grey's goodness, in communicating, to save me pain, an affair of such delicacy to herself and you, that wild horses should tear me limb from limb, before they forced a word of it from my lips."

"Nay, nay, my dear friend," said Middlemas, with a frankness of manner which indicated a cordiality that had not existed between them for some time, "you must allow me to be a little jealous in my turn. Your true lover cannot have a title to the name, unless he be sometimes unreasonable; and somehow, it

seems odd she should have chosen for a confidant one whom I have often thought a formidable rival; and yet I am so far from being displeased, that I do not know that the dear sensible girl could after all have made a better choice. It is time that the foolish coldness between us should be ended, as you must be sensible that its real cause lay in our rivalry. I have much need of good advice, and who can give it to me better than the old companion, whose soundness of judgment I have always envied, even when some injudicious friends have given me credit for quicker parts?"

Hartley accepted Richard's proffered hand, but without any of the buoyancy of spirit with which it was offered.

"I do not intend," he said, "to remain many days in this place, perhaps not very many hours. But if, in the meanwhile, I can benefit you, by advice or otherwise, you may fully command me. It is the only mode in which I can be of service to Menie Grey."

"Love my mistress, love me; a happy *pendant* to the old proverb, Love me, love my dog. Well, then, for Menie Grey's sake, if not for Dick Middlemas's (plague on that vulgar tell-tale name), will you, that are a stander-by, tell us, who are the unlucky players, what you think of this game of ours?"

"How can you ask such a question, when the field lies so fair before you? I am sure that Dr Grey would retain you as his assistant upon the same terms which he proposed to me. You are the better match, in all worldly respects, for his daughter, having some capital to begin the world with."

"All true—but methinks Mr Grey has showed no great predilection for me in this matter."

"If he has done injustice to your indisputable merit," said Hartley drily, "the preference of his daughter has more than atoned for it."

"Unquestionably; and dearly, therefore, do I love her; otherwise, Adam, I am not a person to grasp at the leavings of other people."

"Richard," replied Hartley, "that pride of yours, if you do not check it, will render you both ungrateful and miserable. Mr Grey's ideas are most friendly. He told me plainly, that his choice of me as an assistant, and as a member of his family, had been a long time balanced by his early affection for you, until he thought he had remarked in you a decisive discontent with such limited prospects as his offer contained, and a desire to go abroad into the world, and push, as it is called, your fortune. He said, that although it was very probable that you might love his daughter well enough to relinquish these ambitious ideas for her sake, yet the demons of Ambition and Avarice would return after the exorciser Love had exhausted the force of his spells, and then he thought he would have just reason to be anxious for his daughter's happiness."

"By my faith, the worthy senior speaks scholarly and wisely," answered Richard—"I did not think he had been so clear-sighted. To say the truth, but for the beautiful Menie Grey, I should feel like a mill-horse, walking my daily round in this dull country, while other gay rovers are trying how the world will receive them. For instance, where do you yourself go?"

"A cousin of my mother's commands a ship in the Company's service. I intend to go with him as surgeon's mate. If I like the sea service, I will continue in it; if not, I will enter some other line."—This, Hartley said with a sigh.

"To India!" answered Richard; "happy dog—to India! You may well bear with equanimity all disappointments sustained on this side of the globe. Oh, Delhi! oh, Golconda! have your names no power to conjure down idle recollections?—India, where gold is won by steel; where a brave man cannot pitch his desire of fame and wealth so high, but that he may realize it, if he have fortune to his friend! Is it possible that the bold adventurer can fix his thoughts on you, and still be dejected at the thoughts that a bonny blue-eyed lass looked favourably on a less lucky fellow than himself? Can this be?"

"Less lucky?" said Hartley. "Can you, the accepted lover of Menie Grey, speak in that tone, even though it be in jest?"

"Nay, Adam," said Richard, "don't be angry with me, because, being thus far successful, I rate my good fortune not quite so rapturously as perhaps you do, who have missed the luck of it. Your philosophy should tell you, that the object which we attain, or are sure of attaining, loses, perhaps, even by that very certainty, a little of the extravagant and ideal value, which attached to it while the object of feverish hopes and aguish fears. But for all that, I cannot live without my sweet Menie. I would wed her to-morrow, with all my soul, without thinking a minute on the clog which so early a marriage would fasten on our heels. But to spend two additional years in this infernal wilderness, cruizing after crowns and half-crowns, when worse men are making lacs and crores of rupees—it is a sad falling off, Adam. Counsel me, my friend,—can you not suggest some mode of getting off from these two years of destined dulness?"

"Not I," replied Hartley, scarce repressing his displeasure; "and if I could induce Dr Grey to dispense with so reasonable a condition, I should be very sorry to do so. You are but twenty-one, and if such a period of probation was, in the Doctor's prudence, judged necessary for me, who am full two years older, I have no idea that he will dispense with it in yours."

"Perhaps not," replied Middlemas; "but do you not think that these two, or call them three, years of probation, had better be spent in India, where much may be done in a little while, than here, where nothing can be done save just enough to get salt to our broth, or broth to our salt? Methinks I have a natural turn for India, and so I ought. My father was a soldier, by the conjecture of all who saw him, and gave me a love of the sword, and an arm to use one. My mother's father was a rich trafficker, who loved wealth, I warrant me, and knew how to get it. This petty two hundred a-year, with its miserable and precarious possibilities, to be shared with the old gentleman, sounds in the ears of one like me, who have the world for the winning, and a sword to cut my way through it, like something little better than a decent kind of beggary. Menie is in herself a gem—a diamond—I admit it. But

then one would not set such a precious jewel in lead or copper, but in pure gold; ay, and add a circlet of brilliants to set it off with. Be a good fellow, Adam, and undertake the setting my project in proper colours before the Doctor. I am sure, the wisest thing for him and Menie both, is to permit me to spend this short time of probation in the land of cowries. I am sure my heart will be there at any rate, and while I am bleeding some bumpkin for an inflammation, I shall be in fancy relieving some nabob, or rajahpoot, of his plethora of wealth. Come—will you assist, will you be auxiliary? Ten chances but you plead your own cause, man, for I may be brought up by a sabre, or a bow-string, before I make my pack up; then your road to Menie will be free and open, and, as you will be possessed of the situation of comforter *ex officio*, you may take her 'with the tear in her ee,' as old saws advise."

"Mr Richard Middlemas," said Hartley, "I wish it were possible for me to tell you, in the few words which I intend to bestow on you, whether I pity you or despise you the most. Heaven has placed happiness, competence, and content within your power, and you are willing to cast them away, to gratify ambition and avarice. Were I to give an advice on this subject, either to Dr Grey or his daughter, it would be to break off all connexion with a man, who, however clever by nature, may soon show himself a fool, and however honestly brought up, may also, upon temptation, prove himself a villain.—You may lay aside the sneer, which is designed to be a sarcastic smile. I will not attempt to do this, because I am convinced that my advice would be of no use, unless it could come unattended with suspicion of my motives. I will hasten my departure from this house, that we may not meet again; and I will leave it to God Almighty to protect honesty and innocence against the dangers which must attend vanity and folly." So saying, he turned contemptuously from the youthful votary of ambition, and left the garden.

"Stop," said Middlemas, struck with the picture which had been held up to his conscience—"Stop, Adam Hartley, and I will confess to you—" But his words were uttered in a faint and hesitating manner, and either never reached Hartley's ear, or failed in changing his purpose of departure.

When he was out of the garden, Middlemas began to recall his usual boldness of disposition—"Had he stayed a moment longer," he said, "I would have turned Papist, and made him my ghostly confessor. The yeomanly churl!—I would give something to know how he has got such a hank over me. What are Menie Grey's engagements to him? She has given him his answer, and what right has he to come betwixt her and me? If old Monçada had done a grandfather's duty, and made suitable settlements on me, this plan of marrying the sweet girl, and settling here in her native place, might have done well enough. But to live the life of the poor drudge her father—to be at the command and call of every boor for twenty miles round!—why, the labours of a higgler, who travels scores of miles to barter pins, ribands, snuff and tobacco, against the housewife's private stock of eggs, mort-skins, and tallow, is more profitable, less laborious, and faith, I think, equally respectable. No, no—unless I can find wealth nearer

home, I will seek it where every one can have it for the gathering; and so I will down to the Swan Inn, and hold a final consultation with my friend."

CHAPTER XX.

THE friend whom Middlemas expected to meet at the Swan, was a person already mentioned in this history by the name of Tom Hillary, bred an attorney's clerk in the ancient town of Novum Castrum—*doctus utriusque juris*, as far as a few months in the service of Mr Lawford, Town-clerk of Middlemas, could render him so. The last mention that we made of this gentleman, was when his gold-laced hat veiled its splendour before the fresher mounted beavers of the 'prentices of Dr Grey. That was now about five years since, and it was within six months that he had made his appearance in Middlemas, a very different sort of personage from that which he seemed at his departure.

He was now called Captain; his dress was regimental, and his language martial. He seemed to have plenty of cash, for he not only, to the great surprise of the parties, paid certain old debts, which he had left unsettled behind him, and that notwithstanding his having, as his old practice told him, a good defence of prescription, but even sent the minister a guinea, to the assistance of the parish poor. These acts of justice and benevolence were bruited abroad greatly to the honour of one, who, so long absent, had neither forgotten his just debts, nor hardened his heart against the cries of the needy. His merits were thought the higher, when it was understood he had served the honourable East India Company—that wonderful company of merchants, who may indeed, with the strictest propriety, be termed princes. It was about the middle of the eighteenth century, and the directors in Leadenhall-street were silently laying the foundation of that immense empire, which afterwards rose like an exhalation, and now astonishes Europe, as well as Asia, with its formidable extent, and stupendous strength. Britain had now begun to lend a wondering ear to the account of battles fought, and cities won, in the East; and was surprised by the return of individuals who had left their native country as adventurers, but now appeared surrounded by oriental wealth and oriental luxury, which dimmed even the splendour of the most wealthy of the British nobility. In this new-found El Dorado, Hillary had, it seems, been a labourer, and, if he told truth, to some purpose, though he was far from having completed the harvest which he meditated. He spoke indeed of making investments, and, as a mere matter of fancy, he consulted his old master, Clerk Lawford, concerning the purchase of a moorland farm, of three thousand acres, for which he would be content to give three or four thousand guineas, providing the game was plenty, and the trouting in the brook such as had been represented by advertisement. But he did not wish to make any extensive landed purchase at present. It was necessary to keep up his interest in Leadenhall-street; and in that view, it would be impolitic to part with his India stock and India bonds. In short, it was folly to think of settling on a poor thousand or twelve hundred a-year, when one was in the prime of life, and had no liver complaint; and so

he was determined to double the Cape once again, ere he retired to the chimney corner of life. All he wished was, to pick up a few clever fellows for his regiment, or rather for his own company; and as in all his travels he had never seen finer fellows than about Middlemas, he was willing to give them the preference in completing his levy. In fact, it was making men of them at once, for a few white faces never failed to strike terror into these black rascals; and then, not to mention the good things that were going at the storming of a Pettah, or the plundering of a Pagoda, most of these tawny dogs carried so much treasure about their persons, that a won battle was equal to a mine of gold to the victors.

The natives of Middlemas listened to the noble Captain's marvels with different feelings, as their temperaments were saturnine or sanguine. But none could deny that such things had been; and as he was known to be a bold dashing fellow, possessed of some abilities, and, according to the general opinion, not likely to be withheld by any peculiar scruples of conscience, there was no giving any good reason why Hillary should not have been as successful as others in the field, which India, agitated as it was by war and intestine disorders, seemed to offer to every enterprising adventurer. He was accordingly received by his old acquaintances at Middlemas rather with the respect due to his supposed wealth, than in a manner corresponding with his former humble pretensions.

Some of the notables of the village did indeed keep aloof. Among these, the chief was Dr Grey, who was an enemy to everything that approached to fanfaronade, and knew enough of the world to lay it down as a sort of general rule, that he who talks a great deal of fighting is seldom a brave soldier, and he who always speaks about wealth is seldom a rich man at bottom. Clerk Lawford was also shy, notwithstanding his *communings* with Hillary upon the subject of his intended purchase. The coolness of the Captain's old employer towards him was by some supposed to arise out of certain circumstances attending their former connexion; but as the Clerk himself never explained what these were, it is unnecessary to make any conjectures upon the subject.

Richard Middlemas very naturally renewed his intimacy with his former comrade, and it was from Hillary's conversation, that he had adopted the enthusiasm respecting India, which we have heard him express. It was indeed impossible for a youth, at once inexperienced in the world, and possessed of a most sanguine disposition, to listen without sympathy to the glowing descriptions of Hillary, who, though only a recruiting captain, had all the eloquence of a recruiting sergeant. Palaces rose like mushrooms in his descriptions; groves of lofty trees, and aromatic shrubs unknown to the chilly soils of Europe, were tenanted by every object of the chase, from the royal tiger down to the jackall. The luxuries of a Natch, and the peculiar oriental beauty of the enchantresses who perfumed their voluptuous eastern domes, for the pleasure of the haughty English conquerors, were no less attractive than the battles and sieges on which the Captain at other times expatiated. Not a stream did he mention but flowed

over sands of gold, and not a palace that was inferior to those of the celebrated Fata Morgana. His descriptions seemed steeped in odours, and his every phrase perfumed in ottar of roses. The interviews at which these descriptions took place, often ended in a bottle of choicer wine than the Swan Inn afforded, with some other appendages of the table, which the Captain, who was a bon-vivant, had procured from Edinburgh. From this good cheer Middlemas was doomed to retire to the homely evening meal of his master, where not all the simple beauties of Menie were able to overcome his disgust at the coarseness of the provisions, or his unwillingness to answer questions concerning the diseases of the wretched peasants who were subjected to his inspection.

Richard's hopes of being acknowledged by his father had long since vanished, and the rough repulse and subsequent neglect on the part of Monçada, had satisfied him that his grandfather was inexorable, and that neither then, nor at any future time, did he mean to realize the visions which Nurse Jamieson's splendid figments had encouraged him to entertain. Ambition, however, was not lulled to sleep, though it was no longer nourished by the same hopes which had at first awakened it. The Indian Captain's lavish oratory supplied the themes which had been at first derived from the legends of the nursery; the exploits of a Lawrence and a Clive, as well as the magnificent opportunities of acquiring wealth to which these exploits opened the road, disturbed the slumbers of the young adventurer. There was nothing to counteract these except his love for Menie Grey, and the engagements into which it had led him. But his addresses had been paid to Menie as much for the gratification of his vanity, as from any decided passion for that innocent and guileless being. He was desirous of carrying off the prize, for which Hartley, whom he never loved, had the courage to contend with him. Then Menie Grey had been beheld with admiration by men his superiors in rank and fortune, but with whom his ambition incited him to dispute the prize. No doubt, though urged to play the gallant at first rather from vanity than any other cause, the frankness and modesty with which his suit was admitted, made their natural impression on his heart. He was grateful to the beautiful creature, who acknowledged the superiority of his person and accomplishments, and fancied himself as devotedly attached to her, as her personal charms and mental merits would have rendered any one who was less vain or selfish than her lover. Still his passion for the surgeon's daughter ought not, he prudentially determined, to bear more than its due weight in a case so very important as the determining his line of life; and this he smoothed over to his conscience, by repeating to himself, that Menie's interest was as essentially concerned as his own, in postponing their marriage to the establishment of his fortune. How many young couples had been ruined by a premature union!

The contemptuous conduct of Hartley in their last interview had done something to shake his comrade's confidence in the truth of this reasoning, and to lead him to suspect that he was playing a very sordid and unmanly part, in trifling with the happiness of this amiable and unfortunate young woman. It was

in this doubtful humour that he repaired to the Swan Inn, where he was anxiously expected by his friend the Captain.

When they were comfortably seated over a bottle of Paxarete, Middlemas began, with characteristical caution, to sound his friend about the ease or difficulty with which an individual, desirous of entering the Company's service, might have an opportunity of getting a commission. If Hillary had answered truly, he would have replied, that it was extremely easy; for, at that time, the East India service presented no charms to that superior class of people who have since struggled for admittance under its banners. But the worthy Captain replied, that though, in the general case, it might be difficult for a young man to obtain a commission, without serving for some years as a cadet, yet, under his own protection, a young man entering his regiment, and fitted for such a situation, might be sure of an ensigncy, if not a lieutenancy, as soon as ever they set foot in India. "If you, my dear fellow," continued he, extending his hand to Middlemas, "would think of changing sheep-head broth and haggis for mulagatawny and curry, I can only say, that though it is indispensable that you should enter the service at first simply as a cadet, yet, by —, you should live like a brother on the passage with me; and no sooner were we through the surf at Madras, than I would put you in the way of acquiring both wealth and glory. You have, I think, some trifle of money, a couple of thousands or so?"

"About a thousand or twelve hundred," said Richard, affecting the indifference of his companion, but feeling privately humbled by the scantiness of his resources.

"It is quite as much as you will find necessary for the outfit and passage," said his adviser; "and, indeed, if you had not a farthing, it would be the same thing; for if I once say to a friend, I'll help you, Tom Hillary is not the man to start for fear of the cowries. However, it is as well you have something of a capital of your own to begin upon."

"Yes," replied the proselyte—"I should not like to be a burden on any one. I have some thoughts, to tell you the truth, to marry before I leave Britain; and in that case, you know, cash will be necessary, whether my wife goes out with us, or remains behind, till she hear how luck goes with me. So, after all, I may have to borrow a few hundreds of you."

"What the devil is that you say, Dick, about marrying and giving in marriage?" replied his friend—"What can put it into the head of a gallant young fellow like you, just rising twenty-one, and six feet high on your stocking soles, to make a slave of yourself for life? No, no, Dick, that will never do. Remember the old song—

Bachelor Bluff, bachelor Bluff,
Hev for a heart that 's rugged and tough!"

"Ay, ay, that sounds very well," replied Middlemas; "but then one must shake off a number of old recollections."

"The sooner the better, Dick; old recollections are like old clothes, and should be sent off by wholesale; they only take up room in one's wardrobe, and it would be old-fashioned to wear them.—But you look

grave upon it. Who the devil is it has made such a hole in your heart?"

"Pshaw!" answered Middlemas, "I am sure you must remember—Menie—my master's daughter."

"What, Miss Green, the old pottercarrier's daughter?—a likely girl enough, I think."

"My master is a surgeon," said Richard, "not an apothecary, and his name is Grey."

"Ay, ay, Green or Grey—what does it signify? He sells his own drugs, I think, which we in the south call being a pottercarrier. The girl is a likely girl enough for a Scottish ball-room.—But is she up to anything?—Has she any *nouz*?"

"Why, she is a sensible girl, save in loving me!" answered Richard; "and that, as Benedict says, is no proof of her wisdom, and no great argument of her folly."

"But has she spirit—spunk—dash—a spice of the devil about her?"

"Not a penny-weight—the kindest, simplest, and most manageable of human beings," answered the lover.

"She won't do then," said the monitor, in a decisive tone. "I am sorry for it, Dick; but she will never do. There are some women in the world that can bear their share in the bustling life we live in India—ay, and I have known some of them drag forward husbands that would otherwise have stuck fast in the mud till the day of judgment. Heaven knows how they paid the turnpikes they pushed them through! But these were none of your simple Susans, that think their eyes are good for nothing but to look at their husbands, or sew baby-clothes. Depend on it, you must give up your matrimony, or your views of preferment. If you wilfully tie a clog round your throat, never think of running a race; but do not suppose that your breaking off with the lass will make any very terrible catastrophe. A scene there may be at parting; but you will soon forget her among the native girls, and she will fall in love with Mr Tapeitout, the minister's assistant and successor. She is not goods for the Indian market, I assure you."

Among the capricious weaknesses of humanity, that one is particularly remarkable which inclines us to esteem persons and things not by their real value, so much as by the opinion of others, who are often very incompetent judges. Dick Middlemas had been urged forward, in his suit to Menie Grey, by his observing how much her partner, a booby laird, had been captivated by her; and she was now lowered in his esteem, because an impudent low-lived coxcomb had presumed to talk of her with disparagement. Either of these worthy gentlemen would have been as capable of enjoying the beauties of Homer, as judging of the merits of Menie Grey.

Indeed the ascendancy which this bold-talking, promise-making soldier had acquired over Dick Middlemas, wilful as he was in general, was of a despotic nature; because the Captain, though greatly inferior in information and talent to the youth whose opinions he swayed, had skill in suggesting those tempting views of rank and wealth, to which Richard's imagination had been from childhood most accessible. One promise he exacted from Middlemas as a condition of the services which he was to render him—it was absolute silence on the subject of

his destination for India, and the views upon which it took place. "My recruits," said the Captain, "have been all marched off for the depot at the Isle of Wight; and I want to leave Scotland, and particularly this little burgh, without being worried to death, of which I must despair, should it come to be known that I can provide young griffins, as we call them, with commissions. Gad, I should carry off all the first-born of Middlemas as cadets, and none are so scrupulous as I am about making promises. I am as trusty as a Trojan for that; and you know I cannot do that for every one which I would for an old friend like Dick Middlemas."

Dick promised secrecy, and it was agreed that the two friends should not even leave the burgh in company, but that the Captain should set off first, and his recruit should join him at Edinburgh, where his enlistment might be attested, and then they were to travel together to town, and arrange matters for their Indian voyage.

Notwithstanding the definitive arrangement which was thus made for his departure, Middlemas thought, from time to time, with anxiety and regret about quitting Menie Grey, after the engagement which had passed between them. The resolution was taken, however; the blow was necessarily to be struck; and her ungrateful lover, long since determined against the life of domestic happiness, which he might have enjoyed had his views been better regulated, was now occupied with the means, not indeed of breaking off with her entirely, but of postponing all thoughts of their union until the success of his expedition to India.

He might have spared himself all anxiety on this last subject. The wealth of that India to which he was bound would not have bribed Menie Grey to have left her father's roof against her father's commands; still less when, deprived of his two assistants, he must be reduced to the necessity of continued exertion in his declining life, and therefore might have accounted himself altogether deserted, had his daughter departed from him at the same time. But though it would have been her unalterable determination not to accept any proposal of an immediate union of their fortunes, Menie could not, with all a lover's power of self-deception, succeed in persuading herself to be satisfied with Richard's conduct towards her. Modesty, and a becoming pride, prevented her from seeming to notice, but could not prevent her from bitterly feeling, that her lover was preferring the pursuits of ambition to the humble lot which he might have shared with her, and which promised content at least, if not wealth.

"If he had loved me as he pretended," such was the unwilling conviction that rose on her mind, "my father would surely not have ultimately refused him the same terms which he held out to Hartley. His objections would have given way to my happiness, nay, to Richard's importunities, which would have removed his suspicions of the unsettled cast of his disposition. But I fear—I fear Richard hardly thought the terms proposed were worthy of his acceptance. Would it not have been natural, too, that he should have asked me, engaged as we stand to each other, to have united our fate before his quitting Europe, when I might either have remained here with my father, or accompanied him to India, in quest of that

fortune which he is so eagerly pushing for? It would have been wrong—very wrong—in me to have consented to such a proposal, unless my father had authorised it; but surely it would have been natural that Richard should have offered it? Alas! men do not know how to love like women. Their attachment is only one of a thousand other passions and predilections,—they are daily engaged in pleasures which blunt their feelings, and in business which distracts them. We—we sit at home to weep, and to think how coldly our affections are repaid!”

The time was now arrived at which Richard Middlemas had a right to demand the property vested in the hands of the Town-clerk and Doctor Grey. He did so, and received it accordingly. His late guardian naturally inquired what views he had formed on entering on life? The imagination of the ambitious aspirant saw in this simple question a desire, on the part of the worthy man, to offer, and perhaps press upon him, the same proposal which he had made to Hartley. He hastened, therefore, to answer drily, that he had some hopes held out to him which he was not at liberty to communicate; but that the instant he reached London, he would write to the guardian of his youth, and acquaint him with the nature of his prospects, which he was happy to say were rather of a pleasing character.

Grey, who supposed that at this critical period of his life, the father, or grandfather, of the young man might perhaps have intimated a disposition to open some intercourse with him, only replied,—“You have been the child of mystery, Richard; and as you came to me, so you leave me. Then, I was ignorant from whence you came; and now, I know not whither you are going. It is not, perhaps, a very favourable point in your horoscope, that every thing connected with you is a secret. But as I shall always think with kindness on him whom I have known so long, so, when you remember the old man, you ought not to forget that he has done his duty to you, to the extent of his means and power, and taught you that noble profession, by means of which, wherever your lot casts you, you may always gain your bread, and alleviate, at the same time, the distresses of your fellow-creatures.” Middlemas was excited by the simple kindness of his master, and poured forth his thanks with the greater profusion, that he was free from the terror of the emblematical collar and chain, which a moment before seemed to glisten in the hand of his guardian, and gape to enclose his neck.

“One word more,” said Mr Grey, producing a small ring-case. “This valuable ring was forced upon me by your unfortunate mother. I have no right to it, having been amply paid for my services; and I only accepted it with the purpose of keeping it for you till this moment should arrive. It may be useful, perhaps, should there occur any question about your identity.”

“Thanks once more, my more than father, for this precious relic, which may indeed be useful. You shall be repaid, if India has diamonds left.”

“India and diamonds!” said Grey. “Is your head turned, child?”

“I mean,” stammered Middlemas, “if London has any Indian diamonds.”

“Pooh! you foolish lad,” answered Grey, “how should you buy diamonds, or what should I do with them, if you gave me ever so many? Get you gone with you while I am angry.”—The tears were glistening in the old man’s eyes.—“If I get pleased with you again, I shall not know how to part with you.”

The parting of Middlemas with poor Menie was yet more affecting. Her sorrow revived in his mind all the liveliness of a first love, and he redeemed his character for sincere attachment, by not only imploring an instant union, but even going so far as to propose renouncing his more splendid prospects, and sharing Mr Grey’s humble toil, if by doing so he could secure his daughter’s hand. But though there was consolation in this testimony of her lover’s faith, Menie Grey was not so unwise as to accept of sacrifices, which might afterwards have been repented of.

“No, Richard,” she said, “it seldom ends happily when people alter, in a moment of agitated feeling, plans which have been adopted under mature deliberation. I have long seen that your views were extended far beyond so humble a station as this place affords promise of. It is natural they should do so, considering that the circumstances of your birth seem connected with riches and with rank. Go, then, seek that riches and rank. It is possible your mind may be changed in the pursuit, and if so, think no more about Menie Grey. But if it should be otherwise, we may meet again, and do not believe for a moment that there can be a change in Menie Grey’s feelings towards you.”

At this interview, much more was said than it is necessary to repeat, much more thought than was actually said. Nurse Jamieson, in whose chamber it took place, folded her *bairns*, as she called them, in her arms, and declared that Heaven had made them for each other, and that she would not ask of Heaven to live beyond the day when she should see them bridegroom and bride.

At length it became necessary that the parting scene should end; and Richard Middlemas mounting a horse which he had hired for the journey, set off for Edinburgh, to which metropolis he had already forwarded his heavy baggage. Upon the road the idea more than once occurred to him, that even yet he had better return to Middlemas, and secure his happiness by uniting himself at once to Menie Grey, and to humble competence. But from the moment that he rejoined his friend Hillary at their appointed place of rendezvous, he became ashamed even to hint at any change of purpose; and his late excited feelings were forgotten, unless in so far as they confirmed his resolution, that as soon as he had attained a certain portion of wealth and consequence, he would haste to share them with Menie Grey. Yet his gratitude to her father did not appear to have slumbered, if we may judge from the gift of a very handsome cornelian seal set in gold, and bearing engraved upon it Gules, a lion rampant within a bordering grain Or, which was carefully dispatched to Stevenlaw’s Land, with a suitable letter. Menie knew the hand-writing, and watched her father’s looks as he read it, thinking, perhaps, that it had turned on a different topic. Her father pshawed and poohed a good deal when he had finished the billet, and examined the seal.

"Dick Middlemas," he said, "is but a fool after all, Menie. I am sure I am not like to forget him, that he should send me a token of remembrance; and if he would be so absurd, could he not have sent me the improved lithotomical apparatus? And what have I, Gideon Grey, to do with the arms of my Lord Grey?—No, no—my old silver stamp, with the double G upon it, will serve my turn. But put the bonnie die away, Menie, my dear—it was kindly meant, at any rate."

The reader cannot doubt that the seal was safely and carefully preserved.

CHAPTER XXI.

A lazar-house it seemed, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseased.

MILTON.

AFTER the Captain had finished his business, amongst which he did not forget to have his recruit regularly attested, as a candidate for glory in the service of the Honourable East India Company, the friends left Edinburgh. From thence they got a passage by sea to Newcastle, where Hillary had also some regimental affairs to transact, before he joined his regiment. At Newcastle the Captain had the good luck to find a small brig, commanded by an old acquaintance and schoolfellow, which was just about to sail for the Isle of Wight. "I have arranged for our passage with him," he said to Middlemas—"for when you are at the depot, you can learn a little of your duty, which cannot be so well taught on board of ship, and then I will find it easier to have you promoted."

"Do you mean," said Richard, "that I am to stay at the Isle of Wight all the time that you are jiggling it away in London?"

"Ay, indeed do I," said his comrade, "and it's best for you too; whatever business you have in London, I can do it for you as well, or something better than yourself."

"But I chuse to transact my own business myself, Captain Hillary," said Richard.

"Then you ought to have remained your own master, Cadet Middlemas. At present you are an enlisted recruit of the Honourable East India Company; I am your officer, and should you hesitate to follow me aboard, why, you foolish fellow, I could have you sent on board in handcuffs."

This was jestingly spoken; but yet there was something in the tone which hurt Middlemas's pride and alarmed his fears. He had observed of late, that his friend, especially when in company of others, talked to him with an air of command or superiority, difficult to be endured, and yet so closely allied to the freedom often exercised betwixt two intimates, that he could not find any proper mode of rebuffing or resenting it. Such manifestations of authority were usually followed by an instant renewal of their intimacy; but in the present case that did not so speedily ensue.

Middlemas, indeed, consented to go with his companion to the Isle of Wight, perhaps because, if he should quarrel with him, the whole plan of his Indian voyage, and all the hopes built upon it,

must fall to the ground. But he altered his purpose of intrusting his comrade with his little fortune, to lay out as his occasions might require, and resolved himself to overlook the expenditure of his money, which, in the form of Bank of England notes, was safely deposited in his travelling trunk. Captain Hillary, finding that some hint he had thrown out on this subject was disregarded, appeared to think no more about it.

The voyage was performed with safety and celerity; and having coasted the shores of that beautiful island, which he who once sees never forgets, through whatever part of the world his future path may lead him, the vessel was soon anchored off the little town of Ryde; and, as the waves were uncommonly still, Richard felt the sickness diminish, which, for a considerable part of the passage, had occupied his attention more than any thing else.

The master of the brig, in honour to his passengers, and affection to his old schoolfellow, had formed an awning upon deck, and proposed to have the pleasure of giving them a little treat before they left his vessel. Lobscous, sea-pie, and other delicacies of a naval description, had been provided in a quantity far disproportionate to the number of the guests. But the punch which succeeded was of excellent quality, and portentously strong. Captain Hillary pushed it round, and insisted upon his companion taking his full share in the merry bout, the rather that, as he facetiously said, there had been some dryness between them, which good liquor would be sovereign in removing. He renewed, with additional splendours, the various panoramic scenes of India and Indian adventures, which had first excited the ambition of Middlemas, and assured him, that even if he should not be able to get him a commission instantly, yet a short delay would only give him time to become better acquainted with his military duties; and Middlemas was too much elevated by the liquor he had drank, to see any difficulty which could oppose itself to his fortunes. Whether those who shared in the computation were more seasoned toppers—whether Middlemas drank more than they—or whether, as he himself afterwards suspected, his cup had been drugged, like those of Duncan's body-guard, it is certain, that on this occasion he passed, with unusual rapidity, through all the different phases of the respectable state of drunkenness,—laughed, sung, whooped, and halloed, was maudlin in his fondness, and frantic in his wrath, and at length fell into a fast and imperturbable sleep.

The effect of the liquor displayed itself, as usual, in a hundred wild dreams of parched deserts, and of serpents whose bite inflicted the most intolerable thirst—of the suffering of the Indian on the death-stake—and the torments of the infernal regions themselves; when at length he awakened, and it appeared that the latter vision was in fact realised. The sounds which had at first influenced his dreams, and at length broken his slumbers, were of the most horrible, as well as the most melancholy description. They came from the ranges of pallet-beds, which were closely packed together in a species of military hospital, where a burning fever was the prevalent complaint. Many of the patients were under the influence of a high delirium, during which they shouted, shrieked, blasphemed, and uttered the most horrible

imprecations. Others, sensible of their condition, bewailed it with low groans, and some attempts at devotion, which showed their ignorance of the principles, and even the forms of religion. Those who were convalescent talked ribaldry in a loud tone, or whispered to each other in cant language, upon schemes which, as far as a passing phrase could be understood by a novice, had relation to violent and criminal exploits.

Richard Middlemas's astonishment was equal to his horror. He had but one advantage over the poor wretches with whom he was classed, and it was in enjoying the luxury of a pallet to himself—most of the others being occupied by two unhappy beings. He saw no one who appeared to attend to the wants, or to heed the complaints, of the wretches around him, or to whom he could offer any appeal against his present situation. He looked for his clothes, that he might arise and extricate himself from this den of horrors; but his clothes were nowhere to be seen, nor did he see his portmanteau, or sea-chest. It was much to he apprehended he would never see them more.

Then, but too late, he remembered the insinuations which had passed current respecting his friend the Captain, who was supposed to have been discharged by Mr Lawford, on account of some breach of trust in the Town-clerk's service. But that he should have trepanned the friend who had reposed his whole confidence in him—that he should have plundered him of his fortune, and placed him in this house of pestilence, with the hope that death might stifle his tongue, were iniquities not to have been anticipated, even if the worst of these reports were true.

But Middlemas resolved not to be a-wanting to himself. This place must be visited by some officer, military or medical, to whom he would make an appeal, and alarm his fears at least, if he could not awaken his conscience. While he revolved these distracting thoughts, tormented at the same time by a burning thirst which he had no means of satisfying, he endeavoured to discover if, among those stretched upon the pallets nearest him, he could not discern some one likely to enter in a conversation with him, and give him some information about the nature and customs of this horrid place. But the bed nearest him was occupied by two fellows, who, although, to judge from their gaunt cheeks, hollow eyes, and ghastly looks, they were apparently recovering from the disease and just rescued from the jaws of death, were deeply engaged in endeavouring to cheat each other of a few halfpence at a game of cribbage, mixing the terms of the game with oaths not loud but deep; each turn of luck being hailed by the winner as well as the loser with execrations, which seemed designed to blight both body and soul, now used as the language of triumph, and now as reproaches against fortune.

Next to the gamblers was a pallet, occupied indeed by two bodies, but only one of which was living—the other sufferer had been recently relieved from his agony.

"He is dead—he is dead!" said the wretched survivor.

"Then do you die too, and be d—d," answered

one of the players, "and then there will be a pair of you, as Pugg says."

"I tell you he is growing stiff and cold," said the poor wretch—"the dead is no bedfellow for the living. For God's sake, help to rid me of the corpse."

"Ay, and get the credit of having done him—as may be the case with yourself, friend—for he had some two or three hoggs about him——"

"You know you took the last rap from his breeches pocket not an hour ago," expostulated the poor convalescent—"But help me to take the body out of the bed, and I will not tell the *jigger-dubber* that you have been before-hand with him."

"You tell the *jigger-dubber*!" answered the cribbage player. "Such another word, and I will twist your head round till your eyes look at the drummer's handwriting on your back. Hold your peace, and don't bother our game with your gammon, or I will make you as mute as your bedfellow."

The unhappy wretch, exhausted, sunk back beside his hideous companion, and the usual jargon of the game, interlarded with execrations, went on as before.

From this specimen of the most obdurate indifference, contrasted with the last excess of misery, Middlemas became satisfied how little could be made of an appeal to the humanity of his fellow-sufferers. His heart sunk within him, and the thoughts of the happy and peaceful home, which he might have called his own, arose before his over-heated fancy, with a vividness of perception that bordered upon insanity. He saw before him the rivulet which wanders through the burgh-muir of Middlemas, where he had so often set little mills for the amusement of Menie while she was a child. One draught of it would have been worth all the diamonds of the East, which of late he had worshipped with such devotion; but that draught was denied to him as to Tantalus.

Rallying his senses from this passing illusion, and knowing enough of the practice of the medical art, to be aware of the necessity of preventing his ideas from wandering, if possible, he endeavoured to recollect that he was a surgeon, and, after all, should not have the extreme fear for the interior of a military hospital, which its horrors might inspire into strangers to the profession. But though he strove, by such recollections, to rally his spirits, he was not the less aware of the difference betwixt the condition of a surgeon, who might have attended such a place in the course of his duty, and a poor inhabitant, who was at once a patient and a prisoner.

A footstep was now heard in the apartment, which seemed to silence all the varied sounds of woe that filled it. The cribbage party hid their cards, and ceased their oaths; other wretches, whose complaints had arisen to frenzy, left off their wild exclamations and entreaties for assistance. Agony softened her shriek, Insanity hushed its senseless clamours, and even Death seemed desirous to stifle his parting groan in the presence of Captain Seelencoper. This official was the superintendent, or, as the miserable inhabitants termed him, the Governor of the Hospital. He had all the air of having been originally a turnkey in some ill-regulated jail—a stout, short, bandy-legged man, with one eye, and a double portion of ferocity in that which remained. He wore an old-

fashioned tarnished uniform, which did not seem to have been made for him; and the voice in which this minister of humanity addressed the sick, was that of a boatswain, shouting in the midst of a storm. He had pistols and a cutlass in his belt; for his mode of administration being such as provoked even hospital patients to revolt, his life had been more than once in danger amongst them. He was followed by two assistants, who carried handcuffs and strait jackets.

As Seelencoper made his rounds, complaint and pain were hushed, and the flourish of the bamboo, which he bore in his hand, seemed powerful as the wand of a magician to silence all complaint and remonstrance.

"I tell you the meat is as sweet as a nosegay—and for the bread, it's good enough, and too good, for a set of lubbers, that lie shamming Abraham, and consuming the Right Honourable Company's victuals—I don't speak to them that are really sick, for, God knows, I am always for humanity."

"If that be the case, sir," said Richard Middlemas, whose lair the Captain had approached, while he was thus answering the low and humble complaints of those by whose bedside he passed—"if that be the case, sir, I hope your humanity will make you attend to what I say."

"And who the devil are you?" said the Governor, turning on him his single eye of fire, while a sneer gathered on his harsh features, which were so well qualified to express it.

"My name is Middlemas—I come from Scotland, and have been sent here by some strange mistake. I am neither a private soldier, nor am I indisposed, more than by the heat of this cursed place."

"Why then, friend, all I have to ask you is, whether you are an attested recruit or not?"

"I was attested at Edinburgh," said Middlemas, "but——"

"But what the devil would you have, then?—you are enlisted—the Captain and the Doctor sent you here—surely they know best whether you are private or officer, sick or well."

"But I was promised," said Middlemas, "promised by Tom Hillary——"

"Promised, were you? Why, there is not a man here that has not been promised something by somebody or another, or perhaps has promised something to himself. This is the land of promise, my smart fellow, but you know it is India that must be the land of performance. So good morning to you. The Doctor will come his rounds presently, and put you all to rights."

"Stay but one moment—one moment only—I have been robbed."

"Robbed! look you there now," said the Governor, "everybody that comes here has been robbed. —Egad, I am the luckiest fellow in Europe—other people in my line have only thieves and blackguards upon their hands; but none come to my ken but honest, decent, unfortunate gentlemen, that have been robbed!"

"Take care how you treat this so lightly, sir," said Middlemas; "I have been robbed of a thousand pounds."

Here Governor Seelencoper's gravity was totally

overcome, and his laugh was echoed by several of the patients, either because they wished to curry favour with the superintendent, or from the feeling which influences evil spirits to rejoice in the tortures of those who are sent to share their agony.

"A thousand pounds!" exclaimed Captain Seelencoper, as he recovered his breath,—“Come, that's a good one—I like a fellow that does not make two bites of a cherry—why, there is not a cull in the ken that pretends to have lost more than a few hoggs, and here is a servant to the Honourable Company that has been robbed of a thousand pounds! Well done, Mr Tom of Ten Thousand—you're a credit to the house, and to the service, and so good morning to you."

He passed on, and Richard, starting up in a storm of anger and despair, found, as he would have called after him, that his voice, betwixt thirst and agitation, refused its office. "Water, water!" he said, laying hold, at the same time, of one of the assistants, who followed Seelencoper, by the sleeve. The fellow looked carelessly round; there was a jug stood by the side of the cribbage players, which he reached to Middlemas, bidding him, "Drink and be d——d."

The man's back was no sooner turned, than the gamester threw himself from his own bed into that of Middlemas, and grasping firm hold of the arm of Richard ere he could carry the vessel to his head, swore he should not have his booze. It may be readily conjectured, that the pitcher, thus anxiously and desperately reclaimed, contained something better than the pure element. In fact, a large proportion of it was gin. The jug was broken in the struggle, and the liquor spilt. Middlemas dealt a blow to the assailant, which was amply and heartily repaid, and a combat would have ensued, but for the interference of the superintendent and his assistants, who, with a dexterity that showed them well acquainted with such emergencies, clapped a strait waistcoat upon each of the antagonists. Richard's efforts at remonstrance only procured him a blow from Captain Seelencoper's rattan, and a tender admonition to hold his tongue, if he valued a whole skin.

Irritated at once by sufferings of the mind and of the body, tormented by raging thirst, and by the sense of his own dreadful situation, the mind of Richard Middlemas seemed to be on the point of becoming unsettled. He felt an insane desire to imitate and reply to the groans, oaths, and ribaldry, which, as soon as the superintendent quitted the hospital, echoed around him. He longed, though he struggled against the impulse, to vie in curses with the reprobate, and in screams with the maniac. But his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, his mouth itself seemed choked with ashes; there came upon him a dimness of sight, a rushing sound in his ears, and the powers of life were for a time suspended.

CHAPTER XXII.

A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the common weal.

POPE'S *Homer*.

As Middlemas returned to his senses, he was sen-

sible that his blood felt more cool; that the feverish throb of his pulsation was diminished; that the ligatures on his person were removed, and his lungs performed their functions more freely. One assistant was binding up a vein, from which a considerable quantity of blood had been taken; another, who had just washed the face of the patient, was holding aromatic vinegar to his nostrils. As he began to open his eyes, the person who had just completed the bandage, said in Latin, but in a very low tone, and without raising his head, "*Annon sis Ricardus ille Middlemas, ex civitate Middlemasiense? Responde in lingua Latina.*"

"*Sum ille miserrimus,*" replied Richard, again shutting his eyes; for strange as it may seem, the voice of his comrade Adam Hartley, though his presence might be of so much consequence in this emergency, conveyed a pang to his wounded pride. He was conscious of unkindly, if not hostile, feelings towards his old companion; he remembered the tone of superiority which he used to assume over him, and thus to lie stretched at his feet, and in a manner at his mercy, aggravated his distress, by the feelings of the dying chieftain, "*Earl Percy sees my fall.*" This was, however, too unreasonable an emotion to subsist above a minute. In the next, he availed himself of the Latin language, with which both were familiar (for in that time the medical studies at the celebrated University of Edinburgh were, in a great measure, conducted in Latin), to tell in a few words his own folly, and the villany of Hillary.

"I must be gone instantly," said Hartley—"Take courage—I trust to be able to assist you. In the meantime, take food and physic from none but my servant, who you see holds the sponge in his hand. You are where a man's life has been taken for the sake of his gold sleeve-buttons."

"Stay yet a moment," said Middlemas—"Let me remove this temptation from my dangerous neighbours."

He drew a small packet from his under waistcoat, and put it into Hartley's hands.

"If I die," he said, "be my heir. You deserve her better than I."

All answer was prevented by the hoarse voice of Seelencoper. "Well, Doctor, will you carry through your patient?"

"Symptoms are dubious yet," said the Doctor—"That was an alarming swoon. You must have him carried into the private ward, and my young man shall attend him."

"Why, if you command it, Doctor, needs must;—but I can tell you there is a man we both know, that has a thousand reasons at least for keeping him in the public ward."

"I know nothing of your thousand reasons," said Hartley; "I can only tell you that this young fellow is as well-limbed and likely a lad as the Company have among their recruits. It is my business to save him for their service, and if he dies by your neglecting what I direct, depend upon it I will not allow the blame to lie at my door. I will tell the General the charge I have given you."

"The General!" said Seelencoper, much embarrassed—"Tell the General?—ay, about his health.

But you will not say anything about what he may have said in his light-headed fits? My eyes! if you listen to what feverish patients say when the tantivy is in their brain, your back will soon break with tale-bearing, for I will warrant you plenty of them to carry."

"Captain Seelencoper," said the Doctor, "I do not meddle with your department in the hospital: My advice to you is, not to trouble yourself with mine. I suppose, as I have a commission in the service, and have besides a regular diploma as a physician, I know when my patient is light-headed or otherwise. So do you let the man be carefully looked after, at your peril."

Thus saying, he left the hospital, but not till, under pretext of again consulting the pulse, he pressed the patient's hand, as if to assure him once more of his exertions for his liberation.

"My eyes!" muttered Seelencoper, "this cockerel crows gallant, to come from a Scotch roost; but I would know well enough how to fetch the youngster off the perch, if it were not for the cure he has done on the General's pickaninies."

Enough of this fell on Richard's ear to suggest hopes of deliverance, which were increased when he was shortly afterwards removed to a separate ward, a place much more decent in appearance, and inhabited only by two patients, who seemed petty officers. Although sensible that he had no illness, save that weakness which succeeds violent agitation, he deemed it wisest to suffer himself still to be treated as a patient, in consideration that he should thus remain under his comrade's superintendence. Yet while preparing to avail himself of Hartley's good offices, the prevailing reflection of his secret bosom was the ungrateful sentiment, "Had Heaven no other means of saving me than by the hands of him I like least on the face of the earth?"

Meanwhile, ignorant of the ungrateful sentiments of his comrade, and indeed wholly indifferent how he felt towards him, Hartley proceeded in doing him such service as was in his power, without any other object than the discharge of his own duty as a man and as a christian. The manner in which he became qualified to render his comrade assistance, requires some short explanation.

Our story took place at a period, when the Directors of the East India Company, with that hardy and persevering policy which has raised to such a height the British Empire in the East, had determined to send a large reinforcement of European troops to the support of their power in India, then threatened by the kingdom of Mysore, of which the celebrated Hyder Ally had usurped the government, after dethroning his master. Considerable difficulty was found in obtaining recruits for that service. Those who might have been otherwise disposed to be soldiers, were afraid of the climate, and of the species of banishment which the engagement implied; and doubted also how far the engagements of the Company might be faithfully observed towards them, when they were removed from the protection of the British laws. For these and other reasons, the military service of the King was preferred, and that of the Company could only procure the worst recruits, although their zealous agents scrupled not to em-

ploy the worst means. Indeed the practice of kidnapping, or crimping as it is technically called, was at that time general, whether for the colonies, or even for the King's troops; and as the agents employed in such transactions must be of course entirely unscrupulous, there was not only much villany committed in the direct prosecution of the trade, but it gave rise incidentally to remarkable cases of robbery, and even murder. Such atrocities were of course concealed from the authorities for whom the levies were made, and the necessity of obtaining soldiers made men, whose conduct was otherwise unexceptionable, cold in looking closely into the mode in which their recruiting service was conducted.

The principal depot of the troops which were by these means assembled, was in the Isle of Wight, where the season proving unhealthy, and the men themselves being many of them of a bad habit of body, a fever of a malignant character broke out amongst them, and speedily crowded with patients the military hospital, of which Mr Seelencoop, himself an old and experienced crimp and kidnapper, had obtained the superintendence. Irregularities began to take place also among the soldiers who remained healthy, and the necessity of subjecting them to some discipline before they sailed was so evident, that several officers of the Company's naval service expressed their belief that otherwise there would be dangerous mutinies on the passage.

To remedy the first of these evils, the Court of Directors sent down to the island several of their medical servants, amongst whom was Hartley, whose qualifications had been amply certified by a medical board, before which he had passed an examination, besides his possessing a diploma from the University of Edinburgh as M. D.

To enforce the discipline of their soldiers, the Court committed full power to one of their own body, General Witherington. The General was an officer who had distinguished himself highly in their service. He had returned from India five or six years before, with a large fortune, which he had rendered much greater by an advantageous marriage with a rich heiress. The General and his lady went little into society, but seemed to live entirely for their infant family, those in number being three, two boys and a girl. Although he had retired from the service, he willingly undertook the temporary charge committed to him, and taking a house at a considerable distance from the town of Ryde, he proceeded to enroll the troops into separate bodies, appoint officers of capacity to each, and by regular training and discipline, gradually to bring them into something resembling good order. He heard their complaints of ill usage in the articles of provisions and appointments, and did them upon all occasions the strictest justice, save that he was never known to restore one recruit to his freedom from the service, however unfairly or even illegally his attestation might have been obtained.

"It is none of my business," said General Witherington, "how you became soldiers — soldiers I found you, and soldiers I will leave you. But I will take especial care, that as soldiers you shall have everything. to a penny or a pin's head, that you are

justly entitled to." He went to work without fear or favour, reported many abuses to the Board of Directors, had several officers, commissaries, etc., removed from the service, and made his name as great a terror to the speculators at home, as it had been to the enemies of Britain in Hindostan.

Captain Seelencoop, and his associates in the Hospital department, heard and trembled, fearing that their turn should come next; but the General, who elsewhere examined all with his own eyes, showed a reluctance to visit the Hospital in person. Public report industriously imputed this to fear of infection. Such was certainly the motive; though it was not fear for his own safety that influenced General Witherington, but he dreaded lest he should carry the infection home to the nursery, on which he doated. The alarm of his lady was yet more unreasonably sensitive; she would scarcely suffer the children to walk abroad, if the wind but blew from the quarter where the Hospital was situated.

But Providence baffles the precautions of mortals. In a walk across the fields, chosen as the most sheltered and sequestered, the children, with their train of Eastern and European attendants, met a woman who carried a child that was recovering from the small-pox. The anxiety of the father, joined to some religious scruples on the mother's part, had postponed inoculation, which was then scarcely come into general use. The infection caught like a quick-match, and ran like wild-fire through all those in the family who had not previously had the disease. One of the General's children, the second boy, died, and two of the Ayas, or black female servants, had the same fate. The hearts of the father and mother would have been broken for the child they had lost, had not their grief been suspended by anxiety for the fate of those who lived, and who were confessed to be in imminent danger. They were like persons distracted, as the symptoms of the poor patients seemed gradually to resemble more nearly that of the child already lost.

While the parents were in this agony of apprehension, the general's principal servant, a native of Northumberland like himself, informed him one morning that there was a young man from the same county among the Hospital doctors, who had publicly blamed the mode of treatment observed towards the patients, and spoken of another which he had seen practised with eminent success.

"Some impudent quack," said the General, "who would force himself into business by bold assertions. Doctor Tourniquet and Doctor Lancelot are men of high reputation."

"Do not mention their reputation," said the mother, with a mother's impatience; "did they not let my sweet Reuben die? What avails the reputation of the physician, when the patient perisheth?"

"If his honour would but see Doctor Hartley," said Winter, turning half towards the lady, and then turning back again to his master. "He is a very decent young man, who, I am sure, never expected what he said to reach your honour's ears;—and he is a native of Northumberland."

"Send me a servant with a led horse; let the young man come hither instantly."

It is well known, that the ancient mode of treating

the small-pox was to refuse to the patient everything which Nature urged him to desire; and, in particular, to confine him to heated rooms, beds loaded with blankets, and spiced wine, when nature called for cold water and fresh air. A different mode of treatment had of late been adventured upon by some practitioners, who preferred reason to authority, and Gideon Grey had followed it for several years with extraordinary success.

When General Witherington saw Hartley, he was startled at his youth; but when he heard him modestly, but with confidence, state the difference of the two modes of treatment, and the *rationale* of his practice, he listened with the most serious attention. So did his lady, her streaming eyes turning from Hartley to her husband, as if to watch what impression the arguments of the former were making upon the latter. General Witherington was silent for a few minutes after Hartley had finished his exposition, and seemed buried in profound reflection. "To treat a fever," he said, "in a manner which tends to produce one, seems indeed to be adding fuel to fire."

"It is—it is," said the lady. "Let us trust this young man, General Witherington. We shall at least give our darlings the comforts of the fresh air and cold water, for which they are pining."

But the General remained undecided. "Your reasoning," he said to Hartley, "seems plausible; but still it is only hypothesis. What can you show to support your theory, in opposition to the general practice?"

"My own observation," replied the young man. "Here is a memorandum book of medical cases which I have witnessed. It contains twenty cases of small-pox, of which eighteen were recoveries."

"And the two others?" said the General.

"Terminated fatally," replied Hartley: "we can as yet but partially disarm this scourge of the human race."

"Young man," continued the General, "were I to say that a thousand gold mohrs were yours in case my children live under your treatment, what have you to peril in exchange?"

"My reputation," answered Hartley, firmly.

"And you could warrant on your reputation the recovery of your patients?"

"God forbid I should be so presumptuous! But I think I could warrant my using those means, which, with God's blessing, afford the fairest chance of a favourable result."

"Enough—you are modest and sensible, as well as bold, and I will trust you."

The lady, on whom Hartley's words and manner had made a great impression, and who was eager to discontinue a mode of treatment which subjected the patients to the greatest pain and privation, and had already proved unfortunate, eagerly acquiesced, and Hartley was placed in full authority in the sick room.

Windows were thrown open, fires reduced or discontinued, loads of bed-clothes removed, cooling drinks superseded mulled wine and spices. The sick-nurses cried out murder. Doctors Tourniquet and Lancelot retired in disgust, menacing something like a general pestilence, in vengeance of what they termed

rebellion against the neglect of the aphorisms of Hippocrates. Hartley proceeded quietly and steadily, and the patients got into a fair road of recovery.

The young Northumbrian was neither conceited nor artful; yet, with all his plainness of character, he could not but know the influence which a successful physician obtains over the parents of the children whom he has saved from the grave, and especially before the cure is actually completed. He resolved to use this influence in behalf of his old companion, trusting that the military tenacity of General Witherington would give way, in consideration of the obligation so lately conferred upon him.

On his way to the General's house, which was at present his constant place of residence, he examined the packet which Middlemas had put into his hand. It contained the picture of Menie Grey, plainly set, and the ring, with brilliants, which Dr Grey had given to Richard, as his mother's last gift. The first of these tokens extracted from honest Hartley a sigh, perhaps a tear of sad remembrance. "I fear," he said, "she has not chosen worthily; but she shall be happy, if I can make her so."

Arrived at the residence of General Witherington, our Doctor went first to the sick apartment, and then carried to their parents the delightful account that the recovery of the children might be considered as certain. "May the God of Israel bless thee, young man!" said the lady, trembling with emotion; "thou hast wiped the tear from the eye of the despairing mother. And yet—alas! alas! still it must flow when I think of my cherub Reuben. Oh! Mr Hartley, why did we not know you a week sooner!—my darling had not then died."

"God gives and takes away, my lady," answered Hartley; "and you must remember, that two are restored to you out of three. It is far from certain, that the treatment I have used towards the convalescents would have brought through their brother; for the case, as reported to me, was of a very inveterate description."

"Doctor," said Witherington, his voice testifying more emotion than he usually or willingly gave way to, "you can comfort the sick in spirit, as well as the sick in body.—But it is time we settle our wager. You betted your reputation, which remains with you, increased by all the credit due to your eminent success, against a thousand gold mohrs, the value of which you will find in that pocket-book."

"General Witherington," said Hartley, "you are wealthy, and entitled to be generous—I am poor, and not entitled to decline whatever may be, even in a liberal sense, a compensation for my professional attendance. But there is a bound to extravagance, both in giving and accepting; and I must not hazard the newly acquired reputation with which you flatter me, by giving room to have it said, that I fleeced the parents, when their feelings were all afloat with anxiety for their children. Allow me to divide this large sum; one half I will thankfully retain, as a most liberal recompense for my labour; and if you still think you owe me any thing, let me have it in the advantage of your good opinion and countenance."

"If I acquiesce in your proposal, Doctor Hartley," said the General, reluctantly receiving back a part of the contents of the pocket-book, "it is because I

hope to serve you with my interest, even better than with my purse."

"And indeed, sir," replied Hartley, "it was upon your interest that I am just about to make a small claim."

The General and his lady spoke both in the same breath, to assure him his boon was granted before asked.

"I am not so sure of that," said Hartley; "for it respects a point on which I have heard say, that your Excellency is rather inflexible—the discharge of a recruit."

"My duty makes me so," replied the General—"You know the sort of fellows that we are obliged to content ourselves with—they get drunk, grow pot-valiant, enlist over night, and repent next morning. If I am to dismiss all those who pretend to have been trepanned, we should have few volunteers remain behind. Every one has some idle story of the promises of a swaggering Sergeant Kite—it is impossible to attend to them.—But let me hear yours, however."

"Mine is a very singular case. The party has been robbed of a thousand pounds."

"A recruit for this service possessing a thousand pounds! My dear Doctor, depend upon it, the fellow has gulled you. Bless my heart, would a man who had a thousand pounds think of enlisting as a private sentinel?"

"He had no such thoughts," answered Hartley. "He was persuaded by the rogue whom he trusted, that he was to have a commission."

"Then this friend must have been Tom Hillary, or the devil; for no other could possess so much cunning and impudence. He will certainly find his way to the gallows at last. Still this story of the thousand pounds seems a touch even beyond Tom Hillary. What reason have you to think that this fellow ever had such a sum of money?"

"I have the best reason to know it for certain," answered Hartley; "he and I served our time together, under the same excellent master; and when he came of age, not liking the profession which he had studied, and obtaining possession of his little fortune, he was deceived by the promises of this same Hillary."

"Who has had him locked up in our well-ordered Hospital yonder?" said the General.

"Even so, please your Excellency," replied Hartley; "not, I think, to cure him of any complaint, but to give him the opportunity of catching one, which would silence all inquiries."

"The matter shall be closely looked into. But how miserably careless the young man's friends must have been, to let a raw lad go into the world with such a companion and guide as Tom Hillary, and such a sum as a thousand pounds in his pocket! His parents had better have knocked him on the head. It certainly was not done like Canny Northumberland, as my servant Winter calls it."

"The youth must indeed have had strangely hard-hearted, or careless parents," said Mrs Witherington, in accents of pity.

"He never knew them, madam," said Hartley; "there was a mystery on the score of his birth. A cold, unwilling, and almost unknown hand, dealt

him out his portion when he came of lawful age, and he was pushed into the world like a bark forced from shore, without rudder, compass, or pilot."

Here General Witherington involuntarily looked to his lady, while, guided by a similar impulse, her looks were turned upon him. They exchanged a momentary glance of deep and peculiar meaning, and then the eyes of both were fixed on the ground.

"Were you brought up in Scotland?" said the lady, addressing herself, in a faltering voice, to Hartley—"And what was your master's name?"

"I served my apprenticeship with Mr Gideon Grey of the town of Middlemas," said Hartley.

"Middlemas! Grey!" repeated the lady, and fainted away.

Hartley offered the succours of his profession; the husband flew to support her head, and the instant that Mrs Witherington began to recover, he whispered to her, in a tone betwixt entreaty and warning, "Zilia, beware—beware!"

Some imperfect sounds, which she had begun to frame, died away upon her tongue.

"Let me assist you to your dressing-room, my love," said her obviously anxious husband.

She arose with the action of an automaton, which moves at the touch of a spring, and half hanging upon her husband, half dragging herself on by her own efforts, had nearly reached the door of the room, when Hartley following, asked if he could be of any service.

"No, sir," said the General, sternly; "this is no case for a stranger's interference; when you are wanted, I will send for you."

Hartley stepped back, on receiving a rebuff in a tone so different from that which General Witherington had used towards him in their previous intercourse, and disposed, for the first time, to give credit to public report, which assigned to that gentleman, with several good qualities, the character of a very proud and haughty man. Hitherto, he thought, I have seen him tamed by sorrow and anxiety, now the mind is regaining its natural tension. But he must in decency interest himself for this unhappy Middlemas.

The General returned into the apartment a minute or two afterwards, and addressed Hartley in his usual tone of politeness, though apparently still under great embarrassment, which he in vain endeavoured to conceal.

"Mrs Witherington is better," he said, "and will be glad to see you before dinner. You dine with us, I hope?"

Hartley bowed.

"Mrs Witherington is rather subject to this sort of nervous fits, and she has been much harassed of late by grief and apprehension. When she recovers from them, it is a few minutes before she can collect her ideas, and during such intervals—to speak very confidentially to you, my dear Doctor Hartley,—she speaks sometimes about imaginary events which have never happened, and sometimes about distressing occurrences in an early period of life. I am not, therefore, willing that any one but myself, or her old attendant Mrs Lopez, should be with her on such occasions."

Hartley admitted that a certain degree of light-

headedness was often the consequence of nervous fits.

The General proceeded. "As to this young man—this friend of yours—this Richard Middlemas—did you not call him so?"

"Not that I recollect," answered Hartley; "but your Excellency has hit upon his name."

"That is odd enough—Certainly you said something about Middlemas?" replied General Witherington.

"I mentioned the name of the town," said Hartley.

"Ay, and I caught it up as the name of the recruit—I was indeed occupied at the moment by my anxiety about my wife. But this Middlemas, since such is his name, is a wild young fellow, I suppose?"

"I should do him wrong to say so, your Excellency. He may have had his follies like other young men; but his conduct has, so far as I know, been respectable; but, considering we lived in the same house, we were not very intimate."

"That is bad—I should have liked him—that is—it would have been happy for him to have had a friend like you. But I suppose you studied too hard for him. He would be a soldier, ha?—Is he good-looking?"

"Remarkably so," replied Hartley; "and has a very prepossessing manner."

"Is his complexion dark or fair?" asked the General.

"Rather uncommonly dark," said Hartley; "darker, if I may use the freedom, than your Excellency's."

"Nay, then he must be a black ouzel indeed!—Does he understand languages?"

"Latin and French tolerably well."

"Of course he cannot fence or dance?"

"Pardon me, sir, I am no great judge; but Richard is reckoned to do both with uncommon skill."

"Indeed!—Sum this up, and it sounds well. Handsome, accomplished in exercises, moderately learned, perfectly well-bred, not unreasonably wild. All this comes too high for the situation of a private sentinel. He must have a commission, Doctor—entirely for your sake."

"Your Excellency is generous."

"It shall be so; and I will find means to make Tom Hillary disgorge his plunder, unless he prefers being hanged, a fate he has long deserved. You cannot go back to the Hospital to-day. You dine with us, and you know Mrs Witherington's fears of infection; but to-morrow find out your friend. Winter shall see him equipped with everything needful. Tom Hillary shall repay advances, you know; and he must be off with the first detachment of the recruits, in the Middlesex Indiaman, which sails from the downs on Monday fortnight; that is, if you think him fit for the voyage. I dare say the poor fellow is sick of the Isle of Wight."

"Your Excellency will permit the young man to pay his respects to you before his departure?"

"To what purpose, sir?" said the General, hastily and peremptorily; but instantly added, "You are right—I should like to see him. Winter shall let him know the time, and take horses to fetch him hither. But he must have been out of the Hospital for a day or two; so the sooner you can set him at

liberty the better. In the meantime, take him to your own lodgings, Doctor; and do not let him form any intimacies with the officers, or any others, in this place, where he may light on another Hillary."

Had Hartley been as well acquainted as the reader with the circumstances of young Middlemas's birth, he might have drawn decisive conclusions from the behaviour of General Witherington, while his comrade was the topic of conversation. But as Mr Grey and Middlemas himself were both silent on the subject, he knew little of it but from general report, which his curiosity had never induced him to scrutinize minutely. Nevertheless, what he did apprehend interested him so much, that he resolved upon trying a little experiment, in which he thought there could be no great harm. He placed on his finger the remarkable ring intrusted to his care by Richard Middlemas, and endeavoured to make it conspicuous in approaching Mrs Witherington; taking care, however, that this occurred during her husband's absence. Her eyes had no sooner caught a sight of the gem, than they became riveted to it; and she begged a nearer sight of it, as strongly resembling one which she had given to a friend. Taking the ring from his finger, and placing it in her emaciated hand, Hartley informed her it was the property of the friend in whom he had just been endeavouring to interest the General. Mrs Witherington retired in great emotion, but next day summoned Hartley to a private interview, the particulars of which, so far as are necessary to be known, shall be afterwards related.

On the succeeding day after these important discoveries, Middlemas, to his great delight, was rescued from his seclusion in the Hospital, and transferred to his comrade's lodgings in the town of Ryde, of which Hartley himself was a rare inmate; the anxiety of Mrs Witherington detaining him at the General's house, long after his medical attendance might have been dispensed with.

Within two or three days a commission arrived for Richard Middlemas, as a lieutenant in the service of the East India Company. Winter, by his master's orders, put the wardrobe of the young officer on a suitable footing; while Middlemas, enchanted at finding himself at once emancipated from his late dreadful difficulties, and placed under the protection of a man of such importance as the General, obeyed implicitly the hints transmitted to him by Hartley, and enforced by Winter, and abstained from going into public, or forming acquaintances with any one. Even Hartley himself he saw seldom; and, deep as were his obligations, he did not perhaps greatly regret the absence of one, whose presence always affected him with a sense of humiliation and abasement.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE evening before he was to sail for the Downs, where the Middlesex lay ready to weigh anchor, the new lieutenant was summoned by Winter to attend him to the General's residence, for the purpose of being introduced to his patron, to thank him at once, and to bid him farewell. On the road, the old man took the liberty of schooling his companion concerning the respect which he ought to pay to his master, "who was, though a kind and generous man as ever

came from Northumberland, extremely rigid in punctiliously exacting the degree of honour which was his due."

While they were advancing towards the house, the General and his wife expected their arrival with breathless anxiety. They were seated in a superb drawing-room, the General behind a large chandelier, which, shaded opposite to his face, threw all the light to the other side of the table, so that he could observe any person placed there, without becoming the subject of observation in turn. On a heap of cushions, wrapped in a glittering drapery of gold and silver muslins, mingled with shawls, a luxury which was then a novelty in Europe, sat, or rather reclined, his lady, who, past the full meridian of beauty, retained charms enough to distinguish her as a very fine woman, though her mind seemed occupied by the deepest emotion.

"Zilia," said her husband, "you are unable for what you have undertaken—take my advice—retire—you shall know all and everything that passes—but retire. To what purpose should you cling to the idle wish of beholding for a moment a being whom you can never again look upon?"

"Alas!" answered the lady, "and is not your declaration, that I shall never see him more, a sufficient reason that I should wish to see him now—should wish to imprint on my memory the features and the form which I am never again to behold while we are in the body? Do not, my Richard, be more cruel than was my poor father, even when his wrath was in its bitterness. He let me look upon my infant, and its cherub face dwelt with me, and was my comfort, among the years of unutterable sorrow in which my youth wore away."

"It is enough, Zilia—you have desired this boon—I have granted it—and, at whatever risk, my promise shall be kept. But think how much depends on this fatal secret—your rank and estimation in society—my honour interested that that estimation should remain uninjured. Zilia, the moment that the promulgation of such a secret gives prudes and scandal-mongers a right to treat you with scorn, will be fraught with unutterable misery, perhaps with bloodshed and death, should a man dare to take up the rumour."

"You shall be obeyed, my husband," answered Zilia, "in all that the frailness of nature will permit. But oh, God of my fathers, of what clay hast thou fashioned us, poor mortals, who dread so much the shame which follows sin, yet repent so little for the sin itself!" In a minute afterwards steps were heard—the door opened—Winter announced Lieutenant Middlemas, and the unconscious son stood before his parents.

Witherington started involuntarily up, but immediately constrained himself to assume the easy deportment with which a superior receives a dependant, and which, in his own case, was usually mingled with a certain degree of hauteur. The mother had less command of herself. She too sprung up, as if with the intention of throwing herself on the neck of her son, for whom she had travailed and sorrowed. But the warning glance of her husband arrested her, as if by magic, and she remained standing, with her beautiful head and neck somewhat advanced, her

hands clasped together, and extended forward in the attitude of motion, but motionless, nevertheless, as a marble statue, to which the sculptor has given all the appearance of life, but cannot impart its powers. So strange a gesture and posture might have excited the young officer's surprise; but the lady stood in the shade, and he was so intent in looking upon his patron, that he was scarce even conscious of Mrs Witherington's presence.

"I am happy in this opportunity," said Middlemas, observing that the General did not speak, "to return my thanks to General Witherington, to whom they never can be sufficiently paid."

The sound of his voice, though uttering words so indifferent, seemed to dissolve the charm which kept his mother motionless. She sighed deeply, relaxed the rigidity of her posture, and sunk back on the cushions from which she had started up. Middlemas turned a look towards her at the sound of the sigh, and the rustling of her drapery. The General hastened to speak.

"My wife, Mr Middlemas, has been unwell of late—your friend, Mr Hartley, might mention it to you—an affection of the nerves."

Mr Middlemas was, of course, sorry and concerned.

"We have had distress in our family, Mr Middlemas, from the ultimate and heart-breaking consequences of which we have escaped by the skill of your friend, Mr Hartley. We will be happy if it is in our power to repay a part of our obligations in services to his friend and protégé, Mr Middlemas."

"I am only acknowledged as *his* protégé, then," thought Richard; but he said, "Every one must envy his friend, in having had the distinguished good fortune to be of use to General Witherington and his family."

"You have received your commission, I presume. Have you any particular wish or desire respecting your destination?"

"No, may it please your Excellency," answered Middlemas. "I suppose Hartley would tell your Excellency my unhappy state—that I am an orphan, deserted by the parents who cast me on the wide world, an outcast about whom nobody knows or cares, except to desire that I should wander far enough, and live obscurely enough, not to disgrace them by their connexion with me."

Zilia wrung her hands as he spoke, and drew her muslin veil closely around her head, as if to exclude the sounds which excited her mental agony.

"Mr Hartley was not particularly communicative about your affairs," said the General, "nor do I wish to give you the pain of entering into them. What I desire to know is, if you are pleased with your destination to Madras?"

"Perfectly, please your Excellency—any where, so that there is no chance of meeting the villain Hillary."

"Oh! Hillary's services are too necessary in the purlieus of Saint Giles's, the Lowlights of Newcastle, and such like places, where human carrion can be picked up, to be permitted to go to India. However, to show you the knave has some grace, there are the notes of which you were robbed. You will find them the very same paper which you lost, except

a small sum which the rogue had spent, but which a friend has made up, in compassion for your sufferings." Richard Middlemas sunk on one knee, and kissed the hand which restored him to independence.

"Pshaw!" said the General, "you are a silly young man;" but he withdrew not his hand from his caresses. This was one of the occasions on which Dick Middlemas could be oratorical.

"O, my more than father," he said, "how much greater a debt do I owe to you than to the unnatural parents, who brought me into this world by their sin, and deserted me through their cruelty!"

Zilia, as she heard these cutting words, flung back her veil, raising it on both hands till it floated behind her like a mist, and then giving a faint groan, sunk down in a swoon. Pushing Middlemas from him with a hasty movement, General Witherington flew to his lady's assistance, and carried her in his arms, as if she had been a child, into the ante-room, where an old servant waited with the means of restoring suspended animation, which the unhappy husband too truly anticipated might be useful. These were hastily employed, and succeeded in calling the sufferer to life, but in a state of mental emotion that was terrible.

Her mind was obviously impressed by the last words which her son had uttered.—"Did you hear him, Richard!" she exclaimed, in accents terribly loud, considering the exhausted state of her strength—"Did you hear the words? It was Heaven speaking our condemnation by the voice of our own child. But do not fear, my Richard, do not weep! I will answer the thunder of Heaven with its own music."

She flew to a harpsichord which stood in the room, and, while the servant and master gazed on each other, as if doubting whether her senses were about to leave her entirely, she wandered over the keys, producing a wilderness of harmony, composed of passages recalled by memory, or combined by her own musical talent, until at length her voice and instrument united in one of those magnificent hymns in which her youth had praised her Maker, with voice and harp, like the Royal Hebrew who composed it. The tear ebbed insensibly from the eyes which she turned upwards—her vocal tones, combining with those of the instrument, rose to a pitch of brilliancy seldom attained by the most distinguished performers, and then sunk into a dying cadence, which fell, never again to arise,—for the songstress had died with her strain.

The horror of the distracted husband may be conceived, when all efforts to restore life proved totally ineffectual. Servants were dispatched for medical men—Hartley, and every other who could be found. The general precipitated himself into the apartment they had so lately left, and in his haste ran against Middlemas, who, at the sound of the music from the adjoining apartment, had naturally approached nearer to the door, and, surprised and startled by the sort of clamour, hasty steps, and confused voices which ensued, had remained standing there, endeavouring to ascertain the cause of so much disorder.

The sight of the unfortunate young man awakened the general's stormy passions to frenzy. He seemed to recognise his son only as the cause of his wife's

death. He seized him by the collar, and shook him violently as he dragged him into the chamber of mortality.

"Come hither," he said, "thou for whom a life of lowest obscurity was too mean a fate—come hither, and look on the parents whom thou hast so much envied—whom thou hast so often cursed. Look at that pale emaciated form, a figure of wax, rather than flesh and blood—that is thy mother—that is the unhappy Zilia Monçada, to whom thy birth was the source of shame and misery, and to whom thy ill-omened presence has now brought death itself. And behold me—" he pushed the lad from him, and stood up erect, looking well nigh in gesture and figure the apostate spirit he described—"Behold me—" he said; "see you not my hair streaming with sulphur, my brow scathed with lightning?—I am the Arch-Fiend—I am the father whom you seek—I am the accursed Richard Tresham, the seducer of Zilia, and the father of her murderer!"

Hartley entered while this horrid scene was passing. All attention to the deceased, he instantly saw, would be thrown away; and understanding, partly from Winter, partly from the tenor of the General's frantic discourse, the nature of the disclosure which had occurred, he hastened to put an end, if possible, to the frightful and scandalous scene which had taken place. Aware how delicately the General felt on the subject of reputation, he assailed him with remonstrances on such conduct, in presence of so many witnesses. But the mind had ceased to answer to that once powerful key-note.

"I care not if the whole world hear my sin and my punishment," said Witherington. "It shall not be again said of me, that I fear shame more than I repent sin. I feared shame only for Zilia, and Zilia is dead!"

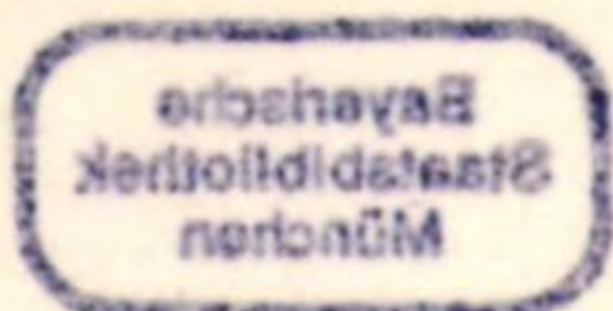
"But her memory, General—spare the memory of your wife, in which the character of your children is involved."

"I have no children!" said the desperate and violent man. "My Reuben is gone to Heaven, to prepare a lodging for the angel who has now escaped from earth in a flood of harmony, which can only be equalled where she is gone. The other two cherubs will not survive their mother. I shall be, nay, I already feel myself, a childless man."

"Yet I am your son," replied Middlemas, in a tone sorrowful, but at the same time tinged with sullen resentment—"Your son by your wedded wife. Pale as she lies there, I call upon you both to acknowledge my rights, and all who are present to bear witness to them."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the maniac father, "canst thou think of thine own sordid rights in the midst of death and frenzy? My son!—thou art the fiend who hast occasioned my wretchedness in this world, and who will share my eternal misery in the next. Hence from my sight, and my curse go with thee!"

His eyes fixed on the ground, his arms folded on his breast, the haughty and dogged spirit of Middlemas yet seemed to meditate reply. But Hartley, Winter, and other bystanders interfered, and forced him from the apartment. As they endeavoured to remonstrate with him, he twisted himself out of their grasp, ran to the stables, and seizing the first saddled horse that he found, out of many that had been in



haste got ready to seek for assistance, he threw himself on its back, and rode furiously off. Hartley was about to mount and follow him; but Winter and the other domestics threw themselves around him, and implored him not to desert their unfortunate master, at a time when the influence which he had acquired over him might be the only restraint on the violence of his passions.

"He had a *coup de soleil* in India," whispered Winter, "and is capable of anything in his fits. These cowards cannot control him, and I am old and feeble."

Satisfied that General Witherington was a greater object of compassion than Middlemas, whom besides he had no hope of overtaking, and who he believed was safe in his own keeping, however violent might be his present emotions, Hartley returned where the greater emergency demanded his immediate care.

He found the unfortunate General contending with the domestics, who endeavoured to prevent his making his way to the apartment where his children slept, and exclaiming furiously—"Rejoice, my treasures—rejoice!—He has fled who would proclaim your father's crime, and your mother's dishonour!—He has fled, never to return, whose life has been the death of one parent, and the ruin of another!—Courage, my children, your father is with you—he will make his way to you through a hundred obstacles."

The domestics, intimidated and undecided, were giving way to him, when Adam Hartley approached, and placing himself before the unhappy man, fixed his eye firmly on the General's, while he said in a low but stern voice—"Madman, would you kill your children?"

The General seemed staggered in his resolution, but still attempted to rush past him. But Hartley, seizing him by the collar of his coat on each side, "You are my prisoner," he said; "I command you to follow me."

"Ha! prisoner, and for high treason? Dog, thou hast met thy death!"

The distracted man drew a poniard from his bosom, and Hartley's strength and resolution might not perhaps have saved his life, had not Winter mastered the general's right hand, and contrived to disarm him.

"I am your prisoner, then," he said; "use me civilly—and let me see my wife and children."

"You shall see them to-morrow," said Hartley; "follow us instantly, and without the least resistance."

General Witherington followed like a child, with the air of one who is suffering for a cause in which he glories.

"I am not ashamed of my principles," he said—"I am willing to die for my king."

Without exciting his frenzy, by contradicting the fantastic idea which occupied his imagination, Hartley continued to maintain over his patient the ascendancy he had acquired. He caused him to be led to his apartment, and beheld him suffer himself to be put to bed. Administering then a strong composing draught, and causing a servant to sleep in the room, he watched the unfortunate man till dawn of morning.

General Witherington awoke in his full senses, and apparently conscious of his real situation, which he testified by low groans, sobs, and tears. When Hartley drew near his bedside, he knew him perfectly,

and said, "Do not fear me—the fit is over—leave me now, and see after yonder unfortunate. Let him leave Britain as soon as possible, and go where his fate calls him, and where we can never meet more. Winter knows my ways, and will take care of me."

Winter gave the same advice. "I can answer," he said, "for my master's security at present; but in Heaven's name, prevent his ever meeting again with that obdurate young man!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Well, then, the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

WHEN Adam Hartley arrived at his lodgings in the sweet little town of Ryde, his first inquiries were after his comrade. He had arrived last night late, man and horse all in a foam. He made no reply to any questions about supper or the like, but snatching a candle, ran up stairs into his apartment, and shut and double-locked the door. The servants only supposed, that, being something intoxicated, he had ridden hard, and was unwilling to expose himself.

Hartley went to the door of his chamber, not without some apprehensions; and after knocking and calling more than once, received at length the welcome return, "Who is there?"

On Hartley announcing himself, the door opened, and Middlemas appeared, well dressed, and with his hair arranged and powdered; although, from the appearance of the bed, it had not been slept in on the preceding night, and Richard's countenance, haggard and ghastly, seemed to bear witness to the same fact. It was, however, with an affectation of indifference that he spoke.

"I congratulate you on your improvement in worldly knowledge, Adam. It is just the time to desert the poor heir, and stick by him that is in immediate possession of the wealth."

"I staid last night at General Witherington's," answered Hartley, "because he is extremely ill."

"Tell him to repent of his sins, then," said Richard. "Old Grey used to say, a doctor had as good a title to give ghostly advice as a parson. Do you remember Doctor Dulberry, the minister, calling him an interloper?"

"I am surprised at this style of language from one in your circumstances."

"Why, ay," said Middlemas, with a bitter smile—"it would be difficult to most men to keep up their spirits, after gaining and losing father, mother, and a good inheritance, all in the same day. But I had always a turn for philosophy."

"I really do not understand you, Mr Middlemas."

"Why, I found my parents yesterday, did I not?" answered the young man. "My mother, as you know, had waited but that moment to die, and my father to become distracted; and I conclude both were contrived purposely to cheat me of my inheritance, as he has taken up such a prejudice against me."

"Inheritance?" repeated Hartley, bewildered by Richard's calmness, and half suspecting that the insanity of the father was hereditary in the family. "In Heaven's name, recollect yourself, and get rid of these hallucinations. What inheritance are you dreaming of?"

"That of my mother, to be sure, who must have inherited old Monçada's wealth—and to whom should it descend, save to her children?—I am the eldest of them—that fact cannot be denied."

"But consider, Richard—recollect yourself."

"I do," said Richard; "and what then?"

"Then you cannot but remember," said Hartley, "that unless there was a will in your favour, your birth prevents you from inheriting."

"You are mistaken, sir, I am legitimate.—Yonder sickly brats, whom you rescued from the grave, are not more legitimate than I am.—Yes! our parents could not allow the air of Heaven to breathe on them—me they committed to the winds and the waves—I am nevertheless their lawful child, as well as their pining offspring of advanced age and decayed health. I saw them, Adam—Winter showed the nursery to me while they were gathering courage to receive me in the drawing-room. There they lay, the children of predilection, the riches of the East expended that they might sleep soft, and wake to magnificence. I, the eldest brother—the heir—I stood beside their bed in the borrowed dress which I had so lately exchanged for the rags of an hospital. Their couches breathed the richest perfumes, while I was reeking from a pest-house; and I—I repeat it—the heir, the produce of their earliest and best love, was thus treated. No wonder that my look was that of a basilisk."

"You speak as if you were possessed with an evil spirit," said Hartley; "or else you labour under a strange delusion."

"You think those only are legally married over whom a drowsy parson has read the ceremony from a dog's-eared prayer-book? It may be so in your English law—but Scotland makes Love himself the priest. A vow betwixt a fond couple, the blue heaven alone witnessing, will protect a confiding girl against the perjury of a fickle swain, as much as if a Dean had performed the rites in the loftiest cathedral in England. Nay more; if the child of love be acknowledged by the father at the time when he is baptized—if he present the mother to strangers of respectability as his wife, the laws of Scotland will not allow him to retract the justice which has, in these actions, been done to the female whom he has wronged, or the offspring of their mutual love. This General Tresham, or Witherington, treated my unhappy mother as his wife before Grey and others, quartered her as such in the family of a respectable man, gave her the same name by which he himself chose to pass for the time. He presented me to the priest as his lawful offspring; and the law of Scotland, benevolent to the helpless child, will not allow him now to disown what he so formally admitted. I know my rights, and am determined to claim them."

"You do not then intend to go on board the Middlesex? Think a little—You will lose your voyage and your commission."

"I will save my birth-right," answered Middlemas. "When I thought of going to India, I knew not my parents, or how to make good the rights which I had through them. That riddle is solved. I am entitled to at least a third of Monçada's estate, which, by Winter's account, is considerable. But for you, and your mode of treating the small-pox, I should have

had the whole. Little did I think, when old Grey was likely to have his wig pulled off, for putting out fires, throwing open windows, and exploding whisky and water, that the new system was to cost me so many thousand pounds."

"You are determined, then," said Hartley, "on this wild course?"

"I know my rights, and am determined to make them available," answered the obstinate youth.

"Mr Richard Middlemas, I am sorry for you."

"Mr Adam Hartley, I beg to know why I am honoured by your sorrow?"

"I pity you," answered Hartley, "both for the obstinacy of selfishness, which can think of wealth, after the scene you saw last night, and for the idle vision which leads you to believe that you can obtain possession of it."

"Selfish!" cried Middlemas; "why, I am a dutiful son, labouring to clear the memory of a calumniated mother.—And am I a visionary?—Why, it was to this hope that I awakened, when old Monçada's letter to Grey, devoting me to perpetual obscurity, first roused me to a sense of my situation, and dispelled the dreams of my childhood. Do you think that I would ever have submitted to the drudgery which I shared with you, but that, by doing so, I kept in view the only traces of these unnatural parents, by means of which I proposed to introduce myself to their notice, and, if necessary, enforce the rights of a legitimate child? The silence and death of Monçada broke my plans, and it was then only I reconciled myself to the thoughts of India."

"You were very young, to have known so much of the Scottish law, at the time when we were first acquainted," said Hartley. "But I can guess your instructor."

"No less authority than Tom Hillary's," replied Middlemas. "His good counsel on that head is a reason why I do not now prosecute him to the gallows."

"I judged as much," replied Hartley; "for I heard him, before I left Middlemas, debating the point with Mr Lawford; and I recollect perfectly that he stated the law to be such as you now lay down."

"And what said Lawford in answer?" demanded Middlemas.

"He admitted," replied Hartley, "that in circumstances where the case was doubtful, such presumptions of legitimacy might be admitted. But he said they were liable to be controlled by positive and precise testimony, as, for instance, the evidence of the mother declaring the illegitimacy of the child."

"But there can exist none such in my case," said Middlemas hastily, and with marks of alarm.

"I will not deceive you, Mr Middlemas, though I fear I cannot help giving you pain. I had yesterday a long conference with your mother, Mrs Witherington, in which she acknowledged you as her son, but a son born before marriage. This express declaration will, therefore, put an end to the suppositions on which you ground your hopes. If you please you may hear the contents of her declaration, which I have in her own hand-writing."

"Confusion! is the cup to be for ever dashed from my lips?" muttered Richard; but recovering

his composure, by exertion of the self-command of which he possessed so large a portion, he desired Hartley to proceed with his communication. Hartley accordingly proceeded to inform him of the particulars preceding his birth, and those which followed after it; while Middlemas, seated on a sear-chest, listened with inimitable composure to a tale which went to root up the flourishing hopes of wealth which he had lately so fondly entertained.

Zilia Monçada was the only child of a Portuguese Jew of great wealth, who had come to London, in prosecution of his commerce. Among the few Christians who frequented his house, and occasionally his table, was Richard Tresham, a gentleman of a high Northumbrian family, deeply engaged in the service of Charles Edward during his short invasion, and though holding a commission in the Portuguese service, still an object of suspicion to the British government, on account of his well-known courage and Jacobitical principles. The high-bred elegance of this gentleman, together with his complete acquaintance with the Portuguese language and manners, had won the intimacy of old Monçada, and alas! the heart of the inexperienced Zilia, who, beautiful as an angel, had as little knowledge of the world and its wickedness as the lamb that is but a week old.

Tresham made his proposals to Monçada, perhaps in a manner which too evidently showed that he conceived the high-born Christian was degrading himself in asking an alliance with the wealthy Jew. Monçada rejected his proposals, forbade him his house, but could not prevent the lovers from meeting in private. Tresham made a dishonourable use of the opportunities which the poor Zilia so incautiously afforded, and the consequence was her ruin. The lover, however, had every purpose of righting the injury which he had inflicted, and after various plans of secret marriage, which were rendered abortive by the difference of religion, and other circumstances, flight for Scotland was determined on. The hurry of the journey, the fear and anxiety to which Zilia was subject, brought on her confinement several weeks before the usual time, so that they were compelled to accept of the assistance and accommodation offered by Mr Grey. They had not been there many hours ere Tresham heard, by the medium of some sharp-sighted or keen-eared friend, that there were warrants out against him for treasonable practices. His correspondence with Charles Edward had become known to Monçada during the period of their friendship; he betrayed it in vengeance to the British cabinet, and warrants were issued, in which, at Monçada's request, his daughter's name was included. This might be of use, he apprehended, to enable him to separate his daughter from Tresham, should he find the fugitives actually married. How far he succeeded the reader already knows, as well as the precautions which he took to prevent the living evidence of his child's frailty from being known to exist. His daughter he carried with him, and subjected her to severe restraint, which her own reflections rendered doubly bitter.—It would have completed his revenge, had the author of Zilia's misfortunes been brought to the scaffold for his political offences. But Tresham skulked among friends in the Highlands, and escaped until the affair blew over.

He afterwards entered into the East India Company's service, under his mother's name of Witherington, which concealed the Jacobite and rebel, until these terms were forgotten. His skill in military affairs soon raised him to riches and eminence. When he returned to Britain, his first inquiries were after the family of Monçada. His fame, his wealth, and the late conviction that his daughter never would marry any but him who had her first love, induced the old man to give that encouragement to General Witherington, which he had always denied to the poor and outlawed Major Tresham; and the lovers, after having been fourteen years separated, were at length united in wedlock.

General Witherington eagerly concurred in the earnest wish of his father-in-law, that every remembrance of former events should be buried, by leaving the fruit of the early and unhappy intrigue suitably provided for, but in a distant and obscure situation. Zilia thought far otherwise. Her heart longed, with a mother's longing, towards the object of her first maternal tenderness, but she dared not place herself in opposition at once to the will of her father, and the decision of her husband. The former, his religious prejudices much effaced by his long residence in England, had given consent that she should conform to the established religion of her husband and her country,—the latter, haughty as we have described him, made it his pride to introduce the beautiful convert among his high-born kindred.—The discovery of her former frailty would have proved a blow to her respectability, which he dreaded like death; and it could not long remain a secret from his wife, that in consequence of a severe illness in India, even his reason became occasionally shaken by anything which violently agitated his feelings:—she had, therefore, acquiesced in patience and silence in the course of policy which Monçada had devised, and which her husband anxiously and warmly approved. Yet her thoughts, even when their marriage was blessed with other offspring, anxiously reverted to the banished and outcast child, who had first been clasped to the maternal bosom.

All these feelings, "subdued and cherished long," were set afloat in full tide by the unexpected discovery of this son, redeemed from a lot of extreme misery, and placed before his mother's imagination in circumstances so disastrous.

It was in vain that her husband had assured her that he would secure the young man's prosperity, by his purse and his interest. She could not be satisfied, until she had herself done something to alleviate the doom of banishment to which her eldest-born was thus condemned. She was the more eager to do so, as she felt the extreme delicacy of her health which was undermined by so many years of secret suffering.

Mrs Witherington was, in conferring her maternal bounty, naturally led to employ the agency of Hartley, the companion of her son, and to whom, since the recovery of her younger children, she almost looked up as to a tutelar deity. She placed in his hands a sum of £2000, which she had at her own unchallenged disposal, with a request, uttered in the fondest and most affectionate terms, that it might be applied to the service of Richard Middlemas in the

way Hartley should think most useful to him. She assured him of further support, as it should be needed; and a note to the following purport was also intrusted to him, to be delivered when and where the prudence of Hartley should judge it proper to confide to him the secret of his birth.

"Oh, Benoni! Oh! child of my sorrow!" said this interesting document, "why should the eyes of thy unhappy mother be about to obtain permission to look on thee, since her arms were denied the right to fold thee to her bosom? May the God of Jews and of Gentiles watch over thee, and guard thee! May he remove, in his good time, the darkness which rolls between me and the beloved of my heart—the first fruit of my unhappy, nay, unhallowed affection. Do not—do not, my beloved!—think thyself a lonely exile, while thy mother's prayers arise for thee at sunrise and at sunset, to call down every blessing on thy head—to invoke every power in thy protection and defence. Seek not to see me—Oh, why must I say so!—But let me humble myself in the dust, since it is my own sin, my own folly, which I must blame;—but seek not to see or speak with me—it might be the death of both. Confide thy thoughts to the excellent Hartley, who hath been the guardian angel of us all—even as the tribes of Israel had each their guardian angel. What thou shalt wish, and he shall advise in thy behalf, shall be done, if in the power of a mother—And the love of a mother! is it bounded by seas, or can deserts and distance measure its limits? Oh, child of my sorrow! Oh, Benoni! let thy spirit be with mine, as mine is with thine.

"Z. M."

All these arrangements being completed, the unfortunate lady next insisted with her husband that she should be permitted to see her son in that parting interview which terminated so fatally. Hartley, therefore, now discharged as her executor, the duty intrusted to him as her confidential agent.

"Surely," he thought, as, having finished his communication, he was about to leave the apartment, "surely the demons of Ambition and Avarice will unclothe the talons which they have fixed upon this man, at a charm like this."

And indeed Richard's heart had been formed of the nether millstone, had he not been duly affected by these first and last tokens of his mother's affection. He leant his head upon a table, and his tears flowed plentifully. Hartley left him undisturbed for more than an hour, and on his return found him in nearly the same attitude in which he had left him.

"I regret to disturb you at this moment," he said, "but I have still a part of my duty to discharge. I must place in your possession the deposit which your mother made in my hands—and I must also remind you that time flies fast, and that you have scarce an hour or two to determine whether you will prosecute your Indian voyage, under the new view of circumstances which I have opened to you."

Middlemas took the bills which his mother had bequeathed him. As he raised his head, Hartley could observe that his face was stained with tears. Yet he counted over the money with mercantile accuracy; and though he assumed the pen for the purpose of writing a discharge with an air of incon-

solable dejection, yet he drew it up in good set terms, like one who had his senses much at his command.

"And now," he said, in a mournful voice, "give me my mother's narrative."

Hartley almost started, and answered hastily, "You have the poor lady's letter, which was addressed to yourself—the narrative is addressed to me. It is my warrant for disposing of a large sum of money—it concerns the rights of third parties, and I cannot part with it."

"Surely, surely it were better to deliver it into my hands, were it but to weep over it," answered Middlemas. "My fortune, Hartley, has been very cruel. You see that my parents purposed to have made me their undoubted heir; yet their purpose was disappointed by accident. And now my mother comes with well-intended fondness, and while she means to advance my fortune, furnishes evidence to destroy it.—Come, come, Hartley—you must be conscious that my mother wrote those details entirely for my information. I am the rightful owner, and insist on having them."

"I am sorry I must insist on refusing your demand," answered Hartley, putting the papers in his pocket. "You ought to consider, that if this communication has destroyed the idle and groundless hopes which you have indulged in, it has, at the same time, more than trebled your capital; and that if there are some hundreds or thousands in the world richer than yourself, there are many millions not half so well provided. Set a brave spirit, then, against your fortune, and do not doubt your success in life."

His words seemed to sink into the gloomy mind of Middlemas. He stood silent for a moment, and then answered with a reluctant and insinuating voice,—

"My dear Hartley, we have long been companions—you can have neither pleasure nor interest in ruining my hopes—you may find some in forwarding them. Monçada's fortune will enable me to allow five thousand pounds to the friend who should aid me."

"Good morning to you, Mr Middlemas," said Hartley, endeavouring to withdraw.

"One moment—one moment," said Middlemas, holding his friend by the button at the same time, "I meant to say ten thousand—and—and—marry whomsoever you like—I will not be your hinderance."

"You are a villain!" said Hartley, breaking from him, "and I always thought you so."

"And you," answered Middlemas, "are a fool, and I never thought you better.—Off he goes—Let him—the game has been played and lost—I must hedge my bets; India must be my back-play."

All was in readiness for his departure. A small vessel and a favouring gale conveyed him and several other military gentlemen to the Downs, where the Indiaman which was to transport them from Europe, lay ready for their reception.

His first feelings were sufficiently disconsolate. But, accustomed from his infancy to conceal his internal thoughts, he appeared in the course of a week the gayest and best bred passenger who ever dared the long and weary space betwixt Old England and her Indian possessions. At Madras, where the sociable feelings of the resident inhabitants give ready

way to enthusiasm in behalf of any stranger of agreeable qualities, he experienced that warm hospitality which distinguishes the British character in the East.

Middlemas was well received in company, and in the way of becoming an indispensable guest at every entertainment in the place, when the vessel, on board of which Hartley acted as surgeon's mate, arrived at the same settlement. The latter would not, from his situation, have been entitled to expect much civility and attention; but this disadvantage was made up by his possessing the most powerful introductions from General Witherington, and from other persons of weight in Leadenhall-street, the General's friends, to the principal inhabitants in the settlement. He found himself once more, therefore, moving in the same sphere with Middlemas, and under the alternative of living with him on decent and distant terms, or of breaking off with him altogether.

The first of these courses might perhaps have been the wisest; but the other was most congenial to the blunt and plain character of Hartley, who saw neither propriety nor comfort in maintaining a show of friendly intercourse, to conceal hate, contempt, and mutual dislike.

The circle at Fort Saint George was much more restricted at that time than it has been since. The coldness of the young men did not escape notice; it transpired that they had been once intimates and fellow-students; yet it was now found that they hesitated at accepting invitations to the same parties. Rumour assigned many different and incompatible reasons for this deadly breach, to which Hartley gave no attention whatever, while Lieutenant Middlemas took care to countenance those which represented the cause of the quarrel most favourably to himself.

"A little bit of rivalry had taken place," he said, when pressed by gentlemen for an explanation; "he had only had the good luck to get further in the good graces of a fair lady than his friend Hartley, who had made a quarrel of it, as they saw. He thought it very silly to keep up spleen, at such a distance of time and space. He was sorry, more for the sake of the strangeness of the appearance of the thing than anything else, although his friend had really some very good points about him."

While these whispers were working their effect in society, they did not prevent Hartley from receiving the most flattering assurances of encouragement and official promotion from the Madras government, as opportunity should arise. Soon after, it was intimated to him that a medical appointment of a lucrative nature in a remote settlement was conferred on him, which removed him for some time from Madras and its neighbourhood.

Hartley accordingly sailed on his distant expedition; and it was observed, that after his departure, the character of Middlemas, as if some check had been removed, began to display itself in disagreeable colours. It was noticed that this young man, whose manners were so agreeable and so courteous during the first months after his arrival in India, began now to show symptoms of a haughty and overbearing spirit. He had adopted, for reasons which the reader may conjecture, but which appeared to be mere

whim at Fort St George, the name of Tresham, in addition to that by which he had hitherto been distinguished, and in this he persisted with an obstinacy, which belonged more to the pride than the craft of his character. The Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, an old cross-tempered martinet, did not chuse to indulge the Captain (such was now the rank of Middlemas) in this humour.

"He knew no officer," he said, "by any name save that which he bore in his commission," and he Middlemass'd the Captain on all occasions.

One fatal evening, the Captain was so much provoked, as to intimate peremptorily, "that he knew his own name best."

"Why, Captain Middlemas," replied the Colonel, "it is not every child that knows its own father, so how can every man be so sure of his own name?"

The bow was drawn at a venture, but the shaft found the rent in the armour, and stung deeply. In spite of all the interposition which could be attempted, Middlemas insisted on challenging the Colonel, who could be persuaded to no apology.

"If Captain Middlemas," he said, "thought the cap fitted, he was welcome to wear it."

The result was a meeting, in which, after the parties had exchanged shots, the seconds tendered their mediation. It was rejected by Middlemas, who, at the second fire, had the misfortune to kill his commanding officer. In consequence, he was obliged to fly from the British settlements; for, being universally blamed for having pushed the quarrel to extremity, there was little doubt that the whole severity of military discipline would be exercised upon the delinquent. Middlemas, therefore, vanished from Fort St George, and, though the affair had made much noise at the time, was soon no longer talked of. It was understood, in general, that he had gone to seek that fortune at the court of some native prince, which he could no longer hope for in the British settlements.

CHAPTER XXV.

THREE years passed away after the fatal rencounter mentioned in the last chapter, and Doctor Hartley returning from his appointed mission, which was only temporary, received encouragement to settle in Madras in a medical capacity; and, upon having done so, soon had reason to think he had chosen a line in which he might rise to wealth and reputation. His practice was not confined to his countrymen, but much sought after among the natives, who, whatever may be their prejudices against the Europeans in other respects, universally esteem their superior powers in the medical profession. This lucrative branch of practice rendered it necessary that Hartley should make the Oriental languages his study, in order to hold communication with his patients without the intervention of an interpreter. He had enough of opportunities to practise as a linguist, for, in acknowledgment, as he used jocularly to say, of the large fees of the wealthy Moslemah and Hindoos, he attended the poor of all nations gratis, whenever he was called upon.

It so chanced, that one evening he was hastily summoned by a message from the Secretary of the Government, to attend a patient of consequence.

"Yet he is, after all, only a Fakir," said the message. "You will find him at the tomb of Cara Razi, the Mahomedan saint and doctor, about one coss from the fort. Inquire for him by the name of Barak El Hadgi. Such a patient promises no fees; but we know how little you care about the pagodas; and, besides, the Government is your paymaster on this occasion."

"That is the last matter to be thought on," said Hartley, and instantly repaired in his palanquin to the place pointed out to him.

The tomb of the Owliah, or Mahomedan Saint, Cara Razi, was a place held in much reverence by every good Musselman. It was situated in the centre of a grove of mangos and tamarind trees, and was built of red stone, having three domes, and minarets at every corner. There was a court in front, as usual, around which were cells constructed for the accommodation of the Fakirs who visited the tomb from motives of devotion, and made a longer or shorter residence there as they thought proper, subsisting upon the alms which the Faithful never fail to bestow on them in exchange for the benefit of their prayers. These devotees were engaged day and night in reading verses of the Koran before the tomb, which was constructed of white marble, inscribed with sentences from the book of the Prophet, and with the various titles conferred by the Koran upon the Supreme Being. Such a sepulchre, of which there are many, is, with its appendages and attendants, respected during wars and revolutions, and no less by Feringis (Franks, that is), and Hindoos, than by Mahomedans themselves. The Fakirs, in return, act as spies for all parties, and are often employed in secret missions of importance.

Complying with the Mahomedan custom, our friend Hartley laid aside his shoes at the gates of the holy precincts, and avoiding to give offence by approaching near to the tomb, he went up to the principal Moullah, or priest, who was distinguishable by the length of his beard, and the size of the large wooden beads, with which the Mahomedans, like the Catholics, keep register of their prayers. Such a person, venerable by his age, sanctity of character, and his real or supposed contempt of worldly pursuits and enjoyments, is regarded as the head of an establishment of this kind.

The Moullah is permitted by his situation to be more communicative with strangers than his younger brethren, who in the present instance remained with their eyes fixed on the Koran, muttering their recitations without noticing the European, or attending to what he said, as he inquired at their superior for Barak el Hadgi.

The Moullah was seated on the earth, from which he did not arise, or show any mark of reverence; nor did he interrupt the tale of his beads, which he continued to count assiduously while Hartley was speaking. When he finished, the old man raised his eyes, and looking at him with an air of distraction, as if he was endeavouring to recollect what he has been saying, he at length pointed to one of the cells, and resumed his devotions like one who felt impatient of whatever withdrew his attention from his sacred duties, were it but for an instant.

Hartley entered the cell indicated, with the usual

salutation of Salam Alaikum. His patient lay on a little carpet in a corner of the small white-washed cell. He was a man of about forty, dressed in the black robe of his order, very much torn and patched. He wore a high conical cap of Tartarian felt, and had round his neck the string of black beads belonging to his order. His eyes and posture indicated suffering, which he was enduring with stoical patience.

"Salam Alaikum," said Hartley; "you are in pain, my father?"—a title which he gave rather to the profession than to the years of the person he addressed.

"*Salam Alaikum bema sabastem*," answered the Fakir; "Well is it for you that you have suffered patiently. The Book saith, such shall be the greeting of the angels to those who enter paradise."

The conversation being thus opened, the physician proceeded to inquire into the complaints of the patient, and to prescribe what he thought advisable. Having done this, he was about to retire, when, to his great surprise, the Fakir tendered him a ring of some value.

"The wise," said Hartley, declining the present, and at the same time paying a suitable compliment to the Fakir's cap and robe,—"*the wise of every country are brethren. My left hand takes no guerdon of my right.*"

"A Feringi can then refuse gold!" said the Fakir. "I thought they took it from every hand, whether pure as that of an Houri, or leprous like Gehazi's—even as the hungry dog reckoneth not whether the flesh he eateth be of the camel of the prophet Saleth, or of the ass of Degial—on whose head be curses!"

"The Book says," replied Hartley, "that it is Allah who closes and who enlarges the heart. Frank and Musselman are alike moulded by his pleasure."

"My brother hath spoken wisely," answered the patient. "Welcome the disease, if it bring thee acquainted with a wise physician. For what saith the poet—'*it is well to have fallen to the earth, if while grovelling there thou shalt discover a diamond.*'"

The physician made repeated visits to his patient, and continued to do so even after the health of El Hadgi was entirely restored. He had no difficulty in discerning in him one of those secret agents frequently employed by Asiatic Sovereigns. His intelligence, his learning, above all, his versatility and freedom from prejudices of every kind, left no doubt of Barak's possessing the necessary qualifications for conducting such delicate negotiations; while his gravity of habit and profession could not prevent his features from expressing occasionally a perception of humour, not usually seen in devotees of his class.

Barak el Hadgi talked often, amidst their private conversations, of the power and dignity of the Nawaub of Mysore; and Hartley had little doubt that he came from the Court of Hyder Ali, on some secret mission, perhaps for achieving a more solid peace betwixt that able and sagacious Prince and the East India Company's Government,—that which existed for the time being regarded on both parts as little more than a hollow and insincere truce. He told many stories to the advantage of this Prince, who certainly was one of the wisest that Hindoostan could

boast; and amidst great crimes, perpetrated to gratify his ambition, displayed many instances of princely generosity, and, what was a little more surprising, of even-handed justice.

On one occasion, shortly before Barak el Hadgi left Madras, he visited the Doctor, and partook of his sherbet, which he preferred to his own, perhaps because a few glasses of rum or brandy were usually added to enrich the compound. It might be owing to repeated applications to the jar which contained this generous fluid, that the Pilgrim became more than usually frank in his communications, and not contented with praising his Nawaub with the most hyperbolic eloquence, he began to insinuate the influence which he himself enjoyed with the Invincible, the Lord and Shield of the Faith of the Prophet.

"Brother of my soul," he said, "do but think if thou needest aught that the all-powerful Hyder Ali Kan Bahauder can give; and then use not the intercession of those who dwell in palaces, and wear jewels in their turbans, but seek the cell of thy brother at the Great City, which is Seringapatam. And the poor Fakir, in his torn cloak, shall better advance thy suit with the Nawaub (for Hyder did not assume the title of Sultaun), than they who sit upon seats of honour in the divan."

With these and sundry other expressions of regard, he exhorted Hartley to come into the Mysore, and look upon the face of the Great Prince, whose glance inspired wisdom, and whose nod conferred wealth, so that Folly or Poverty could not appear before him. He offered at the same time to requite the kindness which Hartley had evinced to him, by showing him whatever was worthy the attention of a sage in the land of Mysore.

Hartley was not reluctant to promise to undertake the proposed journey, if the continuance of good understanding betwixt their governments should render it practicable, and in reality looked forward to the possibility of such an event with a good deal of interest. The friends parted with mutual good wishes, after exchanging, in the oriental fashion, such gifts as became sages, to whom knowledge was to be supposed dearer than wealth. Barak el Hadgi presented Hartley with a small quantity of the balsam of Mecca, very hard to be procured in an unadulterated form, and gave him at the same time a passport in a peculiar character, which he assured him would be respected by every officer of the Nawaub, should his friend be disposed to accomplish his visit to the Mysore. "The head of him who should disrespect this safe-conduct," he said, "shall not be more safe than that of the barley-stalk which the reaper has grasped in his hand."

Hartley requited these civilities by the present of a few medicines little used in the East, but such as he thought might, with suitable directions, be safely intrusted to a man so intelligent as his Moslem friend.

It was several months after Barak had returned to the interior of India, that Hartley was astonished by an unexpected rencounter.

The ships from Europe had but lately arrived, and had brought over their usual cargo of boys longing to be commanders, and young women, without any purpose of being married, but whom a pious duty to

some brother, some uncle, or other male relative, brought to India to keep his house, until they should find themselves unexpectedly in one of their own. Doctor Hartley happened to attend a public breakfast given on this occasion by a gentleman high in the service. The roof of his friend had been recently enriched by a consignment of three nieces, whom the old gentleman, justly attached to his quiet hookah, and, it was said, to a pretty girl of colour, desired to offer to the public, that he might have the fairest chance to get rid of his new guests as soon as possible. Hartley, who was thought a fish worth casting a fly for, was contemplating this fair investment with very little interest, when he heard one of the company say to another in a low voice,—

"Angels and ministers! there is our old acquaintance, the Queen of Sheba, returned upon our hands like unsaleable goods."

Hartley looked in the same direction with the two who were speaking, and his eye was caught by a Semiramis-looking person, of unusual stature and amplitude, arrayed in a sort of riding habit, but so formed, and so looped and gallooned with lace, as made it resemble the upper tunic of a native chief. Her robe was composed of crimson silk, rich with flowers of gold. She wore wide trowsers of light blue silk, a fine scarlet shawl around her waist, in which was stuck a creeze, with a richly ornamented handle. Her throat and arms were loaded with chains and bracelets, and her turban, formed of a shawl similar to that worn around her waist, was decorated by a magnificent aigrette, from which a blue ostrich plume flowed in one direction, and a red one in another. The brow, of European complexion, on which this tiara rested, was too lofty for beauty, but seemed made for command; the aquiline nose retained its form, but the cheeks were a little sunken, and the complexion so very brilliant, as to give strong evidence that the whole countenance had undergone a thorough repair since the lady had left her couch. A black female slave, richly dressed, stood behind her with a chowry, or cow's tail, having a silver handle, which she used to keep off the flies. From the mode in which she was addressed by those who spoke to her, this lady appeared a person of too much importance to be affronted or neglected, and yet one with whom none desired further communication than the occasion seemed in propriety to demand.

She did not, however, stand in need of attention. The well-known captain of an East Indian vessel lately arrived from Britain was sedulously polite to her; and two or three gentlemen, whom Hartley knew to be engaged in trade, tended upon her as they would have done upon the safety of a rich argosy.

"For Heaven's sake, what is that for a Zenobia?" said Hartley, to the gentleman whose whisper had first attracted his attention to this lofty dame.

"Is it possible you do not know the Queen of Sheba?" said the person of whom he inquired, no way loath to communicate the information demanded. "You must know, then, that she is the daughter of a Scotch emigrant, who lived and died at Pondicherry, a sergeant in Lally's regiment. She managed to marry a partisan officer named Montreville, a Swiss or Frenchman, I cannot tell which. After the surrender of Pondicherry, this hero and heroine—

But hey—what the devil are you thinking of?—If you stare at her that way, you will make a scene; for she will think nothing of scolding you across the table."

But without attending to his friend's remonstrances, Hartley bolted from the table at which he sat, and made his way, with something less than the decorum which the rules of society enjoin, towards the place where the lady in question was seated.

"The Doctor is surely mad this morning"—said his friend Major Mercer to old Quarter-Master Calder.

Indeed Hartley was not perhaps strictly in his senses; for looking at the Queen of Sheba as he listened to Major Mercer, his eye fell on a light female form beside her, so placed as if she desired to be eclipsed by the bulky form and flowing robes we have described, and, to his extreme astonishment, he recognised the friend of his childhood, the love of his youth—Menie Grey herself!

To see her in India was in itself astonishing. To see her apparently under such strange patronage, greatly increased his surprise. To make his way to her, and address her, seemed the natural and direct mode of satisfying the feelings which her appearance excited.

His impetuosity was however checked, when, advancing close upon Miss Grey and her companion, he observed that the former, though she looked at him, exhibited not the slightest token of recognition, unless he could interpret as such, that she slightly touched her upper-lip with her fore-finger, which, if it happened otherwise than by mere accident, might be construed to mean, "Do not speak to me just now." Hartley, adopting such an interpretation, stood stock-still, blushing deeply; for he was aware that he made for the moment but a silly figure.

He was the rather convinced of this, when, with a voice which in the force of its accents corresponded with her commanding air, Mrs Montreville addressed him in English, which savoured slightly of a Swiss patois,—“You have come to us very fast, sir, to say nothing at all. Are you sure you did not get your tongue stolen by de way?”

“I thought I had seen an old friend in that lady, madam,” stammered Hartley; “but it seems I am mistaken.”

“The good people do tell me that you are one Doctors Hartley, sir. Now, my friend and I do not know Doctor Hartley at all.”

“I have not the presumption to pretend to your acquaintance, madam, but—”

Here Menie repeated the sign in such a manner, that though it was only momentary, Hartley could not misunderstand its purpose; he therefore changed the end of his sentence, and added, “But I have only to make my bow, and ask pardon for my mistake.”

He retired back accordingly among the company, unable to quit the room, and inquiring at those whom he considered as the best newsmongers for such information as—“Who is that stately-looking woman, Mr Butler?”

“Oh, the Queen of Sheba, to be sure.”

“And who is that pretty girl, who sits beside her?”

“Or rather behind her,” answered Butler, a military chaplain; “faith, I cannot say—Pretty did you call her?” turning his opera-glass that way—“Yes,

faith, she is pretty—very pretty—Gad, she shoots her glances as smartly from behind the old pile yonder, as Teucer from behind Ajax Telamon’s shield.”

“But who is she, can you tell me?”

“Some fair-skinned speculation of old Montreville’s, I suppose, that she has got either to toady herself, or take in some of her black friends with.—Is it possible you have never heard of old Mother Montreville?”

“You know I have been so long absent from Madras—”

“Well,” continued Butler, “this lady is the widow of a Swiss officer in the French service, who, after the surrender of Pondicherry, went off into the interior, and commenced soldier on his own account. He got possession of a fort, under pretence of keeping it for some simple Rajah or other; assembled round him a parcel of desperate vagabonds, of every colour in the rainbow; occupied a considerable territory, of which he raised the duties in his own name, and declared for independence. But Hyder Naig understood no such interloping proceedings, and down he came, besieged the fort and took it, though some pretend it was betrayed to him by this very woman. Be that as it may, the poor Swiss was found dead on the ramparts. Certain it is, she received large sums of money, under pretence of paying off her troops, surrendering of hill-forts, and Heaven knows what besides. She was permitted also to retain some insignia of royalty; and, as she was wont to talk of Hyder as the Eastern Salomon, she generally became known by the title of Queen of Sheba. She leaves her court when she pleases, and has been as far as Fort St George before now. In a word, she does pretty much as she likes. The great folks here are civil to her, though they look on her as little better than a spy. As to Hyder, it is supposed he has insured her fidelity by borrowing the greater part of her treasures, which prevents her from daring to break with him, besides other causes that smack of scandal of another sort.”

“A singular story,” replied Hartley to his companion, while his heart dwelt on the question, How was it possible that the gentle and simple Menie Grey should be in the train of such a character as this adventuress?

“But Butler has not told you the best of it,” said Major Mercer, who by this time came round to finish his own story. “Your old acquaintance, Mr Tresham or Mr Middlemas, or whatever else he chuses to be called, has been complimented by a report, that he stood very high in the good graces of this same Boadicea. He certainly commanded some troops which she still keeps on foot, and acted at their head in the Nawaud’s service, who craftily employed him in whatever could render him odious to his countrymen. The British prisoners were intrusted to his charge, and, to judge by what I felt myself, the devil might take a lesson from him in severity.”

“And was he attached to, or connected with, this woman?”

“So Mrs Rumour told us in our dungeon. Poor Jack Ward had the bastinado for celebrating their merits in a parody on the playhouse song,

‘Sure such a pair were never seen,
So aptly formed to meet by nature.’”

Hartley could listen no longer. The fate of Menie

Grey connected with such a man and such a woman, rushed on his fancy in the most horrid colours, and he was struggling through the throng to get to some place where he might collect his ideas, and consider what could be done for her protection, when a black attendant touched his arm, and at the same time slipped a card into his hand. It bore, "Miss Grey, Mrs Montreville's, at the house of Ram Sing Cottah, in the Black Town." On the reverse was written with a pencil, "Eight in the morning."

This intimation of her residence implied, of course, a permission, nay, an invitation, to wait upon her at the hour specified. Hartley's heart beat at the idea of seeing her once more, and still more highly at the thought of being able to serve her. At least, he thought, if there is danger near her, as is much to be suspected, she shall not want a counsellor, or, if necessary, a protector. Yet, at the same time, he felt the necessity of making himself better acquainted with the circumstances of her case, and the persons with whom she seemed connected. Butler and Mercer had both spoke to their disparagement; but Butler was a little of a coxcomb, and Mercer a great deal of a gossip. While he was considering what credit was due to their testimony, he was unexpectedly encountered by a gentleman of his own profession, a military surgeon, who had had the misfortune to have been in Hyder's prison, till set at freedom by the late pacifications. Mr Esdale, for so he was called, was generally esteemed a rising man, calm, steady, and deliberate in forming his opinions. Hartley found it easy to turn the subject on the Queen of Sheba, by asking whether her Majesty was not somewhat of an adventuress.

"On my word, I cannot say," answered Esdale smiling; "we are all upon the adventure in India, more or less; but I do not see that the Begum Montreville is more so than the rest."

"Why, that Amazonian dress and manner," said Hartley, "savour a little of the *picaresca*."

"You must not," said Esdale, "expect a woman who has commanded soldiers, and may again, to dress and look entirely like an ordinary person; but I assure you, that even at this time of day, if she wished to marry, she might easily find a respectable match."

"Why, I heard that she had betrayed her husband's fort to Hyder."

"Ay, that is a specimen of Madras gossip. The fact is, that she defended the place long after her husband fell, and afterwards surrendered it by capitulation. Hyder, who piques himself on observing the rules of justice, would not otherwise have admitted her to such intimacy."

"Yes, I have heard," replied Hartley, "that their intimacy was rather of the closest."

"Another calumny, if you mean any scandal," answered Esdale. "Hyder is too zealous a Mahomedan to entertain a Christian mistress; and besides, to enjoy the sort of rank which is yielded to a woman in her condition, she must refrain, in appearance at least, from all correspondence in the way of gallantry. Just so they said that the poor woman had a connexion with poor Middlemas of the — regiment."

"And was that also a false report?" said Hartley, in breathless anxiety.

"On my soul, I believe it was," answered Mr Esdale. "They were friends, Europeans in an Indian court, and therefore intimate; but I believe nothing more. By the by, though I believe there was some quarrel between Middlemas, poor fellow, and you, yet I am sure that you will be glad to hear there is a chance of his affair being made up?"

"Indeed!" was again the only word which Hartley could utter.

"Ay, indeed," answered Esdale. "The duel is an old story now; and it must be allowed that poor Middlemas, though he was rash in that business, had provocation."

"But his desertion—his accepting of command under Hyder—his treatment of our prisoners—How can all these be passed over?" said Hartley.

"Why, it is possible—I speak to you as a cautious man, and in confidence—that he may do us better service in Hyder's capital, or Tippoo's camp, than he could have done if serving with his own regiment. And then, for his treatment of prisoners, I am sure I can speak nothing but good of him in that particular. He was obliged to take the office, because those that serve Hyder Naig, must do or die. But he told me himself—and I believe him—that he accepted the office chiefly because, while he made a great bullying at us before the black fellows, he could privately be of assistance to us. Some fools could not understand this, and answered him with abuse and lampoons; and he was obliged to punish them to avoid suspicion. Yes, yes, I and others can prove he was willing to be kind, if men would give him leave. I hope to thank him at Madras one day soon.—All this in confidence—Good-morrow to you."

Distracted by the contradictory intelligence he had received, Hartley went next to question old Captain Capstern, the Captain of the Indiaman, whom he had observed in attendance upon the Begum Montreville. On inquiring after that commander's female passengers, he heard a pretty long catalogue of names, in which that he was so much interested in did not occur. On closer inquiry, Capstern recollected that Menie Grey, a young Scotchwoman, had come out under charge of Mrs Duffer, the master's wife. "A good decent girl," Capstern said, "and kept the mates and guinea-pigs at a respectable distance. She came out," he believed, "to be a sort of female companion, or upper-servant, in Madame Montreville's family. Snug birth enough," he concluded, "if she can find the length of the old girl's foot."

This was all that could be made of Capstern; so Hartley was compelled to remain in a state of uncertainty until the next morning, when an explanation might be expected with Menie Grey in person.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE exact hour assigned found Hartley at the door of the rich native merchant, who, having some reasons for wishing to oblige the Begum Montreville, had relinquished, for her accommodation and that of her numerous retinue, almost the whole of his large and sumptuous residence in the Black Town of Madras, as that district of the city is called which the natives occupy.

A domestic, at the first summons, ushered the visitor into an apartment, where he expected to be joined by Miss Grey. The room opened on one side into a small garden or parterre, filled with the brilliant-coloured flowers of eastern climates; in the midst of which the waters of a fountain rose upwards in a sparkling jet, and fell back again into a white marble cistern.

A thousand dizzy recollections thronged on the mind of Hartley, whose early feelings towards the companion of his youth, if they had slumbered during distance and the various casualties of a busy life, were revived when he found himself placed so near her, and in circumstances which interested from their unexpected occurrence and mysterious character. A step was heard—the door opened—a female appeared;—but it was the portly form of Madame de Montreville.

"What you do please to want, sir?" said the lady; "that is, if you have found your tongue this morning, which you had lost yesterday."

"I proposed to myself the honour of waiting upon the young person, whom I saw in your excellency's company yesterday morning," answered Hartley, with assumed respect. "I have had long the honour of being known to her in Europe, and I desire to offer my services to her in India."

"Much obliged—much obliged; but Miss Grey is gone out, and does not return for one or two days. You may leave your commands with me."

"Pardon me, madam," replied Hartley; "but I have some reason to hope you may be mistaken in this matter—And here comes the lady herself."

"How is this, my dear?" said Mrs Montreville, with unruffled front, to Menie, as she entered; "are you not gone out for two or three days, as I tell this gentleman? *mais c'est égal*—it is all one thing. You will say, How d'ye do, and goodbye, to Monsieur, who is so polite as to come to ask after our healths, and as he sees us both very well, he will go away home again."

"I believe, madam," said Miss Grey, with appearance of effort, "that I must speak with this gentleman for a few minutes in private, if you will permit us."

"That is to say, get you gone! but I do not allow that—I do not like private conversation between young man and pretty young woman;—*cela n'est pas honnête*. It cannot be in my house."

"It may be out of it, then, madam," answered Miss Grey, not pettishly or pertly, but with the utmost simplicity.—"Mr Hartley, will you step into that garden? And you, madam, may observe us from the window, if it be the fashion of the country to watch so closely."

As she spoke this she stepped through a lattice-door into the garden, and with an air so simple, that she seemed as if she wished to comply with her patroness's ideas of decorum, though they appeared strange to her. The Queen of Sheba, notwithstanding her natural assurance, was disconcerted by the composure of Miss Grey's manner, and left the room, apparently in displeasure. Menie turned back to the door which opened into the garden, and said in the same manner as before, but with less nonchalance—

"I am sure I would not willingly break through the rules of a foreign country; but I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of speaking to so old a friend,—if, indeed," she added, pausing and looking at Hartley, who was much embarrassed, "it be as much pleasure to Mr Hartley as it is to me."

"It would have been," said Hartley, scarce knowing what he said—"it must be, a pleasure to me in every circumstance—But this extraordinary meeting—But your father—"

Menie Grey's handkerchief was at her eyes.—"He is gone, Mr Hartley. After he was left unassisted, his toilsome business became too much for him—he caught a cold, which hung about him, as you know he was the last to attend to his own complaints, till it assumed a dangerous, and, finally, a fatal character.—I distress you, Mr Hartley, but it becomes you well to be affected. My father loved you dearly."

"Oh, Miss Grey!" said Hartley, "it should not have been thus with my excellent friend at the close of his useful and virtuous life—Alas, wherefore—the question bursts from me involuntarily—wherefore could you not have complied with his wishes? Wherefore—"

"Do not ask me," said she, stopping the question which was on his lips; "we are not the formers of our own destiny. It is painful to talk on such a subject; but for once, and for ever, let me tell you that I should have done Mr Hartley wrong, if, even to secure his assistance to my father, I had accepted his hand, while my wayward affections did not accompany the act."

"But wherefore do I see you here, Menie?—Forgive me, Miss Grey, my tongue as well as my heart turns back to long-forgotten scenes—But why here?—why with this woman?"

"She is not, indeed, everything that I expected," answered Menie Grey; "but I must not be prejudiced by foreign manners, after the step I have taken—She is, besides, attentive, and generous in her way, and I shall soon—" she paused a moment, and then added, "be under better protection."

"That of Richard Middlemas?" said Hartley, with a faltering voice.

"I ought not, perhaps, to answer the question," said Menie; "but I am a bad dissembler, and those whom I trust, I trust entirely. You have guessed right, Mr Hartley," she added, colouring a good deal,—"I have come hither to unite my fate to that of your old comrade."

"It is, then, just as I feared!" exclaimed Hartley.

"And why should Mr Hartley fear?" said Menie Grey. "I used to think you too generous—surely the quarrel which occurred long since ought not to perpetuate suspicion and resentment."

"At least, if the feeling of resentment remained in my own bosom, it would be the last I should intrude upon you, Miss Grey," answered Hartley. "But it is for you, and for you alone, that I am watchful. This person—this gentleman whom you mean to intrust with your happiness—do you know where he is? and in what service?"

"I know both, more distinctly perhaps than Mr Hartley can do. Mr Middlemas has erred greatly, and has been severely punished. But it was not in the time of his exile and sorrow, that she who has

plighted her faith to him should, with the flattering world, turn her back upon him. Besides, you have, doubtless, not heard of his hopes of being restored to his country and his rank?"

"I have," answered Hartley, thrown off his guard, "but I see not how he can deserve it, otherwise than by becoming a traitor to his new master, and thus rendering himself even more unworthy of confidence than I hold him to be at this moment."

"It is well that he hears you not," answered Menie Grey, resenting, with natural feeling, the imputation on her lover. Then instantly softening her tone, she added,—*"My voice ought not to aggravate, but to soothe your quarrel. Mr Hartley, I plight my word to you that you do Richard wrong."*

She said these words with affecting calmness, suppressing all appearance of that displeasure, of which she was evidently sensible, upon this depreciation of a beloved object.

Hartley compelled himself to answer in the same strain.

"Miss Grey," he said, "your actions and motives will always be those of an angel; but let me entreat you to view this most important matter with the eyes of worldly wisdom and prudence. Have you well weighed the risks attending the course which you are taking in favour of a man, who—nay, I will not again offend you—who may, I hope, deserve your favour?"

"When I wished to see you in this manner, Mr Hartley, and declined a communication in public, where we could have had less freedom of conversation, it was with the view of telling you everything. Some pain I thought old recollections might give, but I trusted it would be momentary; and, as I desire to retain your friendship, it is proper I should show that I still deserve it. I must then first tell you my situation after my father's death. In the world's opinion, we were always poor, you know; but in the proper sense I had not known what real poverty was, until I was placed in dependence upon a distant relation of my poor father, who made our relationship a reason for casting upon me all the drudgery of her household, while she would not allow that it gave me a claim to countenance, kindness, or anything but the relief of my most pressing wants. In these circumstances I received from Mr Middlemas a letter, in which he related his fatal duel, and its consequence. He had not dared to write to me to share his misery—Now, when he was in a lucrative situation, under the patronage of a powerful prince, whose wisdom knew how to prize and protect such Europeans as entered his service—now, when he had every prospect of rendering our government such essential service by his interest with Hyder Ali, and might eventually nourish hopes of being permitted to return and stand his trial for the death of his commanding officer—now, he pressed me to come to India, and share his reviving fortunes by accomplishing the engagement into which we had long ago entered. A considerable sum of money accompanied this letter. Mrs Duffer was pointed out as a respectable woman, who would protect me during the passage. Mrs Montreville, a lady of rank, having large possessions and high interest in

the Mysore, would receive me on my arrival at Fort St George, and conduct me safely to the dominions of Hyder. It was further recommended that, considering the peculiar situation of Mr Middlemas, his name should be concealed in the transaction, and that the ostensible cause of my voyage should be to fill an office in that lady's family.—What was I to do? My duty to my poor father was ended, and my other friends considered the proposal as too advantageous to be rejected. The references given, the sum of money lodged, were considered as putting all scruples out of the question; and my immediate protectress and kinswoman was so earnest that I should accept of the offer made me, as to intimate that she would not encourage me to stand in my own light, by continuing to give me shelter and food (she gave me little more), if I was foolish enough to refuse compliance."

"Sordid wretch!" said Hartley, "how little did she deserve such a charge!"

"Let me speak a proud word, Mr Hartley, and then you will not perhaps blame my relations so much. All their persuasions, and even their threats, would have failed in inducing me to take a step, which has an appearance, at least, to which I found it difficult to reconcile myself. But I had loved Middlemas—I love him still—why should I deny it?—and I have not hesitated to trust him. Had it not been for the small still voice which reminded me of my engagements, I had maintained more stubbornly the pride of womanhood, and, as you would perhaps have recommended, I might have expected, at least, that my lover should have come to Britain in person, and might have had the vanity to think," she added, smiling faintly, "that if I were worth having, I was worth fetching."

"Yet now—even now," answered Hartley, "be just to yourself while you are generous to your lover.—Nay, do not look angrily, but hear me. I doubt the propriety of your being under the charge of this unsexed woman, who can no longer be termed a European. I have interest enough with females of the highest rank in the settlement—this climate is that of generosity and hospitality—there is not one of them, who, knowing your character and history, will not desire to have you in her society, and under her protection, until your lover shall be able to vindicate his title to your hand in the face of the world.—I myself will be no cause of suspicion to him, or of inconvenience to you, Menie. Let me but have your consent to the arrangement I propose, and the same moment that sees you under honourable and unsuspected protection, I will leave Madras, not to return till your destiny is in one way or other permanently fixed."

"No, Hartley," said Miss Grey. "It may, it must be, friendly in you thus to advise me; but it would be most base in me to advance my own affairs at the expense of your prospects. Besides, what would this be but taking the chance of contingencies, with the view of sharing poor Middlemas's fortunes, should they prove prosperous, and casting him off, should they be otherwise? Tell me only, do you, of your own positive knowledge, aver that you consider this woman as an unworthy

and unfit protectress for so young a person as I am?"

"Of my own knowledge I can say nothing; nay, I must own, that reports differ even concerning Mrs Montreville's character. But surely the mere suspicion—"

"The mere suspicion, Mr Hartley, can have no weight with me, considering that I can oppose to it the testimony of the man with whom I am willing to share my future fortunes. You acknowledge the question is but doubtful, and should not the assertion of him of whom I think so highly decide my belief in a doubtful matter? What, indeed, must he be, should this Madame Montreville be other than he represented her?"

"What must he be, indeed!" thought Hartley internally, but his lips uttered not the words. He looked down in a deep reverie, and at length started from it at the words of Miss Grey.

"It is time to remind you, Mr Hartley, that we must needs part. God bless and preserve you!"

"And you, dearest Menie," exclaimed Hartley, as he sunk on one knee, and pressed to his lips the hand which she held out to him, "God bless you!—you must deserve blessing. God protect you!—you must need protection.—Oh, should things prove different from what you hope, send for me instantly, and if man can aid you, Adam Hartley will!"

He placed in her hand a card containing his address. He then rushed from the apartment. In the hall he met the lady of the mansion, who made him a haughty reverence in token of adieu, while a native servant of the upper class, by whom she was attended, made a low and reverential salam.

Hartley hastened from the Black Town, more satisfied than before that some deceit was about to be practised towards Menie Grey—more determined than ever to exert himself for her preservation; yet more completely perplexed, when he began to consider the doubtful character of the danger to which she might be exposed, and the scanty means of protection which he had to oppose to it.

CHAPTER XXVII.

As Hartley left the apartment in the house of Ram Sing Cottah by one mode of exit, Miss Grey retired by another, to an apartment destined for her private use. She, too, had reason for secret and anxious reflection, since all her love for Middlemas, and her full confidence in his honour, could not entirely conquer her doubts concerning the character of the person whom he had chosen for her temporary protectress. And yet she could not rest these doubts upon anything distinctly conclusive; it was rather a dislike of her patroness's general manners, and a disgust at her masculine notions and expressions, that displeased her, than anything else.

Meantime, Madame Montreville, followed by her black domestic, entered the apartment where Hartley and Menie Grey had just parted. It appeared from the conversation which follows, that they had from some place of concealment overheard the dialogue we have narrated in the former chapter.

"It is good luck, Sadoc," said the lady, "that there is in this world the great fool."

"And the great villain," answered Sadoc in good English, but in a most sullen tone.

"This woman, now," continued the lady, "is what in Frangistan you call angel."

"Ay, and I have seen those in Hindostan you may well call devil."

"I am sure that this—how you call him—Hartley, is a meddling devil. For, what has he to do? She will not have any of him. What is his business who has her? I wish we were well up the Ghauts again, my dear Sadoc."

"For my part," answered the slave, "I am half determined never to ascend the Ghauts more. Hark you, Adela, I begin to sicken of the plan we have laid. This creature's confiding purity—call her angel or woman, as you will—makes my practices appear too vile, even in my own eyes. I feel myself unfit to be your companion farther in the daring paths which you pursue. Let us part, and part friends."

"Amen, coward. But the woman remains with me," answered the Queen of Sheba.*

"With thee!" replied the seeming black—"never. No, Adela. She is under the shadow of the British flag, and she shall experience its protection."

"Yes—and what protection will it afford to you yourself?" retorted the Amazon. "What if I should clap my hands, and command a score of my black servants to bind you like a sheep, and then send word to the Governor of the Presidency that one Richard Middlemas, who had been guilty of mutiny, murder, desertion, and serving of the enemy against his countrymen, is here, at Ram Sing Cottah's house, in the disguise of a black servant?" Middlemas covered his face with his hands, while Madame Montreville proceeded to load him with reproaches.—"Yes," she said, "Slave! and son of a slave! Since you wear the dress of my household, you shall obey me as fully as the rest of them: otherwise,—whips, fetters—the scaffold, renegade,—the gallows, murderer! Dost thou dare to reflect on the abyss of misery from which I raised thee, to share my wealth and my affections? Dost thou not remember that the picture of this pale, cold, unimpassioned girl, was then so indifferent to thee, that you sacrificed it as a tribute due to the benevolence of her who relieved thee, to the affection of her who, wretch as thou art, condescended to love thee?"

"Yes, fell woman," answered Middlemas; "but was it I who encouraged the young tyrant's outrageous passion for a portrait, or who formed the abominable plan of placing the original within his power?"

"No—for to do so required brain and wit. But it was thine, flimsy villain, to execute the device which a bolder genius planned; it was thine to entice the woman to this foreign shore, under pretence of a love, which, on thy part, cold-blooded miscreant, never had existed."

"Peace, screech-owl!" answered Middlemas, "nor drive me to such madness as may lead me to forget thou art a woman."

"A woman, dastard! Is that thy pretext for spar-

* In order to maintain uninjured the tone of passion throughout this dialogue, it has been judged expedient to discard, in the language of the Begum, the *patois* of Madame Montreville.

ing me?—what, then, art thou, who tremblest at a woman's looks, a woman's words?—I am a woman, renegade, but one who wears a dagger, and despises alike thy strength and thy courage. I am a woman, who has looked on more dying men than thou hast killed deer and antelopes. Thou must traffic for greatness?—thou hast thrust thyself, like a five years' child, into the rough sports of men, and wilt only be borne down and crushed for thy pains. Thou wilt be a double traitor, forsooth—betray thy betrothed to the Prince, in order to obtain the means of betraying the Prince to the English, and thus gain thy pardon from thy countrymen? But me thou shalt not betray. I will not be made the tool of thy ambition—I will not give thee the aid of my treasures and my soldiers, to be sacrificed at last to this northern icicle. No, I will watch thee as the fiend watches the wizard. Show but a symptom of betraying me while we are here, and I denounce thee to the English, who might pardon the successful villain, but not him who can only offer prayers for his life, in place of useful services. Let me see thee flinch when we are beyond the Ghauts, and the Nawaub shall know thy intrigues with the Nizam and the Mahrattas, and thy resolution to deliver up Bangalore to the English, when the imprudence of Tippoo shall have made thee Killedar. Go where thou wilt, slave, thou shalt find me thy mistress."

"And a fair, though an unkind one," said the counterfeit Sadoc, suddenly changing his tone to an affectation of tenderness. "It is true, I pity this unhappy woman; true I would save her if I could—but most unjust to suppose I would in any circumstances prefer her to my Nourjehan, my light of the world, my Mootee Mahul, my pearl of the palace——"

"All false coin and empty compliment," said the Begum. "Let me hear, in two brief words, that you leave this woman to my disposal."

"But not to be interred alive under your seat, like the Circassian of whom you were jealous," said Middlemas, shuddering.

"No, fool; her lot shall not be worse than that of being the favourite of a prince. Hast thou, fugitive and criminal as thou art, a better fate to offer her?"

"But," replied Middlemas, blushing even through his base disguise at the consciousness of his abject conduct, "I will have no force on her inclinations."

"Such truce she shall have as the laws of the Zenana allow," replied the female tyrant. "A week is long enough for her to determine whether she will be the willing mistress of a princely and generous lover."

"Ay," said Richard, "and before that week expires——" He stopped short.

"What will happen before the week expires?" said the Begum Montreville.

"No matter—nothing of consequence. I leave the woman's fate with you."

"Tis well—we march to-night on our return, so soon as the moon rises. Give orders to our retinue."

"To hear is to obey," replied the seeming slave, and left the apartment.

The eyes of the Begum remained fixed on the door through which he had passed. "Villain—double-dyed villain!" she said, "I see thy drift; thou wouldst be-

tray Tippoo, in policy alike and in love. But me thou canst not betray.—Ho, there, who waits? Let a trusty messenger be ready to set off instantly with letters, which I will presently make ready. His departure must be a secret to every one.—And now shall this pale phantom soon know her destiny, and learn what it is to have rivalled Adela Montreville."

While the Amazonian Princess meditated plans of vengeance against her innocent rival and the guilty lover, the latter plotted as deeply for his own purposes. He had waited until such brief twilight as India enjoys rendered his disguise complete, then set out in haste for the part of Madras inhabited by the Europeans, or, as it is termed, Fort St George.

"I will save her yet," he said; "ere Tippoo can seize his prize, we will raise around his ears a storm which would drive the God of War from the arms of the Goddess of Beauty. The trap shall close its fangs upon this Indian tiger, ere he has time to devour the bait which enticed him into the snare."

While Middlemas cherished these hopes, he approached the Residency. The sentinel on duty stopped him, as of course, but he was in possession of the counter-sign, and entered without opposition. He rounded the building in which the President of the Council resided, an able and active, but unconscientious man, who, neither in his own affairs, nor in those of the Company, was supposed to embarrass himself much about the means which he used to attain his object. A tap at a small postern-gate was answered by a black slave, who admitted Middlemas to that necessary appurtenance of every government, a back stair, which, in its turn, conducted him to the office of the Bramin Paupiah, the Dubash, or steward of the great man, and by whose means chiefly he communicated with the native courts, and carried on many mysterious intrigues, which he did not communicate to his brethren at the council-board.

It is perhaps justice to the guilty and unhappy Middlemas to suppose, that if the agency of a British officer had been employed, he might have been induced to throw himself on his mercy, might have explained the whole of his nefarious bargain with Tippoo, and, renouncing his guilty projects of ambition, might have turned his whole thoughts upon saving Menie Grey, ere she was transported beyond the reach of British protection. But the thin dusky form which stood before him, wrapped in robes of muslin embroidered with gold, was that of Paupiah, known as a master-counsellor of dark projects, an oriental Machiavel, whose premature wrinkles were the result of many an intrigue, in which the existence of the poor, the happiness of the rich, the honour of men, and the chastity of women, had been sacrificed without scruple, to attain some private or political advantage. He did not even inquire by what means the renegade Briton proposed to acquire that influence with Tippoo which might enable him to betray him—he only desired to be assured that the fact was real.

"You speak at the risk of your head, if you deceive Paupiah, or make Paupiah the means of deceiving his master. I know, so does all Madras, that the Nawaub has placed his young son, Tippoo,

as Vice-Regent of his newly-conquered territory of Bangalore, which Hyder hath lately added to his dominions. But that Tippoo should bestow the government of that important place on an apostate Feringi, seems more doubtful."

"Tippoo is young," answered Middlemas, "and to youth the temptation of the passions is what a lily on the surface of the lake is to childhood—they will risk life to reach it, though, when obtained, it is of little value. Tippoo has the cunning of his father and his military talents, but he lacks his cautious wisdom."

"Thou speakest truth—but when thou art Governor of Bangalore, hast thou forces to hold the place till thou art relieved by the Mahrattas, or by the British?"

"Doubt it not—the soldiers of the Begum Mootee Mahul, whom the Europeans call Montreville, are less hers than mine. I am myself her Bukshee, (General,) and her Sirdars are at my devotion. With these I could keep Bangalore for two months. and the British army may be before it in a week. What do you risk by advancing General Smith's army nearer to the frontier?"

"We risk a settled peace with Hyder," answered Paupiah, "for which he has made advantageous offers. Yet I say not but thy plan may be most advantageous. Thou sayest Tippoo's treasures are in the fort?"

"His treasures and his Zenana; I may even be able to secure his person."

"That were a goodly pledge—" answered the Hindoo minister.

"And you consent that the treasures shall be divided to the last rupee, as in this scroll?"

"The share of Paupiah's master is too small," said the Bramin; "and the name of Paupiah is unnoticed."

"The share of the Begum may be divided between Paupiah and his master," answered Middlemas.

"But the Begum will expect her proportion," answered Paupiah.

"Let me alone to deal with her," said Middlemas. "Before the blow is struck, she shall not know of our private treaty, and afterwards her disappointment will be of little consequence. And now, remember my stipulations—my rank to be restored—my full pardon to be granted."

"Ay," replied Paupiah, cautiously, "should you succeed. But were you to betray what has here passed, I will find the dagger of a Lottie which shall reach thee, wert thou sheltered under the folds of the Nawaub's garment. In the meantime, take this missive, and when you are in possession of Bangalore, dispatch it to General Smith, whose division shall have orders to approach as near the frontiers of Mysore as may be, without causing suspicion."

Thus parted this worthy pair; Paupiah to report to his principal the progress of these dark machinations, Middlemas to join the Begum on her return to the Mysore. The gold and diamonds of Tippoo, the importance which he was about to acquire, the ridding himself at once of the capricious authority of the irritable Tippoo, and the troublesome claims of the Begum, were such agreeable subjects of contemplation, that he scarcely thought of the fate of his

European victim, unless to salve his conscience with the hope that the sole injury she could sustain might be the alarm of a few days, during the course of which he would acquire the means of delivering her from the tyrant, in whose Zenana she was to remain a temporary prisoner. He resolved, at the same time, to abstain from seeing her till the moment he could afford her protection, justly considering the danger which his whole plan might incur, if he again awakened the jealousy of the Begum. This he trusted was now asleep; and, in the course of their return to Tippoo's camp, near Bangalore, it was his study to soothe this ambitious and crafty female by blandishments, intermingled with the more splendid prospects of wealth and power to be opened to them both, as he pretended, by the success of his present enterprise.

It is scarce necessary to say, that such things could only be acted in the earlier period of our Indian settlements, when the check of the Directors was imperfect, and that of the Crown did not exist. My friend Mr Fairscribe is of opinion, that there is an anachronism in the introduction of Paupiah, the Bramin Dubash of the English governor.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It appears that the jealous and tyrannical Begum did not long suspend her purpose of agonizing her rival by acquainting her with her intended fate. By prayers or rewards, Menie Grey prevailed on a servant of Ram Sing Cottah, to deliver to Hartley the following distracted note:—

"All is true your fears foretold—He has delivered me up to a cruel woman, who threatens to sell me to the tyrant Tippoo.—Save me if you can—if you have no pity, or cannot give me aid, there is none left upon earth.—M. G."

The haste with which Dr Hartley sped to the Fort, and demanded an audience of the Governor, was defeated by the delays interposed by Paupiah.

It did not suit the plans of this artful Hindhu, that any interruption should be opposed to the departure of the Begum and her favourite, considering how much the plans of the last corresponded with his own. He affected incredulity on the charge, when Hartley complained of an Englishwoman being detained in the train of the Begum against her consent, treated the complaint of Miss Grey as the result of some female quarrel unworthy of particular attention; and when at length he took some steps for examining further into the matter, he contrived they should be so tardy, that the Begum and her retinue were far beyond the reach of interruption.

Hartley let his indignation betray him into reproaches against Paupiah, in which his principal was not spared. This only served to give the impassible Bramin a pretext for excluding him from the Residency, with a hint, that if his language continued to be of such an imprudent character, he might expect to be removed from Madras, and stationed at some hill-fort or village among the mountains, where his medical knowledge would find full exercise in protecting himself and others from the unhealthiness of the climate.

As he retired, bursting with ineffectual indignation,

Esdale was the first person whom Hartley chanced to meet with, and to him, stung with impatience, he communicated what he termed the infamous conduct of the Governor's Dubash, connived at, as he had but too much reason to suppose, by the Governor himself; exclaiming against the want of spirit which they betrayed, in abandoning a British subject to the fraud of renegades, and the force of a tyrant.

Esdale listened with that sort of anxiety which prudent men betray when they feel themselves like to be drawn into trouble by the discourse of an imprudent friend.

"If you desire to be personally righted in this matter," said he at length, "you must apply to Leadenhall-street, where I suspect—betwixt ourselves—complaints are accumulating fast, both against Paupiah and his master."

"I care for neither of them," said Hartley; "I need no personal redress—I desire none—I only want succour for Menie Grey."

"In that case," said Esdale, "you have only one resource—you must apply to Hyder himself——"

"To Hyder—to the usurper—the tyrant?"

"Yes, to this usurper and tyrant," answered Esdale, "you must be contented to apply. His pride is, to be thought a strict administrator of justice; and perhaps he may on this, as on other occasions, chuse to display himself in the light of an impartial magistrate."

"Then I go to demand justice at his footstool," said Hartley.

"Not so fast, my dear Hartley," answered his friend; "first consider the risk. Hyder is just by reflection, and perhaps from political considerations; but by temperament, his blood is as unruly as ever beat under a black skin; and if you do not find him in the vein of judging, he is likely enough to be in that of killing. Stakes and bowstrings are as frequently in his head as the adjustment of scales of justice."

"No matter—I will instantly present myself at his Durbar. The governor cannot for very shame refuse me letters of credence."

"Never think of a skinning them," said his more experienced friend; "it would cost Paupiah little to have them so worded as to induce Hyder to rid our sable Dubash, at once and for ever, of the sturdy free-spoken Dr Adam Hartley. A Vakeel, or messenger of government, sets out to-morrow for Seringapatam; contrive to join him on the road, his passport will protect you both. Do you know none of the chiefs about Hyder's person?"

"None, excepting his late emissary to this place, Barak el Hadgi," answered Hartley.

"His support," said Esdale, "although only a Fakir, may be as effectual as that of persons of more essential consequence. And, to say the truth, where the caprice of a despot is the question in debate, there is no knowing upon what it is best to reckon.—Take my advice, my dear Hartley, leave this poor girl to her fate. After all, by placing yourself in an attitude of endeavouring to save her, it is a hundred to one that you only insure your own destruction."

Hartley shook his head, and bade Esdale hastily farewell; leaving him in the happy and self-applauding state of mind proper to one who has given the

VOL. VII.

best advice possible to a friend, and may conscientiously wash his hands of all consequences.

Having furnished himself with money, and with the attendance of three trusty native servants, mounted like himself on Arab horses, and carrying with them no tent, and very little baggage, the anxious Hartley lost not a moment in taking the road to Mysore, endeavouring, in the meantime, by recollecting every story he had ever heard of Hyder's justice and forbearance, to assure himself that he should find the Nawaub disposed to protect a helpless female, even against the future heir of his empire.

Before he crossed the Madras territory, he overtook the Vakeel, or messenger of the British Government, of whom Esdale had spoken. This man, accustomed for a sum of money to permit adventurous European traders who desired to visit Hyder's capital, to share his protection, passport, and escort, was not disposed to refuse the same good office to a gentleman of credit at Madras; and, propitiated by an additional gratuity, undertook to travel as speedily as possible. It was a journey which was not prosecuted without much fatigue and considerable danger, as they had to traverse a country frequently exposed to all the evils of war, more especially when they approached the Ghauts, those tremendous mountain-passes which descend from the table-land of Mysore, and through which the mighty streams that arise in the centre of the Indian peninsula find their way to the ocean.

The sun had set ere the party reached the foot of one of these perilous passes, up which lay the road to Seringapatam. A narrow path, which now resembled an empty water-course, winding upwards among immense rocks and precipices, was at one time completely overshadowed by dark groves of teak-trees, and, at another, found its way beside impenetrable jungles, the habitation of jackals and tigers.

By means of this unsocial path the travellers threaded their way in silence—Hartley, whose impatience kept him before the Vakeel, eagerly inquiring when the moon would enlighten the darkness, which, after the sun's disappearance, closed fast around them. He was answered by the natives, according to their usual mode of expression, that the moon was in her dark side, and that he was not to hope to behold her bursting through a cloud to illuminate the thickets and strata of black and slaty rocks, amongst which they were winding. Hartley had therefore no resource, save to keep his eye steadily fixed on the lighted match of the *Sowar*, or horseman, who rode before him, which, for sufficient reasons, was always kept in readiness to be applied to the priming of the match-lock. The vidette, on his part, kept a watchful eye on the Dowrah, a guide supplied at the last village, who, having got more than half way from his own house, was much to be suspected of meditating how to escape the trouble of going further.* The Dowrah, on the other hand,

* In every village the Dowrah, or Guide, is an official person, upon the public establishment, and receives a portion of the harvest or other revenue, along with the Smith, the Sweeper, and the Barber. As he gets nothing from the travellers whom it is his office to conduct, he never scruples to shorten his own journey and prolong theirs by taking them to the nearest village, without reference to the most direct line of route, and sometimes deserts them en-

conscious of the lighted match and loaded gun behind him, hollowed from time to time to show that he was on his duty, and to accelerate the march of the travellers. His cries were answered by an occasional ejaculation of Ulla from the black soldiers, who closed the rear, and who were meditating on former adventures, the plundering of a *Kaffila* (party of travelling merchants), or some such exploit, or perhaps reflecting that a tiger, in the neighbouring jungle, might be watching patiently for the last of the party, in order to spring upon him, according to his usual practice.

The sun, which appeared almost as suddenly as it had left them, served to light the travellers in the remainder of the ascent, and called forth from the Mahomedans belonging to the party the morning prayer of Alla Akber, which resounded in long notes among the rocks and ravines; and they continued with better advantage their forced march, until the pass opened upon a boundless extent of jungle, with a single high mud fort rising through the midst of it. Upon this plain rapine and war had suspended the labours of industry, and the rich vegetation of the soil had in a few years converted a fertile champaign country into an almost impenetrable thicket. Accordingly, the banks of a small nullah, or brook, were covered with the footmarks of tigers and other animals of prey.

Here the travellers stopped to drink, and to refresh themselves and their horses; and it was near this spot that Hartley saw a sight which forced him to compare the subject which engrossed his own thoughts, with the distress that had afflicted another.

At a spot not far distant from the brook, the guide called their attention to a most wretched-looking man, overgrown with hair, who was seated on the skin of a tiger. His body was covered with mud and ashes, his skin sunburnt, his dress a few wretched tatters. He appeared not to observe the approach of the strangers, neither moving nor speaking a word, but remaining with his eyes fixed on a small and rude tomb, formed of the black slate-stones which lay around, and exhibiting a small recess for a lamp. As they approached the man, and placed before him a rupee or two, and some rice, they observed that a tiger's skull and bones lay beside him, with a sabre almost consumed by rust.

While they gazed on this miserable object, the guide acquainted them with his tragical history. Sadhu Sing had been a Sipahce, or soldier, and free-booter of course, the native and the pride of a half-ruined village which they had passed on the preceding day. He was betrothed to the daughter of a Sipahce, who served in the mud fort which they saw at a distance rising above the jungle. In due time, Sadhu, with his friends, came for the purpose of the marriage, and to bring home the bride. She was mounted on a *Tatoo*, a small horse belonging to the country, and Sadhu and his friends preceded her on foot, in all their joy and pride. As they approached the nullah near which the travellers were resting, there was heard a dreadful roar, accompanied by a shriek of agony. Sadhu Sing, who instantly turned, saw no trace of his bride, save that her horse ran wild in one tirely. If the regular Dowrah is sick or absent, no wealth can procure a substitute.

direction, whilst in the other the long grass and reeds of the jungle were moving like the ripple of the ocean, when distorted by the course of a shark holding its way near the surface. Sadhu drew his sabre and rushed forward in that direction; the rest of the party remained motionless until roused by a short roar of agony. They then plunged into the jungle with their drawn weapons, where they speedily found Sadhu Sing holding in his arms the lifeless corpse of his bride, while a little farther lay the body of the tiger, slain by such a blow over the neck as desperation itself could alone have discharged.—The brideless bridegroom would permit none to interfere with his sorrow. He dug a grave for his Mora, and erected over it the rude tomb they saw, and never afterwards left the spot. The beasts of prey themselves seemed to respect or dread the extremity of his sorrow. His friends brought him food and water from the nullah, but he neither smiled nor showed any mark of acknowledgment, unless when they brought him flowers to deck the grave of Mora. Four or five years, according to the guide, had passed away, and there Sadhu Sing still remained among the trophies of his grief and his vengeance, exhibiting all the symptoms of advanced age, though still in the prime of youth. The tale hastened the travellers from their resting-place; the Vakeel because it reminded him of the dangers of the jungle, and Hartley because it coincided too well with the probable fate of his beloved, almost within the grasp of a more formidable tiger than that whose skeleton lay beside Sadhu Sing.

It was at the mud fort already mentioned that the travellers received the first accounts of the progress of the Begum and her party, by a Peon (or foot-soldier) who had been in their company, but was now on his return to the coast. They had travelled, he said, with great speed, until they ascended the Ghauts, where they were joined by a party of the Begum's own forces; and he and others, who had been brought from Madras as a temporary escort, were paid and dismissed to their homes. After this, he understood it was the purpose of the Begum Mootee Mahul, to proceed, by slow marches and frequent halts, to Bangalore, the vicinity of which place she did not desire to reach until Prince Tippoo, with whom she desired an interview, should have returned from an expedition towards Vandicotta, in which he had lately been engaged.

From the result of his anxious inquiries, Hartley had reason to hope, that though Seringapatam was seventy-five miles more to the eastward than Bangalore, yet, by using diligence, he might have time to throw himself at the feet of Hyder, and beseech his interposition, before the meeting betwixt Tippoo and the Begum should decide the fate of Menie Grey. On the other hand, he trembled as the Peon told him that the Begum's Bukshee, or general, who had travelled to Madras with her in disguise, had now assumed the dress and character belonging to his rank, and it was expected he was to be honoured by the Mahomedan Prince with some high office of dignity. With still deeper anxiety, he learned that a palanquin, watched with sedulous care by the slaves of oriental jealousy, contained, it was whispered, a Feringi, or Frankish woman, beautiful as a Hourie,

who had been brought from England by the Begum, as a present to Tippoo. The deed of villany was therefore in full train to be accomplished; it remained to see whether, by diligence on Hartley's side, its course could be interrupted.

When this eager vindicator of betrayed innocence arrived in the capital of Hyder, it may be believed that he consumed no time in viewing the temple of the celebrated Vishnoo, or in surveying the splendid Gardens called Loll-bang, which were the monument of Hyder's magnificence, and now hold his mortal remains. On the contrary, he was no sooner arrived in the city, than he hastened to the principal Mosque, having no doubt that he was there most likely to learn some tidings of Barak el Hadgi. He approached accordingly the sacred spot, and as to enter it would have cost a Feringi his life, he employed the agency of a devout Musselman to obtain information concerning the person whom he sought. He was not long in learning that the Fakir Barak was within the Mosque, as he had anticipated, busied with his holy office of reading passages from the Koran, and its most approved commentators. To interrupt him in his devout task was impossible, and it was only by a high bribe that he could prevail on the same Moslem, whom he had before employed, to slip into the sleeve of the holy man's robe a paper, containing his name, and that of the Khan in which the Vakeel had taken up his residence. The agent brought back for answer, that the Fakir, immersed, as was to be expected, in the holy service which he was in the act of discharging, had paid no visible attention to the symbol of intimation which the Feringi Sahib (European gentleman) had sent to him. Distracted with the loss of time, of which each moment was precious, Hartley next endeavoured to prevail on the Musselman to interrupt the Fakir's devotions with a verbal message; but the man was indignant at the very proposal.

"Dog of a Christian!" he said, "what art thou and thy whole generation, that Barak el Hadgi should lose a divine thought for the sake of an infidel like thee?"

Exasperated beyond self-possession, the unfortunate Hartley was now about to intrude upon the precincts of the Mosque in person, in hopes of interrupting the formal prolonged recitation which issued from its recesses, when an old man laid his hand on his shoulder, and prevented him from a rashness which might have cost him his life, saying, at the same time, "You are a Sahib Angrezie (English gentleman); I have been a Telinga (a private soldier) in the Company's service, and have eaten their salt. I will do your errand for you to the Fakir Barak el Hadgi."

So saying, he entered the Mosque, and presently returned with Fakir's answer in these enigmatical words:—"He who would see the sun rise must watch till the dawn."

With this poor subject of consolation, Hartley retired to his inn, to meditate on the futility of the professions of the natives, and to devise some other mode of finding access to Hyder than that which he had hitherto trusted to. On this point, however, he lost all hope, being informed by his late fellow traveller, whom he found at the Khan, that the Na-

waub was absent from the city on a secret expedition, which might detain him for two or three days. This was the answer which the Vakeel himself had received from the Dewan, with a farther intimation, that he must hold himself ready, when he was required, to deliver his credentials to Prince Tippoo, instead of the Nawaub; his business being referred to the former, in a way not very promising for the success of his mission.

Hartley was now nearly thrown into despair. He applied to more than one officer supposed to have credit with the Nawaub, but the slightest hint of the nature of his business seemed to strike all with terror. Not one of the persons he applied to would engage in the affair, or even consent to give it a hearing; and the Dewan plainly told him, that to engage in opposition to Prince Tippoo's wishes, was the ready way to destruction, and exhorted him to return to the coast. Driven almost to distraction by his various failures, Hartley betook himself in the evening to the Khan. The call of the Muezzins thundering from the minarets, had invited the faithful to prayers, when a black servant, about fifteen years old, stood before Hartley, and pronounced these words deliberately, and twice over,—"Thus says Barak el Hadgi, the watcher in the Mosque. He that would see the sun rise, let him turn towards the east." He then left the caravan-serai; and it may be well supposed that Hartley, starting from the carpet on which he had lain down to repose himself, followed his youthful guide with renewed vigour and palpitating hope.

CHAPTER XXIX.

'T was the hour when rites unholy
Call'd each Paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that faded slowly,
Left to dews the freshen'd air.

Day his sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and cool the moonbeams shone;
To the Visier's lofty palace
One bold Christian came alone.

THOMAS CAMPBELL. *Quoted from memory.*

THE twilight darkened into night so fast, that it was only by his white dress that Hartley could discern his guide, as he tripped along the splendid bazaar of the city. But the obscurity was so far favourable, that it prevented the inconvenient attention which the natives might otherwise have bestowed upon the European in his native dress, a sight at that time very rare in Seringapatam.

The various turnings and windings through which he was conducted, ended at a small door in a wall, which, from the branches that hung over it, seemed to surround a garden or grove.

The postern opened on a tap from his guide, and the slave having entered, Hartley prepared to follow, but stepped back as a gigantic African brandished at his head a scimitar three fingers broad. The young slave touched his countryman with a rod which he held in his hand, and it seemed as if the touch disabled the giant, whose arm and weapon sunk instantly. Hartley entered without further opposition, and was now in a grove of mango trees, through which an infant moon was twinkling faintly amid the

murmur of waters, the sweet song of the nightingale, and the odours of the rose, yellow jessamine, orange and citron flowers, and Persian narcissus. Huge domes and arches, which were seen imperfectly in the quivering light, seemed to intimate the neighbourhood of some sacred edifice, where the Fakir had doubtless taken up his residence.

Hartley pressed on with as much haste as he could, and entered a side-door and narrow-vaulted passage, at the end of which was another door. Here his guide stopped, but pointed and made indications that the European should enter. Hartley did so, and found himself in a small cell, such as we have formerly described, wherein sat Barak el Hadgi, with another Fakir, who, to judge from the extreme dignity of a white beard, which ascended up to his eyes on each side, must be a man of great sanctity, as well as importance.

Hartley pronounced the usual salutation of Salam Alaicum in the most modest and deferential tone; but his former friend was so far from responding in their former strain of intimacy, that having consulted the eye of his older companion, he barely pointed to a third carpet, upon which the stranger seated himself cross-legged, after the country fashion, and a profound silence prevailed for the space of several minutes. Hartley knew the oriental customs too well to endanger the success of his suit by precipitation. He waited an intimation to speak. At length it came, and from Barak.

"When the pilgrim Barak," he said, "dwelt at Madras, he had eyes and a tongue; but now he is guided by those of his father, the holy Scheik Hali ben Khaledoun, the superior of his convent."

This extreme humility Hartley thought inconsistent with the affectation of possessing superior influence, which Barak had shown while at the Presidency; but exaggeration of their own consequence is a foible common to all who find themselves in a land of strangers. Addressing the senior Fakir, therefore, he told him, in as few words as possible, the villanous plot which was laid to betray Menie Grey into the hands of the Prince Tippoo. He made his suit for the reverend father's intercession with the Prince himself, and with his father the Nawaub, in the most persuasive terms. The Fakir listened to him with an inflexible and immovable aspect, similar to that with which a wooden saint regards his eager supplicants. There was a second pause, when, after resuming his pleading more than once, Hartley was at length compelled to end it for want of matter.

The silence was broken by the elder Fakir, who, after shooting a glance at his younger companion by a turn of the eye, without the least alteration of the position of the head and body, said, "The unbeliever has spoken like a poet. But does he think that the Nawaub Khan Hyder Ali Behauder will contest with his son Tippoo the Victorious, the possession of an infidel slave?"

Hartley received at the same time a side glance from Barak, as if encouraging him to plead his own cause. He suffered a minute to elapse, and then replied:—

"The Nawaub is in the place of the Prophet, a judge over the low as well as high. It is written that when the Prophet decided a controversy be-

tween the two sparrows concerning a grain of rice, his wife Fatima said to him, 'Doth the Missionary of Allah well to bestow his time in distributing justice on a matter so slight, and betwixt such despicable litigants?' 'Know, woman,' answered the Prophet, 'that the sparrows and the grain of rice are the creation of Allah. They are not worth more than thou hast spoken; but justice is a treasure of inestimable price, and it must be imparted by him who holdeth power to all who require it at his hand. The Prince doth the will of Allah, who gives it alike in small matters as in great, and to the poor as well as the powerful. To the hungry bird, a grain of rice is as a chaplet of pearls to a sovereign.—I have spoken.'

"Bismallah!—Praised be God! he hath spoken like a Moullah," said the elder Fakir, with a little more emotion, and some inclination of his head towards Barak, for on Hartley he scarcely deigned even to look.

"The lips have spoken it which cannot lie," replied Barak, and there was again a pause.

It was once more broken by Scheik Hali, who, addressing himself directly to Hartley, demanded of him, "Hast thou heard, Feringi, of aught of treason meditated by this Kafr (or infidel) against the Nawaub Behauder?"

"Out of a traitor cometh treason," said Hartley; "but, to speak after my knowledge, I am not conscious of such design."

"There is truth in the words of him," said the Fakir, "who accuseth not his enemy save on his knowledge. The things thou hast spoken shall be laid before the Nawaub; and as Allah and he will, so shall the issue be. Meantime, return to thy Khan, and prepare to attend the Vakeel of thy government, who is to travel with dawn to Bangalore, the strong, the happy, the holy city. Peace be with thee!—Is it not so, my son?"

Barak, to whom this appeal was made, replied, "Even as my father hath spoken."

Hartley had no alternative but to arise and take his leave with the usual phrase, "Salam,—God's peace be with you!"

His youthful guide, who waited his return without, conducted him once more to his Khan, through by-paths which he could not have found out without pilotage. His thoughts were in the meantime strongly engaged on his late interview. He knew the Moslem men of religion were not implicitly to be trusted. The whole scene might be a scheme of Barak, to get rid of the trouble of patronizing a European in a delicate affair; and he determined to be guided by what should seem to confirm or discredit the intimation which he had received.

On his arrival at the Khan, he found the Vakeel of the British government in a great bustle, preparing to obey directions transmitted to him by the Nawaub's Dewan, or treasurer, directing him to depart the next morning with break of day for Bangalore.

He expressed great discontent at the order, and when Hartley intimated his purpose of accompanying him, seemed to think him a fool for his pains, hinting the probability that Hyder meant to get rid of them both by means of the freebooters, through whose countries they were to pass with such a feeble escort. This fear gave way to another, when the time of de-

parture came, at which moment there rode up about two hundred of the Nawaub's native cavalry. The Sirdar who commanded these troops behaved with civility, and stated that he was directed to attend upon the travellers, and to provide for their safety and convenience on the journey; but his manner was reserved and distant, and the Vakeel insisted that the force was intended to prevent their escape, rather than for their protection. Under such unpleasant auspices, the journey between Seringapatam and Bangalore was accomplished in two days and part of a third, the distance being nearly eighty miles.

On arriving in view of this fine and populous city, they found an encampment already established within a mile of its walls. It occupied a tope or knoll, covered with trees, and looked full on the gardens which Tippoo had created in one quarter of the city. The rich pavilions of the principal persons flamed with silk and gold; and spears with gilded points, or poles supporting gold knobs, displayed numerous little banners, inscribed with the name of the Prophet. This was the camp of the Begum Mootee Mahul, who, with a small body of her troops, about two hundred men, was waiting the return of Tippoo under the walls of Bangalore. Their private motives for desiring a meeting the reader is acquainted with; to the public the visit of the Begum had only the appearance of an act of deference, frequently paid by inferior and subordinate princes to the patrons whom they depend upon.

These facts ascertained, the Sirdar of the Nawaub took up his own encampment within sight of that of the Begum, but at about half a mile's distance, dispatching to the city a messenger to announce to the Prince Tippoo, so soon as he should arrive, that he had come hither with the English Vakeel.

The bustle of pitching a few tents was soon over, and Hartley, solitary and sad, was left to walk under the shade of two or three mango trees, and looking to the displayed streamers of the Begum's encampment, to reflect that amid these insignia of Mahomedanism Menie Grey remained, destined by a profligate and treacherous lover to the fate of slavery to a heathen tyrant. The consciousness of being in her vicinity added to the bitter pangs with which Hartley contemplated her situation, and reflected how little chance there appeared of his being able to rescue her from it by the mere force of reason and justice, which was all he could oppose to the selfish passions of a voluptuary tyrant. A lover of romance might have meditated some means of effecting her release by force or address; but Hartley, though a man of courage, had no spirit of adventure, and would have regarded as desperate any attempt of the kind.

His sole gleam of comfort arose from the impression which he had apparently made upon the elder Fakir, which he could not help hoping might be of some avail to him. But on one thing he was firmly resolved, and that was, not to relinquish the cause he had engaged in whilst a grain of hope remained. He had seen in his own profession a quickening and a revival of life in the patient's eye, even when glazed apparently by the hand of Death; and he was taught confidence amidst moral evil by his success in relieving that which was physical only.

While Hartley was thus meditating, he was roused to attention by a heavy firing of artillery from the high

bastions of the town; and turning his eyes in that direction, he could see advancing, on the northern side of Bangalore, a tide of cavalry, riding tumultuously forward, brandishing their spears in all different attitudes, and pressing their horses to a gallop. The clouds of dust which attended this vanguard, for such it was, combined with the smoke of the guns, did not permit Hartley to see distinctly the main body which followed; but the appearance of howdowed elephants and royal banners dimly seen through the haze, plainly intimated the return of Tippoo to Bangalore; while shouts and irregular discharges of musketry, announced the real or pretended rejoicing of the inhabitants. The city gates received the living torrent, which rolled towards them; the clouds of smoke and dust were soon dispersed, and the horizon was restored to serenity and silence.

The meeting between persons of importance, more especially of royal rank, is a matter of very great consequence in India, and generally much address is employed to induce the person receiving the visit, to come as far as possible to meet the visitor. From merely rising up, or going to the edge of the carpet, to advancing to the gate of the palace, to that of the city, or, finally, to a mile or two on the road, is all subject to negotiation. But Tippoo's impatience to possess the fair European induced him to grant on this occasion a much greater degree of courtesy than the Begum had dared to expect, and he appointed his garden, adjacent to the city walls, and indeed included within the precincts of the fortifications, as the place of their meeting; the hour noon, on the day succeeding his arrival; for the natives seldom move early in the morning, or before having broken their fast. This was intimated to the Begum's messenger by the Prince in person, as, kneeling before him, he presented the *nuzzur* (a tribute consisting of three, five, or seven gold Mohurs, always an odd number), and received in exchange a *Khelaut*, or dress of honour. The messenger, in return, was eloquent in describing the importance of his mistress, her devoted veneration for the Prince, the pleasure which she experienced on the prospect of their *motakul*, or meeting, and concluded with a more modest compliment to his own extraordinary talents, and the confidence which the Begum reposed in him. He then departed, and orders were given that on the next day all should be in readiness for the *Sowarree*, a grand procession, when the Prince was to receive the Begum as his honoured guest at his pleasure-house in the gardens.

Long before the appointed hour, the rendezvous of Fakirs, beggars, and idlers, before the gate of the palace, intimated the excited expectations of those who usually attend processions; while a more urgent set of mendicants, the courtiers, were hastening thither on horses or elephants, as their means afforded, always in a hurry to show their zeal, and with a speed proportioned to what they hoped or feared.

At noon precisely, a discharge of cannon, placed in the outer courts, as also of match-locks and of small swivels, carried by camels (the poor animals shaking their long ears at every discharge), announced that Tippoo had mounted his elephant. The solemn and deep sound of the *naggra*, or state drum, borne upon an elephant, was then heard like the distant discharge of artillery, followed by a long roll of mus-

ketry, and was instantly answered by that of numerous trumpets and tom-toms (or common drums), making a discordant, but yet a martial din. The noise increased as the procession traversed the outer courts of the palace in succession, and at length issued from the gates, having at their head Chobdars, bearing silver sticks and clubs, and shouting, at the pitch of their voices, the titles and the virtues of Tippoo, the great, the generous, the invincible—strong as Rustan, just as Noushirvan—with a short prayer for his continued health.

After these came a confused body of men on foot, bearing spears, matchlocks, and banners, and intermixed with horsemen, some in complete shirts of mail, with caps of steel under their turbans, some in a sort of defensive armour, consisting of rich silk dresses, rendered sabre-proof by being stuffed with cotton. These champions preceded the Prince, as whose body-guards they acted. It was not till after this time that Tippoo raised his celebrated Tiger-regiment, disciplined and armed according to the European fashion. Immediately before the Prince came, on a small elephant, a hard-faced, severe-looking man, by office the distributor of alms, which he flung in showers of small copper money among the Fakirs and beggars, whose scrambles to collect them seemed to augment their amount; while the grim-looking agent of Mahomedan charity, together with his elephant, which marched with half angry eyes, and its trunk curled upwards, seemed both alike ready to chastise those whom poverty should render too importunate.

Tippoo himself next appeared, richly apparelled, and seated on an elephant, which, carrying its head above all the others in the procession, seemed proudly conscious of superior dignity. The howdaw, or seat, which the Prince occupied, was of silver, embossed and gilt, having behind a place for a confidential servant, who waved the great chowry, or cow-tail, to keep off the flies; but who could also occasionally perform the task of spokesman, being well versed in all terms of flattery and compliment. The caparisons of the royal elephant were of scarlet cloth, richly embroidered with gold. Behind Tippoo came the various courtiers and officers of the household, mounted chiefly on elephants, all arrayed in their splendid attire, and exhibiting the greatest pomp.

In this manner the procession advanced down the principal street of the town, to the gate of the royal gardens. The houses were ornamented by broad cloth, silk shawls, and embroidered carpets of the richest colours, displayed from the verandahs and windows; even the meanest hut was adorned with some piece of cloth, so that the whole street had a singularly rich and gorgeous appearance.

This splendid procession having entered the royal gardens, approached, through a long avenue of lofty trees, a chabootra, or platform of white marble, canopied by arches of the same material, which occupied the centre. It was raised four or five feet from the ground, covered with white cloth and Persian carpets. In the centre of the platform was the musnud, or state cushion of the Prince, six feet square, composed of crimson velvet, richly embroidered. By especial grace, a small low cushion was placed on the right of the Prince, for the occupation of the Begum. In front of this platform was a

square tank, or pond of marble, four feet deep, and filled to the brim with water as clear as crystal, having a large jet or fountain in the middle, which threw up a column of it to the height of twenty feet.

The Prince Tippoo had scarcely dismounted from his elephant, and occupied the musnud, or throne of cushions, when the stately form of the Begum was seen advancing to the place of rendezvous. The elephant being left at the gate of the gardens opening into the country opposite to that by which the procession of Tippoo had entered, she was carried in an open litter, richly ornamented with silver, and borne on the shoulders of six black slaves. Her person was as richly attired as silks and gems could accomplish.

Richard Middlemas, as the Begum's general or Bukshee, walked nearest to her litter, in a dress as magnificent in itself as it was remote from all European costume, being that of a Banka, or Indian courtier. His turban was of rich silk and gold, twisted very hard, and placed on one side of his head, its ends hanging down on the shoulder. His mustachoes were turned and curled, and his eyelids stained with antimony. The vest was of gold brocade, with a cummerband, or sash, around his waist, corresponding to his turban. He carried in his hand a large sword, sheathed in a scabbard of crimson velvet, and wore around his middle a broad embroidered sword-belt. What thoughts he had under this gay attire, and the bold bearing which corresponded to it, it would be fearful to unfold. His least detestable hopes were perhaps those which tended to save Menie Grey, by betraying the Prince who was about to confide in him, and the Begum, at whose intercession Tippoo's confidence was to be reposed.

The litter stopped as it approached the tank, on the opposite side of which the Prince was seated on his musnud. Middlemas assisted the Begum to descend, and led her, deeply veiled with silver muslin, towards the platform of marble. The rest of the retinue of the Begum followed in their richest and most gaudy attire, all males, however; nor was there a symptom of woman being in her train, except that a close litter, guarded by twenty black slaves, having their sabres drawn, remained at some distance in a thicket of flowering shrubs.

When Tippoo Saib, through the dim haze which hung over the waterfall, discerned the splendid train of the Begum advancing, he arose from his musnud, so as to receive her near the foot of his throne, and exchanged greetings with her upon the pleasure of meeting, and inquiries after their mutual health. He then conducted her to the cushion placed near to his own, while his courtiers anxiously showed their politeness in accommodating those of the Begum with places upon the carpets around, where they all sat down cross-legged—Richard Middlemas occupying a conspicuous situation.

The people of inferior note stood behind, and amongst them was the Sirdar of Hyder Ali, with Hartley and the Madras Vakeel. It would be impossible to describe the feelings with which Hartley recognised the apostate Middlemas, and the Amazonian Mrs Montreville. The sight of them worked up his resolution to make an appeal against them in full Durbar, to the justice which Tippoo was obliged to render to all who should complain of injuries. In the

meanwhile, the Prince, who had hitherto spoken in a low voice, while acknowledging, it is to be supposed, the services and the fidelity of the Begum, now gave the sign to his attendant, who said, in an elevated tone, "Wherefore, and to requite these services, the mighty Prince, at the request of the mighty Begum, Mbootee Muhul, beautiful as the moon, and wise as the daughter of Giamschid, hath decreed to take into his service the Bukshee of her armies, and to invest him, as one worthy of all confidence, with the keeping of his beloved capital of Bangalore."

The voice of the crier had scarce ceased, when it was answered by one as loud, which sounded from the crowd of by-standers, "Cursed is he who maketh the robber Leik his treasurer, or trusteth the lives of Moslemah to the command of an apostate!"

With unutterable satisfaction, yet with trembling doubt and anxiety, Hartley traced the speech to the elder Fakir, the companion of Barak. Tippoo seemed not to notice the interruption, which passed for that of some mad devotee, to whom the Moslem princes permit great freedoms. The Durbar, therefore, recovered from their surprise; and, in answer to the proclamation, united in the shout of applause which is expected to attend every annunciation of the royal pleasure.

Their acclamation had no sooner ceased than Middlemas arose, bent himself before the musnud, and, in a set speech, declared his unworthiness of such high honour as had now been conferred, and his zeal for the Prince's service. Something remained to be added, but his speech faltered, his limbs shook, and his tongue seemed to refuse its office.

The Begum started from her seat, though contrary to etiquette, and said, as if to supply the deficiency in the speech of her officer, "My slave would say, that in acknowledgment of so great an honour conferred on my Bukshee, I am so void of means, that I can only pray your Highness will deign to accept a lily from Frangistan, to plant within the recesses of the secret garden of thy pleasures. Let my Lord's guards carry yonder litter to the Zenana."

A female scream was heard, as, at a signal from Tippoo, the guards of his seraglio advanced to receive the closed litter from the attendants of the Begum. The voice of the old Fakir was heard louder and sterner than before.—"Cursed is the prince who barter justice for lust! He shall die in the gate by the sword of the stranger."

"This is too insolent!" said Tippoo. "Drag forward that Fakir, and cut his robe into tatters on his back with your chabouks."*

But a scene ensued like that in the hall of Seyd. All who attempted to obey the command of the incensed despot fell back from the Fakir, as they would from the angel of death. He flung his cap and fictitious beard on the ground, and the incensed countenance of Tippoo was subdued in an instant, when he encountered the stern and awful eye of his father. A sign dismissed him from the throne, which Hyder himself ascended, while the officious menials hastily disrobed him of his tattered cloak, and flung on him a robe of regal splendour, and placed on his head a

jewelled turban. The Durbar rung with acclamations to Hyder Ali Khan Behauder, "the good, the wise, the discoverer of hidden things, who cometh into the Divan like the sun bursting from the clouds."

The Nawaub at length signed for silence, and was promptly obeyed. He looked majestically around him, and at length bent his eyes upon Tippoo, whose downcast eyes, as he stood before the throne with his arms folded on his bosom, were strongly contrasted with the haughty look of authority which he had worn but a moment before. "Thou hast been willing," said the Nawaub, "to barter the safety of thy capital for the possession of a white slave. But the beauty of a fair woman caused Solomon Ben David to stumble in his path; how much more, then, should the son of Hyder Naig remain firm under temptation!—That men may see clearly, we must remove the light which dazzles them. Yonder Feringi woman must be placed at my disposal."

"To hear is to obey," replied Tippoo, while the deep gloom on his brow showed what his forced submission cost his proud and passionate spirit. In the hearts of the courtiers present reigned the most eager curiosity to see the denouement of the scene, but not a trace of that wish was suffered to manifest itself on features accustomed to conceal all internal sensations. The feelings of the Begum were hidden under her veil; while, in spite of a bold attempt to conceal his alarm, the perspiration stood in large drops on the brow of Richard Middlemas. The next words of the Nawaub sounded like music in the ear of Hartley.

"Carry the Feringi woman to the tent of the Sirdar Belash Cassim (the chief to whom Hartley had been committed). Let her be tended in all honour, and let him prepare to escort her, with the Vakeel and the Hakim Hartley, to the Payeen-Ghaut (the country beneath the passes), answering for their safety with his head." The litter was on its road to the Sirdar's tents ere the Nawaub had done speaking. "For thee, Tippoo," continued Hyder, "I am not come hither to deprive thee of authority, or to disgrace thee before the Durbar. Such things as thou hast promised to this Feringi, proceed to make them good. The sun calleth not back the splendour which he lends to the moon; and the father obscures not the dignity which he has conferred on the son. What thou hast promised, that do thou proceed to make good."

The ceremony of investiture was therefore recommenced, by which the prince Tippoo conferred on Middlemas the important government of the city of Bangalore, probably with the internal resolution, that since he was himself deprived of the fair European, he would take an early opportunity to remove the new Killedar from the charge; while Middlemas accepted it with the throbbing hope that he might yet outwit both father and son. The deed of investiture was read aloud—the robe of honour was put upon the newly-created Killedar, and an hundred voices, while they blessed the prudent choice of Tippoo, wished the governor good fortune, and victory over his enemies.

A horse was led forward, as the Prince's gift. It was a fine steed of the Cuttyawar breed, high-crested, with broad hind quarters; he was of a white colour, but had the extremity of his tail and mane stained red. His saddle was red velvet, the bridle

* Long whips.

and crupper studded with gilded knobs. Two attendants on lesser horses led this prancing animal, one holding the lance, and the other the long spear of their patron. The horse was shown to the applauding courtiers, and withdrawn, in order to be led in state through the streets, while the new Killedar should follow on the elephant, another present usual on such an occasion, which was next made to advance, that the world might admire the munificence of the Prince.

The huge animal approached the platform, shaking his large wrinkled head, which he raised and sunk, as if impatient, and curling upwards his trunk from time to time, as if to show the gulf of his tongueless mouth. Gracefully retiring with the deepest obeisance, the Killedar, well pleased the audience was finished, stood by the neck of the elephant, expecting the conductor of the animal would make him kneel down, that he might ascend the gilded howdah, which awaited his occupancy.

"Hold, Feringi," said Hyder. "Thou hast received all that was promised thee by the bounty of Tippoo. Accept now what is the fruit of the justice of Hyder."

As he spoke, he signed with his finger, and the driver of the elephant instantly conveyed to the animal the pleasure of the Nawaub. Curling his long trunk around the neck of the ill-fated European, the monster suddenly threw the wretch prostrate before him, and stamping his huge shapeless foot upon his breast, put an end at once to his life and to his crimes. The cry which the victim uttered was mimicked by the roar of the monster, and a sound like an hysterical laugh mingling with his scream, which rung from under the veil of the Begum. The elephant once more raised his trunk aloft, and gaped fearfully.

The courtiers preserved a profound silence; but Tippoo, upon whose muslin robe a part of the victim's blood had spirted, held it up to the Nawaub, exclaiming, in a sorrowful, yet resentful tone,—“Father—father—was it thus my promise should have been kept?”

“Know, foolish boy,” said Hyder Ali, “that the carrion which lies there was in a plot to deliver Bangalore to the Feringis and the Mahrattas. This Begum (she started when she heard herself named) has given us warning of the plot, and hath so merited her pardon for having originally concurred in it,—whether altogether out of love to us we will not too curiously inquire.—Hence with that lump of bloody clay, and let the Hakim Hartley and the English Vakeel come before me.”

They were brought forward, while some of the attendants flung sand upon the bloody traces, and others removed the crushed corpse.

“Hakim,” said Hyder, “thou shalt return with the Feringi woman, and with gold to compensate her injuries, whereunto the Begum, as is fitting, shall contribute a share. Do thou say to thy nation, ‘Hyder Ali acts justly.’ The Nawaub then inclined himself graciously to Hartley, and then turning to the Vakeel, who appeared much discomposed, “You have brought to me,” he said, “words of peace, while your masters meditated a treacherous war. It is not upon such as you that my vengeance ought to alight. But tell the Kafr (or infidel) Paupiah, and his un-

worthy master, that Hyder Ali sees too clearly to suffer to be lost by treason the advantages he has gained by war. Hitherto I have been in the Carnatic as a mild prince—in future I will be a destroying tempest! Hitherto I have made inroads as a compassionate and merciful conqueror—hereafter I will be the messenger whom Allah sends to the kingdoms which he visits in judgment!”

It is well known how dreadfully the Nawaub kept his promise, and how he and his son afterwards sunk before the discipline and bravery of the Europeans. The scene of just punishment which he so faithfully exhibited might be owing to his policy, his internal sense of right, and to the ostentation of displaying it before an Englishman of sense and intelligence, or to all of these motives mingled together—but in what proportions it is not for us to distinguish.

Hartley reached the coast in safety with his precious charge, rescued from a dreadful fate when she was almost beyond hope. But the nerves and constitution of Menie Grey had received a shock from which she long suffered severely, and never entirely recovered. The principal ladies of the settlement, moved by the singular tale of her distress, received her with the utmost kindness, and exercised towards her the most attentive and affectionate hospitality. The Nawaub, faithful to his promise, remitted to her a sum of no less than ten thousand gold Mohurs, extorted, as was surmised, almost entirely from the hoards of the Begum Mootee Muhul, or Montreville. Of the fate of that adventuress nothing was known for certainty; but her forts and government were taken into Hyder's custody, and report said, that, her power being abolished and her consequence lost, she died by poison, either taken by herself, or administered by some other person.

It might be thought a natural conclusion of the history of Menie Grey that she should have married Hartley, to whom she stood so much indebted for his heroic interference in her behalf. But her feelings were too much and too painfully agitated, her health too much shattered, to permit her to entertain thoughts of a matrimonial connexion, even with the acquaintance of her youth, and the champion of her freedom. Time might have removed these obstacles, but, not two years after their adventures in Mysore, the gallant and disinterested Hartley fell a victim to his professional courage, in withstanding the progress of a contagious distemper, which he at length caught, and under which he sunk. He left a considerable part of the moderate fortune which he had acquired to Menie Grey, who, of course, did not want many advantageous offers of a matrimonial character. But she respected the memory of Hartley too much, to subdue in behalf of another the reasons which induced her to refuse the hand which he had so well deserved—nay, it may be thought, had so fairly won.

She returned to Britain—what seldom occurs—unmarried though wealthy; and, settling in her native village, appeared to find her only pleasure in acts of benevolence which seemed to exceed the extent of her fortune, had not her very retired life been taken into consideration. Two or three persons with whom she was intimate, could trace in her character that generous and disinterested simplicity

and affection, which were the ground-work of her character. To the world at large her habits seemed those of the ancient Roman matron, which is recorded on her tomb in these four words,

DOMUM MANSIT—LANAM FECIT.

CHAPTER XXX.

If you tell a good jest,
And please all the rest,
Comes Dingly, and asks you, "What was it?"
And before she can know,
Away she will go
To seek an old rag in the closet.

DEAN SWIFT.

WHILE I was inditing the goodly matter which my readers have just perused, I might be said to go through a course of breaking in to stand criticism, like a shooting-pony to stand fire. By some of those venial breaches of confidence, which always take place on the like occasions, my private flirtations with the Muse of Fiction became a matter whispered in Miss Fairscribe's circle, some ornaments of which were, I suppose, highly interested in the progress of the affair, while others "really thought Mr Chrystal Croftangry might have had more wit at his time of day." Then came the sly intimation, the oblique remark, all that sugar-lipped raillery which is fitted for the situation of a man about to do a foolish thing, whether it be to publish or to marry, and that accompanied with the discreet nods and winks of such friends as are in the secret, and the obliging eagerness of others to know all about it.

At length the affair became so far public, that I was induced to face a tea-party with my manuscript in my pocket, looking as simple and modest as any gentleman of a certain age need to do upon such an occasion. When tea had been carried round, handkerchiefs and smelling-bottles prepared, I had the honour of reading the Surgeon's Daughter, for the entertainment of the evening. It went off excellently; my friend Mr Fairscribe, who had been seduced from his desk to join the literary circle, only fell asleep twice, and readily recovered his attention by help of his snuff box. The ladies were politely attentive, and when the cat, or the dog, or a next neighbour, tempted an individual to relax, Katie Fairscribe was on the alert, like an active whipper-in, with look, touch, or whisper, to recall them to a sense of what was going on. Whether Miss Katie was thus active merely to enforce the literary discipline of her coterie, or whether she was really interested by the beauties of the piece, and desirous to enforce them on others, I will not venture to ask, in case I should end in liking the girl—and she is really a pretty one—better than wisdom would warrant, either for my sake or hers.

I must own, my story here and there flagged a good deal; perhaps there were faults in my reading, for while I should have been attending to nothing but how to give the words effect as they existed, I was feeling the chilling consciousness, that they might have been, and ought to have been, a great deal better. However, we kindled up at last, when we got

to the East Indies, although, on the mention of tigers, an old lady, whose tongue had been impatient for an hour, broke in with, "I wonder if Mr Croftangry ever heard the story of Tiger Tullideph?" and had nearly inserted the whole narrative as an episode in my tale. She was, however, brought to reason, and the subsequent mention of shawls, diamonds, turbans, and cummerbands, had their usual effect in awakening the imaginations of the fair auditors. At the extinction of the faithless lover in a way so horribly new, I had, as indeed I expected, the good fortune to excite that expression of painful interest, which is produced by drawing in the breath through the compressed lips; nay, one Miss of fourteen actually screamed.

At length my task was ended, and the fair circle rained odours upon me, as they pelt beaux at the Carnival with sugar-plums, and drench them with scented spices. There was "Beautiful," and "Sweetly interesting," and "O Mr Croftangry," and "How much obliged," and "What a delightful evening," and "O Miss Katie, how could you keep such a secret so long!" While the dear souls were thus smothering me with rose-leaves, the merciless old lady carried them all off by a disquisition upon shawls, which she had the impudence to say, arose entirely out of my story.—Miss Katie endeavoured to stop the flow of her eloquence in vain; she threw all other topics out of the field, and, from the genuine Indian, she made a digression to the imitation shawls now made at Paisley, out of real Thibet wool, not to be known from the actual Country shawl, except by some inimitable cross-stitch in the border. "It is well," said the old lady, wrapping herself up in a rich Kashmere, "that there is some way of knowing a thing that cost fifty guineas from an article that is sold for five; but I venture to say there are not one out of ten thousand that would understand the difference."

The politeness of some of the fair ladies would now have brought back the conversation to the forgotten subject of our meeting. "How could you, Mr Croftangry, collect all these hard words about India?—you were never there."—"No, madam, I have not had that advantage; but, like the imitative operatives of Paisley, I have composed my shawl by incorporating into the woof a little Thibet wool, which my excellent friend and neighbour, Colonel MacKerris, one of the best fellows who ever trod a Highland moor, or dived into an Indian jungle, had the goodness to supply me with."

My rehearsal, however, though not absolutely and altogether to my taste, has prepared me in some measure for the less tempered and guarded sentence of the world. So a man must learn to encounter a foil before he confronts a sword; and, to take up my original simile, a horse must be accustomed to a *feu de joie* before you can ride him against a volley of balls. Well, Corporal Nym's philosophy is not the worst that has been preached, "Things must be as they may." If my lucubrations give pleasure, I may again require the attention of the courteous reader; if not, here end the

Chronicles of the Canongate.

SECOND SERIES.

INTRODUCTION.

The ashes here of murder'd kings
Beneath my footsteps sleep;
And yonder lies the scene of death,
Where Mary learn'd to weep.

CAPTAIN MARJORIBANKS.

EVERY quarter of Edinburgh has its own peculiar boast, so that the city together combines within its precincts (if you take the word of the inhabitants on the subject) as much variety as beauty, as much of historical interest as of natural sublimity. Our claims in behalf of the Canongate are not the slightest or least interesting. The Castle may excel us in extent of prospect and natural sublimity of site; the Calton had always the superiority of its unrivalled panorama, and has of late added to them that of its towers, bridges, and triumphal arches. The High-street, we acknowledge, had the distinguished honour of being defended by fortifications, of which we can show no vestiges. We will not descend to notice the claims of mere upstart districts, called Old New Town and New New Town, not to mention the favourite Moray Place, which is the newest New Town of all. We will not match ourselves except with our equals, and with our equals in age only, for in dignity we admit of none. We boast being the Court end of the town, possessing the Palace and the sepulchral remains of ancient monarchs, and that we have the power to excite, in a degree unknown to the less honoured quarters of the city, the dark and solemn recollections of the ancient grandeur which occupied the precincts of our venerable Abbey from the time of St David, till her deserted halls were once more made glad, and her long silent echoes awakened, by the visit of our present gracious Sovereign.

My long habitation in the neighbourhood, and the quiet respectability of my habits, have given me a sort of intimacy with good Mrs —, the housekeeper in that most interesting part of the old building, called Queen Mary's Apartments. But a circumstance which lately happened has conferred upon me greater privileges; so that, indeed, I might, I believe, venture on the exploit of Chatelet, who was executed for being found secreted at midnight in the very bed-chamber of Scotland's Mistress.

It chanced, that the good lady I have mentioned was, in the discharge of her function, showing the apartments to a cockney from London;—not one of your quiet, dull, common-place visitors, who gape, yawn, and listen with an acquiescent *umph*, to the information doled out by the provincial cicerone. No such thing—this was the brisk, alert agent of a great house in the city, who missed no opportunity of doing business, as he termed it; that is, of putting off the goods of his employers, and improving his own account of commission. He had fidgeted through the suite of apartments, without finding the least opportunity to touch upon that which he considered as the principal end of his existence. Even the

story of Rizzio's assassination presented no ideas to this emissary of commerce, until the housekeeper appealed, in support of her narrative, to the dusky stains of blood upon the floor.

"These are the stains," she said; "nothing will remove them from the place—there they have been for two hundred and fifty years—and there they will remain while the floor is left standing—neither water nor any thing else will ever remove them from that spot."

Now our cockney, amongst other articles, sold Scouring Drops, as they are called, and a stain of two hundred and fifty years' standing was interesting to him, not because it had been caused by the blood of a Queen's favourite, slain in her apartment, but because it offered so admirable an opportunity to prove the efficacy of his unequalled Detergent Elixir. Down on his knees went our friend, but neither in horror nor devotion.

"Two hundred and fifty years, ma'am, and nothing take it away? Why, if it had been five hundred, I have something in my pocket will fetch it out in five minutes. D'ye see this elixir, ma'am? I will show you the stain vanish in a moment."

Accordingly, wetting one end of his handkerchief with the all-deterging specific, he began to rub away on the planks, without heeding the remonstrances of Mrs —. She, good soul, stood at first in astonishment, like the Abbess of St Bridget's when a profane visitant drank up the vial of brandy which had long passed muster among the relics of the cloister for the tears of the blessed saint. The venerable guardian of St Bridget probably expected the interference of her patroness—She of Holy Rood might, perhaps, hope that David Rizzio's spectre would arise to prevent the profanation. But Mrs — stood not long in the silence of horror. She uplifted her voice, and screamed as loudly as Queen Mary herself, when the dreadful deed was in the act of perpetration—

"Harrow now out! and walawa!" she cried.

I happened to be taking my morning walk in the adjoining gallery, pondering in my mind why the Kings of Scotland, who hung around me, should be each and every one painted with a nose like the knocker of a door, when lo! the walls once more re-echoed with such shrieks, as formerly were as often heard in the Scottish palaces as were sounds of revelry and music. Somewhat surprised at such an alarm in a place so solitary, I hastened to the spot, and found the well-meaning traveller scrubbing the floor like a housemaid, while Mrs —, dragging him by the skirts of the coat, in vain endeavoured to divert him from his sacrilegious purpose. It cost me some trouble to explain to the zealous purifier of silk-stockings, embroidered waistcoats, broad-cloth, and deal planks, that there were such things in the world as stains which ought to remain indelible, on account

of the associations with which they are connected. Our good friend viewed every thing of the kind only as the means of displaying the virtue of his vaunted commodity. He comprehended, however, that he would not be permitted to proceed to exemplify its powers on the present occasion, so took his leave, muttering that he had always heard the Scots were a nasty people, but had no idea they carried it so far as to chuse to have the floors of their palaces blood-boltered, like Banquo's ghost, when to remove them would have cost but a hundred drops of the Infallible Detergent Elixir, prepared and sold by Messrs Scrub and Rub, in five shilling and ten shilling bottles, each bottle being marked with the initials of the inventor, to counterfeit which would be to incur the pains of forgery.

Freed from the odious presence of this lover of cleanliness, my good friend Mrs — was profuse in her expressions of thanks; and yet her gratitude, instead of exhausting itself in these declarations, according to the way of the world, continues as lively at this moment as if she had never thanked me at all. It is owing to her recollection of this piece of good service, that I have the permission of wandering, like the ghost of some departed gentleman-usher, through these deserted halls, sometimes, as the old Irish ditty expresses it,

Thinking on things that are long enough ago;

and sometimes wishing I could, with the good luck of most editors of romantic narrative, light upon some hidden crypt or massive antique cabinet, which should yield to my researches an almost illegible manuscript, containing the authentic particulars of some of the strange deeds of those wild days of the unhappy Mary.

My dear Mrs Baliol used to sympathise with me when I regretted that all the Godsendings of this nature had ceased to occur, and that an author might chatter his teeth to pieces by the seaside, without a wave ever wafting to him a casket containing such a history as that of Automathes; that he might break his shins in stumbling through a hundred vaults, without finding anything but rats and mice, and become the tenant of a dozen sets of shabby tenements, without seeing any manuscript but the weekly bill for board and lodging. A dairymaid of these degenerate days might as well wash and deck her dairy in hopes of finding the fairy tester in her shoe.

"It is a sad, and too true a tale, cousin," said Mrs Baliol. "I am sure we all have occasion to regret the want of these ready supplements to a failing invention. But you, most of all, have right to complain that the fairies have not favoured your researches—you who have shown the world that the Age of Chivalry still exists—you, the Knight of Croftangry, who braved the fury of the 'London prentice bold,' in behalf of the fair Dame —, and the memorial of Rizzio's slaughter. Is it not a pity, cousin, considering the feat of chivalry was otherwise so much according to rule—is it not, I say, a great pity that the lady had not been a little younger, and the legend a little older?"

"Why, as to the age at which a fair dame loses the benefits of chivalry, and is no longer entitled to crave boon of brave knight, that I leave to the

statutes of the Order of Errantry, but for the blood of Rizzio, I take up the gauntlet, and maintain against all and sundry, that I hold the stains to be of no modern date, but to have been actually the consequence and the record of that terrible assassination."

"As I cannot accept the challenge to the field, fair cousin; I am contented to require proof."

"The unaltered tradition of the Palace, and the correspondence of the existing state of things with that tradition."

"Explain, if you please."

"I will.—The universal tradition bears, that when Rizzio was dragged out of the chamber of the Queen, the heat and fury of the assassins, who struggled which should deal him most wounds, dispatched him at the door of the ante-room. There, therefore, the greater quantity of the blood was spilled, and there the marks of it are still shown. It is reported further by historians, that Mary continued her entreaties for his life, mingling her prayers with screams and exclamations, until she knew that he was assuredly slain; on which she wiped her eyes and said, 'I will now study revenge.'"

"All this is granted.—But the blood? would it not wash out, or waste out, think you, in so many years?"

"I am coming to that presently. The constant tradition of the Palace says, that Mary discharged any measures to be taken to remove the marks of slaughter, which she had resolved should remain as a memorial to quicken and confirm her purposed vengeance. But it is added, that, satisfied with the knowledge that it existed, and not desirous to have the ghastly evidence always under her eye, she caused a traverse, as it is called (that is, a temporary screen of boards), to be drawn along the under part of the ante-room, a few feet from the door, so as to separate the place stained with the blood from the rest of the apartment, and involve it in considerable obscurity. Now this temporary partition still exists, and by running across and interrupting the plan of the roof and cornices, plainly intimates that it has been intended to serve some temporary purpose, since it disfigures the proportions of the room, interferes with the ornaments of the ceiling, and could only have been put there for some such purpose, as hiding an object too disagreeable to be looked upon. As to the objection that the blood-stains would have disappeared in course of time, I apprehend that if measures to efface them were not taken immediately after the affair happened—if the blood, in other words, were allowed to sink into the wood, the stain would become almost indelible. Now, not to mention that our Scottish palaces were not particularly well washed in those days, and that there were no Patent Drops to assist the labours of the mop, I think it very probable that these dark relics might subsist for a long course of time, even if Mary had not desired or directed that they should be preserved, but screened by the traverse from public sight. I know several instances of similar blood-stains remaining for a great many years, and I doubt whether, after a certain time, anything can remove them, save the carpenter's plane. If any Seneschal, by way of increasing the interest of the apartments, had, by

means of paint, or any other mode of imitation, endeavoured to palm upon posterity supposititious stigmata, I conceive that the impostor would have chosen the Queen's cabinet and the bedroom for the scene of his trick, placing his bloody tracery where it could be distinctly seen by visitors, instead of hiding it behind the traverse in this manner. The existence of the said traverse, or temporary partition, is also extremely difficult to be accounted for, if the common and ordinary tradition be rejected. In short, all the rest of this striking locality is so true to the historical fact, that I think it may well bear out the additional circumstance of the blood on the floor."

"I profess to you," answered Mrs Baliol, "that I am very willing to be converted to your faith. We talk of a credulous vulgar, without always recollecting that there is a vulgar incredulity, which, in historical matters, as well as in those of religion, finds it easier to doubt than to examine, and endeavours to assume the credit of an *esprit fort*, by denying whatever happens to be a little beyond the very limited comprehension of the sceptic.—And so, that point being settled, and you possessing, as we understand, the Open Sesamum into these secret apartments, how, if we may ask, do you intend to avail yourself of your privilege?—Do you propose to pass the night in the royal bed-chamber?"

"For what purpose, my dear lady?—if to improve the rheumatism, this east wind may serve the purpose?"

"Improve the rheumatism—Heaven forbid! that would be worse than adding colours to the violet. No; I mean to recommend a night on the couch of the Rose of Scotland, merely to improve the imagination. Who knows what dreams might be produced by a night spent in a mansion of so many memories! For aught I know, the iron door of the postern stair might open at the dead hour of midnight, and, as at the time of the conspiracy, forth might sally the phantom assassins, with stealthy step and ghastly look, to renew the semblance of the deed. There comes the fierce fanatic Ruthven—party hatred enabling him to bear the armour which would otherwise weigh down a form extenuated by wasting disease. See how his writhen features show under the hollow helmet, like those of a corpse tenanted by a demon whose vindictive purpose looks out at the flashing eyes, while the visage has the stillness of death.—Yonder appears the tall form of the boy Darnley, as goodly in person as vacillating in resolution; yonder he advances with hesitating step, and yet more hesitating purpose, his childish fear having already overcome his childish passion. He is in the plight of a mischievous boy who has fired a mine, and who now, expecting the explosion in remorse and terror, would give his life to quench the train which his own hand lighted. Yonder—yonder—But I forget the rest of the worthy cut-throats. Help me, if you can."

"Summon up," said I, "the Postulate, George Douglas, the most active of the gang. Let him arise at your call—the claimant of wealth which he does not possess—the partaker of the illustrious blood of Douglas, but which in his veins is sullied with illegitimacy. Paint him the ruthless, the daring, the ambitious—so nigh greatness, yet debarred from it—

so near to wealth, yet excluded from possessing it—a political Tantalus, ready to do or dare anything to terminate his necessities and assert his imperfect claims."

"Admirable, my dear Croftangry! But what is a Postulate?"

"Pooh, my dear madam, you disturb the current of my ideas—The Postulate was, in Scottish phrase, the candidate for some benefice which he had not yet attained—George Douglas, who stabbed Rizzio, was the Postulate for the temporal possessions of the rich Abbey of Arbroath."

"I stand informed. Come, proceed; who comes next?"

"Who comes next? Yon tall, thin-made, savage-looking man, with the petronel in his hand, must be Andrew Ker of Faldonside, a brother's son, I believe, of the celebrated Sir David Ker of Cessford; his look and bearing those of a Border freebooter; his disposition so savage, that, during the fray in the cabinet, he presented his loaded piece at the bosom of the young and beautiful Queen, that Queen also being within a few weeks of becoming a mother."

"Bravo, *beau cousin*!—Well, having raised your bevy of phantoms, I hope you do not intend to send them back to their cold beds to warm them? You will put them to some action, and since you do threaten the Canongate with your desperate quill, you surely mean to novelize, or to dramatize if you will, this most singular of all tragedies?"

"Worse—that is, less interesting periods of history have been, indeed, shown up, for furnishing amusement to the peaceable ages which have succeeded; but, dear lady, the events are too well known in Mary's days, to be used as vehicles of romantic fiction. What can a better writer than myself add to the elegant and forcible narrative of Robertson? So adieu to my vision—I awake, like John Bunyan, and behold it is a dream.—Well, enough that I awake without a sciatica, which would have probably rewarded my slumbers had I profaned Queen Mary's bed, by using it as a mechanical resource to awaken a torpid imagination."

"This will never do, cousin," answered Mrs Baliol; "you must get over all these scruples, if you would thrive in the character of a romantic historian, which you have determined to embrace. What is the classic Robertson to you? The light which he carried was that of a lamp to illuminate the dark events of antiquity; yours is a magic lantern to raise up wonders which never existed. No reader of sense wonders at your historical inaccuracies, any more than he does to see Punch in the show-box seated on the same throne with King Solomon in his glory, or to hear him hallowing out to the patriarch, amid the deluge, 'Mighty hazy weather, Master Noah.'"

"Do not mistake me, my dear madam," said I; "I am quite conscious of my own immunities as a tale-teller. But even the mendacious Mr Fagg assures us, that though he never scruples to tell a lie at his master's command, yet it hurts his conscience to be found out. Now, this is the reason why I avoid in prudence all well-known paths of history, where every one can read the finger-posts carefully set up to advise them of the right turning; and the very boys

and girls, who learn the history of Britain by way of question and answer, hoot at a poor author if he abandons the highway."

"Do not be discouraged, however, Cousin Chrystal. There are plenty of wildernesses in Scottish history, through which, unless I am greatly misinformed, no certain paths have been laid down from actual survey, but which are only described by imperfect tradition, which fills up with wonders and with legends the periods in which no real events are recognized to have taken place. Even thus, as Mat Prior says—

'Geographers on pathless downs,
Place elephants for want of towns.'

"If such be your advice, my dear lady," said I, "the course of my story shall take its rise upon this occasion at a remote period of history, and in a province removed from my natural sphere of the Canongate."

It was under the influence of those feelings that I undertook the following Historical Romance, which, often suspended and flung aside, is now arrived at a size too important to be altogether thrown away, although there may be little prudence in sending it to the press.

I have not placed in the mouth of the characters the Lowland Scotch dialect now spoken, because unquestionably the Scottish of that day resembled very closely the Anglo-Saxon, with a sprinkling of French or Norman to enrich it. Those who wish to investigate the subject, may consult the *Chronicles of Winton*, and the *History of Bruce*, by Archdeacon Barbour. But supposing my own skill in the ancient Scottish were sufficient to invest the dialogue with its peculiarities, a translation must have been necessary for the benefit of the general reader. The Scottish dialect may be therefore considered as laid aside, unless where the use of peculiar words may add emphasis or vivacity to the composition.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY;

OR, THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.

CHAPTER I.

"Behold the Tiber," the vain Roman cried,
Viewing the ample Tay from Beglie's side;
But where's the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?

AMONG all the provinces in Scotland, if an intelligent stranger were asked to describe the most varied and the most beautiful, it is probable he would name the county of Perth. A native also of any other district, though his partialities might lead him to prefer his native county in the first instance, would certainly class that of Perth in the second, and thus give its inhabitants a fair right to plead that—prejudice apart—Perthshire forms the fairest portion of Caledonia. It is long since Lady Mary Wortley Montague, with that excellent taste which characterises her writings, expressed her opinion that the most interesting portion of every country, and that which exhibits the varied beauties of natural scenery in greatest perfection, is that where the mountains sink down upon the champaign, or more level land.

The most picturesque, if not the highest hills, are to be found there. The rivers find their way out of the mountainous region by the wildest leaps, and through the most romantic passes. Above, the vegetation of a happier climate and soil is mingled with the magnificent characteristics of mountain-scenery; and woods, groves, and thickets in profusion, clothe the base of the hills, ascend up the ravines, and mingle with the precipices. It is in such favoured regions that the traveller finds what the poet Gray, or some one else, has termed, Beauty lying in the lap of Terror.

From the same advantage of situation, this favoured province presents a variety of the most pleasing character. Its lakes, woods, and mountains, may vie in beauty with any that the Highland tour exhibits; while Perthshire contains, amidst this romantic scenery, and in some places in connexion with it, many fertile and habitable tracts, which may vie with the richness of merry England herself. The country has also been the scene of many remarkable exploits and events, some of historical importance, others interesting to the poet and romancer, though recorded in popular tradition alone. It was in these vales that the Saxons of the plain, and the Gael of the mountains, had many a desperate and bloody encounter, in which it was frequently impossible to decide the palm of victory between the mailed chivalry of the Low Country, and the plaided clans whom they opposed.

Perth, so eminent for the beauty of its situation, is a place of great antiquity; and old tradition assigns to the town the importance of a Roman foundation. That victorious nation, it is said, pretended to recognise the Tiber in the much more magnificent and navigable Tay, and to acknowledge the large level space, well known by the name of the North Inch, as having a near resemblance to their Campus Martius. The city was often the residence of our monarchs, who, although they had no palace at Perth, found the Cistercian Convent amply sufficient for the reception of their court. It was here that James the First, one of the wisest and best of the Scottish kings, fell a victim to the jealousy of the vengeful aristocracy. Here also occurred the mysterious conspiracy of Gowrie, the scene of which has only of late been effaced, by the destruction of the ancient palace in which the tragedy was acted. The Antiquarian Society of Perth, with just zeal for the objects of their pursuit, have published an accurate plan of this memorable mansion, with some remarks upon its connexion with the narrative of the plot, which display equal acuteness and candour.

One of the most beautiful points of view which Britain, or perhaps the world, can afford, is, or rather we may say was, the prospect from a spot called the Wicks of Beglie, being a species of niche at which the traveller arrived, after a long stage from Kinross, through a waste and uninteresting country, and from which, as forming a pass over the summit of a ridgy eminence which he had gradually surmounted, he beheld, stretching beneath him, the valley of the Tay, traversed by its ample and lordly stream; the town of Perth, with its two large meadows, or Inches, its steeples, and its towers; the hills of Moncrieff and Kinnoul faintly rising into picturesque rocks, partly clothed with woods; the rich margin of the river,

studded with elegant mansions; and the distant view of the huge Grampian mountains, the northern screen of this exquisite landscape. The alteration of the road, greatly, it must be owned, to the improvement of general intercourse, avoids this magnificent point of view, and the landscape is introduced more gradually and partially to the eye, though the approach must be still considered as extremely beautiful. There is still, we believe, a foot-path left open, by which the station at the Wicks of Beglie may be approached; and the traveller, by quitting his horse or equipage, and walking a few hundred yards, may still compare the real landscape with the sketch which we have attempted to give. But it is not in our power to communicate, or in his to receive, the exquisite charm which surprise gives to pleasure, when so splendid a view arises when least expected or hoped for, and which Chrystal Croftangry experienced when he beheld, for the first time, the matchless scene.

Childish wonder, indeed, was an ingredient in my delight, for I was not above fifteen years old; and as this had been the first excursion which I was permitted to make on a pony of my own, I also experienced the glow of independence, mingled with that degree of anxiety which the most conceited boy feels when he is first abandoned to his own undirected counsels. I recollect pulling up the reins without meaning to do so, and gazing on the scene before me as if I had been afraid it would shift like those in a theatre before I could distinctly observe its different parts, or convince myself that what I saw was real. Since that hour, and the period is now more than fifty years past, the recollection of that inimitable landscape has possessed the strongest influence over my mind, and retained its place as a memorable thing, when much that was influential on my own fortunes has fled from my recollection. It is therefore natural, that, whilst deliberating on what might be brought forward for the amusement of the public, I should pitch upon some narrative connected with the splendid scenery which made so much impression on my youthful imagination, and which may perhaps have that effect in setting off the imperfections of the composition, which ladies suppose a fine set of china to possess in heightening the flavour of indifferent tea.

The period at which I propose to commence, is, however, considerably earlier than either of the remarkable historical transactions to which I have already alluded, as the events which I am about to recount occurred during the last years of the fourteenth century, when the Scottish sceptre was swayed by the gentle, but feeble hand of John, who reigned under the title of Robert the Third.

CHAPTER II.

PERTH, boasting, as we have already mentioned, so large a portion of the beauties of inanimate nature, has at no time been without its own share of those charms which are at once more interesting and more transient. To be called the Fair Maid of Perth, would at any period have been a high distinction, and have inferred no mean superiority in beauty, where there were many to claim that much-envied attribute. But, in the feudal times, to which we now call the reader's attention, female beauty was

a quality of much higher importance than it has been since the ideas of chivalry have been in a great measure extinguished. The love of the ancient cavaliers was a licensed species of idolatry, which the love of Heaven alone was theoretically supposed to approach in intensity, and which in practice it seldom equalled. God and the Ladies were familiarly appealed to in the same breath; and devotion to the fair sex was as peremptorily enjoined upon the aspirant to the honour of chivalry, as that which was due to Heaven. At such a period in society, the power of beauty was almost unlimited. It could level the highest rank with that which was immeasurably inferior.

It was but in the reign preceding that of Robert III., that beauty alone had elevated a person of inferior rank and indifferent morals to share the Scottish throne; and many women, less artful or less fortunate, had risen to greatness, from a state of concubinage, for which the manners of the times made allowance and apology. Such views might have dazzled a girl of higher birth than Catharine, or Katie Glover, who was universally acknowledged to be the most beautiful young woman of the city or its vicinity, and whose renown, as the Fair Maid of Perth, had drawn on her much notice from the young gallants of the Royal Court, when it chanced to be residing in or near Perth; insomuch, that more than one nobleman of the highest rank, and most distinguished for deeds of chivalry, were more attentive to exhibit feats of horsemanship as they passed the door of old Simon Glover, in what was called Couvrefew, or Curfew Street, than to distinguish themselves in the tournaments, where the noblest dames of Scotland were spectators of their address.

But the Glover's daughter—for, as was common with citizens and artisans of that early period, her father, Simon, derived his surname from the trade which he practised,—showed no inclination to listen to any gallantry which came from those of a station highly exalted above that which she herself occupied; and though probably in no degree insensible to her personal charms, seemed desirous to confine her conquests to those who were within her own sphere of life. Indeed, her beauty being of that kind which we connect more with the mind than with the person, was, notwithstanding her natural kindness and gentleness of disposition, rather allied to reserve than to gaiety, even when in company with her equals; and the earnestness with which she attended upon the exercises of devotion, induced many to think that Catharine Glover nourished the private wish to retire from the world, and bury herself in the recesses of the cloister. But to such a sacrifice, should it be meditated, it was not to be expected her father, reputed a wealthy man, and having this only child, would yield a willing consent.

In her resolution of avoiding the addresses of the gallant courtiers, the reigning Beauty of Perth was confirmed by the sentiments of her parent. "Let them go," he said; "let them go, Catharine, those gallants, with their capering horses, their jingling spurs, their plumed bonnets, and their trim moustaches; they are not of our class, nor will we aim at pairing with them. To-morrow is Saint Valentine's Day, when every bird chuses her mate; but

you will not see the linnet pair with the sparrowhawk, nor the robin red-breast with the kite. My father was an honest burgher of Perth, and could use his needle as well as I can. Did there come war to the gates of our fair burgh, down went needles, thread, and shamoy leather, and out came the good head-piece and target from the dark nook, and the long lance from above the chimney. Show me a day that either he or I were absent when the Provost made his musters! Thus we have led our lives, my girl, working to win our bread, and fighting to defend it. I will have no son-in-law that thinks himself better than me; and for these lords and knights, I trust thou wilt always remember thou art too low to be their lawful love, and too high to be their unlawful loon. And now, lay by thy work, lass, for it is holytide eve, and it becomes us to go to the evening service, and pray that Heaven may send thee a good Valentine to-morrow."

So the Fair Maid of Perth laid aside the splendid hawking glove which she was embroidering for the Lady Drummond, and putting on her holiday kirtle, prepared to attend her father to the Blackfriars Monastery, which was adjacent to Couvrefew-street in which they lived. On their passage, Simon Glover, an ancient and esteemed burgher of Perth, somewhat stricken in years and increased in substance, received from young and old the homage due to his velvet jerkin and his gold chain, while the beauty of Catharine, though concealed beneath her screen—which resembled the mantilla still worn in Flanders—called both obeisances and doffings of the bonnet from young and old.

As the pair moved on arm in arm, they were followed by a tall handsome young man, dressed in a yeoman's habit of the plainest kind, but which showed to advantage his fine limbs, as the handsome countenance that looked out from a quantity of curled tresses, surmounted by a small scarlet bonnet, became that species of head-dress. He had no other weapon than a staff in his hand, it not being thought fit that persons of his degree (for he was an apprentice to the old Glover), should appear on the street armed with sword or dagger, a privilege which the jackmen, or military retainers of the nobility, esteemed exclusively their own. He attended his master at holytide, partly in the character of a domestic, or protector, should there be cause for his interference; but it was not difficult to discern by the earnest attention which he paid to Catharine Glover, that it was to her, rather than to her father, that he desired to dedicate his good offices. Generally speaking, there was no opportunity for his zeal displaying itself; for a common feeling of respect induced passengers to give way to the father and daughter.

But when the steel caps, barrets, and plumes, of squires, archers, and men-at-arms, began to be seen among the throng, the wearers of these warlike distinctions were more rude in their demeanour than the quiet citizens. More than once, when from chance, or perhaps from an assumption of superior importance, such an individual took the wall of Simon in passing, the Glover's youthful attendant bristled up with a look of defiance, and the air of one who sought to distinguish his zeal in his mistress's

service by its ardour. As frequently did Conachar, for such was the lad's name, receive a check from his master, who gave him to understand that he did not wish his interference before he required it. "Foolish boy," he said, "hast thou not lived long enough in my shop to know that a blow will breed a brawl—that a dirk will cut the skin as fast as a needle pierces leather—that I love peace, though I never feared war, and care not which side of the causeway my daughter and I walk upon, so we may keep our road in peace and quietness?"—Conachar excused himself as zealous for his master's honour, yet was scarce able to pacify the old citizen.—"What have we to do with honour?" said Simon Glover. "If thou wouldst remain in my service, thou must think of honesty, and leave honour to the swaggering fools who wear spurs at their heels and iron on their shoulders. If you wish to wear and use such garniture, you are welcome, but it shall not be in my house or in my company."

Conachar seemed rather to kindle at this rebuke than to submit to it. But a sign from Catharine, if that slight raising of her little finger was indeed a sign, had more effect than the angry reproof of his master; and the youth laid aside the military air which seemed natural to him, and relapsed into the humble follower of a quiet burgher.

Meantime the little party were overtaken by a tall young man wrapped in a cloak, which obscured or muffled a part of his face, a practice often used by the gallants of the time, when they did not wish to be known, or were abroad in quest of adventures. He seemed, in short, one who might say to the world around him, "I desire, for the present, not to be known, or addressed in my own character; but, as I am answerable to myself alone for my actions, I wear my incognito but for form's sake, and care little whether you see through it or not." He came on the right side of Catharine, who had hold of her father's arm, and slackened his pace as if joining their party.

"Good even to you, goodman."

"The same to your worship, and thanks.—May I pray you to pass on?—our pace is too slow for that of your lordship—our company too mean for that of your father's son."

"My father's son can best judge of that, old man. I have business to talk of with you and with my fair St Catharine here, the loveliest and most obdurate saint in the calendar."

"With deep reverence, my lord," said the old man, "I would remind you that this is good St Valentine's Eve, which is no time for business, and that I can have your worshipful commands by your serving-man as early as it pleases you to send them."

"There is no time like the present," said the persevering youth, whose rank seemed to be of a kind which set him above ceremony. "I wish to know whether the buff doublet be finished which I commissioned some time since;—and from you, pretty Catharine (here he sank his voice to a whisper), I desire to be informed whether your fair fingers have been employed upon it, agreeably to your promise? But I need not ask you, for my poor heart has felt the pang of each puncture that pierced the garment which was to cover it. Traitor, how wilt thou answer

for thus tormenting the heart that loves thee so dearly!"

"Let me entreat you, my lord, to forego this wild talk—it becomes not you to speak thus, or me to listen. We are of poor rank, but honest manners; and the presence of the father ought to protect the child from such expressions, even from your lordship."

This she spoke so low, that neither her father nor Conachar could understand what she said.

"Well, tyrant," answered the persevering gallant, "I will plague you no longer now, providing you will let me see you from your window to-morrow, when the sun first peeps over the eastern hill, and give me right to be your Valentine for the year."

"Not so, my lord; my father has but now told me that hawks, far less eagles, pair not with the humble linnet. Seek some court lady, to whom your favours will be honour; to me—your highness must permit me to speak the plain truth—they can be nothing but disgrace."

As they spoke thus, the party arrived at the gate of the church. "Your lordship will, I trust, permit us here to take leave of you," said her father. "I am well aware how little you will alter your pleasure for the pain and uneasiness you may give to such as us; but from the throng of attendants at the gate, your lordship may see that there are others in the church, to whom even your gracious lordship must pay respect."

"Yes—respect; and who pays any respect to me?" said the haughty young lord. "A miserable artisan and his daughter, too much honoured by my slightest notice, have the insolence to tell me that my notice dishonours them. Well, my princess of doekskin and blue silk, I will teach you to rue this."

As he murmured thus, the Glover and his daughter entered the Dominican Church, and their attendant, Conachar, in attempting to follow them closely, jostled, perhaps not unwillingly, the young nobleman. The gallant, starting from his unpleasing reverie, and perhaps considering this as an intentional insult, seized on the young man by the breast, struck him, and threw him from him. His irritated opponent recovered himself with difficulty, and grasped towards his own side, as if seeking a sword or dagger in the place where it was usually worn; but finding none, he made a gesture of disappointed rage, and entered the church. During the few seconds he remained, the young nobleman stood with his arms folded on his breast, with a haughty smile, as if defying him to do his worst. When Conachar had entered the church, his opponent, adjusting his cloak yet closer about his face, made a private signal by holding up one of his gloves. He was instantly joined by two men, who, disguised like himself, had waited his motions at a little distance. They spoke together earnestly, after which the young nobleman retired in one direction, his friends or followers going off in another.

Simon Glover, before he entered the church, cast a look towards the group, but had taken his place among the congregation before they separated themselves. He knelt down with the air of a man who has something burthensome on his mind; but when the service was ended, he seemed free from anxiety, as one who had referred himself and his troubles to the disposal of Heaven. The ceremony of High

Mass was performed with considerable solemnity, a number of noblemen and ladies of rank being present. Preparations had indeed been made for the reception of the good old King himself, but some of those infirmities to which he was subject had prevented Robert III from attending the service, as was his wont. When the congregation were dismissed, the Glover and his beautiful daughter lingered for some time, for the purpose of making their several shrifts in the confessionals, where the priests had taken their places for discharging that part of their duty. Thus it happened that the night had fallen dark, and the way was solitary, when they returned along the now deserted streets to their own dwelling. Most persons had betaken themselves to home and to bed. They who still lingered in the street were nightwalkers or revellers, the idle and swaggering retainers of the haughty nobles, who were much wont to insult the peaceful passengers, relying on the impunity which their masters' court-favour was too apt to secure them.

It was, perhaps, in apprehension of mischief from some character of this kind, that Conachar, stepping up to the Glover, said, "Master, walk faster—we are dogg'd."

"Dogg'd, sayest thou? By whom and by how, man?"

"By one man muffled in his cloak, who follows us like our shadow."

"Then will I never mend my pace along the Couvrefew-street, for the best one man that ever trode it."

"But he has arms," said Conachar.

"And so have we, and hands and legs and feet. Why sure, Conachar, you are not afraid of one man?"

"Afraid!" answered Conachar, indignant at the insinuation; "you shall soon know if I am afraid."

"Now you are as far on the other side of the mark, thou foolish boy—thy temper has no middle course; there is no occasion to make a brawl, though we do not run. Walk thou before with Catharine, and I will take thy place. We cannot be exposed to danger so near home as we are."

The Glover fell behind accordingly, and certainly observed a person keep so close to them, as, the time and place considered, justified some suspicion. When they crossed the street, he also crossed it, and when they advanced or slackened their pace, the stranger's was in proportion accelerated or diminished. The matter would have been of very little consequence had Simon Glover been alone; but the beauty of his daughter might render her the object of some profligate scheme, in a country where the laws afforded such slight protection to those who had not the means to defend themselves. Conachar and his fair charge having arrived on the threshold of their own apartment, which was opened to them by an old female servant, the burgher's uneasiness was ended. Determined, however, to ascertain, if possible, whether there had been any cause for it, he called out to the man whose motions had occasioned the alarm, and who stood still, though he seemed to keep out of reach of the light, "Come, step forward, my friend, and do not play at bo-peep; knowest thou not, that they who walk like phantoms in the dark, are apt to

encounter the conjuration of a quarter-staff? Step forward, I say, and show us thy shapes, man."

"Why, so I can, Master Glover," said one of the deepest voices that ever answered question. "I can show my shapes well enough, only I wish they could bear the light something better."

"Body of me," exclaimed Simon, "I should know that voice!—And is it thou, in thy bodily person, Harry Gow?—nay, beshrew me if thou passest this door with dry lips. What, man, curfew has not rung yet, and if it had, it were no reason why it should part father and son. Come in, man; Dorothy shall get us something to eat, and we will jingle a can ere thou leave us. Come in, I say; my daughter Kate will be right glad to see thee."

By this time he had pulled the person, whom he welcomed so cordially, into a sort of kitchen, which served also upon ordinary occasions the office of parlour. Its ornaments were trenchers of pewter, mixed with a silver cup or two, which, in the highest degree of cleanliness, ornamented a range of shelves like those of a beaufet, popularly called the Bink. A good fire, with the assistance of a blazing lamp, spread light and cheerfulness through the apartment, and a savoury smell of some victuals which Dorothy was preparing, did not at all offend the unrefined noses of those whose appetite they were destined to satisfy.

Their unknown attendant now stood in full light among them, and though his appearance was neither dignified nor handsome, his face and figure were not only deserving of attention, but seemed in some manner to command it. He was rather below the middle stature, but the breadth of his shoulders, length and brawniness of his arms, and the muscular appearance of the whole man, argued a most unusual share of strength, and a frame kept in vigour by constant exercise. His legs were somewhat bent, but not in a manner which could be said to approach to deformity; on the contrary, which seemed to correspond to the strength of his frame, though it injured in some degree its symmetry. His dress was of buff-hide; and he wore in a belt around his waist a heavy broad-sword, and a dirk or poniard, as if to defend his purse, which (burger-fashion) was attached to the same cincture. The head was well proportioned, round, close cropped, and curled thickly with black hair. There was daring and resolution in the dark eye, but the other features seemed to express a bashful timidity, mingled with good humour, and obvious satisfaction at meeting with his old friends. Abstracted from the bashful expression, which was that of the moment, the forehead of Henry Gow, or Smith (for he was indifferently so called, as both words equally indicated his profession), was high and noble, but the lower part of his face was less happily formed. The mouth was large, and well-furnished with a set of firm and beautiful teeth, the appearance of which corresponded with the air of personal health and muscular strength, which the whole frame indicated. A short thick beard, and moustaches which had lately been arranged with some care, completed the picture. His age could not exceed eight-and-twenty.

The family appeared all well pleased with the unexpected appearance of an old friend. Simon Glover

shook his hand again and again, Dorothy made her compliments, and Catharine herself offered freely her hand, which Henry held in his massive grasp as if he designed to carry it to his lips, but, after a moment's hesitation, desisted, from fear lest the freedom might be ill taken. Not that there was any resistance on the part of the little hand which lay passive in his grasp; but there was a smile mingled with the blush on her cheek, which seemed to increase the confusion of the gallant. Her father, on his part, called out frankly, as he saw his friend's hesitation,—

"Her lips, man, her lips! and that's a proffer I would not make to every one who crosses my threshold. But, by good St Valentine (whose holiday will dawn to-morrow), I am so glad to see thee in the bonny city of Perth again, that it would be hard to tell the thing I could refuse thee."

The Smith,—for, as has been said, such was the craft of this sturdy artisan,—was encouraged modestly to salute the Fair Maid, who yielded the courtesy with a smile of affection that might have become a sister, saying, at the same time, "Let me hope that I welcome back to Perth a repentant and amended man."

He held her hand as if about to answer; then suddenly, as one who lost courage at the moment, relinquished his grasp; and drawing back as if afraid of what he had done, his dark countenance, glowing with bashfulness, mixed with delight, he sat down by the fire on the opposite side from that which Catharine occupied.

"Come, Dorothy, speed thee with the food, old woman;—and Conachar—where is Conachar?"

"He is gone to bed, sir, with a headach," said Catharine, in a hesitating voice.

"Go, call him, Dorothy," said the old Glover; "I will not be used thus by him; his Highland blood, forsooth, is too gentle to lay a trencher or spread a napkin, and he expects to enter our ancient and honourable craft without duly waiting and tending upon his master and teacher in all matters of lawful obedience.—Go, call him, I say; I will not be thus neglected."

Dorothy was presently heard screaming up stairs, or more probably up a ladder, to the cock-loft, to which the recusant apprentice had made an untimely retreat; a muttered answer was returned, and soon after Conachar appeared in the eating apartment. There was a gloom of deep sullenness on his haughty, though handsome features; and as he proceeded to spread the board, and arrange the trenchers, with salt, spices, and other condiments—to discharge, in short, the duties of a modern domestic, which the custom of the time imposed upon all apprentices—he was obviously disgusted and indignant with the mean office imposed upon him. The fair Maid of Perth looked with some anxiety at him, as if apprehensive that his evident sullenness might increase her father's displeasure; but it was not till her eyes had sought out his for a second time, that Conachar condescended to veil his dissatisfaction, and throw a greater appearance of willingness and submission into the services which he was performing.

And here we must acquaint our reader, that though the private interchange of looks betwixt Catharine Glover and the young mountaineer indicated some

interest on the part of the former in the conduct of the latter, it would have puzzled the strictest observer to discover whether that feeling exceeded in degree what might have been felt by a young person towards a friend and inmate of the same age, with whom she had lived on habits of intimacy.

"Thou hast had a long journey, son Henry," said Glover, who had always used that affectionate style of speech, though noways akin to the young artisan; "ay, and hast seen many a river besides Tay, and many a fair bigging besides St Johnston."

"But none that I like half so well, and none that are half so much worth my liking," answered the Smith; "I promise you, father, that when I crossed the Wicks of Beglie, and saw the bonny city lie stretched fairly before me like a Fairy Queen in romance, whom the Knight finds asleep among a wilderness of flowers, I felt even as a bird, when it folds its wearied wings to stoop down on its own nest."

"Aha! so thou canst play the Maker * yet?" said the Glover. "What, shall we have our ballets, and our roundels again?—our lusty carols for Christmas, and our mirthful springs to trip it round the May-pole?"

"Such toys there may be forthcoming, father," said Henry Smith, "though the blast of the bellows and the clatter of the anvil make but coarse company to lays of minstrelsy; but I can afford them no better, since I must mend my fortune, though I mar my verses."

"Right again—my own son just," answered the Glover; "and I trust thou hast made a saving voyage of it?"

"Nay, I made a thriving one, father—I sold the steel habergeon that you wot of for four hundred marks, to the English Warden of the East Marches, Sir Magnus Redman. He scarce scrupled a penny after I gave him leave to try a sword-dint upon it. The beggarly Highland thief who bespoke it boggled at half the sum, though it had cost me a year's labour."

"What dost thou start at, Conachar?" said Simon, addressing himself, by way of parenthesis, to the mountain disciple; "wilt thou never learn to mind thy own business, without listening to what is passing round thee? What is it to thee, that an Englishman thinks that cheap which a Scottishman may hold dear?"

Conachar turned round to speak, but, after a moment's consideration, looked down, and endeavoured to recover his composure, which had been deranged by the contemptuous manner in which the Smith had spoken of his Highland customers. Henry went on without paying any attention to him.

"I sold at high prices some swords and whingers when I was at Edinburgh. They expect war there; and if it please God to send it, my merchandize will be worth its price. St Dunstan make us thankful, for he was of our craft. In short, this fellow (laying his hand on his purse) who, thou knowest, father, was somewhat lank and low in condition when I set out four months since, is now as round and full as a six-weeks' porker."

"And that other leathern-sheathed iron-hilted fellow who hangs beside him," said the Glover, "has he been

* Old Scottish for Poet.

idle all this while?—Come, jolly Smith, confess the truth—how many brawls hast thou had since crossing the Tay."

"Nay, now you do me wrong, father, to ask me such a question (glancing a look at Catharine), in such a presence," answered the armourer; "I make swords, indeed, but I leave it to other people to use them. No, no—seldom have I a naked sword in my fist, save when I am turning them on the anvil or grind-stone; and they slandered me to your daughter Catharine, that led her to suspect the quietest burgess in Perth of being a brawler. I wish the best of them would dare say such a word at the Hill of Kinnoul, and never a man on the green but he and I."

"Ay, ay," said the Glover, laughing, "we should then have a fine sample of your patient sufferance—Out upon you, Henry, that you will speak so like a knave to one who knows thee so well! You look at Kate, too, as if she did not know that a man in this country must make his hand keep his head, unless he will sleep in slender security. Come, come; beshrew me if thou hast not spoiled as many suits of armour as thou hast made."

"Why, he would be a bad armourer, father Simon, that could not with his own blow make proof of his own workmanship. If I did not sometimes cleave a helmet, or strike a sword's point through a harness, I should not know what strength of fabric to give them; and might jingle together such pasteboard work as yonder Edinburgh smiths think not shame to put out of their hands."

"Aha—now would I lay a gold crown thou hast had a quarrel with some Edinburgh Burn-the-wind upon that very ground?"

"A quarrel!—no, father," replied the Perth armourer, "but a measuring of swords with such a one upon St Leonard's Crag, for the honour of my bonny city, I confess. Surely you do not think I would quarrel with a brother craftsman?"

"Ah, to a surety, no. But how did your brother craftsman come off?"

"Why, as one with a sheet of paper on his bosom might come off from the stroke of a lance—or rather, indeed, he came not off at all; for, when I left him, he was lying in the Hermit's Lodge daily expecting death, for which Father Gervis said he was in heavenly preparation."

"Well—any more measuring of weapons?" said the Glover.

"Why, truly, I fought an Englishman at Berwick besides, on the old question of the Supremacy, as they call it—I am sure you would not have me slack at that debate?—and I had the luck to hurt him on the left knee."

"Well done for St Andrew!—to it again.—Whom next had you to deal with?" said Simon, laughing at the exploits of his pacific friend.

"I fought a Scotsman in the Torwood," answered Henry Smith, "upon a doubt which was the better swordsman, which, you are aware, could not be known or decided without a trial. The poor fellow lost two fingers."

"Pretty well for the most peaceful lad in Perth, who never touches a sword but in the way of his profession.—Well, anything more to tell us?"

"Little—for the drubbing of a Highlandman is a thing not worth mentioning."

"For what didst thou drub him, O man of peace?" inquired the Glover.

"For nothing that I can remember," replied the Smith, "except his presenting himself on the south side of Stirling Bridge."

"Well, here is to thee, and thou art welcome to me after all these exploits. Conachar, bestir thee. Let the cans clink, lad, and thou shalt have a cup of the nut-brown for thyself, my boy."

Conachar poured out the good liquor for his master and for Catharine, with due observance. But that done, he set the flagon on the table, and sate down.

"How now, sirrah!—be these your manners? Fill to my guest, the worshipful Master Henry Smith."

"Master Smith may fill for himself, if he wishes for liquor," answered the youthful Celt. "The son of my father has demeaned himself enough already for one evening."

"That's well crowed for a cockeril," said Henry; "but thou art so far right, my lad, that the man deserves to die of thirst who will not drink without a cup-bearer."

But his entertainer took not the contumacy of the young apprentice with so much patience.—"Now, by my honest word, and by the best glove I ever made," said Simon, "thou shalt help him with liquor from that cup and flagon, if thee and I are to abide under one roof."

Conachar arose sullenly upon hearing this threat, and, approaching the Smith, who had just taken the tankard in his hand, and was raising it to his head, he contrived to stumble against him and jostle him so awkwardly, that the foaming ale gushed over his face, person, and dress. Good-natured as the Smith, in spite of his warlike propensities, really was in the utmost degree, his patience failed under such a provocation. He seized the young man's throat, being the part which came readiest to his grasp, as Conachar arose from the pretended stumble, and pressing it severely as he cast the lad from him, exclaimed—"Had this been in another place, young gallows-bird, I had stowed the lugs out of thy head, as I have done to some of thy clan before thee."

Conachar recovered his feet with the activity of a tiger, and exclaiming, "Never shall you live to make that boast again!" drew a short sharp knife from his bosom, and springing on Henry Smith, attempted to plunge it into his body over the collar-bone; which must have been a mortal wound. But the object of this violence was so ready to defend himself by striking up the assailant's hand, that the blow only glanced on the bone, and scarce drew blood. To wrench the dagger from the boy's hand, and to secure him with a grasp like that of his own iron vice, was, for the powerful Smith, the work of a single moment. Conachar felt himself at once in the absolute power of the formidable antagonist whom he had provoked; he became deadly pale, as he had been the moment before glowing red, and stood mute with shame and fear, until, relieving him from his powerful hold, the Smith quietly said, "It is well for thee that thou canst not make me angry—thou art but a boy, and I, a grown

man, ought not to have provoked thee. But let this be a warning."

Conachar stood an instant as if about to reply, and then left the room, ere Simon had collected himself enough to speak. Dorothy was running hither and thither for salves and healing herbs. Catharine had swooned at the sight of the trickling blood.

"Let me depart, father Simon," said Henry Smith, mournfully; "I might have guessed I should have my old luck, and spread strife and bloodshed where I would wish most to bring peace and happiness. Care not for me—look to poor Catharine; the fright of such an affray hath killed her, and all through my fault."

"Thy fault, my son!—It was the fault of yon Highland cateran, whom it is my curse to be cumbered with; but he shall go back to his glens to-morrow, or taste the tolbooth of the burgh. An assault upon the life of his master's guest in his master's house!—It breaks all bonds between us. But let me see to thy wound."

"Catharine!" repeated the armourer, "look to Catharine."

"Dorothy will see to her," said Simon; "surprise and fear kill not—skenes and dirks do. And she is not more the daughter of my blood than thou, my dear Henry, art the son of my affections. Let me see the wound. The skeneocle is an ugly weapon in a Highland hand."

"I mind it no more than the scratch of a wild-cat," said the armourer: "and now that the colour is coming to Catharine's cheek again, you shall see me a sound man in a moment." He turned to a corner in which hung a small mirror, and hastily took from his purse some dry lint, to apply to the slight wound he had received. As he unloosed the leathern jacket from his neck and shoulders, the manly and muscular form which they displayed, was not more remarkable than the fairness of his skin, where it had not, as in hands and face, been exposed to the effects of rough weather, and of his laborious trade. He hastily applied some lint to stop the bleeding, and a little water having removed all other marks of the fray, he buttoned his doublet anew, and turned again to the table where Catharine, still pale and trembling, was, however, recovered from her fainting fit.

"Would you but grant me your forgiveness for having offended you in the very first hour of my return? The lad was foolish to provoke me, and yet I was more foolish to be provoked by such as he. Your father blames me not, Catharine, and cannot you forgive me?"

"I have no power to forgive," answered Catharine, "what I have no title to resent. If my father chuses to have his house made the scene of night brawls, I must witness them—I cannot help myself. Perhaps it was wrong in me to faint and interrupt, it may be, the farther progress of a fair fray. My apology is, that I cannot bear the sight of blood."

"And is this the manner," said her father, "in which you receive my friend after his long absence? My friend, did I say? nay, my son. He escapes being murdered by a fellow whom I will to-morrow clear this house of, and you treat him as if he had done wrong in dashing from him the snake which was about to sting him!"

"It is not my part, father," returned the Maid of Perth, "to decide who had the right or wrong in the present brawl; nor did I see what happened distinctly enough, to say which was assailant, or which defender. But sure our friend, Master Henry, will not deny that he lives in a perfect atmosphere of strife, blood, and quarrels. He hears of no swordsman but he envies his reputation, and must needs put his valour to the proof. He sees no brawl but he must strike into the midst of it. Has he friends, he fights with them for love and honour—has he enemies, he fights with them for hatred and revenge. And those men who are neither his friends nor foes, he fights with them because they are on this or that side of a river. His days are days of battle, and doubtless he acts them over again in his dreams."

"Daughter," said Simon, "your tongue wags too freely. Quarrels and fights are men's business, not women's, and it is not maidenly to think or speak of them."

"But if they are so rudely enacted in our presence," said Catharine, "it is a little hard to expect us to think or speak of anything else. I will grant you, my father, that this valiant burgess of Perth is one of the best-hearted men that draws breath within its walls—that he would walk a hundred yards out of the way rather than step upon a worm—that he would be as loath, in wantonness, to kill a spider, as if he were a kinsman to King Robert, of happy memory—that in the last quarrel before his departure he fought with four butchers, to prevent their killing a poor mastiff that had misbehaved in the bull-ring, and narrowly escaped the fate of the cur that he was protecting. I will grant you also, that the poor never pass the house of the wealthy armourer but they are relieved with food and alms. But what avails all this, when his sword makes as many starving orphans and mourning widows as his purse relieves?"

"Nay, but Catharine, hear me but a word before going on with a string of reproaches against my friend, that sound something like sense, while they are, in truth, inconsistent with all we hear and see around us. What," continued the Glover, "do our King and our court, our knights and ladies, our abbots, monks, and priests themselves, so earnestly crowd to see? Is it not to behold the display of chivalry, to witness the gallant actions of brave knights in the tilt and tourney-ground, to look upon deeds of honour and glory achieved by arms and bloodshed? What is it these proud knights do, that differs from what our good Henry Gow works out in his sphere? Who ever heard of his abusing his skill and strength to do evil or forward oppression, and who knows not how often it has been employed in the good cause of the burgh? And shouldst not thou, of all women, deem thyself honoured and glorious, that so true a heart and so strong an arm has termed himself thy bachelor? In what do the proudest dames take their loftiest pride, save in the chivalry of their knight; and has the boldest in Scotland done more gallant deeds than my brave son Henry, though but of low degree? Is he not known to Highland and Lowland as the best armourer that ever made sword, and the truest soldier that ever drew one?"

"My dearest father," answered Catharine, "your words contradict themselves, if you will permit your

child to say so. Let us thank God and the good saints, that we are in a peaceful rank of life, below the notice of those whose high birth, and yet higher pride, lead them to glory in their bloody works of cruelty, which the proud and lordly term deeds of chivalry. Your wisdom will allow that it would be absurd in us to prank ourselves in their dainty plumes and splendid garments—why, then, should we imitate their full-blown vices? Why should we assume their hard-hearted pride and relentless cruelty, to which murder is not only a sport, but a subject of vain-glorious triumph? Let those whose rank claims as its right such bloody homage, take pride and pleasure in it;—we, who have no share in the sacrifice, may the better pity the sufferings of the victims. Let us thank our lowliness, since it secures us from temptation.—But forgive me, father, if I have stepped over the limits of my duty, in contradicting the views which you entertain, with so many others, on these subjects."

"Nay, thou hast ever too much talk for me, girl," said her father, somewhat angrily. "I am but a poor workman, whose best knowledge is to distinguish the left-hand glove from the right. But if thou wouldst have my forgiveness, say something of comfort to my poor Henry. There he sits, confounded and dismayed with all the preachment thou hast heaped together; and he, to whom a trumpet-sound was like the invitation to a feast, is struck down at the sound of a child's whistle."

The armourer, indeed, while he heard the lips that were dearest to him paint his character in such unfavourable colours, had laid his head down on the table, upon his folded arms, in an attitude of the deepest dejection, or almost despair. "I would to Heaven, my dearest father," answered Catharine, "that it were in my power to speak comfort to Henry, without betraying the sacred cause of the truths I have just told you. And I may,—nay, I must have such a commission," she continued, with something that the earnestness with which she spoke, and the extreme beauty of her features, caused for the moment to resemble inspiration. "The truth of Heaven," she said, in a solemn tone, "was never committed to a tongue, however feeble, but it gave a right to that tongue to announce mercy, while it declared judgment.—Arise, Henry—rise up, noble-minded, good, and generous, though widely-mistaken man—Thy faults are those of this cruel and remorseless age—thy virtues all thine own."

While she thus spoke, she laid her hand upon the Smith's arm, and extricating it from under his head by a force which, however gentle, he could not resist, she compelled him to raise towards her his manly face, and the eyes into which her expostulations, mingled with other feelings, had summoned tears. "Weep not," she said, "or rather weep on—but weep as those who have hope. Abjure the sins of pride and anger, which most easily beset thee—fling from thee the accursed weapons, to the fatal and murderous use of which thou art so easily tempted."

"You speak to me in vain, Catharine," returned the armourer; "I may, indeed, turn monk and retire from the world, but while I live in it I must practise my trade; and while I form armour and weapons for others, I cannot myself withstand the tempta-

tion of using them. You would not reproach me as you do, if you knew how inseparably the means by which I gain my bread are connected with that warlike spirit which you impute to me as a fault, though it is the consequence of inevitable necessity. While I strengthen the shield or corslet to withstand wounds, must I not have constantly in remembrance the manner and strength with which they may be dealt; and when I forge the sword, and temper it for war, is it practicable for me to avoid the recollection of its use?"

"Then throw from you, my dear Henry," said the enthusiastic girl, clasping with both her slender hands the nervous strength and weight of one of the muscular armourer's, which they raised with difficulty; permitted by its owner, yet without receiving assistance from his volition—"cast from you, I say, the art which is a snare to you. Abjure the fabrication of weapons which can only be useful to abridge human life, already too short for repentance, or to encourage with a feeling of safety those whom fear might otherwise prevent from risking themselves in peril. The art of forming arms, whether offensive or defensive, is alike sinful in one to whose violent and ever vehement disposition the very working upon them proves a sin and a snare. Resign utterly the manufacture of weapons of every description, and deserve the forgiveness of Heaven, by renouncing all that can lead to the sin which most easily besets you."

"And what," murmured the armourer, "am I to do for my livelihood, when I have given over the art of forging arms, for which Henry of Perth is known from the Tay to the Thames?"

"Your art itself," said Catharine, "has innocent and laudable resources. If you renounce the forging of swords and bucklers, there remains to you the task of forming the harmless spade, and the honourable as well as useful ploughshare,—of those implements which contribute to the support of life, or to its comforts. Thou canst frame locks and bars to defend the property of the weak against the stouthrief and oppression of the strong. Men will still resort to thee, and repay thy honest industry——"

But here Catharine was interrupted. Her father had heard her declaim against war and tournaments with a feeling, that, though her doctrines were new to him, they might not, nevertheless, be entirely erroneous. He felt, indeed, a wish that his proposed son-in-law should not commit himself voluntarily to the hazards which the daring character and great personal strength of Henry the Smith had hitherto led him to incur too readily; and so far he would rather have desired that Catharine's arguments should have produced some effect upon the mind of her lover, whom he knew to be as ductile, when influenced by his affections, as he was fierce and intractable when assailed by hostile remonstrances or threats. But her arguments interfered with his views, when he heard her enlarge upon the necessity of his designed son-in-law resigning a trade which brought in more ready income than any at that time practised in Scotland, and more profit to Henry of Perth, in particular, than to any armourer in the nation. He had some indistinct idea, that it would not be amiss to convert, if possible, Henry the Smith from his too frequent use of arms, even though he felt some pride in being con-

nected with one who wielded with such superior excellence those weapons, which in that warlike age it was the boast of all men to manage with spirit. But when he heard his daughter recommend, as the readiest road to this pacific state of mind, that her lover should renounce the gainful trade in which he was held unrivalled, and which, from the constant private differences and public wars of the time, was sure to afford him a large income, he could withhold his wrath no longer. The daughter had scarce recommended to her lover the fabrication of the implements of husbandry, than, feeling the certainty of being right, of which in the earlier part of their debate he had been somewhat doubtful, the father broke in with—

"Locks and bars, plough-graith and harrow-teeth!—and why not grates and fire-prongs, and Culross girdles, and an ass to carry the merchandize through the country—and thou for another ass to lead it by the halter? Why, Catharine, girl, has sense altogether forsaken thee, or dost thou think that in these hard and iron days, men will give ready silver for anything save that which can defend their own life, or enable them to take that of their enemy? We want swords to protect ourselves every moment now, thou silly wench, and not ploughs to dress the ground for the grain we may never see rise. As for the matter of our daily bread, those who are strong seize it, and live; those who are weak yield it, and die of hunger. Happy is the man who, like my worthy son, has means of obtaining his living otherwise than by the point of the sword which he makes. Preach peace to him as much as thou wilt—I will never be he will say thee nay; but as for bidding the first armourer in Scotland forego the forging of swords, curtal-axes, and harness, it is enough to drive patience itself mad—Out from my sight!—and next morning, I prithee, remember, that shouldst thou have the luck to see Henry the Smith, which is more than thy usage of him has deserved, you see a man who has not his match in Scotland at the use of broadsword and battle-axe, and who can work for five hundred merks a-year without breaking a holiday."

The daughter, on hearing her father speak thus peremptorily, made a low obeisance, and, without further good-night, withdrew to the chamber which was her usual sleeping apartment.

CHAPTER III.

THE armourer's heart swelled big with various and contending sensations, so that it seemed as if it would burst the leathern doublet under which it was shrouded. He arose—turned away his head, and extended his hand towards the Glover, while he averted his face, as if desirous that his emotion should not be read upon his countenance.

"Nay, hang me if I bid you farewell, man," said Simon, striking the flat of his hand against that which the armourer expanded towards him; "I will shake no hands with you for an hour to come at least. Tarry but a moment, man, and I will explain all this; and surely a few drops of blood from a scratch, and a few silly words from a foolish wench's lips, are not to part father and son, when they have been so long

without meeting? Stay, then, man, if ever you would wish for a father's blessing and St Valentine's, whose blessed eve this chances to be."

The Glover was soon heard loudly summoning Dorothy, and, after some clanking of keys and trampling up and down stairs, Dorothy appeared bearing three large rummer cups of green glass, which were then esteemed a great and precious curiosity, and the Glover followed with a huge bottle, equal at least to three quarts of these degenerate days.—"Here is a cup of wine, Henry, older by half than I am myself; my father had it in a gift from stout old Crabbe the Flemish engineer, who defended Perth so stoutly in the minority of David the Second. We Glovers could always do something in war, though our connexion with it was less than yours who work in steel and iron. And my father had pleased old Crabbe—some other day I will tell you how, and also how long these bottles were concealed under ground, to save them from the reiving Southron. So I will empty a cup to the soul's health of my honoured father—May his sins be forgiven him! Dorothy, thou shalt drink this pledge, and then be gone to thy cock-loft. I know thine ears are itching, girl, but I have that to say which no one must hear save Henry Smith, the son of mine adoption."

Dorothy did not venture to remonstrate, but taking off her glass, or rather her goblet, with good courage, retired to her sleeping apartment according to her master's commands. The two friends were left alone.

"It grieves me, friend Henry," said Simon, filling at the same time his own glass and his guest's, "it grieves me, from my soul, that my daughter retains this silly humour; but also methinks, thou mightst mend it. Why wouldst thou come hither clattering with thy sword and dagger, when the girl is so silly that she cannot bear the sight of these? Dost thou not remember that thou hadst a sort of quarrel with her even before thy last departure from Perth, because thou wouldst not go like other honest quiet burghers, but must be ever armed, like one of the rascally jackmen that wait on the nobility? Sure it is time enough for decent burgesses to arm, at the tolling of the common bell, which calls us out bodin in effeir of war."*

"Why, my good father, that was not my fault; but I had no sooner quitted my nag than I run hither to tell you of my return, thinking, if it were your will to permit me, that I would get your advice about being Mistress Catharine's Valentine for the year; and then I heard from Mrs Dorothy that you were gone to hear mass at the Blackfriars. So, I thought I would follow you thither, partly to hear the same mass with you, and partly—Our Lady and St Valentine forgive me—to look upon one who thinks little enough of me—And, as you entered the church, methought I saw two or three dangerous-looking men holding counsel together, and gazing at you and at her, and in especial Sir John Ramorny, whom I knew well enough, for all his disguise, and the velvet patch over his eye, and his cloak so like a serving man's;—

* That is, not in dread of war, but in the guise which *effeirs*, or belongs, to war; in arms, namely, offensive and defensive. "Bodin in the feir of war," a frequent term in old Scottish history and muniments, means arrayed in warlike guise.

so methought, father Simon, that as you were old, and yonder slip of a Highlander something too young to do battle, I would even walk quietly after you, not doubting, with the tools I had about me, to bring any one to reason that might disturb you in your way home. You know that yourself discovered me, and drew me into the house, whether I would or no; otherwise, I promise you, I would not have seen your daughter till I had donn'd the new jerkin which was made at Berwick after the latest cut; nor would I have appeared before her with these weapons, which she dislikes so much. Although, to say truth, so many are at deadly feud with me for one unhappy chance or another, that it is as needful for me as for any man in Scotland to go by night with weapons about me."

"The silly wench never thinks of that," said Simon Glover; "she never has sense to consider, that in our dear native land of Scotland every man deems it his privilege and duty to avenge his own wrong. But, Harry, my boy, thou art to blame for taking her talk so much to heart. I have seen thee bold enough with other wenches—wherefore so still and tongue-tied with her?"

"Because she is something different from other maidens, father Glover—Because she is not only more beautiful, but wiser, higher, holier, and seems to me as if she were made of better clay than we that approach her. I can hold my head high enough with the rest of the lasses round the May-pole; but somehow, when I approach Catharine, I feel myself an earthly, coarse, ferocious creature, scarce worthy to look on her, much less to contradict the precepts which she expounds to me."

"You are an imprudent merchant, Harry Smith," replied Simon; "and rate too high the goods you wish to purchase. Catharine is a good girl, and my daughter; but if you make her a conceited ape by your bashfulness and your flattery, neither you nor I will see our wishes accomplished."

"I often fear it, my good father," said the Smith, "for I feel how little I am deserving of Catharine."

"Feel a thread's end!" said the Glover; "feel for me, friend Smith, for Catharine and me. Think how the poor thing is beset from morning to night, and by what sort of persons, even though windows be down and doors shut. We were accosted to-day by one too powerful to be named,—ay, and he showed his displeasure openly, because I would not permit him to gallant my daughter in the church itself, when the priest was saying mass. There are others scarce less reasonable. I sometimes wish that Catharine were some degrees less fair, that she might not catch that dangerous sort of admiration; or somewhat less holy, that she might sit down like an honest woman, contented with stout Henry Smith, who could protect his wife against every sprig of chivalry in the Court of Scotland."

"And if I did not," said Henry, thrusting out a hand and arm which might have belonged to a giant for bone and muscle, "I would I may never bring hammer upon anvil again. Ay, an it were come but that length, my fair Catharine should see that there is no harm in a man having the trick of defence. But I believe she thinks the whole world is one great Minster-church, and that all who live in it should behave as if they were at an eternal mass."

"Nay, in truth," said the father, "she has strange influence over those who approach her; the Highland lad, Conachar, with whom I have been troubled for these two or three years, although you may see he has the natural spirit of his people, obeys the least sign which Catharine makes him, and, indeed, will hardly be ruled by any one else in the house. She takes much pains with him to bring him from his rude Highland habits."

Here Harry Smith became uneasy in his chair, lifted the flagon, set it down, and at length exclaimed, "The devil take the young Highland whelp and his whole kindred! What has Catharine to do to instruct such a fellow as he? He will be just like the wolf-cub that I was fool enough to train to the offices of a dog, and every one thought him reclaimed, till, in an ill hour, I went to walk on the hill of Moncrieff, when he broke loose on the Laird's flock, and made a havoc that I might well have rued, had the Laird not wanted harness at the time. And I marvel that you, being a sensible man, father Glover, will keep this Highland young fellow—a likely one, I promise you—so nigh to Catharine, as if there were no other than your daughter to serve him for a school-mistress."

"Fie, my son, fie,—now, you are jealous," said Simon, "of a poor young fellow, who, to tell you the truth, resides here, because he may not so well live on the other side of the hill."

"Ay, ay, father Simon," retorted the Smith, who had all the narrow-minded feelings of the burghers of his time, "an it were not for fear of offence, I would say that you have even too much packing and peeling with yonder loons out of burgh."

"I must get my deer-hides, kid-skins, and so forth, somewhere, my good Harry,—and Highlandmen give good bargains."

"They can afford them," replied Henry, drily; "for they sell nothing but stolen gear."

"Well, well,—be that as it may, it is not my business where they get the bestial, so I get the hides. But as I was saying, there are certain considerations why I am willing to oblige the father of this young man, by keeping him here. And he is but half a Highlander neither, and wants a thought of the dour spirit of a Glune-amie; after all, I have seldom seen him so fierce as he showed himself but now."

"You could not, unless he had killed his man," replied the Smith, in the same dry tone.

"Nevertheless, if you wish it, Harry, I'll set all other respects aside, and send the landlouser to seek other quarters to-morrow morning."

"Nay, father," said the Smith, "you cannot suppose that Harry Gow cares the value of a smithy-dander* for such a cub as yonder cat-a-mountain? I care little, I promise you, though all his clan were coming down the Shoe-gate with slogan crying, and pipes playing; I would find fifty blades and bucklers would send them back faster than they came. But, to speak truth, though it is a fool's speech too—I care not to see the fellow so much with Catharine. Remember, father Glover, your trade keeps your eyes and hands close employed, and must have your

heedful care, even if this lazy lurdane wrought at it, which you know yourself he seldom does."

"And that is true," said Simon; "he cuts all his gloves out for the right hand, and never could finish a pair in his life."

"No doubt, his notions of skin-cutting are rather different," said Henry. "But with your leave, father, I would only say, that work he, or be he idle, he has no bleared eyes,—no hands seared with the hot iron, and welked by the use of the fore-hammer,—no hair rusted in the smoke, and singed in the furnace, like the hide of a badger, rather than what is fit to be covered with a Christian bonnet. Now, let Catharine be as good a wench as ever lived, and I will uphold her to be the best in Perth, yet she must see and know that these things make a difference betwixt man and man, and that the difference is not in my favour."

"Here is to thee, with all my heart, son Harry," said the old man, filling a brimmer to his companion, and another to himself; "I see, that good smith as thou art, thou ken'st not the mettle that women are made of. Thou must be bold, Henry; and bear thyself not as if thou wert going to the gallow-lee, but like a gay young fellow, who knows his own worth, and will not be slighted by the best grandchild Eve ever had. Catharine is a woman like her mother, and thou thinkest foolishly to suppose they are all set on what pleases the eye. Their ear must be pleased too, man; they must know that he whom they favour is bold and buxom, and might have the love of twenty, though he is sueing for theirs. Believe an old man, women walk more by what others think than by what they think themselves; and when she asks for the boldest man in Perth, whom shall she hear named but Harry Burn-the-wind?—The best armourer that ever fashioned weapon on anvil why Harry Smith again?—The tightest dancer at the May-pole?—why, the lusty Smith?—The gayest troller of ballads?—why, who but Harry Gow?—The best wrestler, sword-and-buckler player—the king of the weapon-shawing—the breaker of mad horses—the tamer of wild Highlandmen?—ever more it is thee—thee—no one but thee.—And shall Catharine prefer yonder slip of a Highland boy to thee?—Pshaw! she might as well make a steel gauntlet out of kid's leather. I tell thee, Conachar is nothing to her, but so far as she would fain prevent the devil having his due of him; as of other Highlandmen—God bless her, poor thing, she would bring all mankind to better thoughts if she could."

"In which she will fail to a certainty,"—said the Smith, who, as the reader may have noticed, had no good will to the Highland race. "I will wager on Old Nick, of whom I should know something, he being indeed a worker in the same element with myself, against Catharine on that debate—the devil will have the tartan; that is sure enough."

"Ay, but Catharine," replied the Glover, "hath a second thou knowest little of—Father Clement has taken the young reiver in hand, and he fears a hundred devils as little as I do a flock of geese."

"Father Clement!" said the Smith; "you are always making some new saint in this godly city of Saint Johnstoun. Pray, who, for a devil's drubber, may he be?—one of your hermits that is trained for

* Cinder.

the work like a wrestler for the ring, and brings himself to trim by fasting and penance—is he not?”

“No, that is the marvel of it,” said Simon; “Father Clement eats, drinks, and lives much like other folks—all the rules of the church, nevertheless, strictly observed.”

“Oh, I comprehend!—a buxom priest that thinks more of good living than of good life—tipples a can on Fastern’s Eve, to enable him to face Lent—has a pleasant *in principio*—and confesses all the prettiest women about town?”

“You are on the bow-hand still, Smith. I tell you, my daughter and I could nose out either a fasting hypocrite or a full one. But Father Clement is neither the one nor the other.”

“But what is he then, in Heaven’s name?”

“One who is either greatly better than half his brethren of Saint Johnstoun put together, or so much worse than the worst of them, that it is sin and shame that he is suffered to abide in the country.”

“Methinks it were easy to tell whether he be the one or the other,” said the Smith.

“Content you, my friend,” said Simon, “with knowing, that if you judge Father Clement by what you see him do and hear him say, you will think of him as the best and kindest man in the world, with a comfort for every man’s grief, a counsel for every man’s difficulty, the rich man’s surest guide, and the poor man’s best friend. But if you listen to what the Dominicans say of him, he is—Benedicite! (here the Glover crossed himself on brow and bosom)—a foul heretic, who ought by means of earthly flames to be sent to those which burn eternally.”

The Smith also crossed himself, and exclaimed—“Saint Mary! father Simon, and do you, who are so good and prudent that you have been called the Wise Glover of Perth, let your daughter attend the ministry of one who—the Saints preserve us!—may be in league with the foul Fiend himself? Why, was it not a priest who raised the devil in the Meal Vennel, when Hodge Jackson’s house was blown down in the great wind?—did not the devil appear in the Midst of the Tay, dressed in a priest’s scapular, gambolling like a pellach amongst the waves, the morning when our stately bridge was swept away?”

“I cannot tell whether he did or no,” said the Glover; “I only know I saw him not. As to Catharine, she cannot be said to use Father Clement’s ministry, seeing her confessor is old Father Francis the Dominican, from whom she had her shrift to-day. But women will sometimes be wilful, and sure enough she consults with Father Clement more than I could wish; and yet, when I have spoken with him myself, I have thought him so good and holy a man, that I could have trusted my own salvation with him. There are bad reports of him among the Dominicans, that is certain. But what have we laymen to do with such things, my son? Let us pay Mother Church her dues, give our alms, confess, and do our penances duly, and the saints will bear us out.”

“Ay, truly; and they will have consideration,” said the Smith, “for any rash and unhappy blow that a man may deal in a fight, when his party was on defence, and standing up to him; and that’s the only creed a man can live upon in Scotland, let your daughter think what she pleases. Marry, a man

must know his fence, or have a short lease of his life, in any place where blows are going so rife. Five nobles to our altar have cleared me for the best man I ever had misfortune with.”

“Let us finish our flask, then,” said the old Glover; “for I reckon the Dominican tower is tolling midnight. And hark thee, son Henry; be at the lattice window on our east gable by the very peep of dawn, and make me aware thou art come by whistling the Smith’s call gently. I will contrive that Catharine shall look out at the window, and thus thou wilt have all the privileges of being a gallant Valentine through the rest of the year; which if thou canst not use to thine own advantage, I shall be led to think, that for all thou be’st covered with the lion’s hide, Nature has left on thee the long ears of the ass.”

“Amen, father,” said the armourer; “a hearty good-night to you; and God’s blessing on your roof-tree, and those whom it covers. You shall hear the Smith’s call sound by cock-crowing; I warrant I put Sir Chanticleer to shame.”

So saying, he took his leave; and, though completely undaunted, moved through the deserted streets like one upon his guard, to his own dwelling, which was situated in the Mill Wynd, at the western end of Perth.

CHAPTER IV.

THE sturdy armourer was not, it may be believed, slack in keeping the appointment assigned by his intended father-in-law. He went through the process of his toilette with more than ordinary care, throwing, as far as he could, those points which had a military air into the shade. He was far too noted a person to venture to go entirely unarmed in a town where he had indeed many friends, but also, from the character of many of his former exploits, several deadly enemies, at whose hands, should they take him at advantage, he knew he had little mercy to expect. He therefore wore under his jerkin a *secret*, or coat of chain-mail, made so light and flexible that it interfered as little with his movements as a modern under-waistcoat, yet of such proof as he might safely depend upon, every ring of it having been wrought and joined by his own hands. Above this he wore, like others of his age and degree, the Flemish hose and doublet, which, in honour of the holytide, were of the best superfine English broad cloth, light blue in colour, slashed out with black satin, and passamented (laced, that is) with embroidery of black silk. His walking boots were of cordovan leather; his cloak of good Scottish grey, which served to conceal a whinger, or *couteau de chasse*, that hung at his belt, and was his only offensive weapon, for he carried in his hand but a rod of holly. His black velvet bonnet was lined with steel, quilted between the metal and his head, and thus constituted a means of defence which might safely be trusted to.

Upon the whole, Henry had the appearance, to which he was well entitled, of a burgher of wealth and consideration, assuming, in his dress, as much consequence as he could display, without stepping beyond his own rank, and encroaching on that of the gentry. Neither did his frank and manly deport-

ment, though indicating a total indifference to danger, bear the least resemblance to that of the bravoës or swash-bucklers of the day, amongst whom Henry was sometimes unjustly ranked by those who imputed the frays, in which he was so often engaged, to a quarrelsome and violent temper, resting upon a consciousness of his personal strength and knowledge of his weapon. On the contrary, every feature bore the easy and good-humoured expression of one who neither thought of inflicting mischief, nor dreaded it from others.

Having attired himself in his best, the honest armourer next placed nearest to his heart (which throbbed at its touch), a little gift which he had long provided for Catharine Glover, and which his quality of Valentine would presently give him the title to present, and her to receive, without regard to maidenly scruples. It was a small ruby cut into the form of a heart, transfixèd with a golden arrow, and was inclosed in a small purse made of links of the finest work in steel, as if it had been designed for a hauberk to a king. Round the verge of the purse were these words—

Love's darts
Cleave hearts
Through mail-shirts.

This device had cost the armourer some thought, and he was much satisfied with his composition, because it seemed to imply that his skill could defend all hearts saving his own. He wrapped himself in his cloak, and hastened through the still silent streets, determined to appear at the window appointed a little before dawn.

With this purpose he passed up the High-street, and turned down the opening where Saint John's Church now stands, in order to proceed to Curfew-street; when it occurred to him, from the appearance of the sky, that he was at least an hour too early for his purpose, and that it would be better not to appear at the place of rendezvous till near the time assigned. Other gallants were not unlikely to be on the watch as well as himself, about the house of the Fair Maid of Perth; and he knew his own foible so well, as to be sensible of the great chance of a scuffle arising betwixt them. "I have the advantage," he thought, "by my Father Simon's friendship; and why should I stain my fingers with the blood of the poor creatures that are not worthy my notice, since they are so much less fortunate than myself? No—no—I will be wise for once, and keep at a distance from all temptation to a broil. They shall have no more time to quarrel with me than just what it may require for me to give the signal, and for my father Simon to answer it. I wonder how the old man will contrive to bring her to the window? I fear, if she knew his purpose, he would find it difficult to carry it into execution."

While these lover-like thoughts were passing through his brain, the armourer loitered in his pace, often turning his eyes eastward, and eyeing the firmament, in which no slight shades of grey were beginning to flicker, to announce the approach of dawn, however distant, which, to the impatience of the stout armourer, seemed on that morning to abstain longer than usual from occupying her eastern barbican. He was now passing slowly under the wall of Saint

Anne's Chapel (not failing to cross himself and say an *ave*, as he trode the consecrated ground), when a voice, which seemed to come from behind one of the flying buttresses of the chapel, said, "He lingers that has need to run."

"Who speaks?" said the armourer, looking around him, somewhat startled at an address so unexpected, both in its tone and tenor.

"No matter who speaks," answered the same voice. "Do thou make great speed, or thou wilt scarce make good speed. Bandy not words, but begone."

"Saint or sinner, angel or devil," said Henry, crossing himself, "your advice touches me but too dearly to be neglected. Saint Valentine be my speed!"

So saying, he instantly changed his loitering pace to one with which few people could have kept up, and in an instant was in Couvrefew-street. He had not made three steps towards Simon Glover's, which stood in the midst of the narrow street, when two men started from under the houses on different sides, and advanced, as it were by concert, to intercept his passage. The imperfect light only permitted him to discern that they wore the Highland mantle.

"Clear the way, catheran," said the armourer, in the deep stern voice which corresponded with the breadth of his chest.

They did not answer, at least intelligibly; but he could see that they drew their swords, with the purpose of withstanding him by violence. Conjecturing some evil, but of what kind he could not anticipate, Henry instantly determined to make his way through whatever odds, and defend his mistress, or at least die at her feet. He cast his cloak over his left arm as a buckler, and advanced rapidly and steadily to the two men. The nearest made a thrust at him, but Henry Smith, parrying the blow with his cloak, dashed his arm in the man's face, and tripping him at the same time, gave him a severe fall on the causeway; while almost at the same instant he struck a blow with his whinger at the fellow who was upon his right hand, so severely applied, that he also lay prostrate by his associate. Meanwhile, the armourer pushed forward in alarm, for which the circumstances of the street being guarded or defended by strangers who conducted themselves with such violence, afforded sufficient reason. He heard a suppressed whisper and a bustle under the Glover's windows—those very windows from which he had expected to be hailed by Catharine as her Valentine. He kept to the opposite side of the street, that he might reconnoitre their number and purpose. But one of the party, who were beneath the window, observing or hearing him, crossed the street also, and taking him doubtless for one of the sentinels, asked, in a whisper, "What noise was yonder, Kenneth? why gave you not the signal?"

"Villain!" said Henry, "you are discovered, and you shall die the death!"

As he spoke thus, he dealt the stranger a blow with his weapon, which would probably have made his words good, had not the man, raising his arm, received on his hand the blow meant for his head. The wound must have been a severe one, for he staggered and fell with a deep groan. Without no-

ting him farther, Henry Smith sprung forward upon a party of men who seemed engaged in placing a ladder against the lattice window in the gable. Henry did not stop either to count their numbers or to ascertain their purpose. But crying the alarm-word of the town, and giving the signal at which the burghers were wont to collect, he rushed on the night-walkers, one of whom was in the act of ascending the ladder. The Smith seized it by the rounds, threw it down on the pavement, and placing his foot on the body of the man who had been mounting, prevented him from regaining his feet. His accomplices struck fiercely at Henry, to extricate their companion. But his mail-coat stood him in good stead, and he repaid their blows with interest, shouting aloud, "Help, help, for bonnie St Johnstoun!—Bows and blades, brave citizens! bows and blades!—they break into our houses under cloud of night."

These words, which resounded far through the streets, were accompanied by as many fierce blows, dealt with good effect among those whom the armourer assailed. In the meantime, the inhabitants of the street began to awaken and appear on the street in their shirts, with swords and targets, and some of them with torches. The assailants now endeavoured to make their escape, which all of them effected excepting the man who had been thrown down along with the ladder. Him the intrepid armourer had caught by the throat in the scuffle, and held as fast as the greyhound holds the hare. The other wounded men were borne off by their comrades.

"Here are a sort of knaves breaking peace within burgh," said Henry to the neighbours who began to assemble; "make after the rogues. They cannot all get off, for I have maimed some of them; the blood will guide you to them."

"Some Highland catherans—" said the citizens,— "up, and chase, neighbours!"

"Ay, chase—chase,—leave me to manage this fellow," continued the armourer.

The assistants dispersed in different directions, their lights flashing, and their cries resounding through the whole adjacent district.

In the meantime the armourer's captive entreated for freedom, using both promises and threats to obtain it. "As thou art a gentleman," he said, "let me go, and what is past shall be forgiven."

"I am no gentleman," said Henry—"I am Hal of the Wynd, a burgess of Perth; and I have done nothing to need forgiveness."

"Villain, thou hast done thou knowest not what! But let me go, and I will fill thy bonnet with gold pieces."

"I shall fill thy bonnet with a cloven head presently," said the armourer, "unless thou stand still as a true prisoner."

"What is the matter, my son Harry?" said Simon, who now appeared at the window.—"I hear thy voice in another tone than I expected.—What is all this noise; and why are the neighbours gathering to the affray?"

"There have been a proper set of limmers about to scale your windows, father Simon; but I am like to prove godfather to one of them, whom I hold here, as fast as ever vice held iron."

"Hear me, Simon Glover," said the prisoner;

"let me but speak one word with you in private, and rescue me from the gripe of this iron-fisted and leaden-pated clown, and I will show thee, that no harm was designed to thee or thine; and moreover, tell thee what will much advantage thee."

"I should know that voice," said Simon Glover, who now came to the door with a dark-lantern in his hand. "Son Smith, let this young man speak with me. There is no danger in him, I promise you. Stay but an instant where you are, and let no one enter the house, either to attack or defend. I will be answerable that this galliard meant but some Saint Valentine's jest."

So saying, the old man pulled in the prisoner and shut the door, leaving Henry a little surprised at the unexpected light in which his father-in-law had viewed the affray. "A jest!" he said; "it might have been a strange jest, if they had got into the maiden's sleeping room!—And they would have done so, had it not been for the honest friendly voice from betwixt the buttresses, which, if it were not that of the blessed Saint, (though what am I that the holy person should speak to me?) could not sound in that place without her permission and assent, and for which I will promise her a wax candle at her shrine as long as my whinger,—and I would I had had my two-handed broad-sword in stead, both for the sake of St Johnstoun and of the rogues—for of a certain, those whingers are pretty toys, but more fit for a boy's hand than a man's. Oh, my old two-handed Trojan, hadst thou been in my hands, as thou hang'st presently at the tester of my bed, the legs of those rogues had not carried their bodies so clean off the field.—But there come lighted torches and drawn swords.—So ho—stand!—Are you for Saint Johnstoun?—If friends to the bonnie burgh, you are well come."

"We have been but bootless hunters," said the townsmen. "We followed by the tracks of the blood into the Dominican burial-ground, and we started two fellows from amongst the tombs, supporting betwixt them a third, who had probably got some of your marks about him, Harry. They got to the postern-gate before we could overtake them, and rang the sanctuary bell,—the gate opened, and in went they. So they are safe in girth and sanctuary, and we may go to our cold beds and warm us."

"Ay," said one of the party, "the good Dominicans have always some devout brother of their convent sitting up to open the gate of the sanctuary to any poor soul that is in trouble and desires shelter in the church."

"Yes, if the poor hunted soul can pay for it," said another; "but, truly, if he be poor in purse as well as in spirit, he may stand on the outside till the hounds come up with him."

A third, who had been poring for a few minutes upon the ground by advantage of his torch, now looked upwards and spoke. He was a brisk, forward, rather corpulent little man, called Oliver Proudfoot, reasonably wealthy, and a leading man in his craft, which was that of bonnet-makers; he, therefore, spoke as one in authority.—"Canst tell us, jolly Smith,"—for they recognised each other by the lights which were brought into the streets,— "what manner of fellows they were who raised up this fray within burgh?"

"The two that I first saw," answered the armourer, "seemed to me, as well as I could observe them, to have Highland plaids about them."

"Like enough—like enough," answered the citizen, shaking his head. "It's a shame the breaches in our walls are not repaired, and that these land-louping Highland scoundrels are left at liberty to take honest men and women out of their beds any night that is dark enough."

"But look here, neighbours," said Oliver Proud-fute, showing a bloody hand which he had picked up from the ground; "when did such a hand as this tie a Highlandman's brogues? It is large, indeed, and bony, but as fine as a lady's, with a ring that sparkles like a gleaming candle. Simon Glover has made gloves for this hand before now, if I am not much mistaken, for he works for all the courtiers." The spectators here began to gaze on the bloody token with various comments.

"If that is the case," said one, "Harry Smith had best show a clean pair of heels for it, since the Justiciar will scarce think the protecting a burgess's house an excuse for cutting off a gentleman's hand. There be hard laws against mutilation."

"Fie upon you, that you will say so, Michael Wabster," answered the bonnet-maker; "are we not representatives and successors of the stout old Romans, who built Perth as like to their own city as they could? And have we not charters from all our noble kings and progenitors, as being their loving liegemen? And would you have us now yield up our rights, privileges, and immunities, our outfang and infang, our hand-habend, our back-bearand, and our blood-suits, and amerciements, escheats, and commodities, and suffer an honest burgess's house to be assaulted without seeking for redress? No—brave citizens, craftsmen, and burgesses, the Tay shall flow back to Dunkeld before we submit to such injustice!"

"And how can we help it?" said a grave old man, who stood leaning on a two-handed sword—"What would you have us do?"

"Marry, Bailie Craigdallie, I wonder that you, of all men, ask the question. I would have you pass like true men from this very place to the King's Grace's presence, raise him from his royal rest, and presenting to him the piteous case of our being called forth from our beds at this season, with little better covering than these shirts, I would show him this bloody token, and know from his Grace's own royal lips, whether it is just and honest that his loving lieges should be thus treated by the knights and nobles of his deboshed court. And this I call pushing our cause warmly."

"Warmly, say'st thou?" replied the old burgess; "why, so warmly that we shall all die of cold, man, before the porter turn a key to let us into the royal presence.—Come, friends, the night is bitter—we have kept our watch and ward like men, and our jolly Smith hath given a warning to those that would wrong us, which shall be worth twenty proclamations of the King. To-morrow is a new day; we will consult on this matter on this self-same spot, and consider what measures should be taken for discovery and pursuit of the villains. And therefore let us dismiss, before the heart's-blood freeze in our veins."

"Bravo, bravo, neighbour Craigdallie—St Johnstoun for ever!"

Oliver Proud-fute would still have spoken; for he was one of those pitiless orators who think that their eloquence can overcome all inconveniences in time, place, and circumstances. But no one would listen; and the citizens dispersed to their own houses by the light of the dawn, which began now to streak the horizon.

They were scarce gone ere the door of the Glover's house opened, and seizing the Smith by the hand, the old man pulled him in.

"Where is the prisoner?" demanded the armourer.

"He is gone—escaped—fled—what do I know of him?" said the Glover. "He got out at the back door, and so through the little garden.—Think not of him, but come and see the Valentine, whose honour and life you have saved this morning."

"Let me but sheathe my weapon," said the Smith—"let me but wash my hands."

"There is not an instant to lose, she is up and almost dressed.—Come on, man. She shall see thee with thy good weapon in thy hand, and with villains' blood on thy fingers, that she may know what is the value of a true man's service. She has stopped my mouth over long with her pruderies and her scruples. I will have her know what a brave man's love is worth, and a bold burgess's to boot."

CHAPTER V.

STARTLED from her repose by the noise of the affray, the Fair Maid of Perth had listened in breathless terror to the sounds of violence and outcry which arose from the street. She had sunk on her knees to pray for assistance, and when she distinguished the voices of neighbours and friends collected for her protection, she remained in the same posture to return thanks. She was still kneeling when her father almost thrust her champion, Henry Smith, into her apartment; the bashful lover hanging back at first, as if afraid to give offence, and, on observing her posture, from respect to her devotion.

"Father," said the armourer, "she prays—I dare no more speak to her than to a bishop when he says mass."

"Now, go thy ways, for a right valiant and courageous blockhead," said her father; and then speaking to his daughter, he added,—"Heaven is best thanked, my daughter, by gratitude shown to our fellow-creatures. Here comes the instrument by whom God has rescued thee from death, or perhaps from dishonour worse than death. Receive him, Catharine, as thy true Valentine, and him whom I desire to see my affectionate son."

"Not thus—father," replied Catharine. "I can see—can speak to no one now. I am not ungrateful—perhaps I am too thankful to the instrument of our safety; but let me thank the guardian Saint who sent me this timely relief, and give me but a moment to don my kirtle."

"Nay, God-a-mercy, wench, it were hard to deny thee time to busk thy body-clothes, since the request is the only words like a woman that thou hast uttered for these ten days—Truly, son Harry, I would my

daughter would put off being entirely a saint, till the time comes for her being canonized for St Catharine the Second."

"Nay, jest not, father; for I will swear she has at least one sincere adorer already, who hath devoted himself to her pleasure, so far as sinful man may.—Fare thee well then, for the moment, fair maiden," he concluded, raising his voice, "and Heaven send thee dreams as peaceful as thy waking thoughts. I go to watch thy slumbers, and woe with him that shall intrude on them!"

"Nay, good and brave Henry, whose warm heart is a such variance with thy reckless hand, thrust thyself into no further quarrels to-night; but take the kindest thanks, and with these, try to assume the peaceful thoughts which you assign to me. Tomorrow we will meet, that I may assure you of my gratitude—Farewell."

"And farewell, lady and light of my heart!" said the armourer, and, descending the stair which led to Catharine's apartment, was about to sally forth into the street, when the Glover caught him by the arm.

"I shall like the ruffle of to-night," said he, "better than I ever thought to do the clashing of steel, if it brings my daughter to her senses, Harry, and teaches her what thou art worth. By St Macgrider! I even love these roysterers, and am sorry for that poor lover who will never wear left-handed chevron again. Ay! he has lost that which he will miss all the days of his life, especially when he goes to pull on his gloves,—ay, he will pay but half a fee to my craft in future.—Nay, not a step from this house to-night," he continued. "Thou dost not leave us, I promise thee, my son."

"I do not mean it. But I will, with your permission, watch in the street. The attack may be renewed."

"And if it be," said Simon, "thou wilt have better access to drive them back, having the advantage of the house. It is the way of fighting which suits us burghers best—that of resisting from behind stone-walls. Our duty of watch and ward teaches us that trick; besides, enough are awake and astir to ensure us peace and quiet till morning. So come in this way."

So saying, he drew Henry, nothing loath, into the same apartment where they had supped, and where the old woman, who was on foot, disturbed as others had been by the nocturnal affray, soon roused up the fire.

"And now, my doughty son," said the Glover, "what liquor wilt thou pledge thy father in?"

Henry Smith had suffered himself to sink mechanically upon a seat of old black oak, and now gazed on the fire, that flashed back a ruddy light over his manly features. He muttered to himself half audibly—"Good Henry—brave Henry—Ah! had she but said, dear Henry!"

"What liquors be these?" said the old Glover, laughing. "My cellar holds none such; but if sack, or rhenish, or wine of Gascony can serve, why, say the word and the flagon foams—that is all."

"The kindest thanks," said the armourer, still musing; "that's more than she ever said to me before—the kindest thanks—what may not that stretch to."

"It shall stretch like kid's leather, man," said the

Glover, "if thou wilt but be ruled, and say what thou wilt take for thy morning's draught."

"Whatever thou wilt, father," answered the armourer carelessly, and relapsed into the analysis of Catharine's speech to him. "She spoke of my warm heart; but she also spoke of my reckless hand. What earthly thing can I do to get rid of that fighting fancy? Certainly I were best strike my right hand off, and nail it to the door of a church, that it may never do me discredit more."

"You have chopped off hands enough for one night," said his friend, setting a flagon of wine on the table. "Why dost thou vex thyself, man? She would love thee twice as well did she not see how thou doatest upon her. But it becomes serious now. I am not to have the risk of my booth being broken, and my house plundered, by the hell-raking followers of the nobles, because she is called the Fair Maid of Perth and please ye. No, she shall know I am her father, and will have that obedience to which law and gospel give me right. I will have her thy wife, Henry, my heart of gold—thy wife, my man of metal, and that before many weeks are over. Come, come, here is to thy merry bridal, jolly Smith."

The father quaffed a large cup, and filled it to his adopted son, who raised it slowly to his head; then, ere it had reached his lips, replaced it suddenly on the table, and shook his head.

"Nay, if thou wilt not pledge me to such a health, I know no one who will," said Simon. "What canst thou mean, thou foolish lad? Here has a chance happened, which in a manner places her in thy power, since from one end of the city to the other, all would cry fie on her if she should say thee nay. Here am I her father, not only consenting to the cutting out of the match, but willing to see you two as closely united together, as ever needle stitched buckskin. And with all this on thy side, fortune, father and all, thou lookest like a distracted lover in a ballad, more like to pitch thyself into the Tay, than to woo a lass that may he had for the asking, if you can but chuse the lucky minute."

"Ay, but that lucky minute, father! I question much if Catharine ever has such a moment to glance on earth and its inhabitants, as might lead her to listen to a coarse ignorant borrel man like me. I cannot tell how it is, father; elsewhere I can hold up my head like another man, but with your saintly daughter I lose heart and courage, and I cannot help thinking that it would be well nigh robbing a holy shrine, if I could succeed in surprising her affections. Her thoughts are too much fitted for heaven to be wasted on such a one as I am."

"E'en as you like, Henry," answered the Glover. "My daughter is not courting you any more than I am—a fair offer is no cause of feud;—only if you think that I will give into her foolish notions of a convent, take it with you that I will never listen to them. I love and honour the church," he said, crossing himself, "I pay her rights duly and cheerfully; tithes and alms, wine and wax, I pay them as justly, I say, as any man in Perth of my means doth; but I cannot afford the church my only and single ewe-lamb that I have in the world. Her mother was dear to me on earth, and is now an angel in heaven. Catharine is all I have to remind me of her I have lost; and if she

goes to the cloister, it shall be when these old eyes are closed for ever, and not sooner.—But as for you, friend Gow, I pray you will act according to your own best liking. I want to force no wife on you, I promise you.”

“Nay, now you beat the iron twice over,” said Henry. “It is thus we always end, father, by your being testy with me for not doing that thing in the world which would make me happiest, were I to have it in my power. Why, father, I would the keenest dirk I ever forged were sticking in my heart at this moment, if there is one single particle in it that is not more your daughter’s property than my own. But what can I do? I cannot think less of her, or more of myself, than we both deserve; and what seems to you so easy and certain, is to me as difficult as it would be to work a steel hauberk out of hards of flax.—But here is to you, father,” he added, in a more cheerful tone; “and here is to my fair Saint and Valentine, as I hope your Catharine will be mine for the season. And let me not keep your old head longer from the pillow, but make interest with your feather-bed till day-break; and then you must be my guide to your daughter’s chamber-door, and my apology for entering it, to bid her good morrow, for the brightest that the sun will awaken in the city or for miles round it!”

“No bad advice, my son,” said the honest Glover. “But you, what will you do? will you lie down beside me, or take a part of Conachar’s bed?”

“Neither,” answered Harry Gow; “I should but prevent your rest; and for me this easy-chair is worth a down bed, and I will sleep like a sentinel, with my graith about me.”

As he spoke, he laid his hand on his sword.

“Nay, Heaven send us no more need of weapons.—Good night, or rather, good morrow, till day-peep—and the first who wakes calls up the other.”

Thus parted the two burghers. The Glover retired to his bed, and, it is to be supposed, to rest. The lover was not so fortunate. His bodily frame easily bore the fatigue which he had encountered in the course of the night, but his mind was of a different and more delicate mould. In one point of view, he was but the stout burgher of his period, proud alike of his art in making weapons, and wielding them when made; his professional jealousy, personal strength, and skill in the use of arms, brought him into many quarrels, which had made him generally feared, and in some instances disliked. But with these qualities were united the simple good-nature of a child, and at the same time an imaginative and enthusiastic temper, which seemed little to correspond with his labours at the forge, or his combats in the field. Perhaps a little of the hair-brained and ardent feeling which he had picked out of old ballads, or from the metrical romances which were his sole source of information or knowledge, may have been the means of pricking him on to some of his achievements, which had often a rude strain of chivalry in them; at least, it was certain that his love to the fair Catharine had in it a delicacy such as might have become the squire of low degree, who was honoured, if song speaks truth, with the smiles of the King of Hungary’s daughter. His sentiments towards her were certainly as exalted as if they had

been fixed upon an actual angel, which made old Simon, and others who watched his conduct, think that his passion was too high and devotional to be successful with maiden of mortal mould. They were mistaken, however. Catharine, coy and reserved as she was, had a heart which could feel and understand the nature and depth of the armourer’s passion; and whether she was able to repay it or not, she had as much secret pride in the attachment of the redoubted Henry Gow, as a lady of romance may be supposed to have in the company of a tame lion, who follows to provide for and defend her. It was with sentiments of the most sincere gratitude that she recollected, as she awoke at dawn, the services of Henry during the course of the eventful night, and the first thought which she dwelt upon, was the means of making him understand her feelings.

Arising hastily from bed, and half blushing at her own purpose—“I have been cold to him, and perhaps unjust; I will not be ungrateful,” she said to herself, “though I cannot yield to his suit; I will not wait till my father compels me to receive him as my Valentine for the year; I will seek him out, and chuse him myself. I have thought other girls bold, when they did something like this; but I shall thus best please my father, and but discharge the rites due to good Saint Valentine by showing my gratitude to this brave man.”

Hastily slipping on her dress, which, nevertheless, was left a good deal more disordered than usual, she tripped down stairs and opened the door of the chamber, in which, as she had guessed, her lover had passed the hours after the fray. Catharine paused at the door, and became half afraid of executing her purpose, which not only permitted but enjoined the Valentines of the year to begin their connexion with a kiss of affection. It was looked upon as a peculiarly propitious omen, if the one party could find the other asleep, and awaken him or her by performance of this interesting ceremony.

Never was a fairer opportunity offered for commencing this mystic tie, than that which now presented itself to Catharine. After many and various thoughts, sleep had at length overcome the stout armourer in the chair in which he had deposited himself. His features, in repose, had a more firm and manly cast than Catharine had thought, who, having generally seen them fluctuating between shamefacedness and apprehension of her displeasure, had been used to connect with them some idea of imbecility.

“He looks very stern,” she said; “if he should be angry—and then when he awakes—we are alone—if I should call Dorothy—if I should wake my father—but no! it is a thing of custom, and done in all maidenly and sisterly love and honour. I will not suppose that Henry can misconstrue it, and I will not let a childish fear put my gratitude to sleep.”

So saying, she tripped along the floor of the apartment with a light, though hesitating step, and a cheek crimsoned at her own purpose; and gliding to the chair of the sleeper, dropped a kiss upon his lips as light as if a rose-leaf had fallen on them. The slumbers must have been slight which such a touch could dispel, and the dreams of the sleeper must needs have been connected with the cause of the interruption, since Henry, instantly starting up,

caught the maiden in his arms, and attempted to return in ecstasy the salute which had broken his repose. But Catharine struggled in his embrace; and as her efforts implied alarmed modesty, rather than maidenly coyness, her bashful lover suffered her to escape a grasp, from which twenty times her strength could not have extricated her.

"Nay, be not angry, good Henry," said Catharine, in the kindest tone, to her surprised lover. "I have paid my vows to Saint Valentine, to show how I value the mate which he has sent me for the year. Let but my father be present, and I will not dare to refuse thee the revenge you may claim for a broken sleep."

"Let not that be a hinderance," said the old Glover, rushing in ecstasy into the room—"to her, Smith—to her—strike while the iron is hot, and teach her what it is not to let sleeping dogs lie still."

Thus encouraged, Henry, though perhaps with less alarming vivacity, again seized the blushing maiden in his arms, who submitted with a tolerable grace to receive repayment of her salute, a dozen times repeated, and with an energy very different from that which had provoked such severe retaliation. At length, she again extricated herself from her lover's arms, and, as if frightened and repenting what she had done, threw herself into a seat, and covered her face with her hands.

"Cheer up, thou silly girl," said the father, "and be not ashamed that thou hast made the two happiest men in Perth, since thy old father is one of them. Never was kiss so well bestowed, and meet it is that it should be suitably returned. Look up, my darling! look up, and let me see thee but give one smile. By my honest word, the sun that now rises over our fair city shows no sight that can give me greater pleasure.—What," he continued, in a jocose tone, "thou thoughtst thou hadst Jamie Keddie's ring, and couldst walk invisible? but not so, my fairy of the dawning. Just as I was about to rise, I heard thy chamber door open, and watched thee down stairs—not to protect thee against this sleepy-headed Henry, but to see with my own delighted eyes, my beloved girl do that which her father most wished.—Come, put down these foolish hands, and though thou blushest a little, it will only the better grace St Valentine's morn, when blushes best become a maiden's cheek."

As Simon Glover spoke, he pulled away, with gentle violence, the hands which hid his daughter's face. She blushed deeply, indeed, but there was more than maiden's shame in her face, and her eyes were fast filling with tears.

"What! weeping, love?" continued her father,—"nay, nay, this is more than need—Henry, help me to comfort this little fool."

Catharine made an effort to collect herself and to smile, but the smile was of a melancholy and serious cast.

"I only meant to say, father," said the Fair Maid of Perth, with continued exertion, "that in chusing Henry Gow for my Valentine, and rendering to him the rights and greeting of the morning, according to wonted custom, I meant but to show my gratitude to him for his manly and faithful service, and my obe-

dience to you.—But do not lead him to think—and, oh, dearest father, do not yourself entertain an idea, that I meant more than what the promise to be his faithful and affectionate Valentine through the year requires of me."

"Ay—ay—ay—ay—we understand it all," said Simon, in the soothing tone which nurses apply to children—"We understand what the meaning is; enough for once; enough for once. Thou shalt not be frightened or hurried.—Loving, true, and faithful Valentines are ye, and the rest as Heaven and opportunity shall permit. Come, prithee, have done—wring not thy tiny hands, nor fear farther persecution now. Thou hast done bravely, excellently—And now, away to Dorothy, and call up the old sluggard; we must have a substantial breakfast, after a night of confusion and a morning of joy; and thy hand will be needed to prepare for us some of these delicate cakes, which no one can make but thyself; and well hast thou a right to the secret, seeing who taught it thee.—Ah! health to the soul of thy dearest mother," he added, with a sigh; "how blithe would she have been to see this happy St Valentine's morning!"

Catharine took the opportunity of escape which was thus given her, and glided from the room. To Henry it seemed as if the sun had disappeared from the heaven at mid-day, and left the world in sudden obscurity. Even the high-swelled hopes with which the late incident had filled him, began to quail, as he reflected upon her altered demeanour; the tears in her eyes; the obvious fear which occupied her features; and the pains she had taken to show, as plainly as delicacy would permit, that the advances which she had made to him were limited to the character with which the rites of the day had invested him. Her father looked on his fallen countenance with something like surprise and displeasure.

"In the name of good St John, what has befallen you, that makes you look as grave as an owl, when a lad of your spirit, having really such a fancy for this poor girl as you pretend, ought to be as lively as a lark?"

"Alas, father!" replied the crest-fallen lover, "there is that written on her brow, which says she loves me well enough to be my Valentine, especially since you wish it—but not well enough to be my wife."

"Now, a plague on thee for a cold, down-hearted goose-cap," answered the father. "I can read a woman's brow as well, and better than thou; and I can see no such matter on hers. What, the foul fiend, man! there thou wast lying like a lord in thy elbow-chair, as sound asleep as a judge, when, hadst thou been a lover of any spirit, thou wouldst have been watching the east for the first ray of the sun. But there thou layest, snoring, I warrant, thinking nought about her, or anything else; and the poor girl rises at peep of day, lest any one else should pick up her most precious and vigilant Valentine, and wakes thee with a grace, which—so help me, St Macgrider!—would have put life in an anvil; and thou awakest to hone, and pine, and moan, as if she had drawn a hot iron across thy lips! I would to St John she had sent old Dorothy on the errand, and bound thee for thy Valentine service to that bundle of dry bones, with never a tooth in her head. She

were fittest Valentine in Perth for so craven a wooer."

"As to craven, father," answered the Smith, "there are twenty good cocks, whose combs I have plucked, can tell thee if I am craven or no. And Heaven knows, that I would give my good land, held by burgess' tenure, with smithy, bellows, tongs, anvil, and all, providing it would make your view of the matter the true one. But it is not of her coyness, or her blushes, that I speak; it is of the paleness which so soon followed the red, and chased it from her cheeks; and it is of the tears which succeeded. It was like the April shower stealing upon, and obscuring the fairest dawning that ever beamed over the Tay."

"Tutti taitti," replied the Glover; "neither Rome nor Perth were built in a day. Thou hast fished salmon a thousand times, and mightst have taken a lesson. When the fish has taken the fly, to pull a hard strain on the line would snap the tackle to pieces, were it made of wire. Ease your hand, man, and let him rise; take leisure, and in half an hour thou layest him on the bank.—There is a beginning, as fair as you could wish, unless you expect the poor wench to come to thy bed-side, as she did to thy chair; and that is not the fashion of modest maidens. But observe me; after we have had our breakfast, I will take care thou hast an opportunity to speak thy mind; only beware thou be neither too backward, nor press her too hard. Give her line enough; but do not slack too fast, and my life for yours upon the issue."

"Do what I can, father," answered Henry, "you will always lay the blame on me; either that I give too much head, or that I strain the tackle. I would give the best habergeon I ever wrought, that the difficulty in truth rested with me; for there were then the better chance of its being removed. I own, however, I am but an ass in the trick of bringing about such discourse as is to the purpose for the occasion."

"Come into the booth with me, my son, and I will furnish thee with a fitting theme. Thou knowest the maiden who ventures to kiss a sleeping man, wins of him a pair of gloves. Come to my booth; thou shalt have a pair of delicate kid-skin, that will exactly suit her hand and arm. I was thinking of her poor mother when I shaped them," added honest Simon, with a sigh; "and except Catharine, I know not the woman in Scotland whom they would fit, though I have measured most of the high beauties of the court. Come with me, I say, and thou shalt be provided with a theme to wag thy tongue upon, providing thou have courage and caution to stand by thee in thy wooing."

CHAPTER VI.

Never to man shall Catharine give her hand.

Taming of a Shrew.

THE breakfast was served, and the thin soft cakes, made of flour and honey according to the family receipt, were not only commended with all the partiality of a father and a lover, but done liberal justice to in the mode which is best proof of cake as well as pudding. They talked, jested, and laughed. Catharine, too, had recovered her equanimity where the

dames and damsels of the period were apt to lose theirs—in the kitchen, namely, and in the superintendence of household affairs, in which she was an adept. I question much, if the perusal of Seneca for as long a period would have had equal effect in composing her mind.

Old Dorothy sate down at the board-end, as was the homespun fashion of the period; and so much were the two men amused with their own conversation,—and Catharine occupied either in attending to them, or with her own reflections,—that the old woman was the first who observed the absence of the boy Conachar.

"It is true," said the master Glover; "go call him, the idle Highland loon. He was not seen last night during the fray neither, at least I saw him not. Did any of you observe him?"

The reply was negative; and Henry's observation followed,—

"There are times when Highlanders can couch like their own deer,—ay, and run from danger too as fast. I have seen them do so myself, for the matter of that."

"And there are times," replied Simon, "when King Arthur and his Round Table could not make stand against them. I wish, Henry, you would speak more reverently of the Highlanders. They are often in Perth, both alone and in numbers; and you ought to keep peace with them, so long as they will keep peace with you."

An answer of defiance rose to Henry's lips, but he prudently suppressed it.

"Why, thou knowest, father," he said, smiling, "that we handicrafts best love the folks we live by; now, my craft provides for valiant and noble knights, gentle squires and pages, stout men-at-arms, and others that wear the arms which we make. It is natural I should like the Ruthvens, the Lindsays, the Ogilvys, the Oliphants, and so many others of our brave and noble neighbours, who are sheathed in steel of my making, like so many Paladins, better than those naked, snatching mountaineers, who are ever doing us wrong, especially since no five of each clan have a rusty shirt of mail as old as their *brat-tach** and that is but the work of the clumsy clansmith after all, who is no member of our honourable mystery, but simply works at the anvil, where his father wrought before him. I say, such people can have no favour in the eyes of an honest craftsman."

"Well, well," answered Simon; "I prithee let the matter rest even now, for here comes the loitering boy; and though it is a holiday morn, I want no more bloody puddings."

The youth entered accordingly. His face was pale, his eyes red; and there was an air of discomposure about his whole person. He sate down at the lower end of the table, opposite to Dorothy, and crossed himself, as if preparing for his morning's meal. As he did not help himself to any food, Catharine offered him a platter containing some of the cakes which had met with such general approbation. At first he rejected her offered kindness rather sullenly; but on her repeating the offer with a smile of good-will, he took a cake in his hand, broke it, and was about to eat a morsel, when the effort to

* Standard.

swallow seemed almost too much for him; and though he succeeded, he did not repeat it.

"You have a bad appetite for Saint Valentine's morning, Conachar," said his good-humoured master; "and yet I think you must have slept soundly the night before, since I conclude you were not disturbed by the noise of the scuffle. Why, I thought a lively Glunami would have been at his master's side, dirk in hand, at the first sound of danger which arose within a mile of us."

"I heard but an indistinct noise," said the youth, his face glowing suddenly like a heated coal, "which I took for the shout of some merry revellers; and you are wont to bid me never open door or window, or alarm the house, on the score of such folly."

"Well, well," said Simon; "I thought a Highlander would have known better the difference betwixt the clash of swords and the twanging on harps, the wild war-cry and the merry hunts up. But let it pass, boy; I am glad thou art losing thy quarrelsome fashions. Eat thy breakfast, any way, as I have that to employ thee, which requires haste."

"I have breakfasted already, and am in haste myself. I am for the hills.—Have you any message to my father?"

"None," replied the Glover, in some surprise; "but art thou beside thyself, boy? or what a vengeance takes thee from the city, like the wing of the whirlwind?"

"My warning has been sudden," said Conachar, speaking with difficulty; but whether arising from the hesitation incidental to the use of a foreign language, or whether from some other cause, could not easily be distinguished. "There is to be a meeting—a great hunting——" Here he stopped.

"And when are you to return from this blessed hunting?" said his master; "that is, if I may make so bold as to ask."

"I cannot exactly answer," replied the apprentice. "Perhaps never—if such be my father's pleasure," continued Conachar, with assumed indifference.

"I thought," said Simon Glover, rather seriously, "that all this was to be laid aside, when at earnest intercession I took you under my roof. I thought that when I undertook, being very loath to do so, to teach you an honest trade, we were to hear no more of hunting, or hosting, or clan-gatherings, or any matters of the kind?"

"I was not consulted when I was sent hither," said the lad, haughtily. "I cannot tell what the terms were."

"But I can tell you, Sir Conachar," said the Glover, angrily, "that there is no fashion of honesty in binding yourself to an honest craftsman, and spoiling more hides than your own is worth; and now, when you are of age to be of some service, in taking up the disposal of your time at your pleasure, as if it were your own property, not your master's."

"Reckon with my father about that," answered Conachar; "he will pay you gallantly—a French mutton* for every hide I have spoiled, and a fat cow or bullock for each day I have been absent."

"Close with him," friend Glover—"close with him," said the armourer, drily. "Thou wilt be paid

* *Mouton*, a French gold coin, so called from its being impressed with the image of a lamb.

gallantly at least, if not honestly. Methinks I would like to know how many purses have been emptied to fill the goatskin sporran,* that is to be so free to you of its gold; and whose pastures the bullocks have been calved in, that are to be sent down to you from the Grampian passes."

"You remind me, friend," said the Highland youth, turning haughtily towards the Smith, "that I have also a reckoning to hold with you."

"Keep at arm's length, then," said Henry, extending his brawny arm—"I will have no more close hugs—no more bodkin work, like last night. I care little for a wasp's sting, yet I will not allow the insect to come near me if I have warning."

Conachar smiled contemptuously. "I meant thee no harm," he said. "My father's son did thee but too much honour to spill such churl's blood. I will pay you for it by the drop, that it may be dried up, and no longer soil my fingers."

"Peace, thou bragging ape!" said the Smith; "the blood of a true man cannot be valued in gold. The only expiation would be that thou shouldst come a mile into the Low Country with two of the strongest gallo-glasses of thy clan; and while I dealt with them, I would leave thee to the correction of my apprentice, little Jankin."

Here Catharine interposed. "Peace," she said, "my trusty Valentine, whom I have a right to command; and peace you, Conachar, who ought to obey me as your master's daughter. It is ill done to awaken again on the morrow the evil which has been laid to sleep at night."

"Farewell, then, master," said Conachar, after another look of scorn at the Smith, which he only answered with a laugh. "Farewell! and I thank you for your kindness, which has been more than I deserved. If I have at times seemed less than thankful, it was the fault of circumstances, and not of my will. Catharine—" He cast upon the maiden a look of strong emotion, in which various feelings were blended. He hesitated, as if to say something, and at length turned away with the single word *farewell*. Five minutes afterwards, with Highland buskins on his feet, and a small bundle in his hand, he passed through the north gate of Perth, and directed his course to the Highlands.

"There goes enough of beggary and of pride for a whole Highland clan," said Henry. "He talks as familiarly of gold pieces as I would of silver pennies; and yet I will be sworn that the thumb of his mother's worsted glove might hold the treasure of the whole clan."

"Like enough," said the Glover, laughing at the idea; "his mother was a large-boned woman, especially in the fingers and wrist."

"And as for cattle," continued Henry, "I reckon his father and brothers steal sheep by one at a time."

"The less we say of them the better," said the Glover, becoming again grave. "Brothers he hath none; his father is a powerful man—hath long hands

* The Highland pouch, generally formed of goatskin, and worn in front of the garb, is called in Gaelic a *Sporran*. A *sporran-moullach* is a shaggy pouch, formed as they usually are, of goatskin, or some such material, with the rough side outermost.

—reaches as far as he can, and hears farther than it is necessary to talk of him.”

“And yet he hath bound his only son apprentice to a glover in Perth?” said Henry. “Why, I should have thought the Gentle Craft, as it is called, of St Crispin, would have suited him best; and that if the son of some great Mac or O was to become an artisan, it could only be in the craft where princes set him the example.”

This remark, though ironical, seemed to awaken our friend Simon’s sense of professional dignity, which was a prevailing feeling that marked the manners of the artisans of the time.

“You err, son Henry,” he replied, with much gravity; “the glovers are the more honourable craft of the two, in regard they provide for the accommodation of the hands, whereas the shoemakers and cordwainers do but work for the feet.”

“Both equally necessary members of the body corporate,” said Henry, whose father had been a cordwainer.

“It may be so, my son,” said the Glover; “but not both alike honourable. Bethink you, that we employ the hands as pledges of friendship and good faith, and the feet have no such privilege. Brave men fight with their hands—cowards employ their feet in flight. A glove is borne aloft, a shoe is trampled in the mire;—a man greets a friend with his open hand; he spurns a dog, or one whom he holds as mean as a dog, with his advanced foot. A glove on the point of a spear is a sign and pledge of faith all the wide world over, as a gauntlet flung down is a gage of knightly battle; while I know no other emblem belonging to an old shoe, except that some crones will fling them after a man by way of good luck, in which practice I avow myself to entertain no confidence.”

“Nay,” said the Smith, amused with his friend’s eloquent pleading for the dignity of the art he practised, “I am not the man, I promise you, to disparage the glover’s mystery. Bethink you, I am myself a maker of gauntlets. But the dignity of your ancient craft removes not my wonder, that the father of this Conachar suffered his son to learn a trade of any kind from a Lowland craftsman, holding us, as they do, altogether beneath their magnificent degree, and a race of contemptible drudges, unworthy of any other fate than to be ill used and plundered, as often as these bare-breeched Dunniewassals see safety and convenience for doing so.”

“Ay,” answered the Glover, “but there were powerful reasons—for——” He withheld something which seemed upon his lips, and went on, “for Conachar’s father acting as he did.—Well, I have played fair with him, and I do not doubt but he will act honourably by me.—But Conachar’s sudden leave-taking has put me to some inconvenience. He had things under his charge. I must look through the booth.”

“Can I help you, father?” said Henry Gow, deceived by the earnestness of his manner.

“You?—no,”—said Simon, with a dryness which made Henry so sensible of the simplicity of his proposal, that he blushed to the eyes at his own dulness of comprehension, in a matter where love ought to have induced him to take his cue easily up. “You, Ca-

tharine,” said the Glover, as he left the room, “entertain your Valentine for five minutes, and see he departs not till my return.—Come hither with me, old Dorothy, and bestir thy limbs in my behalf.”

He left the room, followed by the old woman; and Henry Smith remained with Catharine, almost for the first time in his life, entirely alone. There was embarrassment on the maiden’s part, and awkwardness on that of the lover, for about a minute; when Henry, calling up his courage, pulled the gloves out of his pocket with which Simon had supplied him, and asked her to permit one who had been so highly graced that morning, to pay the usual penalty for being asleep at the moment when he would have given the slumbers of a whole twelvemonth to be awake for a single minute.

“Nay, but,” said Catharine, “the fulfilment of my homage to St Valentine infers no such penalty as you desire to pay, and I cannot therefore think of accepting them.”

“These gloves,” said Henry, advancing his seat insidiously towards Catharine as he spoke, “were wrought by the hands that are dearest to you; and see—they are shaped for your own.” He extended them as he spoke, and taking her arm in his robust hand, spread the gloves beside it to show how well they fitted. “Look at that taper arm,” he said, “look at these small fingers; think who sewed these seams of silk and gold, and think whether the glove, and the arm which alone the glove can fit, ought to remain separate, because the poor glove has had the misfortune to be for a passing minute in the keeping of a hand so swart and rough as mine.”

“They are welcome as coming from my father,” said Catharine; “and surely not less so as coming from my *friend* (and there was an emphasis on the word), as well as my Valentine and preserver.”

“Let me aid to do them on,” said the Smith, bringing himself yet closer to her side; “they may seem a little over tight at first, and you may require some assistance.”

“You are skilful in such service, good Henry Gow,” said the maiden, smiling, but at the same time drawing farther from her lover.

“In good faith no,” said Henry, shaking his head; “my experience has been in donning steel gauntlets on mailed knights, more than in fitting embroidered gloves upon maidens.”

“I will trouble you then no further, and Dorothy shall aid me—though there needs no assistance—my father’s eye and fingers are faithful to his craft; what work he puts through his hands is always true to the measure.”

“Let me be convinced of it,” said the Smith; “let me see that these slender gloves actually match the hands they were made for.”

“Some other time, good Henry,” answered the maiden; “I will wear the gloves in honour of St Valentine, and the mate he has sent me for the season. I would to heaven I could pleasure my father as well in weightier matters—at present the perfume of the leather harms the headach I have had since morning.”

“Head-ach! dearest maiden?” echoed her lover.

“If you call it heart-ach, you will not misname it,” said Catharine, with a sigh, and proceeded to speak in a very serious tone. “Henry,” she said,

"I am going perhaps to be as bold as I gave you reason to think me this morning; for I am about to speak the first upon a subject, on which, it may well be, I ought to wait till I had to answer you. But I cannot, after what has happened this morning, suffer my feelings towards you to remain unexplained, without the possibility of my being greatly misconceived.—Nay, do not answer till you have heard me out.—You are brave, Henry, beyond most men, honest and true as the steel you work upon——"

"Stop—stop, Catharine, for mercy's sake! You never said so much that was good concerning me, save to introduce some bitter censure, of which your praises were the harbingers. I am honest, and so forth, you would say, but a hot-brained brawler, and common sworder or stabber."

"I should injure both myself and you in calling you such. No, Henry, to no common stabber, had he worn a plume in his bonnet, and gold spurs on his heels, would Catharine Glover have offered the little grace she has this day voluntarily done to you. If I have at times dwelt severely upon the proneness of your spirit to anger, and of your hand to strife, it is because I would have you, if I could so persuade you, hate in yourself the sins of vanity and wrath, by which you are most easily beset. I have spoken on the topic more to alarm your own conscience, than to express my opinion. I know as well as my father, that in these forlorn and desperate days, the whole customs of our nation, nay of every Christian nation, may be quoted in favour of bloody quarrels for trifling causes; of the taking deadly and deep revenge for slight offences; and the slaughter of each other for emulation of honour, or often in mere sport. But I know, that for all these things we shall one day be called into judgment; and fain would I convince thee, my brave and generous friend, to listen oftener to the dictates of thy good heart, and take less pride in the strength and dexterity of the unsparing arm."

"I am—I am convinced, Catharine," exclaimed Henry; "thy words shall henceforward be a law to me. I have done enough, far too much, indeed, for proof of my bodily strength and courage; but it is only from you, Catharine, that I can learn a better way of thinking. Remember, my fair Valentine, that my ambition of distinction in arms, and my love of strife, if it can be called such, do not fight even-handed with my reason and my milder dispositions, but have their patrons and sticklers to egg them on. Is there a quarrel,—and suppose that I, thinking on your counsels, am something loth to engage in it,—believe you I am left to decide between peace or war at my own chusing? Not so, by St Mary! there are a hundred round me to stir me on. 'Why, how now, Smith, is thy mainspring rusted,' says one. 'Jolly Henry is deaf on the quarrelling ear this morning,' says another. 'Stand to it, for the honour of Perth,' says my Lord the Provost. 'Harry against them for a gold noble,' cries your father, perhaps. Now, what can a poor fellow do, Catharine, when all are hallooing him on in the devil's name, and not a soul putting in a word on the other side?"

"Nay, I know the devil has factors enough to utter his wares," said Catharine; "but it is our duty to despise such idle arguments, though they may be

pleaded even by those to whom we owe much love and honour."

"Then there are the minstrels, with their romaunts and ballads, which place all a man's praise in receiving and repaying hard blows. It is sad to tell, Catharine, how many of my sins that Blind Harry the Minstrel hath to answer for. When I hit a downright blow, it is not (so save me, St John!) to do any man injury, but only to strike as William Wallace struck."

The Minstrel's namesake spoke this in such a tone of rueful seriousness, that Catharine could scarce forbear smiling; but nevertheless she assured him that the danger of his own and other men's lives ought not for a moment to be weighed against such simple toys.

"Ay, but," replied Henry, emboldened by her smiles, "methinks now the good cause of peace would thrive all the better for an advocate. Suppose, for example, that when I am pressed and urged to lay hand on my weapon, I could have cause to recollect that there was a gentle and guardian angel at home, whose image would seem to whisper, 'Henry, do no violence; it is my hand which you crimson with blood—Henry, rush upon no idle danger; it is my breast which you expose to injury;' such thoughts would do more to restrain my mood than if every monk in Perth should cry 'Hold thy hand, on pain of bell, book, and candle.'"

"If such a warning as could be given by the voice of sisterly affection can have weight in the debate," said Catharine, "do think, that in striking, you em-purple this hand; that in receiving wounds, you harm this heart."

The Smith took courage at the sincerely affectionate tone in which these words were delivered.

"And wherefore not stretch your regard a degree beyond these cold limits? Why, since you are so kind and generous as to own some interest in the poor ignorant sinner before you, should you not at once adopt him as your scholar and your husband? Your father desires it; the town expects it; glovers and smiths are preparing their rejoicings; and you, only you, whose words are so fair and so kind, you will not give your consent!"

"Henry," said Catharine, in a low and tremulous voice, "believe me I should hold it my duty to comply with my father's commands, were there not obstacles invincible to the match which he proposes."

"Yet think—think but for a moment. I have little to say for myself in comparison of you, who can both read and write. But then I wish to hear reading, and could listen to your sweet voice for ever. You love music, and I have been taught to play and sing as well as some minstrels. You love to be charitable, I have enough to give, and enough to keep; as large a daily alms as a deacon gives would never be missed by me. Your father gets old for daily toil; he would live with us, as I should truly hold him for my father also. I would be as chary of mixing in causeless strife, as of thrusting my hand into my own furnace; and if there came on us unlawful violence, its wares would be brought to an ill-chosen market."

"May you experience all the domestic happiness

which you can conceive, Henry,—but with some one more happy than I am.”

So spoke, or rather so sobbed, the Fair Maiden of Perth, who seemed choking in the attempt to restrain her tears.

“You hate me, then?” said the lover, after a pause.

“Heaven is my witness, No.”

“Or you love some other better?”

“It is cruel to ask what it cannot avail you to know. But you are entirely mistaken.”

“Yon wild-cat, Conachar, perhaps?” said Henry.

“I have marked his looks——”

“You avail yourself of this painful situation to insult me, Henry, though I have little deserved it. Conachar is nothing to me, more than the trying to tame his wild spirit by instruction might lead me to take some interest in a mind abandoned to prejudices and passions, and therein, Henry, not unlike your own.”

“It must then be some of these flaunting silk-worm Sirs about the court,” said the armourer, his natural heat of temper kindling from disappointment and vexation; “some of those who think they carry it off through the height of their plumed bonnets and the jingle of their spurs. I would I knew which it was, that, leaving his natural mates, the painted and perfumed dames of the court, comes to take his prey among the simple maidens of the burgher craft. I would I knew but his name and surname!”

“Henry Smith,” said Catharine, shaking off the weakness which seemed to threaten to overpower her a moment before, “this is the language of an ungrateful fool, or rather of a frantic madman. I have told you already, there was no one who stood, at the beginning of this conference, more high in my opinion, than he who is now losing ground with every word he utters, in the tone of unjust suspicion and senseless anger. You had no title to know even what I have told you; which, I pray you to observe, implies no preference to you over others, though it disowns any preference of another to you. It is enough you should be aware that there is as insuperable an objection to what you desire, as if an enchanter had a spell over my destiny.”

“Spells may be broken by true men,” said the Smith. “I would it were come to that. Thorbiorn, the Danish armourer, spoke of a spell he had for making breastplates, by singing a certain song while the iron was heating. I told him that his runic rhymes were no proof against the weapons which fought at Loncarty—what farther came of it is needless to tell;—but the corslet and the wearer, and the leech who salved his wound, know if Henry Gow can break a spell or no.”

Catharine looked at him as if about to return an answer little approving of the exploit he had vaunted, which, the downright Smith had not recollected, was of a kind that exposed him to her frequent censure. But ere she had given words to her thoughts, her father thrust his head in at the door.

“Henry,” he said, “I must interrupt your more pleasing affairs, and request you to come into my working room in all speed, to consult about certain matters deeply affecting the weal of the burgh.”

Henry, making his obeisance to Catharine, left

the apartment upon her father’s summons. Indeed it was probably in favour of their future friendly intercourse that they were parted on this occasion, at the turn which the conversation seemed likely to take. For as the wooer had begun to hold the refusal of the damsel as somewhat capricious and inexplicable, after the degree of encouragement which, in his opinion, she had afforded; Catharine, on the other hand, considered him rather as an encroacher upon the grace which she had shown him, than one whose delicacy rendered him deserving of such favour.

But there was living in their bosoms towards each other a reciprocal kindness, which on the termination of the dispute was sure to revive, inducing the maiden to forget her offended delicacy, and the lover his slighted warmth of passion.

CHAPTER VII.

This quarrel may draw blood another day.

Henry VI. Part I.

THE conclave of citizens appointed to meet for investigating the affray of the preceding evening, had now assembled. The work-room of Simon Glover was filled to crowding by personages of no little consequence, some of whom wore black velvet cloaks, and gold chains around their necks. They were, indeed, the fathers of the city; and there were bailies and deacons in the honoured number. There was an ireful and offended air of importance upon every brow, as they conversed together, rather in whisper, than aloud or in detail. Busiest among the busy, the little important assistant of the previous night, Oliver Proudfoot by name, and bonnet-maker by profession, was bustling among the crowd; much after the manner of the seagull, which flutters, screams, and sputters most at the commencement of a gale of wind, though one can hardly conceive what the bird has better to do than to fly to its nest, and remain quiet till the gale is over.

Be that as it may, Master Proudfoot was in the midst of the crowd, his fingers upon every one’s button, and his mouth in every man’s ear, embracing such as were near to his own stature, that he might more closely and mysteriously utter his sentiments; and standing on tiptoe, and supporting himself by the cloak-collars of tall men, that he might dole out to them also the same share of information. He felt himself one of the heroes of the affair, being conscious of the dignity of superior information on the subject as an eye-witness, and much disposed to push his connexion with the scuffle a few points beyond the modesty of truth. It cannot be said his communications were in especial curious and important, consisting chiefly of such assertions as these:—

“It is all true, by St John. I was there and saw it myself—was the first to run to the fray; and if it had not been for me and another stout fellow, who came in about the same time, they had broken into Simon Glover’s house, cut his throat, and carried his daughter off to the mountains. It is too evil usage—not to be suffered, neighbour Crookshank,—not to be endured, neighbour Glass—not to be

borne, neighbours Balneaves, Rollock, and Chrysterson. It was a mercy that I and that stout fellow came in—Was it not, neighbour and worthy Bailie Craigdallie?"

These speeches were dispersed by the busy bonnet-maker into sundry ears. Bailie Craigdallie, a portly guild-brother, the same who had advised the prorogation of their civic council to the present place and hour, a big, burly, good-looking man, shook the deacon from his cloak with pretty much the grace with which a large horse shrugs off the importunate fly that has beset him for ten minutes, and exclaimed, "Silence, good citizens; here comes Simon Glover, in whom no man ever saw falsehood. We will hear the outrage from his own mouth."

Simon being called upon to tell his tale, did so with obvious embarrassment, which he imputed to a reluctance that the burgh should be put in deadly feud with any one upon his account. It was, he dared to say, a masking or revel on the part of the young gallants about court; and the worst that might come of it would be, that he would put iron stanchions on his daughter's window, in case of such another frolic.

"Why, then, if this was a mere masking or mummery," said Craigdallie, "our townsman, Harry of the Wynd, did far wrong to cut off a gentleman's hand for such a harmless pleasantry, and the town may be brought to a heavy fine for it, unless we secure the person of the mutilator."

"Our Lady forbid," said the Glover. "Did you know what I do, you would be as much afraid of handling this matter, as if it were glowing iron. But, since you will needs put your fingers in the fire, truth must be spoken. And come what will, I must say, that the matter might have ended ill for me and mine, but for the opportune assistance of Henry Gow, the armourer, well known to you all."

"And mine also was not awanting," said Oliver Proudfoot, "though I do not profess to be utterly so good a swordsman as our neighbour, Henry Gow.—You saw me, neighbour Glover, at the beginning of the fray?"

"I saw you after the end of it, neighbour," answered the Glover, dryly.

"True, true; I had forgot you were in your house while the blows were going, and could not survey who were dealing them."

"Peace, neighbour Proudfoot; I prithee, peace," said Craigdallie, who was obviously tired of the tuneless screeching of the worthy deacon.

"There is something mysterious here," said the Bailie; "but I think I spy the secret.—Our friend Simon is, as you all know, a peaceful man, and one that will rather sit down with wrong, than put a friend, or say a neighbourhood, in danger, to seek his redress. Thou, Henry, who art never wanting where the burgh needs a defender, tell us what *thou* knowest of this matter."

Our Smith told his story to the same purpose which we have already related; and the meddling maker of bonnets added as before, "And thou sawest me there, honest Smith, didst thou not?"

"Not I, in good faith, neighbour," answered Henry; "but you are a little man, you know, and I might overlook you."

This reply produced a laugh at Oliver's expense, who laughed for company, but added, "I was one of the foremost to the rescue for all that."

"Why, where wert thou then, neighbour?" said the Smith; "for I saw you not, and I would have given the worth of the best suit of armour I ever wrought to have seen as stout a fellow as thou at my elbow."

"I was no farther off, however, honest Smith; and whilst thou wert laying on blows as if on an anvil, I was parrying those that the rest of the villains aimed at thee behind thy back; and that is the cause thou sawest me not."

"I have heard of Smiths of old time who had but one eye," said Henry. "I have two, but they are both set in my forehead, and so I could not see behind my back, neighbour."

"The truth is, however," persevered Master Oliver, "there I was, and I will give Master Bailie my account of the matter; for the Smith and I were first up to the fray."

"Enough at present," said the Bailie, waving to Master Proudfoot an injunction of silence. "The precognition of Simon Glover and Henry Gow would bear out a matter less worthy of belief.—And now, my masters, your opinion what should be done. Here are all our burgher rights broken through and insulted, and you may well fancy that it is by some man of power, since no less dared have attempted such an outrage. My masters, it is hard on flesh and blood to submit to this. The laws have framed us of lower rank than the princes and nobles, yet it is against reason to suppose that we will suffer our houses to be broken into, and the honour of our women insulted, without some redress."

"It is not to be endured," answered the citizens, unanimously.

Here Simon Glover interfered with a very anxious and ominous countenance. "I hope still that all was not meant so ill as it seemed to us, my worthy neighbours; and I for one would cheerfully forgive the alarm and disturbance to my poor house, providing the fair city were not brought into jeopardy for me. I beseech you to consider who are to be our judges that are to hear the case, and give or refuse redress. I speak among neighbours and friends, and therefore I speak openly. The King, God bless him! is so broken in mind and body, that he will but turn us over to some great man amongst his councillors, who shall be in favour for the time—Perchance he will refer us to his brother the Duke of Albany, who will make our petition for righting of our wrongs the pretence for squeezing money out of us."

"We will none of Albany for our judge," answered the meeting, with the same unanimity as before.

"Or perhaps," added Simon, "he will bid the Duke of Rothsay take charge of it; and the wild young prince will regard the outrage as something for his gay companions to scoff at, and his minstrels to turn into a song."

"Away with Rothsay! he is too gay to be our judge," again exclaimed the citizens.

Simon, emboldened by seeing he was reaching the point he aimed at, yet pronouncing the dreaded

name with a half whisper, next added, "Would you like the Black Douglas better to deal with?"

There was no answer for a minute. They looked on each other with fallen countenances and blanched lips. But Henry Smith spoke out boldly, and in a decided voice, the sentiments which all felt, but none else dared give words to—

"The Black Douglas to judge betwixt a burgher and a gentleman, nay, a nobleman for all I know or care?—The black devil of hell sooner! You are mad, Father Simon, so much as to name so wild a proposal."

There was again a silence of fear and uncertainty, which was at length broken by Bailie Craigdallie, who, looking very significantly to the speaker, replied, "You are confident in a stout doublet, neighbour Smith, or you would not talk so boldly."

"I am confident of a good heart under my doublet, such as it is, Bailie," answered the undaunted Henry; "and though I speak but little, my mouth shall never be padlocked by any noble of them all."

"Wear a thick doublet, good Henry, or do not speak so loud," reiterated the Bailie, in the same significant tone. "There are Bordermen in the town who wear the bloody heart on their shoulder.—But all this is no rede. What shall we do?"

"Short rede, good rede," said the Smith. "Let us to our Provost, and demand his countenance and assistance."

A murmur of applause went through the party, and Oliver Proudfoot exclaimed, "That is what I have been saying for this half hour, and not one of ye would listen to me. Let us go to our Provost, said I. He is a gentleman himself, and ought to come between the burgh and the nobles in all matters."

"Hush, neighbours, hush; be wary what you say or do," said a thin meagre figure of a man, whose diminutive person seemed still more reduced in size, and more assimilated to a shadow, by his efforts to assume an extreme degree of humility, and make himself, to suit his argument, look meaner yet, and yet more insignificant than nature had made him.

"Pardon me," said he; "I am but a poor Pottingar. Nevertheless, I have been bred in Paris, and learned my humanities and my *cursus medendi* as well as some that call themselves learned leeches. Methinks I can tent this wound, and treat it with emollients. Here is our friend Simon Glover, who is, as you all know, a man of worship. Think you he would not be the most willing of us all to pursue harsh courses here, since his family honour is so nearly concerned? And since he blenches away from the charge against these same revellers, consider if he may not have some good reason more than he cares to utter for letting the matter sleep. It is not for me to put my finger on the sore; but, alack! we all know that young maidens are what I call fugitive essences. Suppose now, an honest maiden—I mean in all innocence—leaves her window unlatched on St Valentine's morn, that some gallant cavalier may—in all honesty, I mean—become her Valentine for the season; and suppose the gallant be discovered, may she not scream out as if the visit were unexpected,—and—and—bray all this in a mortar, and then consider, will it be a matter to place the town in feud for?"

The Pottingar delivered his opinion in a most insinuating manner; but he seemed to shrink into something less than his natural tenuity when he saw the blood rise in the old cheeks of Simon Glover, and inflame to the temples the complexion of the redoubted Smith. The last, stepping forward, and turning a stern look on the alarmed Pottingar, broke out as follows:—"Thou walking skeleton! thou asthmatic gallipot! thou poisoner by profession! if I thought that the puff of vile breath thou hast left could blight for the tenth part of a minute the fair fame of Catharine Glover, I would pound thee, quack salver! in thine own mortar, and beat up thy wretched carrion with flower of brimstone, the only real medicine in thy booth, to make a salve to rub mangy hounds with!"

"Hold, son Henry, hold!" cried the Glover, in a tone of authority, "no man has title to speak of this matter but me.—Worshipful Bailie Craigdallie, since such is the construction that is put upon my patience, I am willing to pursue this riot to the uttermost; and though the issue may prove that we had better have been patient, you will all see that my Catharine hath not by any lightness or folly of hers afforded grounds for this great scandal."

The Bailie also interposed. "Neighbour Henry," said he, "we came here to consult, and not to quarrel. As one of the fathers of the fair city, I command thee to forego all evil will and mal-talent you may have against Master Pottingar Dwining."

"He is too poor a creature, Bailie," said Henry Gow, "for me to harbour feud with—I that could destroy him and his booth with one blow of my forehammer."

"Peace, then, and hear me," said the official. "We all are as much believers in the honour of the Fair Maiden of Perth, as in that of our Blessed Lady." Here he crossed himself devoutly. "But touching our appeal to our Provost, are you agreed, neighbours, to put matter like this into our Provost's hand, being against a powerful noble, as is to be feared?"

"The Provost being himself a nobleman"—squeaked the Pottingar, in some measure released from his terror by the intervention of the Bailie. "God knows, I speak not to the disparagement of an honourable gentleman, whose forebears have held the office he now holds for many years—"

"By free choice of the citizens of Perth," said the Smith, interrupting the speaker with the tones of his deep and decisive voice.

"Ay, surely," said the disconcerted orator, "by the voice of the citizens. How else?—I pray you, friend Smith, interrupt me not. I speak to our worthy and eldest bailie, Craigdallie, according to my poor mind. I say that, come amongst us how he will, still this Sir Patrick Charteris is a nobleman, and hawks will not pick hawks' eyes out. He may well bear us out in a feud with the Highlandmen, and do the part of our Provost and leader against them; but whether he that himself wears silk will take our part against brodered cloak and cloth of gold, though he may do so against tartan and Irish frieze, is something to be questioned. Take a fool's advice. We have saved our Maiden, of whom I never meant to speak harm, as truly I knew none. They have

lost one man's hand at least, thanks to Harry Smith—"

"And to me," added the little important Bonnet-maker.

"And to Oliver Proudfoot, as he tells us," continued the Pottingar, who contested no man's claim to glory, provided he was not himself compelled to tread the perilous paths which lead to it. "I say, neighbours, since they have left a hand as a pledge they will never come in Couvrefew-street again, why, in my simple mind, we were best to thank our stout townsman, and the town having the honour, and these rake-hells the loss, that we should hush the matter up, and say no more about it."

These pacific counsels had their effect with some of the citizens, who began to nod and look exceedingly wise upon the advocate of acquiescence, with whom, notwithstanding the offence so lately given, Simon Glover seemed also to agree in opinion. But not so Henry Smith, who seeing the consultation at a stand, took up the speech in his usual downright manner.

"I am neither the oldest nor the richest among you, neighbours, and I am not sorry for it. Years will come, if one lives to see them; and I can win and spend my penny like another, by the blaze of the furnace and the wind of the bellows. But no man ever saw me sit down with wrong done in word or deed to our fair town, if man's tongue and man's hand could right it. Neither will I sit down with this outrage, if I can help it. I will go to the Provost myself, if no one will go with me; he is a knight, it is true, and a gentleman of free and true-born blood, as we all know, since Wallace's time, who settled his great-grandsire amongst us. But if he were the proudest nobleman in the land, he is the Provost of Perth, and for his own honour must see the freedoms and immunities of the burgh preserved—ay, and I know he will—I have made a steel doublet for him, and have a good guess at the kind of heart that it was meant to cover."

"Surely," said Bailie Craigdallie, "it would be to no purpose to stir at court without Sir Patrick Charteris's countenance; the ready answer would be, Go to your Provost, you borrel loons. So, neighbours and townsmen, if you will stand by my side, I and our Pottingar Dwining will repair presently to Kinfauns, with Sim Glover, the jolly Smith, and gallant Oliver Proudfoot, for witnesses to the onslaught, and speak with Sir Patrick Charteris, in name of the Fair Town."

"Nay," said the peaceful man of medicine, "leave me behind, I pray you; I lack audacity to speak before a belted knight."

"Never regard that, neighbour, you must go," said Bailie Craigdallie. "The town hold me a hot-headed carle for a man of threescore—Sim Glover is the offended party—we all know that Harry Gow spoils more harnesses with his sword, than he makes with his hammer—and our neighbour Proudfoot,—who, take his own word, is at the beginning and end of every fray in Perth,—is of course a man of action. We must have at least one advocate amongst us for peace and quietness; and thou, Pottingar, must be the man. Away with you, sirs, get your boots and your beasts—horse and haddock, I say—and let us

meet at the East Port—that is, if it is your pleasure, neighbours, to trust us with the matter."

"There can be no better rede, and we will all avouch it," said the citizens. "If the Provost take our part, as the Fair Town hath a right to expect, we may bell-the-cat with the best of them."

"It is well, then, neighbours," answered the Bailie; "so said, so shall be done. Meanwhile, I have called the whole town-council together about this hour, and I have little doubt," looking around the company, "that as so many of them who are in this place have resolved to consult with our Provost, the rest will be compliant to the same resolution. And therefore neighbours, and good burghers of the fair city of Perth—horse and haddock, as I said before, and meet me at the East Port."

A general acclamation concluded the sitting of this species of privy council, or Lords of the Articles; and they dispersed, the deputation to prepare for the journey, and the rest to tell their impatient wives and daughters of the measures they had taken to render their chambers safe in future, against the intrusion of gallants at unseasonable hours.

While nags are saddling, and the town-council debating, or rather putting in form what the leading members of their body had already adopted, it may be necessary, for the information of some readers, to state in distinct terms what is more circuitously intimated in the course of the former discussion.

It was the custom at this period, when the strength of the feudal aristocracy controlled the rights, and frequently insulted the privileges, of the royal burghs of Scotland, that the latter, where it was practicable, often chose their Provost, or Chief Magistrate, not out of the order of the merchants, shopkeepers, and citizens, who inhabited the town itself, and filled up the roll of the ordinary magistracy, but elected to that pre-eminent state some powerful nobleman, or baron, in the neighbourhood of the burgh, who was expected to stand their friend at court in such matters as concerned their common weal, and to lead their civic militia to fight, whether in general battle or in private feud, reinforcing them with his own feudal retainers. This protection was not always gratuitous. The Provosts sometimes availed themselves of their situation to an unjustifiable degree, and obtained grants of lands and tenements belonging to the common good, or public property of the burgh, and thus made the citizens pay dear for the countenance which they afforded. Others were satisfied to receive the powerful aid of the townsmen in their own feudal quarrels, with such other marks of respect and benevolence, as the burgh over which they presided were willing to gratify them with, in order to secure their active services in case of necessity. The Baron, who was the regular protector of a royal burgh, accepted such free-will offerings without scruple, and repaid them by defending the rights of the town, by arguments in the council, and by bold deeds in the field.

The citizens of the town, or, as they loved better to call it, the Fair City of Perth, had for several generations found a protector and Provost of this kind in the knightly family of Charteris, Lords of Kinfauns, in the neighbourhood of the burgh. It was scarce a century (in the time of Robert III) since the first

of this distinguished family had settled in the strong castle which now belonged to them, with the picturesque and fertile scenes adjoining to it. But the history of the first settler, chivalrous and romantic in itself, was calculated to facilitate the settlement of an alien, in the land in which his lot was cast. We relate it as it is given by an ancient and uniform tradition, which carries in it great indications of truth, and is warrant enough, perhaps, for its insertion in graver histories than the present.

During the brief career of the celebrated patriot Sir William Wallace, and when his arms had for a time expelled the English invaders from his native country, he is said to have undertaken a voyage to France, with a small band of trusty friends, to try what his presence (for he was respected through all countries for his prowess) might do to induce the French monarch to send to Scotland a body of auxiliary forces, or other assistance, to aid the Scots in regaining their independence.

The Scottish Champion was on board a small vessel, and steering for the port of Dieppe, when a sail appeared in the distance, which the mariners regarded with doubt and apprehension, and at last with confusion and dismay. Wallace demanded to know what was the cause of their alarm. The captain of the ship informed him, that the tall vessel which was bearing down, with the purpose of boarding that which he commanded, was the ship of a celebrated rover, equally famed for his courage, strength of body, and successful piracies. It was commanded by a gentleman named Thomas de Longueville, a Frenchman by birth, but by practice one of those pirates who called themselves friends to the sea, and enemies to all who sailed upon that element. He attacked and plundered vessels of all nations, like one of the ancient Norse Sea-kings, as they were termed, whose dominion was upon the mountain waves. The master added, that no vessel could escape the rover by flight, so speedy was the bark he commanded; and that no crew, however hardy, could hope to resist him, when, as was his usual mode of combat, he threw himself on board at the head of his followers.

Wallace smiled sternly, while the master of the ship, with alarm in his countenance, and tears in his eyes, described to him the certainty of their being captured by the Red Rover, a name given to De Longueville, because he usually displayed the blood-red flag, which he had now hoisted.

"I will clear the narrow seas of this rover," said Wallace.

Then calling together some ten or twelve of his own followers, Boyd, Kerlie, Seton, and others, to whom the dust of the most desperate battle was like the breath of life, he commanded them to arm themselves, and lie flat upon the deck, so as to be out of sight. He ordered the mariners below, excepting such as were absolutely necessary to manage the vessel; and he gave the master instructions, upon pain of death, so to steer, as that, while the vessel had an appearance of attempting to fly, he should in fact permit the Red Rover to come up with them and do his worst. Wallace himself then lay down on the deck, that nothing might be seen which could intimate any purpose of resistance. In a quarter of an hour De Longueville's vessel ran on board that of the

Champion, and the Red Rover casting out grappling irons to make sure of his prize, jumped on the deck in complete armour, followed by his men, who gave a terrible shout, as if victory had been already secured. But the armed Scots started up at once, and the rover found himself unexpectedly engaged with men accustomed to consider victory as secure, when they were only opposed as one to two or three. Wallace himself rushed on the pirate captain, and a dreadful strife began betwixt them with such fury, that the others suspended their own battle to look on, and seemed by common consent to refer the issue of the strife to the fate of the combat between the two chiefs. The pirate fought as well as man could do; but Wallace's strength was beyond that of ordinary mortals. He dashed the sword from the rover's hand, and placed him in such peril, that, to avoid being cut down, he was fain to close with the Scottish Champion, in hope of overpowering him in the grapple. In this also he was foiled. They fell on the deck, locked in each other's arms, but the Frenchman fell undermost; and Wallace, fixing his grasp upon his gorget, compressed it so closely, notwithstanding it was made of the finest steel, that the blood gushed from his eyes, nose, and mouth, and he was only able to ask for quarter by signs. His men threw down their weapons and begged for mercy, when they saw their leader thus severely handled. The victor granted them all their lives, but took possession of their vessel, and detained them prisoners.

When he came in sight of the French harbour, Wallace alarmed the place by displaying the rover's colours, as if De Longueville was coming to pillage the town. The bells were rung backward; horns were blown, and the citizens were hurrying to arms, when the scene changed. The Scottish Lion on his shield of gold was raised above the piratical flag, and announced that the Champion of Scotland was approaching, like a falcon with his prey in his clutch. He landed with his prisoner, and carried him to the court of France, where, at Wallace's request, the robberies which the pirate had committed were forgiven, and the King even conferred the honour of knighthood on Sir Thomas de Longueville, and offered to take him into his service. But the rover had contracted such a friendship for his generous victor, that he insisted on uniting his fortunes with those of Wallace, with whom he returned to Scotland, and fought by his side in many a bloody battle, where the prowess of Sir Thomas de Longueville was remarked as inferior to that of none save of his heroic conqueror. His fate also was more fortunate than that of his patron. Being distinguished by the beauty as well as strength of his person, he rendered himself so acceptable to a young lady, heiress of the ancient family of Charteris, that she chose him for her husband, bestowing on him with her hand the fair baronial Castle of Kinfauns, and the domains annexed to it. Their descendants took the name of Charteris, as connecting themselves with their maternal ancestors, the ancient proprietors of the property, though the name of Thomas de Longueville was equally honoured amongst them; and the large two-handed sword with which he mowed the ranks of war, was, and is still, preserved among the family muniments. Another account is, that the family name of De Longueville

himself was Charteris. The estate afterwards passed to a family of Blairs, and is now the property of Lord Gray.

These barons of Kinfauns, from father to son, held, for several generations, the office of Provost of Perth; the vicinity of the castle and town rendering it a very convenient arrangement for mutual support. The Sir Patrick of this history had more than once led out the men of Perth to battles and skirmishes with the restless Highland depredators, and with other enemies, foreign and domestic. True it is, he used sometimes to be weary of the slight and frivolous complaints unnecessarily brought before him, and in which he was requested to interest himself. Hence he had sometimes incurred the charge of being too proud as a nobleman, or too indolent as a man of wealth, and one who was too much addicted to the pleasures of the field, and the exercise of feudal hospitality, to bestir himself upon all and every occasion when the Fair Town would have desired his active interference. But notwithstanding that this occasioned some slight murmuring, the citizens, upon any serious cause of alarm, were wont to rally around their Provost, and were warmly supported by him both in council and action.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE character and quality of Sir Patrick Charteris, the Provost of Perth, being such as we have sketched in the last chapter, let us now return to the deputation which was in the act of rendezvousing at the East Port, in order to wait upon that dignitary with their complaints, at Kinfauns.

And first appeared Simon Glover, on a pacing palfrey, which had sometimes enjoyed the honour of bearing the fairer person as well as the lighter weight of his beautiful daughter. His cloak was muffled round the lower part of his face, as a sign to his friends not to interrupt him by any questions while he passed through the streets, and partly, perhaps, on account of the coldness of the weather. The deepest anxiety was seated on his brow, as if, the more he meditated on the matter he was engaged in, the more difficult and perilous it appeared. He only greeted by silent gestures his friends as they came to the rendezvous.

A strong black horse, of the old Galloway breed, of an under size, not exceeding fourteen hands, but high-shouldered, strong-limbed, well-coupled, and round-barrelled, bore to the East Port the gallant Smith. A judge of the animal might see in his eye a spark of that vicious temper which is frequently the accompaniment of the form that is most vigorous and enduring; but the weight, the hand, and the seat of the rider, added to the late regular exercise of a long journey, had subdued its stubbornness for the present. He was accompanied by the honest Bonnet-maker, who, being, as the reader is aware, a little round man, had planted himself like a red pincushion (for he was wrapped in a scarlet cloak, over which he had slung a hawking-pouch), on the top of a great saddle, which he might be said rather to be perched upon than to bestride. The saddle and the man were girthed on the ridge-bone of a great trampling Flemish mare, with a nose turned up in the air like

a camel, a huge fleece of hair at each foot, and every hoof full as large in circumference as a frying-pan. The contrast between the beast and the rider was so extremely extraordinary, that whilst chance passengers contented themselves with wondering how he got up, his friends were anticipating with sorrow the perils which must attend his coming down again; for the high-seated horseman's feet did not by any means come beneath the laps of the saddle. He had associated himself to the Smith, whose motions he had watched for the purpose of joining him; for it was Oliver Proudfoot's opinion, that men of action showed to most advantage when beside each other; and he was delighted when some wag of the lower class had gravity enough to cry out, without laughing outright, "There goes the pride of Perth—there go the slashing craftsmen, the jolly Smith of the Wynd, and the bold Bonnet-maker!"

It is true, the fellow who gave this all-hail thrust his tongue in his cheek to some scapegraces like himself; but as the Bonnet-maker did not see this by-play, he generously threw him a silver penny to encourage his respect for martialists. This munificence occasioned their being followed by a crowd of boys, laughing and hallooing, until Henry Smith, turning back, threatened to switch the foremost of them; a resolution which they did not wait to see put in execution.

"Here are we the witnesses," said the little man on the large horse, as they joined Simon Glover at the East Port; "but where are they that should back us? Ah, brother Henry! authority is a load for an ass rather than a spirited horse; it would but clog the motions of such young fellows as you and me."

"I could well wish to see you bear ever so little of that same weight, worthy Master Proudfoot," replied Henry Gow, "were it but to keep you firm in the saddle; for you bounce about as if you were dancing a jig on your seat, without any help from your legs."

"Ay, ay; I raise myself in my stirrups to avoid the jolting. She is cruelly hard set this mare of mine; but she has carried me in field and forest, and through some passages that were something perilous; so Jezabel and I part not—I call her Jezabel, after the Princess of Castille."

"Isabel, I suppose you mean?" answered the Smith.

"Ay—Isabel, or Jezabel,—all the same, you know. But here comes Bailie Craigdallie at last, with that poor, creeping, cowardly creature the Pottingar. They have brought two town-officers with their partisans, to guard their fair persons, I suppose.—If there is one thing I hate more than another, it is such a sneaking varlet as that Dwining!"

"Have a care he does not hear you say so," said the Smith. "I tell thee, Bonnet-maker, that there is more danger in yonder slight wasted anatomy, than in twenty stout fellows like yourself."

"Pshaw! Bully Smith, you are but jesting with me," said Oliver,—softening his voice, however, and looking towards the Pottingar, as if to discover in what limb or lineament of his wasted face and form lay any appearance of the menaced danger; and his examination reassuring him, he answered boldly, "Blades and bucklers, man! I would stand the

feud of a dozen such as Dwining. What could he do to any man with blood in his veins?"

"He could give him a dose of physic," answered the Smith, dryly.

They had no time for further colloquy, for Bailie Craigdallie called to them to take the road to Kinfauns, and himself showed the example. As they advanced at a leisurely pace, the discourse turned on the reception which they were to expect from their Provost, and the interest which he was likely to take in the aggression which they complained of. The Glover seemed particularly desponding, and talked more than once, in a manner which implied a wish that they would yet consent to let the matter rest. He did not speak out very plainly, however, fearful, perhaps, of the malignant interpretation which might be derived from any appearance of his flinching from the assertion of his daughter's reputation. Dwining seemed to agree with him in opinion, but spoke more cautiously than in the morning.

"After all," said the Bailie, "when I think of all the propines and good gifts which have passed from the good town to my Lord Provost's, I cannot think he will be backward to show himself. More than one lusty boat, laden with Bourdeaux wine, has left the South Shore to discharge its burden under the Castle of Kinfauns. I have some right to speak of that, who was the merchant importer."

"And," said Dwining, with his squeaking voice, "I could speak of delicate confections, curious comfits, loaves of wastel bread, and even cakes of that rare and delicious condiment which men call sugar, that have gone thither to help out a bridal banquet, or a kirstening feast, or such like. But, alack, Bailie Craigdallie, wine is drunk, comfits are eaten, and the gift is forgotten when the flavour is past away. Alas, neighbour! the banquet of last Christmas is gone like the last year's snow."

"But there have been gloves full of gold pieces," said the Magistrate.

"I should know that who wrought them," said Simon, whose professional recollections still mingled with whatever else might occupy his mind. "One was a hawking glove for my lady. I made it something wide. Her ladyship found no fault, in consideration of the intended lining."

"Well, go to," said Bailie Craigdallie, "the less I lie; and if these are not to the fore, it is the Provost's fault, and not the town's; they could neither be ate nor drunk in the shape in which he got them."

"I could speak of a brave armour too," said the Smith; "but, *cogan na schie*! as John Highlandman says, I think the Knight of Kinfauns will do his devoir by the burgh in peace or war; and it is needless to be reckoning the town's good deeds, till we see him thankless for them."

"So say I," cried our friend Proudfoot, from the top of his mare. "We roystering blades never bear so base a mind as to count for wine and walnuts with a friend like Sir Patrick Charteris. Nay, trust me, a good woodsman like Sir Patrick will prize the right of hunting and sporting over the lands of the burgh as an high privilege, and one which, his Majesty the King's Grace excepted, is neither granted to lord nor loon save to our Provost alone."

As the Bonnet-maker spoke, there was heard on

the left hand, the cry of, "*So so—waw waw—haw*," being the shout of a falconer to his hawk.

"Methinks yonder is a fellow using the privilege you mention, who, from his appearance, is neither King nor Provost," said the Smith.

"Ay, marry, I see him," said the Bonnet-maker, who imagined the occasion presented a prime occasion to win honour. "Thou and I, jolly Smith, will prick towards him and put him to the question."

"Have with you, then," cried the Smith; and his companion spurred his mare and went off, never doubting that Gow was at his heels.

But Craigdallie caught Henry's horse by the reins. "Stand fast by the standard," he said; "let us see the luck of our light horseman. If he procures himself a broken pate, he will be quieter for the rest of the day."

"From what I already see," said the Smith, "he may easily come by such a boon. Yonder fellow, who stops so impudently to look at us, as if he were engaged in the most lawful sport in the world—I guess him by his trotting hobbler, his rusty head-piece with the cock's feather, and long two-handed sword, to be the follower of some of the southland lords—men who live so near the Southron, that the black-jack is never off their backs, and who are as free of their blows as they are light in their fingers."

Whilst they were thus speculating on the issue of the rencounter, the valiant Bonnet-maker began to pull up Jezabel, in order that the Smith, who he still concluded was close behind, might overtake him, and either advance first, or at least abreast of himself. But when he saw him at a hundred yards' distance, standing composedly with the rest of the group, the flesh of the champion, like that of the old Spanish general, began to tremble, in anticipation of the dangers into which his own venturesome spirit was about to involve it. Yet the consciousness of being countenanced by the neighbourhood of so many friends; the hopes that the appearance of such odds must intimidate the single intruder, and the shame of abandoning an enterprise in which he had volunteered, and when so many persons must witness his disgrace, surmounted the strong inclination which prompted him to wheel Jezabel to the right about, and return to the friends whose protection he had quitted, as fast as her legs could carry them. He accordingly continued his direction towards the stranger, who increased his alarm considerably by putting his little nag in motion, and riding to meet him at a brisk trot. On observing this apparently offensive movement, our hero looked over his left shoulder more than once, as if reconnoitring the ground for a retreat, and in the meanwhile came to a decided halt. But the Philistine was upon him ere the Bonnet-maker could decide whether to fight or fly, and a very ominous-looking Philistine he was. His figure was gaunt and lathy, his visage marked by two or three ill-favoured scars, and the whole man had much the air of one accustomed to say, "Stand and deliver," to a true man.

This individual began the discourse, by exclaiming, in tones as sinister as his look,—"*The devil catch you for a cuckoo, why do you ride across the moor to spoil my sport?*"

"Worthy stranger," said our friend, in the tone

of pacific remonstrance, "I am Oliver Proudpute, a burgess of Perth, and a man of substance; and yonder is the worshipful Adam Craigdallie, the oldest Bailie of the burgh, with the fighting Smith of the Wynd, and three or four armed men more, who desire to know your name, and how you come to take your pleasure over these lands belonging to the burgh of Perth—although, nathless, I will answer for them, it is not their wish to quarrel with a gentleman, or stranger for any accidental trespass; only it is their use and wont not to grant such leave, unless it is duly asked; and—and—therefore I desire to know your name, worthy sir."

The grim and loathly aspect with which the falconer had regarded Oliver Proudpute during his harangue, had greatly disconcerted him, and altogether altered the character of the inquiry which, with Henry Gow to back him, he would probably have thought most fitting for the occasion.

The stranger replied to it, modified as it was, with a most inauspicious grin, which the scars of his visage made appear still more repulsive. "You want to know my name?—My name is the Devil's Dick of Hellgarth, well known in Annandale for a gentle Johnstone. I follow the stout Laird of Wamphray, who rides with his kinsman the redoubted Lord of Johnstone, who is banded with the doughty Earl of Douglas; and the Earl and the Lord, and the Laird and I the Esquire, fly our hawks where we find our game, and ask no man whose ground we ride over."

"I will do your message, sir," replied Oliver Proudpute, meekly enough; for he began to be very desirous to get free of the embassy which he had so rashly undertaken, and was in the act of turning his horse's head, when the Annandale man added,—

"And take you this to boot, to keep you in mind that you met the Devil's Dick, and to teach you another time to beware how you spoil the sport of any one who wears the flying spur on his shoulder."

With these words he applied two or three smart blows of his riding-rod upon the luckless Bonnet-maker's head and person. Some of them lighted upon Jezabel, who, turning sharply round, laid her rider upon the moor, and galloped back towards the party of citizens.

Proudpute, thus overthrown, began to cry for assistance in no very manly voice, and almost in the same breath to whimper for mercy; for his antagonist, dismounting almost as soon as he fell, offered a whinger, or large wood-knife, to his throat, while he rifled the pockets of the unlucky citizen, and even examined his hawking-bag, swearing two or three grisly oaths, that he would have what it contained, since the wearer had interrupted his sport. He pulled the belt rudely off, terrifying the prostrate Bonnet-maker still more by the regardless violence which he used, as, instead of taking the pains to unbuckle the strap, he drew till the fastening gave way. But apparently it contained nothing to his mind. He threw it carelessly from him, and at the same time suffered the dismounted cavalier to rise, while he himself remounted his hobbler, and looked towards the rest of Oliver's party, who were now advancing.

When they had seen their delegate overthrown, there was some laughter; so much had the vaunting

humour of the Bonnet-maker prepared his friends to rejoice, when, as Henry Smith termed it, they saw their Oliver meet with a Rowland. But when the Bonnet-maker's adversary was seen to bestride him, and handle him in the manner described, the armourer could hold out no longer. "Please you, good Master Bailie, I cannot endure to see our townsman beaten and rifled, and like to be murdered before us all. It reflects upon the Fair Town; and if it is neighbour Proudpute's misfortune, it is our shame. I must to his rescue."

"We will all go to his rescue," answered Bailie Craigdallie: "but let no man strike without order from me. We have more feuds on our hands, it is to be feared, than we have strength to bring to good end. And therefore I charge you all, more especially you, Henry of the Wynd, in the name of the Fair City, that you make no stroke but in self-defence." They all advanced, therefore, in a body; and the appearance of such a number drove the plunderer from his booty. He stood at gaze, however, at some distance, like the wolf, which, though it retreats before the dogs, cannot be brought to absolute flight.

Henry, seeing this state of things, spurred his horse and advanced far before the rest of the party, up towards the scene of Oliver Proudpute's misfortune. His first task was to catch Jezabel by the flowing rein, and his next to lead her to meet her discomfited master, who was crippling towards him, his clothes much soiled with his fall, his eyes streaming with tears, from pain as well as mortification, and altogether exhibiting an aspect so unlike the spruce and dapper importance of his ordinary appearance, that the honest Smith felt compassion for the little man, and some remorse at having left him exposed to such disgrace. All men, I believe, enjoy an ill-natured joke. The difference is, that an ill-natured person can drink out to very dregs the amusement which it affords, while the better-moulded mind soon loses the sense of the ridiculous in sympathy for the pain of the sufferer.

"Let me pitch you up to your saddle, again, neighbour," said the Smith, dismounting at the same time, and assisting Oliver to scramble into his war-saddle, as a monkey might have done.

"May God forgive you, neighbour Smith, for not backing of me! I would not have believed in it, though fifty credible witnesses had sworn it of you."

Such were the first words, spoken in sorrow more than anger, by which the dismayed Oliver vented his feelings.

"The Bailie kept hold of my horse by the bridle; and besides," Henry continued, with a smile, which even his compassion could not suppress, "I thought you would have accused me of diminishing your honour, if I brought you aid against a single man. But cheer up! the villain took foul odds of you, your horse not being well at command."

"That is true—that is true," said Oliver, eagerly catching at the apology.

"And yonder stands the faitour, rejoicing at the mischief he has done, and triumphing in your overthrow, like the king in the romance, who played upon the fiddle whilst a city was burning. Come thou with me, and thou shalt see how we will handle

him—Nay, fear not that I will desert thee this time."

So saying, he caught Jezabel by the rein, and galloping alongside of her, without giving Oliver time to express a negative, he rushed toward the Devil's Dick, who had halted on the top of a rising ground at some distance. The gentle Johnstone, however, either that he thought the contest unequal, or that he had fought enough for the day, snapping his fingers, and throwing his hand out with an air of defiance, spurred his horse into a neighbouring bog, through which he seemed to flutter like a wild duck, swinging his lure round his head, and whistling to his hawk all the while, though any other horse and rider must have been instantly bogged up to the saddle-girths.

"There goes a thorough-bred moss-trooper," said the Smith. "That fellow will fight or flee as suits his humour, and there is no use to pursue him, any more than to hunt a wild goose. He has got your purse, I doubt me, for they seldom leave off till they are full-handed."

"Ye—ye—yes," said Proudpute, in a melancholy tone; "he has got my purse—but there is less matter since he hath left the hawking-bag."

"Nay, the hawking-bag had been an emblem of personal victory, to be sure—a trophy, as the minstrels call it."

"There is more in it than that, friend," said Oliver significantly.

"Why, that is well, neighbour; I love to hear you speak in your own scholarly tone again. Cheer up, you have seen the villain's back, and regained the trophies you had lost when taken at advantage."

"Ah, Henry Gow—Henry Gow," said the Bonnet-maker, and stopped short with a deep sigh, nearly amounting to a groan.

"What is the matter?" asked his friend; "what is it you vex yourself about now?"

"I have some suspicion, my dearest friend, Henry Smith, that the villain fled for fear of you, not of me!"

"Do not think so," replied the armourer; "he saw two men and fled, and who can tell whether he fled for one or the other? Besides, he knows by experience your strength and activity; we all saw how you kicked and struggled when you were on the ground."

"Did I?" said poor Proudpute; "I do not remember it—but I know it is my best point—I am a strong dog in the loins. But did they all see it?"

"All as much as I," said the Smith, smothering an inclination to laughter.

"But thou wilt remind them of it?"

"Be assured I will," answered Henry, "and of thy desperate rally even now. Mark what I say to Bailie Craigdallie, and make the best of it."

"It is not that I require any evidence in my favour, for I am as brave by nature as most men in Perth—but only——" Here the man of valour paused.

"But only what?" inquired the stout armourer.

"But only I am afraid of being killed. To leave my pretty wife and my young family, you know, would be a sad change, Smith. You will know this

when it is your own case, and will feel abated in courage."

"It is like that I may," said the armourer, musing.

"Then I am so accustomed to the use of arms, and so well breathed, that few men can match me. It's all here," said the little man, expanding his breast like a trussed fowl, and patting himself with his hands; "here is room for all the wind machinery."

"I dare say you are long-breathed—long-winded,—at least your speech bewrays——"

"My speech?—You are a wag—but I have got the stern-post of a dromond brought up the river from Dundee."

"The stern post of a Drummond!" exclaimed the armourer, "conscience, man, it will put you in feud with the whole clan—not the least wrathful in the country, as I take it."

"St Andrew, man, you put me out!—I mean a dromond, that is a large ship. I have fixed this post in my yard, and had it painted and carved something like a Soldan or Saracen, and with him I breathe myself, and will wield my two-handed sword against him, thrust or point, for an hour together."

"That must make you familiar with the use of your weapon," said the Smith.

"Ay, marry does it—and sometimes I will place you a bonnet (an old one, most likely) on my Soldan's head, and cleave it with such a downright blow, that, in troth, the infidel has but little of his skull remaining to hit at."

"That is unlucky, for you will lose your practice," said Henry.—"But how say you, Bonnet-maker? I will put on my head-piece and corslet one day, and you shall hew at me, allowing me my broadsword to parry and pay back. Eh, what say you?"

"By no manner of means, my dear friend. I should do you too much evil;—besides, to tell you the truth, I strike far more freely at a helmet or bonnet, when it is set on my wooden Soldan—then I am sure to fetch it down. But when there is a plume of feathers in it that nod, and two eyes gleaming fiercely from under the shadow of the visor, and when the whole is dancing about here and there, I acknowledge it puts out my hand of fence."

"So if men would but stand stock-still like your Soldan, you would play the tyrant with them, Master Proudpute?"

"In time, and with practice, I conclude I might," answered Oliver.—"But here we come up with the rest of them; Bailie Craigdallie looks angry—but it is not his kind of anger that frightens me."

You are to recollect, gentle reader, that as soon as the Bailie, and those who attended him, saw that the Smith had come up to the forlorn Bonnet-maker, and that the stranger had retreated, they gave themselves no trouble about advancing further to his assistance, which they regarded as quite insured by the presence of the redoubted Henry Gow. They had resumed their straight road to Kinfauns, desirous that nothing should delay the execution of their mission. As some time had elapsed ere the Bonnet-maker and the Smith rejoined the party, Bailie Craigdallie asked them, and Henry Smith in particular,

what they meant by dallying away precious time by riding up hill after the falconer.

"By the mass, it was not my fault, Master Bailie," replied the Smith. "If ye will couple up an ordinary low-country greyhound with a highland wolf-dog, you must not blame the first of them for taking the direction in which it pleases the last to drag him on. It was so, and not otherwise, with my neighbour Oliver Proudfoot. He no sooner got up from the ground, but he mounted his mare like a flash of lightning, and, enraged at the unknightly advantage which yonder rascal had taken of his stumbling horse, he flew after him like a dromedary. I could not but follow, both to prevent a second stumble, and secure our over bold friend and champion from the chance of some ambush at the top of the hill. But the villain, who is a follower of some Lord of the Marches, and wears a winged spur for his cognizance, fled from our neighbour like fire from flint."

The senior Bailie of Perth listened with surprise to the legend which it had pleased Gow to circulate; for though not much caring for the matter, he had always doubted the Bonnet-maker's romancing account of his own exploits, which hereafter he must hold as in some degree orthodox. The shrewd old Glover looked closer into the matter.

"You will drive the poor Bonnet-maker mad," he whispered to Henry, "and set him a-ringing his clapper, as if he were a town-bell on a rejoicing day, when for order and decency it were better he were silent."

"O, by Our Lady, father," replied the Smith, "I love the poor little braggadocio, and could not think of his sitting rueful and silent in the Provost's hall, while all the rest of them, and in especial that venomous Pottingar, were telling their mind."

"Thou art even too good-natured a fellow, Henry," answered Simon. "But mark the difference betwixt these two men. The harmless little Bonnet-maker assumes the airs of a dragon, to disguise his natural cowardice; while the Pottingar wilfully desires to show himself timid, poor-spirited, and humble, to conceal the danger of his temper. The adder is not the less deadly that he creeps under a stone. I tell thee, son Henry, that for all his sneaking looks, and timorous talking, this wretched anatomy loves mischief more than he fears danger.—But here we stand in front of the Provost's castle; and a lordly place is Kinfauns, and a credit to the city it is, to have the owner of such a gallant castle for their chief magistrate."

"A goodly fortalice, indeed," said the Smith, looking at the broad winding Tay, as it swept under the bank on which the castle stood, like its modern successor, and seemed the queen of the valley, although, on the opposite side of the river, the strong walls of Elcho appeared to dispute the pre-eminence. Elcho, however, was in that age a peaceful nunnery, and the walls with which it was surrounded were the barriers of secluded vestals, not the bulwarks of an armed garrison. "'Tis a brave castle," said the armourer, "again looking at the towers of Kinfauns, 'and the breast-plate and target of the bonnie course of the Tay. It were worth lipping * a good blade before wrong were offered to it."

The porter of Kinfauns, who knew from a distance

* *Lipping*, i. e. making notches in a sword, or knife.

the persons and characters of the party, had already opened the court-yard gate for their entrance, and sent notice to Sir Patrick Charteris, that the eldest Bailie of Perth, with some other good citizens, were approaching the castle. The good knight, who was getting ready for a hawking party, heard the intimation, with pretty much the same feelings that the modern representative of a burgh hears of the menaced visitation of a party of his worthy electors, at a time rather unseasonable for their reception. That is, he internally devoted the intruders to Mahound and Termagant, and outwardly gave orders to receive them with all decorum and civility; commanded the sewers to bring hot venison steaks and cold baked meats into the knightly hall with all dispatch, and the butler to broach his casks, and do his duty; for if the Fair City of Perth sometimes filled his cellar, her citizens were always equally ready to assist at emptying his flagons.

The good burghers were reverently marshalled into the hall, where the knight, who was in a riding-habit, and booted up to the middle of his thighs, received them with a mixture of courtesy and patronizing condescension; wishing them all the while at the bottom of the Tay, on account of the interruption their arrival gave to his proposed amusement of the morning. He met them in the midst of the hall, with bare head and bonnet in hand, and some such salutation as the following:—"Ha, my Master Eldest Bailie, and you, worthy Simon Glover, fathers of the Fair City;—and you, my learned Pottingar;—and you, stout Smith;—and my slashing Bonnet-maker too, who cracks more skulls than he covers, how come I to have the pleasure of seeing so many friends so early? I was thinking to see my hawks fly, and your company will make the sport more pleasant—(Aside, I trust in Our Lady they may break their necks!)—that is, always, unless the city have any commands to lay on me—Butler Gilbert, dispatch, thou knave—But I hope you have no more grave errand than to try if the malvoisie holds its flavour?"

The city delegates answered to their Provost's civilities by inclinations and congees, more or less characteristic, of which the Pottingar's bow was the lowest, and the Smith's the least ceremonious. Probably he knew his own value as a fighting man upon occasion. To the general compliment the Elder Bailie replied.

"Sir Patrick Charteris, and our noble Lord Provost," said Craigdallie, gravely, "had our errand been to enjoy the hospitality with which we have been often regaled here, our manners would have taught us to tarry till your lordship had invited us, as on other occasions. And as to hawking, we have had enough on't for one morning; since a wild fellow, who was flying a falcon hard by on the moor, unhorsed and cudgelled our worthy friend Oliver Bonnet-maker, or Proudfoot, as some men call him, merely because he questioned him, in your honour's name, and the town of Perth's, who or what he was that took so much upon him."

"And what account gave he of himself?" said the Provost. "By St John! I will teach him to forestall my sport!"

"So please your lordship," said the Bonnet-maker, "he did take me at disadvantage. But I got on horse-

back again afterwards, and pricked after him gallantly. He calls himself Richard the Devil."

"How, man? he that the rhymes and romances are made on?" said the Provost. "I thought that smaik's name had been Robert."

"I trow they be different, my lord; I only graced this fellow with the full title, for indeed he called himself the Devil's Dick, and said he was a Johnstone, and a follower of the lord of that name. But I put him back into the bog, and recovered my hawking bag, which he had taken when I was at disadvantage."

Sir Patrick paused for an instant. "We have heard," said he, "of the Lord of Johnstone, and of his followers. Little is to be had by meddling with them.—Smith, tell me, did you endure this?"

"Ay, faith did I, Sir Patrick; having command from my betters not to help."

"Well, if thou sat'st down with it," said the Provost, "I see not why we should rise up; especially as Master Oliver Proudpute, though taken at advantage at first, has, as he has told us, recovered his reputation and that of the burgh. But here comes the wine at length. Fill round to my good friends and guests till the wine leap over the cup. Prosperity to St Johnstone, and a merry welcome to you all, my honest friends! And now sit you to eat a morsel, for the sun is high up, and it must be long since you thrifty men have broken your fast."

"Before we eat, my Lord Provost," said the Bailie, "let us tell you the pressing cause of our coming, which as yet we have not touched upon."

"Nay, prithee, Bailie," said the Provost, "put it off till thou hast eaten. Some complaint against the rascally jackmen and retainers of the nobles, for playing at foot-ball on the streets of the burgh, or some such goodly matter."

"No, my lord," said Craigdallie, stoutly and firmly. "It is the jackmen's masters of whom we complain, for playing at foot-ball with the honour of our families, and using as little ceremony with our daughters' sleeping chambers, as if they were in a bordel at Paris. A party of reiving night-walkers,—courtiers, and men of rank, as there is but too much reason to believe,—attempted to scale the windows of Simon Glover's house last night; they stood in their defence with drawn weapons when they were interrupted by Henry Smith, and fought till they were driven off by the rising of the citizens."

"How!" said Sir Patrick, setting down the cup which he was about to raise to his head. "Cocksbody, make that manifest to me, and by the soul of Thomas of Longueville, I will see you righted with my best power, were it to cost me life and land.—Who attests this?—Simon Glover, you are held an honest and a cautious man—do you take the truth of this charge upon your conscience?"

"My lord," said Simon, "understand I am no willing complainer in this weighty matter. No damage has arisen, save to the breakers of the peace themselves. I fear only great power could have encouraged such lawless audacity; and I were unwilling to put feud between my native town and some powerful nobleman on my account. But it has been said, that if I hang back in prosecuting this complaint, it will be as much as admitting that my daughter expected

such a visit, which is a direct falsehood. Therefore, my lord, I will tell your lordship what happened, so far as I know, and leave further proceeding to your wisdom." He then told, from point to point, all that he had seen of the attack.

Sir Patrick Charteris, listening with much attention, seemed particularly struck with the escape of the man who had been made prisoner. "Strange," he said, "that you did not secure him when you had him. Did you not look at him so as to know him again?"

"I had but the light of a lantern, my Lord Provost; and as to suffering him to escape, I was alone," said the Glover, "and old. But yet I might have kept him, had I not heard my daughter shriek in the upper room; and ere I had returned from her chamber, the man had escaped through the garden."

"Now, armourer, as a true man, and a good soldier," said Sir Patrick, "tell me what you know of this matter."

Henry Gow, in his own decided style, gave a brief but clear narrative of the whole affair.

Honest Proudpute being next called upon, began his statement with an air of more importance. "Touching this awful and astounding tumult within the burgh, I cannot altogether, it is true, say with Henry Gow, that I saw the very beginning. But it will not be denied that I beheld a great part of the latter end, and especially that I procured the evidence most effectual to convict the knaves."

"And what is it, man?" said Sir Patrick Charteris. "Never lose time fumbling and prating about it. What is it?"

"I have brought your lordship, in this pouch, what one of the rogues left behind him," said the little man. "It is a trophy which, in good face and honest truth, I do confess I won not by the blade, but I claim the credit of securing it with that presence of mind which few men possess amidst flashing torches and clashing weapons. I secured it, my lord, and here it is."

So saying, he produced, from the hawking-pouch already mentioned, the stiffened hand which had been found on the scene of the skirmish.

"Nay, Bonnet-maker," said the Provost, "I'll warrant thee man enough to secure a rogue's hand after it is cut from the body.—What do you look so busily for in your bag?"

There should have been—there was—a ring, my lord, which was on the knave's finger. I fear I have been forgetful, and left it at home, for I took it off to show to my wife, as she cared not to look upon the dead hand, as women love not such sights. But yet I thought I had put it on the finger again. Nevertheless, it must, I bethink me, be at home. I will ride back for it, and Henry Smith will trot along with me."

"We will all trot with thee," said Sir Patrick Charteris, "since I am for Perth myself. Look you, honest burghers and good neighbours of Perth. You may have thought me unapt to be moved by light complaints and trivial breaches of your privileges, such as small trespasses on your game, the barons' followers playing foot-ball in the street, and such like. But, by the soul of Thomas of Longueville, you shall not find Patrick Charteris slothful in a matter of this

importance.—“This hand,” he continued, holding up the severed joint, “belongs to one who hath worked no drudgery. We will put it in a way to be known and claimed of the owner, if his comrades of the revel have but one spark of honour in them.—Hark you, Gerard—get me some half-score of good men instantly to horse, and let them take jack and spear. Meanwhile, neighbours, if feud arise out of this, as is most likely, we must come to each other’s support. If my poor house be attacked, how many men will you bring to my support?”

The burghers looked at Henry Gow, to whom they instinctively turned when such matters were discussed. “I will answer,” said he, “for fifty good fellows to be assembled ere the common bell has rung ten minutes; for a thousand, in the space of an hour.”

“It is well,” answered the gallant Provost; “and in the case of need, I will come to aid the Fair City with such men as I can make. And now, good friends, let us to horse.”

CHAPTER IX.

It was early in the afternoon of St Valentine’s Day that the Prior of the Dominicans was engaged in discharge of his duties as Confessor to a penitent of no small importance. This was an elderly man, of a goodly presence, a florid and healthful cheek, the under part of which was shaded by a venerable white beard, which descended over his bosom. The large and clear blue eyes, with the broad expanse of brow, expressed dignity; but it was of a character which seemed more accustomed to receive honours voluntarily paid, than to enforce them when they were refused. The good-nature of the expression was so great as to approach to defenceless simplicity or weakness of character, unfit, it might be inferred, to repel intrusion, or subdue resistance. Amongst the grey locks of this personage was placed a small circlet or coronet of gold, upon a blue fillet. His beads, which were large and conspicuous, were of native gold, rudely enough wrought, but ornamented with Scottish pearls, of rare size and beauty. These were his only ornaments; and a long crimson robe of silk, tied by a sash of the same colour, formed his attire. His shrift being finished, he arose heavily from the embroidered cushion upon which he kneeled during his confession, and by the assistance of a crutch-headed staff of ebony, moved, lame and ungracefully, and with apparent pain, to a chair of state, which, surmounted by a canopy, was placed for his accommodation by the chimney of the lofty and large apartment.

This was Robert, third of the name, and the second of the ill-fated family of Stewart, who filled the throne of Scotland. He had many virtues, and was not without talent; but it was his great misfortune, that, like others of his devoted line, his merits were not of a kind suited to the part which he was called upon to perform in life. The king of so fierce a people as the Scots then were, ought to have been warlike, prompt, and active, liberal in rewarding services, strict in punishing crimes; one whose conduct should make him feared as well as beloved. The qualities of Robert the Third were the reverse of all these. In youth he

had indeed seen battles, but, without incurring disgrace, he had never manifested the chivalrous love of war and peril, or the eager desire to distinguish himself by dangerous achievements, which in that age was expected from all who were of noble birth, and had claims to authority.

Besides, his military career was very short. Amidst the tumult of a tournament, the young Earl of Carrick, such was then his title, received a kick from the horse of Sir James Douglas of Dalkeith; in consequence of which, he was lame for the rest of his life, and absolutely disabled from taking share either in warfare, or in the military sports and tournaments which were its image. As Robert had never testified much predilection for violent exertion, he did not probably much regret the incapacities which exempted him from these active scenes. But his misfortune, or rather its consequences, lowered him in the eyes of a fierce nobility and warlike people. He was obliged to repose the principal charge of his affairs now in one member, now in another, of his family; sometimes with the actual rank, and always with the power of Lieutenant-general of the kingdom. His paternal affection would have induced him to use the assistance of his eldest son, a young man of spirit and talent, whom in fondness he had created Duke of Rothsay, in order to give him the present possession of a dignity next to that of the throne. But the young Prince’s head was too giddy, and his hand too feeble, to wield with dignity the delegated sceptre. However fond of power, pleasure was the Prince’s favourite pursuit; and the court was disturbed, and the country scandalized, by the number of fugitive amours, and extravagant revels, practised by him who should have set an example of order and regularity to the youth of the kingdom.

The license and impropriety of the Duke of Rothsay’s conduct was the more reprehensible in the public view, that he was a married person; although some, over whom his youth, gaiety, grace, and good temper, had obtained influence, were of opinion, that an excuse for his libertinism might be found in the circumstances of the marriage itself. They reminded each other that his nuptials were entirely conducted by his uncle, the Duke of Albany, by whose counsels the infirm and timid King was much governed at the time, and who had the character of managing the temper of his brother and sovereign, so as might be most injurious to the interests and prospects of the young heir. By Albany’s machinations, the hand of the heir-apparent was in a manner put up to sale, as it was understood publicly that the nobleman in Scotland who should give the largest dower to his daughter, might aspire to raise her to the bed of the Duke of Rothsay.

In the contest for preference which ensued, George, Earl of Dunbar and March, who possessed, by himself or his vassals, a great part of the eastern frontier, was preferred to other competitors; and his daughter was, with the mutual good will of the young couple, actually contracted to the Duke of Rothsay.

But there remained a third party to be consulted, and that was no other than the tremendous Archibald, Earl of Douglas, terrible alike from the extent of his lands, from the offices and jurisdictions with which he was invested, and from his personal qualities of wis-

dom and valour, mingled with indomitable pride, and more than the feudal love of vengeance. The Earl was also nearly related to the throne, having married the eldest daughter of the reigning Monarch.

After the espousals of the Duke of Rothsay with the Earl of March's daughter, Douglas, as if he had postponed his share in the negotiation to show that it could not be concluded with any one but himself, entered the lists to break off the contract. He made a larger offer with his daughter Marjory than the Earl of March had proffered; and, secured by his own cupidity and fear of the Douglas, Albany exerted his influence with the timid monarch till he was prevailed upon to break the contract with the Earl of March, and wed his son to Marjory Douglas, a woman whom he could not love. No apology was offered to the Earl of March, excepting that the espousals betwixt the Prince and Elizabeth of Dunbar had not been approved by the States of Parliament, and that till such ratification, the contract was liable to be broken off. The Earl deeply resented the wrong done to himself and his daughter, and was generally understood to study revenge, which his great influence on the English frontier was likely to place within his power.

In the meantime, the Duke of Rothsay, incensed at the sacrifice of his hand and his inclinations to this state-intrigue, took his own mode of venting his displeasure, by neglecting his wife, contemning his formidable and dangerous father-in-law, and showing little respect to the authority of the King himself, and none whatever to the remonstrances of Albany his uncle, whom he looked upon as his confirmed enemy.

Amid these internal dissensions of his family, which extended themselves through his councils and administration, introducing every where the baneful effects of uncertainty and disunion, the feeble Monarch had for some time been supported by the counsels of his Queen Annabella, a daughter of the noble house of Drummond, gifted with a depth of sagacity and firmness of mind, which exercised some restraint over the levities of a son who respected her, and sustained on many occasions the wavering resolution of her royal husband. But after her death, the imbecile Sovereign resembled nothing so much as a vessel drifted from her anchors, and tossed about amidst contending currents. Abstractedly considered, Robert might be said to doat upon his son,—to entertain respect and awe for the character of his brother Albany, so much more decisive than his own,—to fear the Douglas with a terror which was almost instinctive, and to suspect the constancy of the bold but fickle Earl of March. But his feelings towards these various characters were so mixed and complicated, that from time to time they showed entirely different from what they really were; and according to the interest which had been last exerted over his flexible mind, the King would change from an indulgent, to a strict and even cruel father—from a confiding, to a jealous brother—or from a benignant and bountiful, to a grasping and encroaching Sovereign. Like theameleon, his feeble mind reflected the colour of that firmer character upon which at the time he reposed for counsel and assistance. And when he disused the advice of one of his family,

and employed the counsel of another, it was no unwonted thing to see a total change of measures, equally disrespectful to the character of the King, and dangerous to the safety of the state.

It followed as a matter of course, that the clergy of the Catholic Church acquired influence over a man whose intentions were so excellent, but whose resolutions were so infirm. Robert was haunted, not only with a due sense of the errors he had really committed, but with the tormenting apprehensions of those peccadilloes which beset a superstitious and timid mind. It is scarcely necessary, therefore, to add, that the churchmen of various descriptions had no small influence over this easy-tempered prince, though indeed, theirs was, at that period, an influence from which few or none escaped, however resolute and firm of purpose in affairs of a temporal character.—We now return from this long digression, without which what we have to relate could not perhaps have been well understood.

The King had moved with ungraceful difficulty to the cushioned chair, which, under a state or canopy, stood prepared for his accommodation, and upon which he sank down with enjoyment, like an indolent man, who had been for some time confined to a constrained position. When seated, the gentle and venerable looks of the good old man showed benevolence. The Prior, who now remained standing opposite to the royal seat, with an air of deep deference which cloaked the natural haughtiness of his carriage, was a man betwixt forty and fifty years of age, but every one of whose hairs still retained their natural dark colour. Acute features, and a penetrating look, attested the talents by which the venerable father had acquired his high station in the community over which he presided; and, we may add, in the councils of the kingdom in whose service they were often exercised. The chief objects which his education and habits taught him to keep in view, were the extension of the dominion and the wealth of the church, and the suppression of heresy, both of which he endeavoured to accomplish by all the means which his situation afforded him. But he honoured his religion by the sincerity of his own belief, and by the morality which guided his conduct in all ordinary situations. The faults of the Prior Anselm, though they led him into grievous error, and even cruelty, were perhaps rather those of his age and profession—his virtues were his own.

"These things done," said the King, "and the lands I have mentioned, secured by my gift to this monastery, you are of opinion, father, that I stand as much in the good graces of our Holy Mother Church, as to term myself her dutiful son?"

"Surely, my liege," said the Prior; "would to God that all her children brought to the efficacious sacrament of confession as deep a sense of their errors, and as much will to make amends for them. But I speak these comforting words, my liege, not to Robert King of Scotland, but only to my humble and devout penitent, Robert Stewart of Carrick."

"You surprise me, Father," answered the King; "I have little check on my conscience for aught that I have done in my kingly office, seeing that I use therein less mine own opinion than the advice of the most wise counsellors."

"Even therein lieth the danger, my liege," replied the Prior. "The Holy Father recognises in your Grace, in every thought, word, and action, an obedient vassal of the Holy Church. But there are perverse counsellors, who obey the instinct of their wicked hearts, while they abuse the good-nature and ductility of their monarch, and, under colour of serving his temporal interests, take steps which are prejudicial to those that last to eternity."

King Robert raised himself upright in his chair, and assumed an air of authority, which, though it well became him, he did not usually display.

"Prior Anselm," he said, "if you have discovered anything in my conduct, whether as a king or a private individual, which may call down such censures as your words intimate, it is your duty to speak plainly, and I command you to do so."

"My liege, you shall be obeyed," answered the Prior, with an inclination of the body. Then raising himself up, and assuming the dignity of his rank in the church, he said, "Hear from me the words of our Holy Father the Pope, the successor of St Peter, to whom have descended the keys, both to bind and to unloose. 'Wherefore, O Robert of Scotland, hast thou not received into the See of St Andrew's, Robert of Wardlaw, whom the Pontiff hath recommended to fill that See? Why dost thou make profession with thy lips, of dutiful service to the Church, when thy actions proclaim the depravity and disobedience of thy inward soul? Obedience is better than sacrifice.'"

"Sir Prior," said the Monarch, bearing himself in a manner not unbecoming his lofty rank, "we may well dispense with answering you upon this subject, being a matter which concerns us and the estates of our kingdom, but does not affect our private conscience."

"Alas," said the Prior, "and whose conscience will it concern at the last day? Which of your belted lords or wealthy burgesses will then step between their King and the penalty which he has incurred, by following of their secular policy in matters ecclesiastical? Know, mighty King, that, were all the chivalry of thy realm drawn up to shield thee from the red levin-bolt, they would be consumed like scorched parchment before the blaze of a furnace."

"Good Father Prior," said the King, on whose timorous conscience this kind of language seldom failed to make an impression, "you surely argue over rigidly in this matter. It was during my last indisposition, while the Earl of Douglas held, as Lieutenant-general, the regal authority in Scotland, that the obstruction to the reception of the Primate unhappily arose. Do not, therefore, tax me with what happened when I was unable to conduct the affairs of the kingdom, and compelled to delegate my power to another."

"To your subject, Sire, you have said enough," replied the Prior. "But, if the impediment arose during the lieutenancy of the Earl of Douglas, the Legate of his Holiness will demand wherefore it has not been instantly removed, when the King resumed in his royal hands the reins of authority? The Black Douglas can do much; more perhaps than a subject should have power to do in the kingdom of

his sovereign; but he cannot stand betwixt your Grace and your own conscience, or release you from the duties to the Holy Church, which your situation as a king imposes upon you."

"Father," said Robert, somewhat impatiently, "you are over peremptory in this matter, and ought at least to wait a reasonable season, until we have time to consider of some remedy. Such disputes have happened repeatedly in the reigns of our predecessors; and our royal and blessed ancestor, Saint David, did not resign his privileges as a monarch without making a stand in their defence, even though he was involved in arguments with the Holy Father himself."

"And therein was that great and good king neither holy nor saintly," said the Prior; "and therefore was he given to be a rout and a spoil to his enemies, when he raised his sword against the banners of St Peter, and St Paul, and St John of Beverley, in the war, as it is still called, of the Standard. Well was it for him, that, like his namesake, the son of Jesse, his sin was punished upon earth, and not entered against him at the long and dire day of accounting."

"Well, good Prior—well—enough of this for the present. The Holy See shall, God willing, have no reason to complain of me. I take Our Lady to witness, I would not for the crown I wear take the burden of wronging our Mother Church. We have ever feared that the Earl of Douglas kept his eyes too much fixed on the fame and the temporalities of this frail and passing life, to feel altogether as he ought the claims that refer to a future world."

"It is but lately," said the Prior, "that he hath taken up forcible quarters in the Monastery of Aberbrothock, with his retinue of a thousand followers; and the abbot is compelled to furnish him with all he needs for horse and man, which the Earl calls exercising the hospitality which he hath a right to expect from the foundation to which his ancestors were contributors. Certain, it were better to return to the Douglas his lands than to submit to such exaction, which more resembles the masterful license of Highland thiggers and sorners, than the demeanour of a Christian baron."

"The Black Douglasses," said the King, with a sigh, "are a race which will not be said nay. But, father Prior, I am myself, it may be, an intruder of this kind; for my sojourning hath been long among you, and my retinue, though far fewer than the Douglas's, are nevertheless enough to cumber you for their daily maintenance; and though our order is to send out purveyors to lessen your charge as much as may be, yet if there be inconvenience, it were fitting we should remove in time."

"Now, Our Lady forbid," said the Prior, who, if desirous of power, had nothing meanly covetous in his temper, but was even magnificent in his generous kindness; "certainly the Dominican Convent can afford to her Sovereign the hospitality which the house offers to every wanderer of whatever condition, who will receive it at the hands of the poor servants of our patron. No, my royal liege; come with ten times your present train, they shall neither want a grain of oats, a pile of straw, a morsel of bread, nor an ounce of food, which our convent will not supply them. It is one thing to employ the revenues of the

Church, which are so much larger than monks ought to need or wish for, in the suitable and dutiful reception of your royal Majesty, and another to have it wrenched from us by the hands of rude and violent men, whose love of rapine is only limited by the extent of their power."

"It is well, good Prior," said the King; "and now to turn our thoughts for an instant from state affairs, can thy reverence inform us how the good citizens of Perth have begun their Valentine's Day?—Gallantly and merrily, and peacefully, I hope."

"For gallantly, my liege, I know little of such qualities. For peacefully, there were three or four men, two cruelly wounded, came this morning before day-light to ask the privilege of girth and sanctuary, pursued by a hue and cry of citizens in their shirts, with clubs, bills, Lochaber axes, and two-handed swords, crying kill and slay, each louder than another. Nay, they were not satisfied when our porter and watch told them that those they pursued had taken refuge in the Galilee of the Church; but continued for some minutes clamouring and striking upon the postern door, demanding that the men who had offended should be delivered up to them.—I was afraid their rude noise might have broken your Majesty's rest, and raised some surprise."

"My rest might have been broken," said the Monarch; "but that sounds of violence should have occasioned surprise—Alas! reverend father, there is in Scotland only one place where the shriek of the victim, and threats of the oppressor are not heard—and that, father, is—the grave."

The Prior stood in respectful silence, sympathizing with the feelings of a monarch, whose tenderness of heart suited so ill with the condition and manners of his people.

"And what became of the fugitives?" asked Robert, after a minute's pause.

"Surely, sire," said the Prior, "they were dismissed, as they desired to be, before day-light; and after we had sent out to be assured that no ambush of their enemies watched them in the vicinity, they went their way in peace."

"You know nothing," inquired the King, "who the men were, or the cause of their taking refuge with you?"

"The cause," said the Prior, "was the riot with the townsmen; but how arising is not known to us. The custom of our house is to afford twenty-four hours of uninterrupted refuge in the sanctuary of St Dominic, without asking any question at the poor unfortunates who have sought relief there. If they desire to remain for a longer space, the cause of their resorting to sanctuary must be put upon the register of the convent; and, praised be our holy Saint, many persons escape the weight of the law by this temporary protection, whom, did we know the character of their crimes, we might have found ourselves obliged to render up to their pursuers and persecutors."

As the Prior spoke, a dim idea occurred to the Monarch, that the privilege of sanctuary thus peremptorily executed, must prove a severe interruption to the course of justice through his realm. But he repelled the feeling, as if it had been a suggestion of Satan, and took care that not a single word should escape to betray to the churchman that such a pro-

VOL. VII.

fane thought had ever occupied his bosom; on the contrary, he hasted to change the subject.

"The sun," he said, "moves slowly on the index. After the painful information you have given me, I expected the Lords of my Council ere now, to take order with the ravelled affairs of this unhappy riot. Evil was the fortune which gave me rule over a people, among whom it seems to me I am in my own person the only man who desires rest and tranquillity."

"The Church always desires peace and tranquillity," added the Prior, not suffering even so general a proposition to escape the poor King's oppressed mind, without insisting on a saving clause for the Church's honour.

"We meant nothing else," said Robert. "But, father Prior, you will allow that the Church, in quelling strife, as is doubtless her purpose, resembles the busy housewife, who puts in motion the dust which she means to sweep away."

To this remark the Prior would have made some reply, but the door of the apartment was opened, and a gentleman-usher announced the Duke of Albany.

CHAPTER X.

If I know how to manage these affairs,
Thus thrust disorderly upon my hands,
Never believe me.—

Richard II.

THE Duke of Albany was, like his royal brother, named Robert. The Christian name of the latter had been John, until he was called to the throne; when the superstition of the times observed that the name had been connected with misfortune in the lives and reigns of John of England, John of France, and John Baliol of Scotland. It was therefore agreed, that, to elude the bad omen, the new King should assume the name of Robert, rendered dear to Scotland by the recollections of Robert Bruce. We mention this, to account for the existence of two brothers of the same Christian name in one family, which was not certainly a usual occurrence, more than at the present day.

Albany, also an aged man, was not supposed to be much more disposed for warlike enterprise than the King himself. But if he had not courage, he had wisdom to conceal and cloak over his want of that quality, which, once suspected, would have ruined all the plans which his ambition had formed. He had also pride enough to supply, in extremity, the want of real valour, and command enough over his nerves to conceal their agitation. In other respects, he was experienced in the ways of courts, calm, cool, and crafty, fixing upon the points which he desired to attain, while they were yet far removed, and never losing sight of them, though the winding paths in which he trode might occasionally seem to point to a different direction. In his person he resembled the King, for he was noble and majestic both in stature and countenance. But he had the advantage of his elder brother, in being unencumbered with any infirmity, and in every respect lighter and more active. His dress was rich and grave, as became his age and rank, and, like his royal brother, he wore no arms of any kind, a case of small knives supplying at his

girdle the place usually occupied by a dagger, in absence of a sword.

At the Duke's entrance the Prior, after making an obeisance, respectfully withdrew to a recess in the apartment, at some distance from the royal seat, in order to leave the conversation of the brothers uncontrolled by the presence of a third person. It is necessary to mention, that the recess was formed by a window, placed in the inner front of the monastic buildings, called the Palace, from its being the frequent residence of the Kings of Scotland, but which was, unless on such occasions, the residence of the Prior or Abbot. The window was placed over the principal entrance to the royal apartments, and commanded a view of the internal quadrangle of the convent, formed on the right hand by the length of the magnificent church, on the left by a building, containing the range of cellars, with the refectory, chapter-house, and other conventual apartments rising above them, for such existed altogether independent of the space occupied by King Robert and his attendants; while a fourth row of buildings, showing a noble outward front to the rising sun, consisted of a large *hospitium*, for the reception of strangers and pilgrims, and many subordinate offices, warehouses, and places of accommodation, for the ample stores which supplied the magnificent hospitality of the Dominican fathers. A lofty vaulted entrance led through this eastern front into the quadrangle, and was precisely opposite to the window at which Prior Anselm stood, so that he could see underneath the dark arch, and observe the light which gleamed beneath it from the eastern and open portal; but, owing to the height to which he was raised, and the depth of the vaulted archway, his eye could but indistinctly reach the opposite and external portal. It is necessary to notice these localities. We return to the conversation between the princely relatives.

"My dear brother," said the King, raising the Duke of Albany, as he stooped to kiss his hand; "my dear, dear brother, wherefore this ceremonial? Are we not both sons of the same Stewart of Scotland, and of the same Elizabeth More?"

"I have not forgot that it is so," said Albany, arising; "but I must not omit, in the familiarity of the brother, the respect that is due to the King."

"Oh, true, most true, Robin," answered the King. "The throne is like a lofty and barren rock, upon which flower or shrub can never take root. All kindly feelings, all tender affections, are denied to a monarch. A king must not fold a brother to his heart—he dare not give way to fondness for a son!"

"Such, in some respects, is the doom of greatness, sire," answered Albany; "but Heaven, who removed to some distance from your Majesty's sphere the members of your own family, has given you a whole people to be your children."

"Alas! Robert," answered the Monarch, "your heart is better framed for the duties of a sovereign than mine. I see from the height at which fate has placed me, that multitude whom you call my children—I love them, I wish them well—but they are many, and they are distant from me. Alas! even the meanest of them has some beloved being whom he can clasp to his heart, and upon whom he can lavish the fondness of a father! But all that a king can give

to a people is a smile, such as the sun bestows on the snowy peaks of the Grampian mountains, as distant and as ineffectual. Alas, Robin! our father used to caress us, and if he chid us it was with a tone of kindness; yet he was a monarch as well as I, and wherefore should not I be permitted, like him, to reclaim my poor prodigal by affection as well as severity?"

"Had affection never been tried, my liege," replied Albany, in the tone of one who delivers sentiments which he grieves to utter, "means of gentleness ought assuredly to be first made use of. Your Grace is best judge whether they have been long enough persevered in, and whether those of discouragement and restraint may not prove a more effectual corrective. It is exclusively in your royal power to take what measures with the Duke of Rothsay you think will be most available to his ultimate benefit, and that of the kingdom."

"This is unkind, brother," said the King; "you indicate the painful path which you would have me pursue, yet you offer me not your support in treading it."

"My support your Grace may ever command," replied Albany; "but would it become me, of all men on earth, to prompt to your Grace severe measures against your son and heir? Me—on whom, in case of failure—which Heaven forefend—of your Grace's family, this fatal crown might descend? Would it not be thought and said by the fiery March and the haughty Douglas, that Albany had sown dissension between his royal brother and the heir to the Scottish throne, perhaps to clear the way for the succession of his own family?—No, my liege,—I can sacrifice my life to your service, but I must not place my honour in danger."

"You say true, Robin—you say very true," replied the King, hastening to put his own interpretation upon his brother's words. "We must not suffer these powerful and dangerous lords to perceive that there is aught like discord in the royal family. That must be avoided of all things; and therefore we will still try indulgent measures, in hopes of correcting the follies of Rothsay. I behold sparks of hope in him, Robin, from time to time, that are well worth cherishing. He is young—very young—a prince, and in the hey-day of his blood. We will have patience with him, like a good rider with a hot-tempered horse. Let him exhaust this idle humour, and no one will be better pleased with him than yourself. You have censured me in your kindness for being too gentle, too retired—Rothsay has no such defects."

"I will pawn my life he has not," replied Albany, dryly.

"And he wants not reflection as well as spirit," continued the poor King, pleading the cause of his son to his brother. "I have sent for him to attend council to-day, and we shall see how he acquits himself of his devoir. You yourself allow, Robin, that the Prince wants neither shrewdness nor capacity for affairs, when he is in the humour to consider them."

"Doubtless, he wants neither, my liege," replied Albany, "when he is in the humour to consider them."

"I say so," answered the King; "and am heartily glad that you agree with me, Robin, in giving this

poor hapless young man another trial. He has no mother now to plead his cause with an incensed father. That must be remembered, Albany."

"I trust," said Albany, "the course which is most agreeable to your Grace's feelings will also prove the wisest and the best."

The Duke well saw the simple stratagem by which the King was endeavouring to escape from the conclusions of his reasoning, and to adopt, under pretence of his sanction, a course of proceeding the reverse of what it best suited him to recommend. But though he saw he could not guide his brother to the line of conduct he desired, he would not abandon the reins, but resolved to watch for a fitter opportunity of obtaining the sinister advantages to which new quarrels betwixt the King and Prince were soon, he thought, likely to give rise.

In the meantime, King Robert, afraid lest his brother should resume the painful subject from which he had just escaped, called aloud to the Prior of the Dominicans, "I hear the trampling of horse. Your station commands the court-yard, reverend Father. Look from the window, and tell us who alights—Rothsay, is it not?"

"The noble Earl of March, with his followers," said the Prior.

"Is he strongly accompanied?" said the King. "Do his people enter the inner-gate?"

At the same moment, Albany whispered the King, "Fear nothing—the Brandanes* of your household are under arms."

The King nodded thanks, while the Prior from the window answered the question he had put. "The Earl is attended by two pages, two gentlemen, and four grooms. One page follows him up the main stair-case, bearing his lordship's sword. The others halt in the court, and—Benedicite, how is this?—Here is a strolling glee-woman, with her viol, preparing to sing beneath the royal windows, and in the cloister of the Dominicans, as she might in the yard of an hostelrie! I will have her presently thrust forth."

"Not so, Father," said the King. "Let me implore grace for the poor wanderer. The joyous science, as they call it, which they profess, mingles sadly with the distresses to which wants and calamity condemn a strolling race; and in that they resemble a King, to whom all men cry, 'All hail!' while he lacks the homage and obedient affection which the poorest yeoman receives from his family. Let the wanderer remain undisturbed, Father; and let her sing if she will to the yeomen and troopers in the court—it will keep them from quarrelling with each other, belonging, as they do, to such unruly and hostile masters."

So spoke the well-meaning and feeble-minded Prince, and the Prior bowed in acquiescence. As he spoke, the Earl of March entered the hall of audience, dressed in the ordinary riding garb of the time, and wearing his poniard. He had left in the ante-room the page of honour who carried his sword. The Earl was a well-built, handsome man, fair-complexioned, with a considerable profusion of light-coloured hair, and bright blue eyes, which gleamed

like those of a falcon. He exhibited in his countenance, otherwise pleasing, the marks of a hasty and irritable temper, which his situation as a high and powerful feudal lord had given him but too many opportunities of indulging.

"I am glad to see you, my Lord of March," said the King, with a gracious inclination of his person. "You have been long absent from our councils."

"My liege," answered March, with a deep reverence to the King, and a haughty and formal inclination to the Duke of Albany, "if I have been absent from your Grace's councils, it is because my place has been supplied by more acceptable, and, I doubt not, abler counsellors. And now I come but to say to your Highness, that the news from the English frontier make it necessary that I should return without delay to my own estates. Your Grace has your wise and politic brother, my Lord of Albany, with whom to consult, and the mighty and warlike Earl of Douglas to carry your councils into effect. I am of no use save in my own country; and thither, with your Highness's permission, I am purposed instantly to return, to attend my charge, as Warden of the Eastern Marches."

"You will not deal so unkindly with us, cousin," replied the gentle Monarch. "Here are evil tidings on the wind. These unhappy Highland clans are again breaking into general commotion, and the tranquillity even of our own court requires the best of our council to advise, and the bravest of our barons to execute, what may be resolved upon. The descendant of Thomas Randolph will not surely abandon the grandson of Robert Bruce at such a period as this?"

"I leave with him the descendant of the far-famed James of Douglas," answered March. "It is his lordship's boast, that he never puts foot in stirrup but a thousand horse mount with him as his daily life-guard, and I believe the monks of Aberbrothock will swear to the fact. Surely, with all the Douglas's chivalry, they are fitter to restrain a disorderly swarm of Highland kerne, than I can be to withstand the archery of England, and power of Henry Hotspur? And then, here is his Grace of Albany, so jealous in his care of your Highness's person, that he calls your Brandanes to take arms, when a dutiful subject like myself approaches the court with a poor half-score of horse, the retinue of the meanest of the petty barons who own a tower and a thousand acres of barren heath. When such precautions are taken where there is not the slightest chance of peril—since I trust none was to be apprehended from me—your royal person will surely be suitably guarded in real danger."

"My Lord of March," said the Duke of Albany, "the meanest of the barons of whom you speak put their followers in arms, even when they receive their dearest and nearest friends within the iron gate of their castle; and, if it please Our Lady, I will not care less for the King's person than they do for their own. The Brandanes are the King's immediate retainers and household servants, and an hundred of them is but a small guard round his Grace, when yourself, my lord, as well as the Earl of Douglas, often ride with ten times the number."

"My lord duke," replied March, "when the service of the King requires it, I can ride with ten times

* The men of the Isle of Bute were called Brandanes: from what derivation is uncertain. The island was the King's own patrimony, and its natives his personal followers.

as many horse as your Grace has named ; but I have never done so either traitorously to entrap the King, nor boastfully to overawe other nobles."

"Brother Robert," said the King, ever anxious to be a peace-maker, "you do wrong even to intimate a suspicion of my Lord of March. And you, cousin of March, misconstrue my brother's caution.—But hark—to divert this angry parley—I hear no unpleasing touch of minstrelsy. You know the gay science, my Lord of March, and love it well—Step to yonder window, beside the holy Prior, at whom we make no question touching secular pleasures, and you will tell us if the music and lay be worth listening to. The notes are of France, I think—My brother of Albany's judgment is not worth a cockle-shell in such matters—so you, cousin, must report your opinion whether the poor glee-maiden deserves recompense. Our son and the Douglas will presently be here, and then, when our council is assembled, we will treat of graver matters."

With something like a smile on his proud brow, March withdrew into the recess of the window, and stood there in silence beside the Prior, like one who, while he obeyed the King's command, saw through and despised the timid precaution which it implied, as an attempt to prevent the dispute betwixt Albany and himself. The tune, which was played upon a viol, was gay and sprightly in the commencement, with a touch of the wildness of the Troubadour music. But as it proceeded, the faltering tones of the instrument, and of the female voice which accompanied it, became plaintive and interrupted, as if choked by the painful feelings of the minstrel.

The offended Earl, whatever might be his judgment in such matters on which the King had complimented him, paid, it may be supposed, little attention to the music of the female minstrel. His proud heart was struggling between the allegiance he owed his Sovereign, as well as the love he still found lurking in his bosom for the person of his well-natured King, and a desire of vengeance arising out of his disappointed ambition, and the disgrace done to him by the substitution of Marjory Douglas to be bride of the heir-apparent, instead of his betrothed daughter. March had the vices and virtues of a hasty and uncertain character ; and even now, when he came to bid the King adieu, with the purpose of renouncing his allegiance as soon as he reached his own feudal territories, he felt unwilling, and almost unable, to resolve upon a step so criminal and so full of peril. It was with such dangerous cogitations that he was occupied during the beginning of the glee-maiden's lay ; but objects which called his attention powerfully, as the songstress proceeded, affected the current of his thoughts, and riveted them on what was passing in the court-yard of the monastery. The song was in the Provençal dialect, well understood as the language of poetry in all the courts of Europe, and particularly in Scotland. It was more simply turned, however, than was the general caste of the Sirventes, and rather resembled the *lai* of a Norman Minstrel. It may be translated thus :

THE LAY OF POOR LOUISE.

Ah, poor Louise ! The live-long day
She roams from cot to castle gay ;

And still her voice and viol say,
Ah, maids, beware the woodland way,
Think on Louise !

Ah, poor Louise ! The sun was high,
It smirch'd her cheek, it dimm'd her eye,
The woodland walk was cool and nigh,
Where birds with chiming streamlets vie
To cheer Louise.

Ah, poor Louise ! The savage bear
Made ne'er that lovely grove his lair ;
The wolves molest not paths so fair—
But better far had such been there
For poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise ! In woody wold
She met a huntsman fair and bold ;
His baldrick was of silk and gold,
And many a witching tale he told
To poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise ! Small cause to pine
Hadst thou for treasures of the mine ;
For peace of mind, that gift divine,
And spotless innocence, were thine,
Ah, poor Louise !

Ah, poor Louise ! Thy treasure's reft !
I know not if by force or theft,
Or part by violence, part by gift ;
But misery is all that's left
To poor Louise.

Let poor Louise some succour have !
She will not long your bounty crave,
Or tire the gay with warning stave—
For Heaven has grace, and earth a grave
For poor Louise.

The song was no sooner finished, than, anxious lest the dispute should be revived betwixt his brother and the Earl of March, King Robert called to the latter, "What think you of the minstrelsy, my lord ?—Methinks, as I heard it even at this distance, it was a wild and pleasing lay."

"My judgment is not deep, my lord ; but the singer may dispense with my approbation, since she seems to have received that of his Grace of Rothsay—the first judge in Scotland."

"How !" said the King in alarm ; "is my son below ?"

"He is sitting on horseback by the glee-maiden," said March, with a malicious smile on his cheek, "apparently as much interested by her conversation as her music."

"How is this, Father Prior ?" said the King. But the Prior drew back from the lattice.

"I have no will to see, my lord, things which it would pain me to repeat."

"How is all this ?" said the King, who coloured deeply, and seemed about to rise from his chair ; but changed his mind, as if unwilling, perhaps, to look upon some unbecoming prank of the wild young Prince, which he might not have had heart to punish with necessary severity. The Earl of March seemed to have a pleasure in informing him of that, of which doubtless he desired to remain ignorant.

"My liege," he cried, "this is better and better. The glee-maiden has not only engaged the ear of the Prince of Scotland, as well as of every groom and trooper in the court-yard, but she has riveted the attention of the Black Douglas, whom we have not

known as a passionate admirer of the Gay Science. But truly, I do not wonder at his astonishment, for the Prince has honoured the fair professor of song and viol with a kiss of approbation."

"How?" cried the King, "is Rothsay trifling with a glee-maiden, and his wife's father in presence?—Go, my good Father Abbot, call the Prince here instantly—Go, my dearest brother——"—And when they had both left the room, the King continued, "Go, good cousin of March—there will be mischief, I am assured of it. I pray you go, cousin, and second my Lord Prior's prayers with my commands."

"You forget, my liege," said March, with the voice of a deeply offended person; "the father of Elizabeth of Dunbar were but an unfit intercessor between the Douglas and his royal son-in-law."

"I crave your pardon, cousin," said the gentle old man. "I own you have had some wrong—but my Rothsay will be murdered—I must go myself."

But as he arose precipitately from his chair, the poor King missed a footstep, stumbled, and fell heavily to the ground, in such a manner, that his head striking the corner of the seat from which he had risen, he became for a minute insensible. The sight of the accident at once overcame March's resentment, and melted his heart. He ran to the fallen Monarch, and replaced him in his seat, using, in the tenderest and most respectful manner, such means as seemed most fit to recall animation. Robert opened his eyes, and gazed around with uncertainty.

"What has happened?—are we alone?—who is with us?"

"Your dutiful subject, March," replied the Earl.

"Alone with the Earl of March!" repeated the King, his still disturbed intellects receiving some alarm from the name of a powerful chief, whom he had reason to believe he had mortally offended.

"Yes, my gracious liege, with poor George of Dunbar; of whom many have wished your Majesty to think ill, though he will be found truer to your royal person at the last than they will."

"Indeed, cousin, you have had too much wrong; and believe me, we shall strive to redress——"

"If your Grace thinks so, it may yet be righted," interrupted the Earl; "the Prince and Marjory Douglas are nearly related—the dispensation from Rome was informally granted—their marriage cannot be lawful—the Pope, who will do much for so godly a prince, can set aside this unchristian union, in respect of the pre-contract. Bethink you well, my liege," continued the Earl, kindling with a new train of ambitious thoughts, to which the unexpected opportunity of pleading his cause personally had given rise,—"bethink you how you chuse betwixt the Douglas and me. He is powerful and mighty, I grant. But George of Dunbar wears the keys of Scotland at his belt, and could bring an English army to the gates of Edinburgh, ere Douglas could leave the skirts of Cairntable to oppose them. Your royal son loves my poor deserted girl, and hates the haughty Marjory of Douglas. Your Grace may judge the small account in which he holds her, by his toying with a common glee-maiden even in the presence of her father."

The King had hitherto listened to the Earl's argument with the bewildered feelings of a timid horseman,

borne away by an impetuous steed, whose course he can neither arrest nor direct. But the last words awakened in his recollection the sense of his son's immediate danger.

"Oh, ay, most true—my son—the Douglas—Oh, my dear cousin, prevent blood, and all shall be as you will.—Hark, there is a tumult—that was the clash of arms!"

"By my coronet—by my knightly faith, it is true!" said the Earl, looking from the window upon the inner square of the convent, now filled with armed men and brandished weapons, and resounding with the clash of armour. The deep-vaulted entrance was crowded with warriors at its farthest extremity, and blows seemed to be in the act of being exchanged betwixt some who were endeavouring to shut the gate, and others who contended to press in.

"I will go instantly," said the Earl of March, "and soon quell this sudden broil—Humbly, I pray your Majesty to think on what I have had the boldness to propose."

"I will—I will, fair cousin," said the King, scarce knowing to what he pledged himself—"Do but prevent tumult and bloodshed!"

CHAPTER XI.

WE must here trace, a little more correctly, the events which had been indistinctly seen from the window of the royal apartments, and yet more indistinctly reported by those who witnessed them. The glee-maiden, already mentioned, had planted herself, where a rise of two large broad steps, giving access to the main gateway of the royal apartments, gained her an advantage of a foot and a half in height over those in the court, of whom she hoped to form an audience. She wore the dress of her calling, which was more gaudy than rich, and showed the person more than did the garb of other females. She had laid aside an upper mantle, and a small basket which contained her slender stock of necessities, and a little French spaniel dog sat beside them, as their protector. An azure-blue jacket, embroidered with silver, and sitting close to the person, was open in front, and showed several waistcoats of different-coloured silks, calculated to set off the symmetry of the shoulders and bosom, and remaining open at the throat. A small silver chain worn around her neck, involved itself amongst these brilliant-coloured waistcoats, and was again produced from them, to display a medal of the same metal, which intimated, in the name of some court or guild of minstrels, the degree she had taken in the Gay or Joyous Science. A small scrip, suspended over her shoulders by a blue silk riband, hung on her left side.

Her sunny complexion, snow-white teeth, brilliant black eyes, and raven locks, marked her country lying far in the south of France, and the arch smile and dimpled chin bore the same character. Her luxuriant locks, twisted around a small gold bodkin, were kept in their position by a net of silk and gold. Short petticoats, deep-laced with silver, to correspond with the jacket, red stockings which were visible to near the calf of the leg, and buskins of Spanish leather, completed her adjustment, which, though far from new, had been saved as an untarnished holiday suit, which

much care had kept in good order. She seemed about twenty-five years old; but perhaps fatigue and wandering had anticipated the touch of time, in obliterating the freshness of early youth.

We have said the glee-maiden's manner was lively, and we may add, that her smile and repartee were ready. But her gaiety was assumed, as a quality essentially necessary to her trade, of which it was one of the miseries, that the professors were obliged frequently to cover an aching heart with a compelled smile. This seemed to be the case with Louise, who, whether she was actually the heroine of her own song, or whatever other cause she might have for sadness, showed at times a strain of deep melancholy thought, which interfered with and controlled the natural flow of lively spirits, which the practice of the Joyous Science especially required. She lacked also, even in her gayest sallies, the decided boldness and effrontery of her sisterhood, who were seldom at a loss to retort a saucy jest, or turn the laugh against any who interrupted or interfered with them.

It may be here remarked, that it was impossible that this class of women, very numerous in that age, could bear a character generally respectable. They were, however, protected by the manners of the time; and such were the immunities they possessed by the rights of chivalry, that nothing was more rare than to hear of such errant damsels sustaining injury or wrong, and they passed and repassed safely, where armed travellers would probably have encountered a bloody opposition. But though licensed and protected in honour of their tuneful art, the wandering minstrels, male or female, like similar ministers to the public amusement, the itinerant musicians, for instance, and strolling comedians of our own day, led a life too irregular and precarious, to be accounted a creditable part of society. Indeed among the stricter Catholics the profession was considered as unlawful.

Such was the damsel, who, with viol in hand, and stationed on the slight elevation we have mentioned, stepped forward to the bystanders, and announced herself as a mistress of the gay science, duly qualified by a brief from a Court of Love and Music held at Aix, in Provence, under the countenance of the flower of chivalry, the Gallant Count Aymer; who now prayed that the cavaliers of merry Scotland, who were known over the wide world for bravery and courtesy, would permit a poor stranger to try whether she could afford them any amusement by her art. The love of song was, like the love of fight, a common passion of the age, which all at least affected, whether they actually possessed it or no; therefore the acquiescence in Louise's proposal was universal. At the same time, an aged, dark-browed monk who was among the bystanders, thought it necessary to remind the glee-maiden, that, since she was tolerated within these precincts, which was an unusual grace, he trusted nothing would be sung or said inconsistent with the holy character of the place.

The glee-maiden bent her head low, shook her sable locks, and crossed herself reverentially, as if she disclaimed the possibility of such a transgression, and then began the song of Poor Louise, which we gave at length in the last chapter.

Just as she commenced, she was stopped by a cry for "Room—room—place for the Duke of Rothsay!"

"Nay, hurry no man on my score," said a gallant young cavalier, who entered on a noble Arabian horse, which he managed with exquisite grace, though by such slight handling of the reins, such imperceptible pressure of the limbs and sway of the body, that to any eye save that of an experienced horseman, the animal seemed to be putting forth his paces for his own amusement, and thus gracefully bearing forward a rider who was too indolent to give himself any trouble about the matter.

The Prince's apparel, which was very rich, was put on with slovenly carelessness. His form, though his stature was low, and his limbs extremely slight, was elegant in the extreme; and his features no less handsome. But there was on his brow a haggard paleness, which seemed the effect of care or of dissipation, or of both these wasting causes combined. His eyes were sunk and dim, as from late indulgence in revelry on the preceding evening, while his cheek was inflamed with unnatural red, as if either the effect of the Bacchanalian orgies had not passed away from the constitution, or a morning draught had been resorted to, in order to remove the effects of the night's debauchery.

Such was the Duke of Rothsay, and heir of the Scottish crown, a sight at once of interest and compassion. All unbonneted, and made way for him, while he kept repeating carelessly, "No haste—no haste—I shall arrive soon enough at the place I am bound for.—How's this—a damsel of the joyous science? Ay, by St Giles! and a comely wench to boot. Stand still, my merry men; never was minstrelsy marred for me.—A good voice, by the mass! Begin me that lay again, sweetheart."

Louise did not know the person who addressed her; but the general respect paid by all around, and the easy and indifferent manner in which it was received, showed her she was addressed by a man of the highest quality. She recommenced her lay, and sung her best accordingly; while the young Duke seemed thoughtful and rather affected towards the close of the ditty. But it was not his habit to cherish such melancholy affections. "This is a plaintive ditty, my nut-brown maid," said he, chucking the retreating glee-maiden under the chin, and detaining her by the collar of her dress, which was not difficult, as he sat on horseback so close to the steps on which she stood. "But I warrant me you have livelier notes at will, *ma bella tenebrosa*; ay, and canst sing in bower as well as wold, and by night as well as day."

"I am no nightingale, my lord," said Louise, endeavouring to escape a species of gallantry which ill-suited the place and circumstances, a discrepancy to which he who addressed it to her seemed contemptuously indifferent.

"What hast thou there, darling?" he added, removing his hold from her collar, to the scrip which she carried.

Glad was Louise to escape his grasp, by slipping the knot of the ribband, and leaving the little bag in the Prince's hand, as, retiring back beyond his reach, she answered, "Nuts, my lord, of the last season."

The Prince pulled out a handful of nuts accordingly. "Nuts, child!—they will break thine ivory teeth—hurt thy pretty voice," said Rothsay, cracking one with his teeth, like a village schoolboy.

"They are not the walnuts of my own sunny clime, my lord," said Louise; "but they hang low, and are within the reach of the poor."

"You shall have something to give you better fare, poor wandering ape," said the Duke, in a tone in which feeling predominated more than in the affected and contemptuous gallantry of his first address to the glee-maiden.

At this moment, as he turned to ask an attendant for his purse, the Prince encountered the stern and piercing look of a tall black man, seated on a powerful iron-grey horse, who had entered with attendants while the Duke of Rothsay was engaged with Louise, and now remained stupified and almost turned to stone by his surprise and anger, at this unseemly spectacle. Even one who had never seen the Black Douglas, must have known him by his swart complexion, his gigantic frame, his buff-coat of bull's-hide, and his air of courage, firmness, and sagacity, mixed with the most indomitable pride. The loss of an eye in battle, though not perceptible at first sight, as the ball of the injured organ remained similar to the other, gave yet a stern immovable glare to the whole aspect.

The meeting of the royal son-in-law with his terrible step-father, was in circumstances which arrested the attention of all present; and the by-standers waited the issue with silence and suppressed breath, lest they should lose any part of what was to ensue.

When the Duke of Rothsay saw the expression which occupied the stern features of Douglas, and remarked that the Earl did not make the least motion towards respectful, or even civil salutation, he seemed determined to show him how little respect he was disposed to pay to his displeased looks. He took his purse from his chamberlain.

"Here, pretty one," he said, "I give thee one gold piece for the song thou hast sung me, another for the nuts I have stolen from thee, and a third for the kiss thou art about to give me. For know, my pretty one, that when fair lips (and thine for fault of better may be called so) make sweet music for my pleasure, I am sworn to St Valentine to press them to mine."

"My song is recompensed nobly—" said Louise, shrinking back; "my nuts are sold to a good market—farther traffic, my lord, were neither befitting you nor beseeeming me."

"What! you coy it, my nymph of the highway?" said the Prince, contemptuously. "Know, damsel, that one asks you a grace who is unused to denial."

"It is the Prince of Scotland"—"the Duke of Rothsay,"—said the courtiers around, to the terrified Louise, pressing forward the trembling young woman; "you must not thwart his humour."

"But I cannot reach your lordship," she said, "you sit so high on horseback."

"If I must alight," said Rothsay, "there shall be the heavier penalty—What does the wench tremble for? Place thy foot on the toe of my boot, give me hold of thy hand—Gallantly done!" He kissed her as she stood thus suspended in the air, perched upon his foot, and supported by his hand, saying, "There is thy kiss, and there is my purse to pay it; and to grace thee farther, Rothsay will wear thy scrip for the day." He suffered the frightened girl to spring

to the ground, and turned his looks from her to bend them contemptuously on the Earl of Douglas, as if he had said, "All this I do in despite of you and of your daughter's claims."

"By St Bride of Douglas!" said the Earl, pressing towards the Prince, "this is too much, unmannered boy, as void of sense as honour! You know what considerations restrain the hand of Douglas, else had you never dared——"

"Can you play at spang-cockle, my lord?" said the Prince, placing a nut on the second joint of his forefinger, and spinning it off by a smart application of the thumb. The nut struck on Douglas's broad breast, who burst out into a dreadful exclamation of wrath, inarticulate, but resembling the growl of a lion in depth and sternness of expression. "I cry your pardon, most mighty lord," said the Duke of Rothsay, scornfully, while all around trembled; "I did not conceive my pellet could have wounded you, seeing you wear a buff-coat. Surely, I trust, it did not hit your eye?"

The Prior, dispatched by the King, as we have seen in the last chapter, had by this time made way through the crowd, and laying hold on Douglas's rein, in a manner that made it impossible for him to advance, reminded him that the Prince was the son of his Sovereign, and the husband of his daughter.

"Fear not, Sir Prior," said Douglas. "I despise the childish boy too much to raise a finger against him. But I will return insult for insult.—Here, any of you who love the Douglas,—spurn me this quean from the Monastery gates; and let her be so scourged that she may bitterly remember to the last day of her life, how she gave means to an unrespective boy to affront the Douglas!"

Four or five retainers instantly stepped forth to execute commands which were seldom uttered in vain, and heavily would Louise have atoned for an offence of which she was alike the innocent, unconscious, and unwilling instrument, had not the Duke of Rothsay interfered.

"Spurn the poor glee-woman?" he said, in high indignation; "scourge her for obeying my commands?—Spurn thy own oppressed vassals, rude Earl—scourge thine own faulty hounds—but beware how you touch so much as a dog that Rothsay hath patted on the head, far less a female whose lips he hath kissed!"

Before Douglas could give an answer, which would certainly have been in defiance, there arose that great tumult at the outward gate of the Monastery, already noticed, and men both on horseback and on foot began to rush headlong in, not actually fighting with each other, but certainly in no peaceable manner.

The contending parties, seemingly, were partisans of Douglas, known by the cognizance of the Bloody Heart, and citizens of the town of Perth. It appeared they had been skirmishing in earnest when without the gates, but, out of respect to the sanctified ground, they lowered their weapons when they entered, and confined their strife to a war of words and mutual abuse.

The tumult had this good effect, that it forced asunder, by the weight and press of numbers, the Prince and Douglas, at a moment when the levity of the former, and the pride of the latter, were urging

them to the utmost extremity. But now peace-makers interfered on all sides. The Prior and the monks threw themselves among the multitude, and commanded peace in the name of Heaven, and reverence to their sacred walls, under penalty of excommunication; and their expostulations began to be listened to. Albany, who was dispatched by his royal brother at the beginning of the fray, had not arrived till now on the scene of action. He instantly applied himself to Douglas, and in his ear conjured him to temper his passion.

"By St Bride of Douglas, I will be avenged!" said the Earl. "No man shall brook life after he has passed an affront on Douglas."

"Why, so you may be avenged in fitting time," said Albany; "but let it not be said, that, like a peevish woman, the Great Douglas could chuse neither time nor place for his vengeance. Bethink you, all that we have laboured at is like to be upset by an accident. George of Dunbar hath had the advantage of an audience with the old man; and though it lasted but five minutes, I fear it may endanger the dissolution of your family match, which we brought about with so much difficulty. The authority from Rome has not yet been obtained."

"A toy!" answered Douglas, haughtily,—*"they dare not dissolve it."*

"Not while Douglas is at large, and in possession of his power," answered Albany. "But, noble Earl, come with me, and I will show you at what disadvantage you stand."

Douglas dismounted, and followed his wily accomplice in silence. In a lower hall they saw the ranks of the Brandanes drawn up, well-armed in caps of steel and shirts of mail. Their captain, making an obeisance to Albany, seemed to desire to address him.

"What now, Mac Louis?" said the Duke.

"We are informed the Duke of Rothsay has been insulted, and I can scarce keep the Brandanes within door."

"Gallant MacLouis," said Albany, "and you, my trusty Brandanes, the Duke of Rothsay, my princely nephew, is as well as a hopeful gentleman can be. Some scuffle there has been, but all is appeased." He continued to draw the Earl of Douglas forward. "You see, my lord," he said in his ear, "that if the word *arrest* was to be once spoken, it would be soon obeyed, and you are aware your attendants are few for resistance."

Douglas seemed to acquiesce in the necessity of patience for the time. "If my teeth," he said, "should bite through my lips, I will be silent till it is the hour to speak out."

George of March, in the meanwhile, had a more easy task of pacifying the Prince. "My Lord of Rothsay," he said, approaching him with grave ceremony, "I need not tell you that you owe me something for reparation of honour, though I blame not you personally for the breach of contract which has destroyed the peace of my family. Let me conjure you by what observance your Highness may owe an injured man, to forego for the present this scandalous dispute."

"My lord, I owe you much," replied Rothsay; "but this haughty and all-controlling lord has wounded mine honour."

"My lord, I can but add, your royal father is ill—hath swooned with terror for your Highness's safety."

"Ill!—the kind, good old man—swooned, said you, my Lord of March?—I am with him in an instant."

The Duke of Rothsay sprung from his saddle to the ground, and was dashing into the palace like a greyhound, when a feeble grasp was laid on his cloak, and the faint voice of a kneeling female exclaimed, "Protection, my noble Prince!—Protection for a helpless stranger!"

"Hands off, stroller!" said the Earl of March, thrusting the suppliant glee-maiden aside.

But the gentler Prince paused. "It is true," he said, "I have brought the vengeance of an unforgiving devil upon this helpless creature. O heaven! what a life is mine, so fatal to all who approach me!—What to do in the hurry?—She must not go to my apartments—And all my men are such born reprobates.—Ha! thou at mine elbow, honest Harry Smith! What dost thou here?"

"There has been something of a fight, my lord," answered our acquaintance the Smith, "between the townsmen and the Southland loons who ride with the Douglas; and we have swung them as far as the Abbey-Gate."

"I am glad of it—I am glad of it. And you beat the knaves fairly?"

"Fairly, does your Highness ask?" said Henry. "Why, ay! We were stronger in numbers, to be sure; but no men ride better armed than those who follow the Bloody Heart. And so in a sense we beat them fairly; for as your Highness knows, it is the Smith who makes the men-at-arms, and men with good weapons are a match for great odds."

While they thus talked, the Earl of March, who had spoken with some one near the palace gate, returned in anxious haste. "My Lord Duke!—My Lord Duke!—Your father is recovered, and if you haste not speedily, my Lord of Albany and the Douglas will have possession of his royal ear."

"And if my royal father is recovered," said the thoughtless Prince, "and is holding, or about to hold, council with my gracious uncle and the Earl of Douglas, it befits neither your lordship nor me to intrude till we are summoned. So there is time for me to speak of my little business with mine honest armourer here."

"Does your Highness take it so?" said the Earl, whose sanguine hopes of a change of favour at court had been too hastily excited, and were as speedily checked,—*"Then so let it be for George of Dunbar."*

He glided away with a gloomy and displeased aspect; and thus out of the two most powerful noblemen in Scotland, at a time when the aristocracy so closely controlled the throne, the reckless heir-apparent had made two enemies; the one by scornful defiance, and the other by careless neglect. He heeded not the Earl of March's departure, however, or rather he felt relieved from his importunity.

The Prince went on in indolent conversation with our armourer, whose skill in his art had made him known to many of the great lords about the court.

"I had something to say to thee, Smith—Canst

thou take up a fallen link in my Milan hauberk?"

"As well, please your Highness, as my mother could take up a stitch in the nets she wove—The Milaner shall not know my work from his own."

"Well, but that was not what I wished of thee just now," said the Prince, recollecting himself; "this poor glee-woman, good Smith, she must be placed in safety. Thou art man enough to be any woman's champion, and thou must conduct her to some place of safety."

Henry Smith was, as we have seen, sufficiently rash and daring when weapons were in question. But he had also the pride of a decent burgher, and was unwilling to place himself in what might be thought equivocal circumstances by the sober part of his fellow-citizens.

"May it please your Highness," he said, "I am but a poor craftsman. But though my arm and sword are at the King's service, and your Highness's, I am, with reverence, no squire of dames. Your Highness will find, among your own retinue, knights and lords willing enough to play Sir Pandarus of Troy—it is too knightly a part for poor Hal of the Wynd."

"Umph—hah!" said the Prince. "My purse, Edgar—(his attendant whispered him)—True, true, I gave it to the poor wench.—I know enough of your craft, and of craftsmen in general, to be aware that men lure not hawks with empty hands; but I suppose my word may pass for the price of a good armour, and I will pay it thee with thanks to boot, for this slight service."

"Your Highness may know other craftsmen," said the Smith; "but, with reverence, you know not Henry Gow. He will obey you in making a weapon, or in welding one, but he knows nothing of this petticoat service."

"Hark thee, thou Perthshire mule," said the Prince, yet smiling, while he spoke, at the sturdy punctilio of the honest burgher,—“the wench is as little to me as she is to thee. But in an idle moment, as you may learn from those about thee, if thou sawest it not thyself, I did her a passing grace, which is likely to cost the poor wretch her life. There is no one here whom I can trust to protect her against the discipline of belt and bowstring, with which the Border brutes who follow Douglas will beat her to death, since such is his pleasure."

"If such be the case, my liege, she has a right to every honest man's protection; and since she wears a petticoat,—though I would it were longer, and of a less fanciful fashion,—I will answer for her protection as well as a single man may. But where am I to bestow her?"

"Good faith, I cannot tell," said the Prince. "Take her to Sir John Ramorny's lodging—But, no—no—he is ill at ease, and besides, there are reasons—take her to the devil if thou wilt, but place her in safety, and oblige Robin of Rothsay."

"My noble Prince," said the Smith, "I think—always with reverence—that I would rather give a defenceless woman to the care of the devil than of Sir John Ramorny. But though the devil be a worker in fire like myself, yet I know not his haunts, and with aid of Holy Church hope to keep him on terms of defiance. And, moreover, how I am to convey her out

of this crowd, or through the streets, in such a mumming habit, may be well made a question."

"For the leaving the convent," said the Prince, "this good monk (seizing upon the nearest by his cowl), Father Nicholas or Boniface——"

"Poor brother Cyprian, at your Highness's command," said the father.

"Ay, ay, brother Cyprian," continued the Prince, "yes. Brother Cyprian shall let you out at some secret passage which he knows of, and I will see him again to pay a Prince's thanks for it."

The churchman bowed in acquiescence, and poor Louise, who, during this debate, had looked from the one speaker to the other, hastily said, "I will not scandalize this good man with my foolish garb—I have a mantle for ordinary wear."

"Why, there, Smith, thou hast a friar's hood and a woman's mantle to shroud thee under. I would all my frailties were as well shrouded! Farewell, honest fellow; I will thank thee hereafter."

Then, as if afraid of farther objection on the Smith's part, he hastened into the palace.

Henry Gow remained stupified at what had passed, and at finding himself involved in a charge at once inferring much danger, and an equal risk of scandal, both which, joined to a principal share which he had taken, with his usual forwardness, in the fray, might, he saw, do him no small injury in the suit he pursued most anxiously. At the same time, to leave a defenceless creature to the ill usage of the barbarous Galwegians, and licentious followers of the Douglas, was a thought which his manly heart could not brook for an instant.

He was roused from his reverie by the voice of the Monk, who, sliding out his words with the indifference which the holy fathers entertained, or affected, towards all temporal matters, desired them to follow him. The Smith put himself in motion, with a sigh much resembling a groan, and, without appearing exactly connected with the Monk's motions, he followed him into a cloister, and through a postern door, which, after looking once behind him, the priest left ajar. Behind them followed Louise, who had hastily assumed her small bundle, and, calling her little four-legged companion, had eagerly followed in the path which opened an escape from what had shortly before seemed a great and inevitable danger.

CHAPTER XII.

THE party were now, by a secret passage, admitted within the church, the outward doors of which, usually left open, had been closed against every one in consequence of the recent tumult, when the rioters of both parties had endeavoured to rush into it for other purposes than those of devotion. They traversed the gloomy aisles, whose arched roof resounded to the heavy tread of the armourer, but was silent under the sandal'd foot of the Monk, and the light step of poor Louise, who trembled excessively, as much from fear as cold. She saw that neither her spiritual nor temporal conductor looked kindly upon her. The former was an austere man, whose aspect seemed to hold the luckless wanderer in some degree of horror, as well as contempt; while the latter, though, as we have seen, one of the best natured

men living, was at present grave to the pitch of sternness, and not a little displeased with having the part he was playing forced upon him, without, as he was constrained to feel, a possibility of his declining it.

His dislike at his task extended itself to the innocent object of his protection, and he internally said to himself, as he surveyed her scornfully,—“A proper queen of beggars to walk the streets of Perth with, and I a decent burgher! This dawdry minion must have as ragged a reputation as the rest of her sisterhood, and I am finely sped if my chivalry in her behalf comes to Catharine’s ears. I had better have slain a man, were he the best in Perth; and, by hammer and nails! I would have done it on provocation, rather than convoy this baggage through the city.”

Perhaps Louise suspected the cause of her conductor’s anxiety, for she said, timidly and with hesitation, “Worthy sir, were it not better I should stop one instant in that chapel, and don my mantle?”

“Umph, sweetheart, well proposed,” said the armourer; but the Monk interfered, raising at the same time the finger of interdiction.

“The Chapel of Holy St Madox is no tying-room for vile jugglers and strollers to shift their trappings in. I will presently show thee a vestuary more suited to thy condition.”

The poor young woman hung down her humbled head, and turned from the chapel door which she had approached, with the deep sense of self-abasement. Her little spaniel seemed to gather from his mistress’s looks and manner, that they were unauthorized intruders on the holy ground which they trode, and hung his ears, and swept the pavement with his tail, as he trotted slowly and close to Louise’s heels.

The Monk moved on without a pause. They descended a broad flight of steps, and proceeded through a labyrinth of subterranean passages, dimly lighted. As they passed a low-arched door, the Monk turned, and said to Louise, with the same stern voice as before,—“There, daughter of folly, there is a robing-room, where many before you have deposited their vestments!”

Obeysing the least signal with ready and timorous acquiescence, she pushed the door open, but instantly recoiled with terror. It was a charnel-house, half filled with dry skulls and bones.

“I fear to change my dress there, and alone—But if you, father, command it, be it as you will.”

“Why, thou child of vanity, the remains on which thou lookest are but the earthly attire of those who, in their day, led or followed in the pursuit of worldly pleasure. And such shalt thou be, for all thy mincing and ambling, thy piping and thy harping; thou, and all such ministers of frivolous and worldly pleasure, must become like these poor bones, whom thy idle nicety fears and loaths to look upon.”

“Say not with idle nicety, reverend father,” answered the glee-maiden, “for Heaven knows, I covet the repose of these poor bleached relics; and if by stretching my body upon them, I could, without sin, bring my state to theirs, I would chuse that charnel-heap for my place of rest, beyond the fairest and softest couch in Scotland.”

“Be patient, and come on,” said the Monk, in a milder tone; “the reaper must not leave the harvest-work till the sunset gives the signal.”

They walked forward. Brother Cyprian, at the end of a long gallery, opened the door of a small apartment, or perhaps a chapel, for it was decorated with a crucifix, before which burned four lamps. All bent and crossed themselves; and the priest said to the minstrel maiden, pointing to the crucifix, “What says that emblem?”

“That He invites the sinner as well as the righteous to approach.”

“Ay, if the sinner put from him his sin,” said the Monk, whose tone of voice was evidently milder. “Prepare thyself here for thy journey.”

Louise remained an instant or two in the chapel, and presently reappeared in a mantle of a coarse grey cloth, in which she had closely muffled herself, having put such of her more gawdy habiliments as she had time to take off, in the little basket which had before held her ordinary attire.

The Monk presently afterwards unlocked a door which led to the open air. They found themselves in the garden which surrounded the monastery of the Dominicans. “The southern gate is on the latch, and through it you can pass unnoticed,” said the Monk. “Bless thee, my son; and bless thee too, unhappy child. Remembering where you put off your idle trinkets, may you take care how you again resume them!”

“Alas, father!” said Louise, “if the poor foreigner could supply the mere wants of life by any more creditable occupation, she has small wish to profess her idle art. But——”

But the Monk had vanished, nay, the very door through which she has just passed appeared to have vanished also, so curiously was it concealed beneath a flying buttress, and among the profuse ornaments of Gothic architecture. “Here is a woman let out by this private postern, sure enough,” was Henry’s reflection. “Pray Heaven the good fathers never let any in! The place seems convenient for such games at bo deep.—But, benedicite, what is to be done next? I must get rid of this quean as fast as I can; and I must see her safe. For let her be at heart what she may, she looks too modest, now she is in decent dress, to deserve the usage which the wild Scot of Galloway, or the Devil’s legion from the Liddell, are like to afford her.”

Louise stood as if she waited his pleasure which way to go. Her little dog, relieved by the exchange of the dark subterranean vault for the open air, sprung in wild gambols through the walks, and jumped upon its mistress; and even, though more timidly, circled close round the Smith’s feet, to express its satisfaction to him also, and conciliate his favour.

“Down, Charlot, down!” said the glee-maiden. “You are glad to get into the blessed sunshine; but where shall we rest at night, my poor Charlot?”

“And now, mistress,” said the Smith,—not churlishly, for it was not in his nature, but bluntly, as one who is desirous to finish a disagreeable employment,—“which way lies your road?”

Louise looked on the ground, and was silent. On being again urged to say which way she desired to be conducted, she again looked down, and said, she could not tell.

“Come, come,” said Henry, “I understand all

that—I have been a *gaillard*—a reveller in my day—but it's best to be plain. As matters are with me now, I am an altered man for these many, many months; and so, my quean, you and I must part sooner than perhaps a light o' love such as you expected to part with—a likely young fellow."

Louise wept silently, with her eyes still cast on the ground, as one who felt an insult which she had not a right to complain of. At length, perceiving that her conductor was grown impatient, she faltered out, "Noble sir—"

"*Sir*, is for a knight," said the impatient burgher, "and *noble* is for a baron. I am Harry of the Wynd, an honest mechanic, and free of my guild."

"Good craftsman, then," said the minstrel woman, "you judge me harshly, but not without seeming cause. I would relieve you immediately of my company, which, it may be, brings little credit to good men, did I but know which way to go."

"To the next wake or fair, to be sure," said Henry, roughly, having no doubt that this distress was affected for the purpose of palming herself upon him, and perhaps dreading to throw himself into the way of temptation; "and that is the feast of St Madox, at Auchterarder. I warrant thou wilt find the way thither well enough."

"After—Auchter—" repeated the glee-maiden, her southern tongue in vain attempting the Celtic accentuation. "I am told my poor lays will not be understood if I go nearer to yon dreadful range of mountains."

"Will you abide, then, in Perth?"

"But where to lodge?" said the wanderer.

"Why, where lodged you last night?" replied the Smith. "You know where you came from surely, though you seem doubtful where you are going?"

"I slept in the hospital of the Convent. But I was only admitted upon great importunity, and I was commanded not to return."

"Nay, they will never take you in with the brand of the Douglas upon you, that is even too true. But the Prince mentioned Sir John Ramorny's—I can take you to his lodgings through by-streets—though it is short of an honest burgher's office, and my time presses."

"I will go anywhere—I know I am a scandal and incumbrance. There was a time when it was otherwise—But this Ramorny, who is he?"

"A courtly knight, who lives a jolly bachelor's life, and is Master of the Horse, and privado, as they say, to the young Prince."

"What! to the wild, scornful young man who gave occasion to yonder scandal?—Oh, take me not thither, good friend! Is there no Christian woman, who would give a poor creature rest in her cow-house, or barn, for one night? I will be gone with early daybreak. I will repay her richly. I have gold—and I will repay you too, if you will take me where I may be safe from that wild reveller, and from the followers of that dark Baron, in whose eye was death."

"Keep your gold for those who lack it, mistress," said Henry, "and do not offer to honest hands the money that is won by violing, and tabouring, and toe-tripping, and perhaps worse pastimes. I tell you plainly, mistress, I am not to be fooled. I am ready

to take you to any place of safety you can name, for my promise is as strong as an iron shackle. But you cannot persuade me that you do not know what earth to make for. You are not so young in your trade as not to know there are hostelries in every town, much more in a city like Perth, where such as you may be harboured for your money, if you cannot find some gulls, more or fewer, to pay your lawing. If you have money, mistress, my care about you need be the less; and truly I see little but pretence in all that excessive grief, and fear of being left alone, in one of your occupation."

Having thus, as he conceived, signified that he was not to be deceived by the ordinary arts of a glee-maiden, Henry walked a few paces sturdily, endeavouring to think he was doing the wisest and most prudent thing in the world. Yet he could not help looking back to see how Louise bore his departure, and was shocked to observe that she had sunk upon a bank, with her arms resting on her knees, and her head on her arms, in a situation expressive of the utmost desolation.

The Smith tried to harden his heart. "It is all a sham," he said; "the gouge* knows her trade—I'll be sworn, by Saint Ringan."

At the instant, something pulled the skirts of his cloak; and, looking round, he saw the little spaniel, who immediately, as if to plead his mistress's cause, got on his hind-legs and began to dance, whimpering at the same time, and looking back to Louise, as if to solicit compassion for his forsaken owner.

"Poor thing," said the Smith, "there may be a trick in this too, for thou dost but as thou art taught.—Yet, as I promised to protect this poor creature, I must not leave her in a swoon, if it be one, were it but for manhood's sake."

Returning and approaching his troublesome charge, he was at once assured, from the change of her complexion, either that she was actually in the deepest distress, or had a power of dissimulation beyond the comprehension of man—or woman either.

"Young woman," he said, with more of kindness than he had hitherto been able even to assume, "I will tell you frankly how I am placed. This is St Valentine's Day, and, by custom, I was to spend it with my fair Valentine. But blows and quarrels have occupied all the morning, save one poor half hour. Now, you may well understand where my heart and my thoughts are, and where, were it only in mere courtesy, my body ought to be."

The glee-maiden listened, and appeared to comprehend him.

"If you are a true lover, and have to wait upon a chaste Valentine, God forbid that one like me should make a disturbance between you! Think about me no more. I will ask of that great river to be my guide to where it meets the ocean, where I think they said there was a seaport; I will sail from thence to La Belle France, and will find myself once more in a country, in which the roughest peasant would not wrong the poorest female."

"You cannot go to Dundee to-day," said the Smith. "The Douglas's people are in motion on

* Gouge, in old French, is almost equivalent to wench

both sides of the river, for the alarm of the morning has reached them ere now; and all this day, and the next, and the whole night which is between, they will gather to their leader's standard, like Highlandmen at the fiery cross. Do you see yonder five or six men, who are riding so wildly on the other side of the river? These are Annandale men; I know them by the length of their lances, and by the way they hold them. An Annandale man never slopes his spear backwards, but always keeps the point upright, or pointed forward."

"And what of them?" said the glee-maiden. "They are men-at-arms and soldiers—They would respect me for my viol and my helplessness."

"I will say them no scandal," answered the Smith. "If you were in their own glens, they would use you hospitably, and you would have nothing to fear; but they are now on an expedition. All is fish that comes to their net. There are amongst them who would take your life for the value of your gold earrings. Their whole soul is settled in their eyes to see prey, and in their hands to grasp it. They have no ears either to hear lays of music, or listen to prayers for mercy. Besides, their leader's order is gone forth concerning you, and it is of a kind sure to be obeyed. Ay, great lords are sooner listened to if they say, 'Burn a church,' than if they say, 'Build one.'"

"Then," said the glee-woman, "I were best sit down and die."

"Do not say so," replied the Smith. "If I could but get you a lodging for the night, I would carry you the next morning to Our Lady's Stairs, from whence the vessels go down the river for Dundee, and would put you on board with some one bound that way, who should see you safely lodged where you would have fair entertainment and kind usage."

"Good—excellent—generous man!" said the glee-maiden, "do this, and if the prayers and blessings of a poor unfortunate should ever reach Heaven, they will rise thither in thy behalf. We will meet at yonder postern-door, at whatever time the boats take their departure."

"That is at six in the morning, when the day is but young."

"Away with you, then, to your Valentine;—and if she loves you, oh, deceive her not!"

"Alas, poor damsel! I fear it is deceit hath brought thee to this pass. But I must not leave you thus unprovided. I must know where you are to pass the night."

"Care not for that," replied Louise—"the heavens are clear—there are bushes and boskets enough by the river side; Charlot and I can well make a sleeping-room of a green arbour for one night; and to-morrow will, with your promised aid, see me out of reach of injury and wrong. Oh, the night soon passes away when there is hope for to-morrow;—Do you still linger, with your Valentine waiting for you? Nay, I shall hold you but a loitering lover, and you know what belongs to a minstrel's reproaches."

"I cannot leave you, damsel," answered the armourer, now completely melted. "It were mere murder to suffer you to pass the night exposed to the keenness of a Scottish night in February. No, no—my word would be ill kept in this manner; and if I should incur some risk of blame, it is but just penance

for thinking of thee, and using thee, more according to my own prejudices, as I now well believe, than thy merits. Come with me, damsel—thou shalt have a sure and honest lodging for the night, whatsoever may be the consequence. It would be an evil compliment to my Catharine, were I to leave a poor creature to be starved to death, that I might enjoy her company an hour sooner."

So saying, and hardening himself against all anticipations of the ill consequences or scandal which might arise from such a measure, the manly-hearted Smith resolved to set evil report at defiance, and give the wanderer a night's refuge in his own house. It must be added, that he did this with extreme reluctance, and in a sort of enthusiasm of benevolence.

Ere our stout son of Vulcan had fixed his worship on the Fair Maid of Perth, a certain wildness of disposition had placed him under the influence of Venus, as well as that of Mars; and it was only the effect of a sincere attachment which had withdrawn him entirely from such licentious pleasures. He was therefore justly jealous of his newly-acquired reputation for constancy, which his conduct to this poor wanderer must expose to suspicion—a little doubtful, perhaps, of exposing himself too venturously to temptation—and moreover in despair to lose so much of St Valentine's Day, which custom not only permitted, but enjoined him to pass beside his mate for the season. The journey to Kinfauns, and the various transactions which followed, had consumed the day, and it was now nearly even-song time.

As if to make up by a speedy pace for the time he was compelled to waste upon a subject so foreign to that which he had most at heart, he strode on through the Dominicans' gardens, entered the town, and casting his cloak around the lower part of his face, and pulling down his bonnet to conceal the upper, he continued the same celerity of movement through by-streets and lanes, hoping to reach his own house in the Wynd without being observed. But when he had continued his rate of walking for ten minutes, he began to be sensible it might be too rapid for the young woman to keep up with him. He accordingly looked behind him with a degree of angry impatience, which soon turned into compunction, when he saw that she was almost utterly exhausted by the speed which she had exerted.

"Now, marry, hang me up for a brute," said Henry to himself. "Was my own haste ever so great, could it give that poor creature wings? And she loaded with baggage too! I am an ill-nurtured beast, that is certain, wherever women are in question; and always sure to do wrong when I have the best will to act right.—Hark thee, damsel; let me carry these things for thee. We shall make better speed that I do so."

Poor Louise would have objected, but her breath was too much exhausted to express herself; and she permitted her good-natured guardian to take her little basket, which when the dog beheld, he came straight before Henry, stood up, and shook his fore-paws, whining gently, as if he too wanted to be carried.

"Nay, then, I must needs lend thee a lift too," said the Smith, who saw the creature was tired.

"Fie, Charlot!" said Louise; "thou knowest I will carry thee myself."

She endeavoured to take up the little spaniel, but it escaped from her; and going to the other side of the Smith, renewed its supplications that he would take it up.

"Charlot's right," said the Smith; "he knows best who is ablest to bear him. This lets me know, my pretty one, that you have not been always the bearer of your own mail—Charlot can tell tales."

So deadly a hue came across the poor glee-maiden's countenance as Henry spoke, that he was obliged to support her, lest she should have dropped to the ground. She recovered again, however, in an instant or two, and with a feeble voice, requested her guide would go on.

"Nay, nay," said Henry, as they began to move, "keep hold of my cloak, or my arm, if it helps you forward better. A fair sight we are; and had I but a rebeck or guitar at my back, and a jackanapes on my shoulder, we should seem as joyous a brace of strollers as ever touched string at a castle-gate.—Snails!" he ejaculated internally, "were any neighbour to meet me with this little harlotry's basket at my back, her dog under my arm, and herself hanging on my cloak, what could they think but that I had turned mumper in good earnest? I would not for the best harness I ever laid hammer on, that any of our long-tongued neighbours met me in this guise; it were a jest would last from St Valentine's Day to next Candlemas."

Stirred by these thoughts, the Smith, although at the risk of making much longer a route which he wished to traverse as swiftly as possible, took the most indirect and private course which he could find in order to avoid the main streets, still crowded with people, owing to the late scene of tumult and agitation. But unhappily his policy availed him nothing; for in turning into an alley, he met a man with his cloak muffled around his face, from a desire like his own to pass unobserved, though the slight insignificant figure, the spindle-shanks, which showed themselves beneath the mantle, and the small dull eye that blinked over its upper folds, announced the Pottingar as distinctly as if he had carried his sign in front of his bonnet. His unexpected and most unwelcome presence overwhelmed the Smith with confusion. Ready evasion was not the property of his bold, blunt temper; and knowing this man to be a curious observer, a malignant tale-bearer, and by no means well disposed to himself in particular, no better hope occurred to him than that the worshipful apothecary would give him some pretext to silence his testimony, and secure his discretion, by twisting his neck round.

But far from doing or saying anything which could warrant such extremities, the Pottingar, seeing himself so close upon his stalwart townsman that recognition was inevitable, seemed determined it should be as slight as possible; and without appearing to notice anything particular in the company or circumstances in which they met, he barely slid out these words as he passed him, without even a glance towards his companion after the first instant of their meeting,—
"A merry holiday to you once more, stout Smith. What! thou art bringing thy cousin, pretty Mistress Joan Letham, with her mail, from the water-side—fresh from Dundee, I warrant? I heard she was expected at the old cordwainer's."

As he spoke thus, he looked neither right nor left, and exchanging a "Save you!" with a salute of the same kind which the Smith rather muttered than uttered distinctly, he glided forward on his way like a shadow.

"The foul fiend catch me, if I can swallow that pill," said Henry Smith, "how well so ever it may be gilded. The knave has a shrewd eye for a kirtle, and knows a wild-duck from a tame, as well as e'er a man in Perth—He were the last in the Fair City to take sour plums for pears, or my round-about cousin Joan for this piece of fantastic vanity. I fancy his bearing was as much as to say, I will not see what you might wish me blind to—and he is right to do so, as he might easily purchase himself a broken pate by meddling with my matters—and so he will be silent for his own sake. But whom have we next—By St Dunstan! the chattering, bragging, cowardly knave, Oliver Proudpute!"

It was, indeed, the bold Bonnet-maker whom they next encountered, who, with his cap on one side, and trolling the ditty of

Thou art over long at the pot, Tom, Tom,

gave plain intimation that he had made no dry meal.

"Ha! my jolly Smith," he said, "have I caught thee in the manner?—What! can the true steel bend?—Can Vulcan, as the minstrel says, pay Venus back in her own coin?—Faith, thou wilt be a gay Valentine before the year's out, that begins with the holiday so jollily."

"Hark ye, Oliver," said the displeased Smith, "shut your eyes and pass on, crony. And hark ye again, stir not your tongue about what concerns you not, as you value having an entire tooth in your head."

"I betray counsel?—I bear tales, and that against my brother martialist?—I scorn it—I would not tell it even to my timber Soldan!—Why, I can be a wild gaillard in a corner as well as thou, man—And now I think on't, I will go with thee somewhere, and we will have a rouse together, and thy Dalilah shall give us a song. Ha! said I not well?"

"Excellently," said Henry,—longing the whole time to knock his brother martialist down, but wisely taking a more peaceful way to rid himself of the incumbrance of his presence—"Excellently well!—I may want thy help too—for here are five or six of the Douglasses before us—they will not fail to try to take the wench from a poor burgher like myself, so I will be glad of the assistance of a tearer such as thou art."

"I thank ye—I thank ye," answered the Bonnet-maker; "but were I not better run, and cause ring the common bell, and get my great sword?"

"Ay, ay—run home as fast as you can, and say nothing of what you have seen."

"Who, I?—Nay, fear me not. Pah! I scorn a tale-bearer."

"Away with you, then; I hear the clash of armour."

This put life and mettle into the heels of the Bonnet-maker, who, turning his back on the supposed danger, set off at a pace which the Smith never doubted would speedily bring him to his own house.

"Here is another chattering jay to deal with,"

thought the Smith; "but I have a hank over him too. The minstrels have a fabliau of a daw with borrowed feathers,—why, this Oliver, is the very bird, and, by St Dunstan, if he lets his chattering tongue run on at my expense, I will so pluck him as never hawk plumed a partridge. And this he knows."

As these reflections thronged on his mind, he had nearly reached the end of his journey; and, with the glee-maiden still hanging on his cloak, exhausted, partly with fear, partly with fatigue, he at length arrived at the middle of the Wynd, which was honoured with his own habitation, and from which, in the uncertainty that then attended the application of surnames, he derived one of his own appellatives. Here on ordinary days, his furnace was seen to blaze, and four half-stripped knaves stunned the neighbourhood with the clang of hammer and stithy. But St Valentine's holiday was an excuse for these men of steel having shut the shop, and for the present being absent on their own errands of devotion or pleasure. The house which adjoined to the smithy called Henry its owner; and though it was small, and situated in a narrow street, yet, as there was a large garden with fruit-trees behind it, it constituted upon the whole a pleasant dwelling. The Smith, instead of knocking or calling, which would have drawn neighbours to doors and windows, drew out a pass-key of his own fabrication, then a great and envied curiosity, and opening the door of his house, introduced his companion into his habitation.

The apartment which received Henry and the glee-maiden was the kitchen, which served amongst those of the Smith's station for the family sitting-room, although one or two individuals, like Simon Glover, had an eating-room apart from that in which their victuals were prepared. In the corner of this apartment, which was arranged with an unusual attention to cleanliness, sat an old woman, whose neatness of attire, and the precision with which her scarlet plaid was drawn over her head, so as to descend to her shoulders on each side, might have indicated a higher rank than that of Luckie Shoolbred, the Smith's housekeeper. Yet such and no other was her designation; and not having attended mass in the morning, she was quietly reposing herself by the side of the fire, her beads, half told, hanging over her left arm; her prayers, half said, loitering upon her tongue; her eyes, half closed, resigning themselves to slumber, while she expected the return of her foster-son, without being able to guess at what hour it was likely to happen. She started up at the sound of his entrance, and bent her eye upon his companion, at first with a look of the utmost surprise, which gradually was exchanged for one expressive of great displeasure.

"Now the Saints bless mine eye-sight, Henry Smith!"—she exclaimed, very devoutly.

"Amen, with all my heart. Get some food ready presently, good nurse, for I fear me this traveller hath dined but lightly."

"And again I pray that Our Lady would preserve my eye sight from the wicked delusions of Satan!"

"So be it, I tell you, good woman. But what is the use of all this pattering and praying? Do you not hear me? or will you not do as I bid you?"

"It must be himself then, whatever is of it! but

oh! it is more like the foul fiend in his likeness, to have such a baggage hanging upon his cloak.—O Harry Smith, men called you a wild lad for less things! But who would ever have thought that Harry would have brought a light leman under the roof that sheltered his worthy mother, and where his own nurse has dwelt for thirty years!"

"Hold your peace, old woman, and be reasonable," said the Smith. "This glee-woman is no leman of mine, nor of any other person that I know of; but she is going off for Dundee to-morrow by the boats, and we must give her quarters till then."

"Quarters!" said the old woman. "You may give quarters to such cattle if you like it yourself, Harry Wynd; but the same house shall not quarter that trumpery quean and me, and of that you may assure yourself."

"Your mother is angry with me," said Louise, misconstruing the connexion of the parties. "I will not remain to give her any offence. If there is a stable or a cow-house, an empty stall will be bed enough for Charlot and me."

"Ay, ay; I am thinking it is the quarters you are best used to," said Dame Shoolbred.

"Hark ye, Nurse Shoolbred," said the Smith. "You know I love you for your own sake, and for my mother's; but by St Dunstan, who was a saint of my own craft, I will have the command of my own house; and if you leave me without any better reason but your own nonsensical suspicions, you must think how you will have the door open to you when you return; for you shall have no help of mine, I promise you."

"A weel, my bairn, and that will never make me risk the honest name I have kept for sixty years. It was never your mother's custom, and it shall never be mine, to take up with ranters, and jugglers, and singing women; and I am not so far to seek for a dwelling, that the same roof should cover me and a tramping princess like that."

With this the refractory gouvernante began in great hurry to adjust her tartan mantle for going abroad, by pulling it so far forwards as to conceal the white linen cap, the edges of which bordered her shrivelled but still fresh and healthful countenance. This done, she seized upon a staff, the trusty companion of her journeys, and was fairly trudging towards the door, when the Smith stepped between her and the passage.

"Wait at least, old woman, till we have cleared scores. I owe you for fee and bountith."

"An' that's e'en a dream of your own fool's head. What fee or bountith am I to take from the son of your mother, that fed, clad, and bielded me as if I had been a sister?"

"And well you repay it, nurse, leaving her only child at his utmost need."

This seemed to strike the obstinate old woman with compunction. She stopped and looked at her master and the minstrel alternately; then shook her head, and seemed about to resume her motion towards the door.

"I only receive this poor wanderer under my roof," urged the Smith, "to save her from the prison and the scourge."

"And why should you save her?" said the inex-

orable Dame Shoolbred. "I dare say she has deserved them both as well as ever thief deserved a hempen collar."

"For aught I know she may or she may not. But she cannot deserve to be scourged to death, or imprisoned till she is starved to death; and that is the lot of them the Black Douglas bears maltalent against."

"And you are going to thraw the Black Douglas, for the sake of a glee-woman? This will be the worst of your feuds yet.—Oh, Henry Gow, there is as much iron in your head as in your anvil!"

"I have sometimes thought this myself, Mistress Shoolbred; but if I do get a cut or two on this new argument, I wonder who is to cure them, if you run away from me like a scared wild-geese? Ay, and moreover, who is to receive my bonny bride, that I hope to bring up the Wynd one of these days?"

"Ah, Harry, Harry," said the old woman, shaking her head, "this is not the way to prepare an honest man's house for a young bride—you should be guided by modesty and discretion, and not by chambering and wantonness."

"I tell you again, this poor creature is nothing to me. I wish her only to be safely taken care of; and I think the boldest Borderman in Perth will respect the bar of my door as much as the gate of Carlisle Castle.—I am going down to Sim Glover's—I may stay there all night, for the Highland cub is run back to the hills, like a wolf-whelp as he is, and so there is a bed to spare, and father Simon will make me welcome to the use of it. You will remain with this poor creature, feed her, and protect her during the night, and I will call on her before day; and thou mayst go with her to the boat thyself an thou wilt, and so thou wilt set the last eyes on her at the same time I shall."

"There is some reason in that," said Dame Shoolbred; "though why you should put your reputation in risk for a creature that would find a lodging for a silver twopence, and less matter, is a mystery to me."

"Trust me with that, old woman, and be kind to the girl."

"Kinder than she deserves, I warrant you; and truly, though I little like the company of such cattle, yet I think I am less like to take harm from her than you—unless she be a witch, indeed, which may well come to be the case, as the devil is very powerful with all this wayfaring clanjamfray."

"No more a witch than I am a warlock," said the honest Smith; "a poor broken-hearted thing, that, if she hath done evil, has dreed a sore weird for it. Be kind to her—And you, my musical damsel—I will call on you to-morrow morning, and carry you to the water-side. This old woman will treat you kindly, if you say nothing to her but what becomes honest ears."

The poor minstrel had listened to this dialogue, without understanding more than its general tendency; for, though she spoke English well, she had acquired the language in England itself, and the northern dialect was then, as now, of a broader and harsher character. She saw, however, that she was to remain with the old lady, and meekly folding her arms on her bosom, bent her head with humility. She next looked towards the Smith with a strong expression of

thankfulness, then raising her eyes to heaven, took his passive hand, and seemed about to kiss the sinewy fingers, in token of deep and affectionate gratitude. But Dame Shoolbred did not give license to the stranger's mode of expressing her feelings. She thrust in between them, and pushing poor Louise aside, said, "No, no, I'll have none of that work. Go into the chimney-nook, mistress, and when Harry Smith's gone, if you must have hands to kiss, you shall kiss mine as long as you like.—And you, Harry, away down to Sim Glover's, for if pretty Mistress Catharine hears of the company you have brought home, she may chance to like them as little as I do.—What's the matter now?—is the man demented?—are you going out without your buckler, and the whole town in misrule?"

"You are right, dame," said the armourer; and throwing the buckler over his broad shoulders, he departed from his house without abiding farther question.

CHAPTER XIII.

WE must now leave the lower parties in our historical drama, to attend to the incidents which took place among those of a higher rank and greater importance.

We pass from the hut of an armourer, to the council-room of a monarch; and resume our story just when, the tumult beneath being settled, the angry chieftains were summoned to the royal presence. They entered, displeased with and lowering upon each other, each so exclusively filled with his own fancied injuries, as to be equally unwilling and unable to attend to reason or argument. Albany alone, calm and crafty, seemed prepared to use their dissatisfaction for his own purposes, and turn each incident as it should occur to the furtherance of his own indirect ends.

The King's irresolution, although it amounted even to timidity, did not prevent his assuming the exterior appearance of dignity becoming his situation. It was only when hard pressed, as in the preceding scene, that he lost his apparent composure. In general, he might be driven from his purpose, but seldom from his dignity of manner. He received Albany, Douglas, March, and the Prior (those ill-assorted members of his motley council), with a mixture of courtesy and dignity, which reminded each haughty peer that he stood in the presence of his Sovereign, and compelled him to do the befitting reverence.

Having received their salutations, the King motioned them to be seated; and they were obeying his commands when Rothsay entered. He walked gracefully up to his father, and, kneeling at his footstool, requested his blessing. Robert, with a look in which fondness and sorrow were ill disguised, made an attempt to assume a look of reproof, as he laid his hand on the youth's head, and said, with a sigh, "God bless thee, my thoughtless boy, and make thee a wiser man in thy future years!"

"Amen, my dearest father!" said Rothsay, in a tone of feeling such as his happier moments often evinced. He then kissed the royal hand, with the reverence of a son and a subject; and instead of taking a place at the council-board, remained standing behind the King's chair, in such a position that he

might, when he chose, whisper into his father's ear.

The King then made a sign to the Prior of St Dominic to take his place at the table, on which there were writing materials, which of all the subjects present, Albany excepted, the churchman was alone able to use. The King then opened the purpose of their meeting, by saying, with much dignity,

"Our business, my lords, respected these unhappy dissensions in the Highlands, which, we learn by our latest messengers, are about to occasion the waste and destruction of the country, even within a few miles of this our own court. But near as this trouble is, our ill fate, and the instigations of wicked men, have raised up one yet nearer, by throwing strife and contention among the citizens of Perth and those attendants who follow your lordships, and others our knights and nobles. I must first, therefore, apply to yourselves, my lords, to know why our court is disturbed by such unseemly contentings, and by what means they ought to be repressed?—Brother of Albany, do you tell us first your sentiments on this matter."

"Sir, our royal Sovereign and brother," said the Duke, "being in attendance on your person when the fray began, I am not acquainted with its origin."

"And for me," said the Prince, "I heard no worse war-cry than a minstrel wench's ballad, and saw no more dangerous bolts flying than hazel-nuts."

"And I," said the Earl of March, "could only perceive that the stout citizens of Perth had in chase some knaves who had assumed the Bloody Heart on their shoulders. They ran too fast to be actually the men of the Earl of Douglas."

Douglas understood the sneer, but only replied to it by one of those withering looks with which he was accustomed to intimate his mortal resentment. He spoke, however, with haughty composure.

"My liege," he said, "must of course know it is Douglas who must answer to this heavy charge; for when was there strife or bloodshed in Scotland, but there were foul tongues to asperse a Douglas or a Douglas's man, as having given cause to them? We have here goodly witnesses. I speak not of my Lord of Albany, who has only said that he was, as well becomes him, by your Grace's side. And I say nothing of my Lord of Rothsay, who, as befits his rank, years, and understanding, was cracking nuts with a strolling musician.—He smiles—Here he may say his pleasure—I shall not forget a tie which he seems to have forgotten. But here is my Lord of March, who saw my followers flying before the clowns of Perth! I can tell that Earl, that the followers of the Bloody Heart advance or retreat, when their chieftain commands, and the good of Scotland requires."

"And I can answer—" exclaimed the equally proud Earl of March, his blood rushing into his face, when the King interrupted him.

"Peace! angry lords," said the King, "and remember in whose presence you stand!—And you, my Lord of Douglas, tell us, if you can, the cause of this mutiny, and why your followers, whose general good services we are most willing to acknowledge, were thus active in private brawl."

"I obey, my lord," said Douglas, slightly stooping a head that seldom bent. "I was passing from my

lodgings in the Carthusian Convent, through the High-street of Perth, with a few of my ordinary retinue, when I beheld some of the baser sort crowding around the Cross, against which there were nailed this placard and that which accompanies it."

He took from a pocket in the bosom of his buff-coat, a human hand and a piece of parchment. The King was shocked and agitated.

"Read," he said, "good Father Prior, and let that ghastly spectacle be removed."

The Prior read a placard to the following purpose:—

"Inasmuch as the house of a citizen of Perth was assaulted last night, being St Valentine's Eve, by a sort of disorderly nightwalkers, belonging to some company of the strangers now resident in the Fair City: And whereas, this hand was struck from one of the lawless limmers in the fray that ensued, the Provost and Magistrates have directed that it should be nailed to the Cross, in scorn and contempt of those by whom such brawl was occasioned. And if any one of knightly degree shall say that this our act is wrongfully done, I, Patrick Charteris of Kinfauns, knight, will justify this cartel in knightly weapons, within the barrace; or, if any one of meaner birth shall deny what is here said, he shall be met with by a citizen of the Fair City of Perth, according to his degree. And so God and St John protect the Fair City!"

"You will not wonder, my lord," resumed Douglas, "that when my almoner had read to me the contents of so insolent a scroll, I caused one of my squires to pluck down a trophy so disgraceful to the chivalry and nobility of Scotland. Whereupon, it seems some of these saucy burghers took license to hoot and insult the hindmost of my train, who wheeled their horses on them, and would soon have settled the feud, but for my positive command that they should follow me in as much peace as the rascally vulgar would permit. And thus they arrived here in the guise of flying men, when, with my command to repel force by force, they might have set fire to the four corners of this wretched borough, and stifled the insolent churls, like fox-cubs in a burning brake of furze."

There was a silence when Douglas had done speaking, until the Duke of Rothsay answered, addressing his father—

"Since the Earl of Douglas possesses the power of burning the town where your Grace holds your court, so soon as the Provost and he differ about a night riot, or the terms of a cartel, I am sure we ought all to be thankful that he has not the will to do so."

"The Duke of Rothsay," said Douglas, who seemed resolved to maintain command of his temper, "may have reason to thank Heaven in a more serious tone than he now uses, that the Douglas is as true as he is powerful. This is a time when the subjects in all countries rise against the law; we have heard of the insurgents of the Jacquerie in France; and of Jack Straw, and Hob Miller, and Parson Ball, among the Southron, and we may be sure there is fuel enough to catch such a flame, were it spreading to our frontiers. When I see peasants challenging noblemen, and nailing the hands

of the gentry to their city Cross, I will not say I *fear* mutiny—for that would be false—but I foresee, and will stand well prepared for it."

"And why does my Lord Douglas say," answered the Earl of March, "that this cartel has been done by churls? I see Sir Patrick Charteris' name there, and he, I ween, is of no churl's blood. The Douglas himself, since he takes the matter so warmly, might lift Sir Patrick's gauntlet without soiling of his honour."

"My Lord of March," replied Douglas, "should speak but of what he understands. I do no injustice to the descendant of the Red Rover, when I say he is too slight to be weighed with the Douglas. The heir of Thomas Randolph might have a better claim to be answered."

"And, by my honour, it shall not miss for want of my asking the grace," said the Earl of March, pulling his glove off.

"Stay, my lord," said the King. "Do us not so gross an injury as to bring your feud to mortal defiance here; but rather offer your ungloved hand in kindness to the noble Earl, and embrace, in token of your mutual fealty to the crown of Scotland."

"Not so, my liege," answered March; "your Majesty may command me to return my gauntlet, for that and all the armour it belongs to are at your command, while I continue to hold my Earldom of the crown of Scotland—but when I clasp Douglas, it must be with a mailed hand. Farewell, my liege. My counsels here avail not, and those of others are so favourably received, that perhaps farther stay were unwholesome for my safety. May God keep your Highness from open enemies and treacherous friends!—I am for my Castle of Dunbar, from whence I think you will soon hear news. Farewell to you, my Lords of Albany and Douglas; you are playing a high game, look you play it fairly—Farewell, poor thoughtless Prince, who art sporting like a fawn within spring of a tiger!—Farewell, all—George of Dunbar sees the evil he cannot remedy.—Adieu, all."

The King would have spoken, but the accents died on his tongue, as he received from Albany a look cautioning him to forbear. The Earl of March left the apartment, receiving the mute salutations of the members of the council whom he had severally addressed, excepting from Douglas alone, who returned to his farewell speech a glance of contemptuous defiance.

"The recreant goes to betray us to the Southron," he said; "his pride rests on his possessing that seaworn hold which can admit the English into Lothian.—Nay, look not alarmed, my liege, I will hold good what I say—nevertheless, it is yet time. Speak but the word, my liege—say but, 'Arrest him,' and March shall not yet cross the Earn on his traitorous journey."

"Nay, gallant Earl," said Albany, who wished rather that the two powerful lords should counterbalance each other, than that one should obtain a decisive superiority, "that were too hasty counsel. The Earl of March came hither on the King's warrant of safe-conduct, and it may not consist with my royal brother's honour to break it. Yet, if your lordship can bring any detailed proof —"

VOL. VII.

Here they were interrupted by a flourish of trumpets.

"His Grace of Albany is unwontedly scrupulous to-day," said Douglas; "but it skills not wasting words—the time is past—these are March's trumpets, and I warrant me he rides at flight-speed so soon as he passes the South Port. We shall hear of him in time; and if it be as I have conjectured, he shall be met with, though all England backed his treachery."

"Nay, let us hope better of the noble Earl of March," said the King, no way displeased that the quarrel betwixt March and Douglas had seemed to obliterate the traces of the disagreement betwixt Rothsay and his father-in-law; "he hath a fiery, but not a sullen temper—In some things he has been—I will not say wronged—but disappointed—and something is to be allowed to the resentment of high blood armed with great power. But, thank Heaven, all of us who remain are of one sentiment and of one house; so that, at least, our councils cannot now be thwarted with disunion.—Father Prior, I pray you take your writing materials, for you must as usual be our clerk of council.—And now to business, my lords—and our first object of consideration must be this Highland cumber."

"Between the Clan Chattan and the Clan Quhele, or Kay," said the Prior; "which, as our last advices from our brethren at Dunkeld inform us, is ready to break out into a more formidable warfare than has yet taken place between these sons of Belial, who speak of nothing else than of utterly destroying one another. Their forces are assembling on each side, and not a man, claiming in the tenth degree of kindred, but must repair to the Brattach* of his tribe, or stand to the punishment of fire and sword. The fiery cross hath fled like a meteor in every direction, and awakened strange and unknown tribes beyond the distant Murray Firth—may Heaven and St Dominic be our protection! But if your lordships cannot find remedy for evil, it will spread broad and wide, and the patrimony of the Church must in every direction be exposed to the fury of these Amalekites, with whom there is as little devotion to Heaven, as there is pity or love to their neighbours—May Our Lady be our guard!—We hear some of them are yet utter heathens, and worship Mahound and Termagant."

"My lords and kinsmen," said Robert, "ye have heard the urgency of this case, and may desire to know my sentiments before you deliver what your own wisdom shall suggest. And, in sooth, no better remedy occurs to me, than to send two commissioners, with full power from us to settle such debates as be among them; and at the same time to charge them, as they shall be answerable to the law, to lay down their arms, and forbear all practices of violence against each other."

"I approve of your Grace's proposal," said Rothsay; "and I trust the good Prior will not refuse the venerable station of envoy upon this peace-making errand. And his reverend brother, the Abbot of the Carthusian convent, must contend for an honour

* Standard—literally, cloth. The Lowland language still retains the word *brat*, which, however, is only applicable to a child's pinafore, or a coarse towel. To such mean offices may words descend.

which will certainly add two most eminent recruits to the large army of martyrs, since the Highlanders little regard the distinction betwixt clerk and layman, in the ambassadors whom you send to them."

"My royal Lord of Rothsay," said the Prior, "if I am destined to the blessed crown of martyrdom, I shall be doubtless directed to the path by which I am to attain it. Meantime, if you speak in jest, may Heaven pardon you, and give you light to perceive that it were better buckle on your arms to guard the possessions of the Church, so perilously endangered, than to employ your wit in taunting her ministers and servants."

"I taunt no one, Father Prior," said the youth, yawning; "nor have I much objection to taking arms, excepting that they are a somewhat cumbrous garb, and in February a furred mantle is more suiting the weather than a steel corslet. And it irks me the more to put on cold harness in this nipping weather, that, would but the Church send a detachment of their saints (and they have some Highland ones well known in this district, and doubtless used to the climate), they might fight their own battles, like merry St George of England. But I know not how it is, we hear of their miracles when they are propitiated, and of their vengeance, if any one trespasses on their patrimonies, and these are urged as reasons for extending their lands by large largesses; and yet if there come down but a band of twenty Highlanders, bell, book, and candle make no speed, and the belted baron must be fain to maintain the Church in possession of the lands which he has given to her, as much as if he himself still enjoyed the fruits of them."

"Son Robert," said his father, "you give an undue license to your tongue."

"Nay, sir, I am mute," replied the Prince. "I had no purpose to disturb your Highness, or displease the Father Prior, who, with so many miracles at his disposal, will not face, as it seems, a handful of Highland catherans."

"We know," said the Prior, with suppressed indignation, "from what source these vile doctrines are derived, which we hear with horror from the tongue of your Highness. When princes converse with heretics, their minds and manners are alike corrupted. They show themselves in the streets as the companions of maskers and harlots, and in the council as the scorers of the Church and of holy things."

"Peace, good Father!" said the King. "Rothsay shall make amends for what he has idly spoken. Alas! let us take counsel in friendly fashion, rather than resemble a mutinous crew of mariners in a sinking vessel, when each is more intent on quarrelling with his neighbours, than in assisting the exertions of the forlorn master for the safety of the ship.—My Lord of Douglas, your house has been seldom to lack, when the crown of Scotland desired either wise counsel or manly achievement; I trust you will help us in this strait?"

"I can only wonder that the strait should exist, my lord," answered the haughty Douglas. "When I was intrusted with the lieutenancy of the kingdom, there were some of these wild clans came down from the Grampians. I troubled not the council about the

matter, but made the Sheriff, Lord Ruthven, get to horse with the forces of the Carse—the Hays, the Lindsays, the Ogilvies, and other gentlemen. By St Bride! when it was steel coat to frieze mantle, the thieves knew what lances were good for, and whether swords had edges or no. There were some three hundred of their best bonnets, besides that of their chief, Donald Cornac,* left on the moor of Thorn and in Rochinroy Wood, and as many were gibbeted at Houghman Stairs, which has still the name from the hangman work that was done there. This is the way men deal with thieves in my country; and if gentler methods will succeed better with these Earish knaves, do not blame Douglas for speaking his mind.—You smile, my Lord of Rothsay. May I ask how I have a second time become your jest, before I have replied to the first which you passed on me?"

"Nay, be not wrathful, my good Lord of Douglas," answered the Prince; "I did but smile to think how your princely retinue would dwindle, if every thief were dealt with as the poor Highlanders at Houghman Stairs."

The King again interfered, to prevent the Earl from giving an angry reply. "Your lordship," said he to Douglas, "advises wisely that we should trust to arms when these men come out against our subjects on the fair and level plain; but the difficulty is to put a stop to their disorders while they continue to lurk within their mountains. I need not tell you that the Clan Chattan and the Clan Kay are great confederacies, consisting each of various tribes, who are banded together, each to support their own separate league, and who of late have had dissensions which have drawn blood wherever they have met, whether individually or in bands. The whole country is torn to pieces by their restless feuds."

"I cannot see the evil of this," said the Douglas; "the ruffians will destroy each other, and the deer of the Highlands will increase as the men diminish. We shall gain as hunters the exercise we lose as warriors."

"Rather say that the wolves will increase as the men diminish," replied the King.

"I am content," said Douglas; "better wild wolves than wild Highlanders. Let there be strong forces maintained along the Highland frontier, to separate the quiet from the disturbed country. Confine the fire of civil war within the Highlands; let it spend its uncontrolled fury, and it will be soon burnt out for want of fuel. The survivors will be humbled, and will be more obedient to a whisper of your Grace's pleasure, than their fathers, or the knaves that now exist, have been to your strictest commands."

"This is wise but ungodly counsel," said the Prior, shaking his head; "I cannot take it upon my conscience to recommend it. It is wisdom, but it is the wisdom of Achitophel, crafty at once and cruel."

"My heart tells me so"—said Robert, laying his hand on his breast; "my heart tells me, that it will be asked of me at the awful day, 'Robert Stewart, where are the subjects I have given thee?' it tells me that I must account for them all, Saxon and Gael, Lowland, Highland, and Border man; that I will not be required to answer for those alone who

* Some authorities place this skirmish so late as 1443.

have wealth and knowledge, but for those also who were robbers because they were poor, and rebels because they were ignorant."

"Your Highness speaks like a Christian King," said the Prior; "but you bear the sword as well as the sceptre, and this present evil is of a kind which the sword must cure."

"Hark ye, my lords," said the Prince, looking up as if a gay thought had suddenly struck him,— "Suppose we teach these savage mountaineers a strain of chivalry? It were no hard matter to bring these two great commanders, the captain of the Clan Chattan, and the chief of the no less doughty race of the Clan Quhele, to defy each other to mortal combat. They might fight here in Perth—we would lend them horse and armour: thus their feud would be stanch'd by the death of one, or probably both, of the villains (for I think both would break their necks in the first charge), my father's godly desire of saving blood would be attained, and we should have the pleasure of seeing such a combat between two salvage knights, for the first time in their lives wearing breeches, and mounted on horses, as has not been heard of since the days of King Arthur."

"Shame upon you, son Robert!" said the King. "Do you make the distress of your native country, and the perplexity of our councils, a subject for buffoonery?"

"If you will pardon me, royal brother," said Albany, "I think, that though my princely nephew hath started this thought in a jocular manner, there may be something wrought out of it, which might greatly remedy this pressing evil."

"Good brother," replied the King, "it is unkind to expose Rothsay's folly by pressing further his ill-timed jest. We know the Highland clans have not our customs of chivalry, nor the habit or mode of doing battle which these require."

"True, royal brother," answered Albany; "yet I speak not in scorn, but in serious earnest. True, the mountaineers have not our forms and mode of doing battle in the lists, but they have those which are as effectual to the destruction of human life; and so that the mortal game is played, and the stake won and lost, what signifies it whether these Gael fight with sword and lance, as becomes belted knights, or with sand-bags, like the crestless churls of England, or butcher each other with knives and skeans, in their own barbarous fashion? Their habits, like our own, refer all disputed rights and claims to the decision of battle. They are as vain, too, as they are fierce; and the idea that these two clans would be admitted to combat in presence of your Grace and of your court, will readily induce them to refer their differences to the fate of battle, even were such rough arbitrement less familiar to their customs, and that in any such numbers as shall be thought most convenient. We must take care that they approach not the court, save in such a fashion and number that they shall not be able to surprise us; and that point being provided against, the more that shall be admitted to combat upon either side, the greater will be the slaughter among their bravest and most stirring men, and the more the chance of the Highlands being quiet for some time to come."

"This were a bloody policy, brother," said the

King; "and again I say, that I cannot bring my conscience to countenance the slaughter of these rude men, that are so little better than so many benighted heathens."

"And are their lives more precious," asked Albany, "than those of nobles and gentlemen who by your Grace's license are so frequently admitted to fight in barrack, either for the satisfying of disputes at law, or simply to acquire honour?"

The King, thus hard pressed, had little to say against a custom so engrafted upon the laws of the realm and the usages of chivalry, as the trial by combat; and he only replied, "God knows, I have never granted such license as you urge me with, unless with the greatest repugnance; and that I never saw men have strife together to the effusion of blood, but I could have wished to appease it with the shedding of my own."

"But, my gracious lord," said the Prior, "it seems that if we follow not some such policy as this of my Lord of Albany, we must have recourse to that of the Douglas; and, at the risk of the dubious event of battle, and with the certainty of losing many excellent subjects, do, by means of the Lowland swords, that which these wild mountaineers will otherwise perform with their own hand.—What says my Lord of Douglas to the policy of his Grace of Albany?"

"Douglas," said the haughty lord, "never counselled that to be done by policy which might be attained by open force. He remains by his opinion, and is willing to march at the head of his own followers, with those of the Barons of Perthshire and the Carse; and either bring these Highlanders to reason or subjection, or leave the body of a Douglas among their savage wildernesses."

"It is nobly said, my Lord of Douglas," said Albany; "and well might the King rely upon thy undaunted heart, and the courage of thy resolute followers. But see you not how soon you may be called elsewhere, where your presence and services are altogether indispensable to Scotland and her Monarch? Marked you not the gloomy tone in which the fiery Earl of March limited his allegiance and faith to our Sovereign here present, to that space for which he was to remain King Robert's vassal? And did not you yourself suspect that he was plotting a transference of his allegiance to England?—Other chiefs, of subordinate power and inferior fame, may do battle with the Highlanders; but if March admit the Percies and their Englishmen into our frontiers, who will drive them back if the Douglas be elsewhere?"

"My sword," answered Douglas, "is equally at the service of his Majesty, on the frontier, or in the deepest recesses of the Highlands. I have seen the backs of the proud Percy and George Dunbar ere now, and I may see them again. And if it is the King's pleasure I should take measures against this probable conjunction of stranger and traitor, I admit that, rather than trust to an inferior or feebler hand the important task of settling the Highlands, I would be disposed to give my opinion in favour of the policy of my Lord of Albany, and suffer those savages to carve each other's limbs, without giving barons and knights the trouble of hunting them down."

"My lord of Douglas," said the Prince, who seemed determined to omit no opportunity to gall his haughty

father-in-law, "does not chuse to leave to us Lowlanders even the poor crumbs of honour which might be gathered at the expense of the Highland kerne, while he, with his border chivalry, reaps the full harvest of victory over the English. But Percy hath seen men's backs as well as Douglas; and I have known as great wonders as that he who goes forth to seek such wool should come back shorn."

"A phrase," said Douglas, "well becoming a prince, who speaks of honour with a wandering harlot's scrip in his bonnet, by way of favour."

"Excuse it, my lord," said Rothsay; "men who have matched unfittingly become careless in the choice of those whom they love *par amours*. The chained dog must snatch at the nearest bone."

"Rothsay, my unhappy son!" exclaimed the King, "art thou mad? or wouldst thou draw down on thee the full storm of a king and father's displeasure?"

"I am dumb," returned the Prince, "at your Grace's command."

"Well then, my lord of Albany," said the King, "since such is your advice, and since Scottish blood must flow, how, I pray you, are we to prevail on these fierce men to refer their quarrel to such a combat as you propose?"

"That, my liege," said Albany, "must be the result of more mature deliberation. But the task will not be difficult. Gold will be needful to bribe some of the bards, and principal counsellors and spokesmen. The chiefs, moreover, of both these leagues must be made to understand, that, unless they agree to this amicable settlement——"

"*Amicable, Robert!*" said the King, with emphasis.

"Ay, amicable, my liege," replied his brother, "since it is better the country were placed in peace, at the expense of losing a score or two of Highland kernes, than remain at war till as many thousands are destroyed by sword, fire, famine, and all the extremities of mountain battle. To return to the purpose; I think that the first party to whom the accommodation is proposed will snatch at it eagerly; that the other will be ashamed to reject an offer to rest the cause on the swords of their bravest men; that the national vanity, and factious hate to each other, will prevent them from seeing our purpose in adopting such a rule of decision; and that they will be more eager to cut each other to pieces, than we can be to halloo them on.—And now, as our councils are finished, so far as I can aid, I will withdraw."

"Stay yet a moment," said the Prior, "for I also have a grief to disclose, of a nature so black and horrible, that your Grace's pious heart will hardly credit its existence; and I state it mournfully, because, as certain as that I am an unworthy servant of St Dominick, it is the cause of the displeasure of Heaven against this poor country; by which our victories are turned into defeat, our gladness into mourning, our councils distracted with disunion, and our country devoured by civil war."

"Speak, reverend Prior," said the King; "assuredly, if the cause of such evils be in me, or in my house, I will take instant care to their removal."

He uttered these words with a faltering voice, and eagerly waited the Prior's reply, fearful, no doubt,

that it should implicate Rothsay in some new charge of folly or vice. His apprehensions perhaps deceived him, when he thought he saw the churchman's eye rest for a moment on the Prince, before he said, in a solemn tone,—"*Heresy, my noble and gracious Liege, heresy is among us. She snatches soul after soul from the congregation, as wolves steal lambs from the sheepfold.*"

"There are enough of shepherds to watch the fold," answered the Duke of Rothsay. "Here are four convents of regular monks alone, around this poor hamlet of Perth, and all the secular clergy besides. Methinks a town so well garrisoned should be fit to keep out an enemy."

"One traitor in a garrison, my lord," answered the Prior, "can do much to destroy the security of a city which is guarded by legions; and if that one traitor is, either from levity, or love of novelty, or whatever other motive, protected and fostered by those who should be most eager to expel him from the fortress, his opportunities of working mischief will be incalculably increased."

"Your words seem to aim at some one in this presence, Father Prior," said the Douglas; "if at me, they do me foul wrong. I am well aware that the Abbot of Aberbrothick hath made some ill-advised complaints, that I suffered not his beeves to become too many for his pastures, or his stock of grain to burst the girdles of the Monastery, while my followers lacked beef, and their horses corn. But bethink you, the pastures and corn-fields which produced that plenty, were bestowed by my ancestors on the house of Aberbrothick, surely not with the purpose that their descendant should starve in the midst of it; and neither will he, by St Bride! But for heresy and false doctrine," he added, striking his large hand heavily on the council-table, "who is it that dare tax the Douglas? I would not have poor men burned for silly thoughts; but my hand and sword are ever ready to maintain the Christian faith."

"My lord, I doubt it not," said the Prior; "so hath it ever been with your most noble house. For the Abbot's complaints, they may pass to a second day. But what we now desire, is a commission to some noble lord of state, joined to others of Holy Church, to support by strength of hand, if necessary, the inquiries which the reverend official of the bounds, and other grave prelates, my unworthy self being one, are about to make into the cause of the new doctrines, which are now deluding the simple, and depraving the pure and precious faith, approved by the Holy Father and his reverend predecessors."

"Let the Earl of Douglas have a royal commission to this effect," said Albany; "and let there be no exception whatever from his jurisdiction, saving the royal person. For my own part, although conscious that I have neither in act nor thought received or encouraged a doctrine which Holy Church hath not sanctioned; yet I should blush to claim an immunity under the blood royal of Scotland, lest I should seem to be seeking refuge against a crime so horrible."

"I will have nought to do with it"—said Douglas; "to march against the English, and the Southron traitor March, is task enough for me. Moreover, I am a true Scotsman, and will not give way to

aught that may put the Church of Scotland's head farther into the Roman yoke, or make the baron's coronet stoop to the mitre and cowl. Do thou therefore, most noble Duke of Albany, place your own name in the commission; and I pray your grace so to mitigate the zeal of the men of Holy Church, who may be associated with you, that there be no over-zealous dealings; for the smell of a faggot on the Tay would bring back the Douglas from the walls of York."

The Duke hastened to give the Earl assurance, that the commission should be exercised with lenity and moderation.

"Without a question," said King Robert, "the commission must be ample; and did it consist with the dignity of our crown, we would not ourselves decline its jurisdiction. But we trust, that while the thunders of the Church are directed against the vile authors of these detestable heresies, there shall be measures of mildness and compassion taken with the unfortunate victims of their delusions."

"Such is ever the course of Holy Church, my lord," said the Prior of St Dominic's.

"Why, then, let the commission be expedited with due care, in name of our brother Albany, and such others as shall be deemed convenient," said the King.

"And now once again let us break up our council; and, Rothsay, come thou with me, and lend me thine arm, I have matter for thy private ear."

"Ho, la!"—exclaimed the Prince, in the tone in which he would have addressed a managed horse.

"What means this rudeness, boy?" said the King; "wilt thou never learn reason and courtesy?"

"Let me not be thought to offend, my liege," said the Prince, "but we are parting without learning what is to be done in the passing strange adventure of the dead hand, which the Douglas hath so gallantly taken up. We shall sit but uncomfortably here at Perth, if we are at variance with the citizens."

"Leave that to me," quoth Albany. "With some little grant of lands and plenty of fair words, the burghers may be satisfied for this time; but it were well that the barons and their followers, who are in attendance on the court, were warned to respect the peace within burgh."

"Surely, we would have it so," said the King; "let strict orders be given accordingly."

"It is doing the churls but too much grace," said the Douglas; "but be it at your Highness's pleasure. I take leave to retire."

"Not before you taste a flagon of Gascon wine, my lord," said the King.

"Pardon," replied the Earl, "I am not athirst, and I drink not for fashion, but either for need or for friendship." So saying he departed.

The King, as if relieved by his absence, turned to Albany, and said, "And now, my lord, we should chide this truant Rothsay of ours. Yet he hath served us so well at council, that we must receive his merits as some atonement for his follies."

"I am happy to hear it," answered Albany, with a countenance of pity and incredulity, as if he knew nothing of the supposed services.

"Nay, brother, you are dull," said the King, "for I will not think you envious. Did you not note that Rothsay was the first to suggest the mode of settling

the Highlands, which your experience brought indeed into better shape, and which was generally approved of—and even now we had broken up, leaving a main matter inconsidered, but that he put us in mind of the affray with the citizens?"

"I nothing doubt, my liege," said the Duke of Albany, with the acquiescence which he saw was expected, "that my royal nephew will soon emulate his father's wisdom."

"Or," said the Duke of Rothsay, "I may find it easier to borrow from another member of my family, that happy and comfortable cloak of hypocrisy which covers all vices, and then it signifies little whether they exist or not."

"My Lord Prior," said the Duke, addressing the Dominican, "we will for a moment pray your reverence's absence. The King and I have that to say to the Prince which must have no further audience, not even yours."

The Dominican bowed and withdrew.

When the two royal brothers and the Prince were left together, the King seemed in the highest degree embarrassed and distressed; Albany sullen and thoughtful; while Rothsay himself endeavoured to cover some anxiety under his usual appearance of levity. There was a silence of a minute. At length Albany spoke.

"Royal brother," he said, "my princely nephew entertains with so much suspicion any admonition coming from my mouth, that I must pray your Grace yourself to take the trouble of telling him what it is most fitting he should know."

"It must be some displeasing communication indeed which my Lord of Albany cannot wrap up in honied words," said the Prince.

"Peace with thine effrontery, boy," answered the King, passionately. "You asked but now of the quarrel with the citizens—Who caused that quarrel, Robert?—what men were those who scaled the window of a peaceful citizen and liegeman, alarmed the night with torch and outcry, and subjected our subjects to danger and affright?"

"More fear than danger, I fancy," answered the Prince; "but how can I tell the men who made this nocturnal disturbance?"

"There was a follower of thine own there," continued the King; "a man of Belial, whom I will have brought to condign punishment."

"I have no follower, to my knowledge, capable of deserving your Highness's displeasure," answered the Prince.

"I will have no evasions, boy—Where wert thou on St Valentine's Eve?"

"It is to be hoped that I was serving the good Saint, as a man of mould might," answered the young man carelessly.

"Will my royal nephew tell us how his Master of the Horse was employed upon that holy eve?" said the Duke of Albany.

"Speak, Robert—I command thee to speak," said the King.

"Ramorny was employed in my service—I think that answer may satisfy my uncle."

"But it will not satisfy *me*," said the angry father. "God knows, I never coveted man's blood, but that Ramorny's head I will have, if law can give it. He

has been the encourager and partaker of all thy numerous vices and follies. I will take care he shall be so no more.—Call MacLouis, with a guard!”

“Do not injure an innocent man,” interposed the Prince, desirous at every sacrifice to preserve his favourite from the menaced danger,—“I pledge my word that Ramorny was employed in business of mine, therefore could not be engaged in this affray.”

“False equivocator that thou art!” said the King, presenting to the Prince a ring, “Behold the signet of Ramorny, lost in the infamous affray! It fell into the hands of a follower of the Douglas, and was given by the Earl to my brother. Speak not for Ramorny, for he dies; and go thou from my presence, and repent the flagitious counsels which could make thee stand before me with a falsehood in thy mouth.—Oh, shame, Robin, shame! as a son, thou hast lied to thy father; as a knight, to the head of thy order.”

The prince stood before his father mute, conscience-struck, and self-convicted. He then gave way to the honourable feelings which at bottom he really possessed, and threw himself at his father’s feet.

“The false knight,” he said, “deserves degradation, the disloyal subject death; but, oh! let the son crave from the father pardon for the servant who did not lead him into guilt, but who reluctantly plunged himself into it at his command! Let me bear the weight of my own folly, but spare those who have been my tools, rather than my accomplices. Remember, Ramorny was preferred to my service by my sainted mother.”

“Name her not, Robin, I charge thee!” said the King; “she is happy that she never saw the child of her love stand before her doubly dishonoured, by guilt and by falsehood.”

“I am indeed unworthy to name her,” said the Prince; “and yet, my dear father, in her name I must petition for Ramorny’s life.”

“If I might offer my council,” said the Duke of Albany, who saw that a reconciliation would soon take place betwixt the father and son, “I would advise that Ramorny be dismissed from the Prince’s household and society, with such further penalty as his imprudence may seem to merit. The public will be contented with his disgrace, and the matter will be easily accommodated or stifled, so that his Highness do not attempt to screen his servant.”

“Wilt thou, for my sake, Robin,” said the King, with a faltering voice, and the tear in his eye, “dismiss this dangerous man? for my sake, who could not refuse thee the heart out of my bosom?”

“It shall be done, my father—done instantly,” the Prince replied; and seizing the pen, he wrote a hasty dismissal of Ramorny from his service, and put it into Albany’s hands. “I would I could fulfil all your wishes as easily, my royal father,” throwing himself at the King’s feet, who raised him up, and fondly folded him in his arms.

Albany scowled, but was silent; and it was not till after the space of a minute or two, that he said, “This matter being so happily accommodated, let me ask if your Majesty is pleased to attend the even-song service in the chapel.”

“Surely,” said the King. “Have I not thanks to pay to God, who has restored union to my family? You will go with us, brother?”

“So please your Grace to give me leave of absence—No,” said the Duke. “I must concert with the Douglas, and others, the manner in which we may bring these Highland vultures to our lure.”

Albany retired to think over his ambitious projects, while the father and son attended divine service, to thank God for their happy reconciliation.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FORMER chapter opened in the royal confessional; we are now to introduce our readers to a situation somewhat similar, though the scene and persons were very different. Instead of a Gothic and darkened apartment in a monastery, one of the most beautiful prospects in Scotland lay extended beneath the hill of Kinnoul, and at the foot of a rock which commanded the view in every direction, sat the Fair Maid of Perth, listening in an attitude of devout attention to the instructions of a Carthusian monk, in his white gown and scapular, who concluded his discourse with prayer, in which his proselyte devoutly joined.

When they had finished their devotions, the priest sat for some time with his eyes fixed on the glorious prospect, of which even the early and chilly season could not conceal the beauties, and it was some time ere he addressed his attentive companion.

“When I behold,” he said at length, “this rich and varied land, with its castles, churches, convents, stately palaces, and fertile fields, these extensive woods, and that noble river, I know not, my daughter, whether most to admire the bounty of God or the ingratitude of man. He hath given us the beauty and fertility of the earth, and we have made the scene of his bounty a charnel-house and a battle-field. He hath given us power over the elements, and skill to erect houses for comfort and defence, and we have converted them into dens for robbers and ruffians.”

“Yet surely, my father, there is room for comfort,” replied Catharine, “even in the very prospect we look upon. Yonder four goodly convents, with their churches, and their towers, which tell the citizens, with brazen voice, that they should think on their religious duties;—their inhabitants, who have separated themselves from the world, its pursuits and its pleasures, to dedicate themselves to the service of Heaven,—all bear witness, that if Scotland be a bloody and a sinful land, she is yet alive and sensible to the claims which religion demands of the human race.”

“Verily, daughter, what you say seems truth; and yet, nearly viewed, too much of the comfort you describe will be found delusive. It is true, there was a period in the Christian world, when good men, maintaining themselves by the work of their hands, assembled together, not that they might live easily or sleep softly, but that they might strengthen each other in the Christian faith, and qualify themselves to be teachers of the word to the people. Doubtless there are still such to be found in the holy edifices on which we now look. But it is to be feared that the love of many has waxed cold. Our churchmen have become wealthy, as well by the gifts of pious persons, as by the bribes which wicked men have given in their ignorance, imagining that

they can purchase that pardon for endowments to the church, which Heaven has only offered to sincere penitents. And thus, as the Church waxeth rich, her doctrines have unhappily become dim and obscure, as a light is less seen if placed in a lamp of chased gold, than beheld through a screen of glass. God knows, if I see these things and mark them, it is from no wish of singularity, or desire to make myself a teacher in Israel; but because the fire burns in my bosom, and will not permit me to be silent. I obey the rules of my order, and withdraw not myself from its austerities. Be they essential to our salvation, or be they mere formalities, adopted to supply the want of real penitence and sincere devotion, I have promised, nay vowed, to observe them; and they shall be respected by me the more, that otherwise I might be charged with regarding my bodily ease, when Heaven is my witness how lightly I value what I may be called on to act or suffer, if the purity of the Church could be restored, or the discipline of the priesthood replaced in its primitive simplicity."

"But, my Father," said Catharine, "even for these opinions men term you a Lollard and a Wickliffite, and say it is your desire to destroy churches and cloisters, and restore the religion of Heathenness."

"Even so, my daughter, am I driven to seek refuge in hills and rocks, and must be presently contented to take my flight amongst the rude Highlanders, who are thus far in a more gracious state than those I leave behind me, that theirs are crimes of ignorance, not of presumption. I will not omit to take such means of safety and escape from their cruelty, as Heaven may open to me; for, while such appear, I shall account it a sign that I have still a service to accomplish. But when it is my Master's pleasure, He knows how willingly Clement Blair will lay down a vilified life upon earth, in humble hope of a blessed exchange hereafter.—But wherefore dost thou look northward so anxiously, my child?—thy young eyes are quicker than mine—dost thou see any one coming?"

"I look, Father, for the Highland youth, Conachar, who will be thy guide to the hills, where his father can afford thee a safe, if a rude retreat. This he has often promised, when we spoke of you and of your lessons—I fear he is now in company where he will soon forget them."

"The youth hath sparkles of grace in him," said Father Clement; "although those of his race are usually too much devoted to their own fierce and savage customs, to endure with patience either the restraints of religion or those of the social law.—Thou hast never told me, daughter, how, contrary to all the usages either of the burgh or of the mountains, this youth came to reside in thy father's house?"

"All I know touching that matter," said Catharine, "is, that his father is a man of consequence among those hill-men, and that he desired as a favour of my father, who hath had dealings with them in the way of his merchandize, to keep this youth for a certain time; and that two days since they parted, as he was to return home to his own mountains."

"And why has my daughter," demanded the priest, "maintained such a correspondence with this High-

land youth, that she should know how to send for him when she desired to use his services in my behalf? Surely, this is much influence for a maiden to possess over such a wild colt as this youthful mountaineer."

Catharine blushed, and answered with hesitation, "If I have had any influence with Conachar, Heaven be my witness I have only exerted it to enforce upon his fiery temper compliance with the rules of civil life. It is true, I have long expected that you, my Father, would be obliged to take to flight, and I therefore had agreed with him that he should meet me at this place, as soon as he should receive a message from me with a token, which I yesterday dispatched. The messenger was a light-footed boy of his own clan, whom he used sometimes to send on errands into the Highlands."

"And am I then to understand, daughter, that this youth, so fair to the eye, was nothing more dear to you, than as you desired to enlighten his mind and reform his manners?"

"It is so, my Father, and no otherwise," answered Catharine; "and perhaps I did not do well to hold intimacy with him, even for his instruction and improvement. But my discourse never led farther."

"Then have I been mistaken, my daughter; for I thought I had seen in thee of late some change of purpose, and some wishful regards looking back to this world, of which you were at one time resolved to take leave."

Catharine hung down her head, and blushed more deeply than ever, as she said, "Yourself, Father, were used to remonstrate against my taking the veil."

"Nor do I now approve of it, my child," said the priest. "Marriage is an honourable state, appointed by Heaven as the regular means of continuing the race of man; and I read not in the Scriptures, what human inventions have since affirmed, concerning the superior excellence of a state of celibacy. But I am jealous of thee, my child, as a father is of his only daughter, lest thou shouldst throw thyself away upon some one unworthy of thee. Thy parent, I know, less nice in thy behalf than I am, countenances the addresses of that fierce and riotous reveller, whom they call Henry of the Wynd. He is rich, it may be; but a hunter of idle and debauched company—a common prize-fighter, who has shed human blood like water. Can such a one be a fit mate for Catharine Glover?—And yet report says they are soon to be united."

The Fair Maid of Perth's complexion changed from red to pale, and from pale to red, as she hastily replied, "I think not of him; though it is true some courtesies have passed betwixt us of late, both as he is my father's friend, and as being, according to the custom of the time, my Valentine."

"Your Valentine, my child?" said Father Clement. "And can your modesty and prudence have trifled so much with the delicacy of your sex, as to place yourself in such a relation to such a man as this artificer?—Think you that this Valentine, a godly saint and Christian bishop, as he is said to have been, ever countenanced a silly and unseemly custom, more likely to have originated in the heathen worship of Flora or Venus, when mortals gave the names of deities to their passions, and studied to excite instead of restraining them?"

"Father," said Catharine, in a tone of more displeasure than she had ever before assumed to the Carthusian, "I know not upon what ground you tax me thus severely for complying with a general practice, authorized by universal custom, and sanctioned by my father's authority. I cannot feel it kind that you put such misconstruction upon me."

"Forgive me, daughter," answered the priest, mildly, "if I have given you offence. But this Henry Smith is a forward, licentious man, to whom you cannot allow any uncommon degree of intimacy and encouragement, without exposing yourself to worse misconstruction,—unless, indeed, it be your purpose to wed him, and that very shortly."

"Say no more of it, my Father," said Catharine. "You give me more pain than you would desire to do; and I may be provoked to answer otherwise than as becomes me. Perhaps I have already had cause enough to make me repent my compliance with an idle custom. At any rate, believe that Henry Smith is nothing to me; and that even the idle intercourse arising from St Valentine's Day, is utterly broken off."

"I am rejoiced to hear it, my daughter," replied the Carthusian; "and must now prove you on another subject, which renders me most anxious on your behalf. You cannot yourself be ignorant of it, although I could wish it were not necessary to speak of a thing so dangerous, even before these surrounding rocks, cliffs, and stones. But it must be said.—Catharine, you have a lover in the highest rank of Scotland's sons of honour!"

"I know it, Father," answered Catharine, composedly. "I would it were not so."

"So would I also," said the priest, "did I see in my daughter only the child of folly, which most young women are at her age, especially if possessed of the fatal gift of beauty. But as thy charms, to speak the language of an idle world, have attached to thee a lover of such high rank, so I know that thy virtue and wisdom will maintain the influence over the Prince's mind which thy beauty hath acquired."

"Father," replied Catharine, "the Prince is a licentious gallant, whose notice of me tends only to my disgrace and ruin. Can you, who seemed but now afraid that I acted imprudently in entering into an ordinary exchange of courtesies with one of my own rank, speak with patience of the sort of correspondence which the heir of Scotland dares to fix upon me? Know, that it is but two nights since he, with a party of his debauched followers, would have carried me by force from my father's house, had I not been rescued by that same rash spirited Henry Smith,—who, if he be too hasty in venturing on danger on slight occasion, is always ready to venture his life in behalf of innocence, or in resistance of oppression. It is well my part to do him that justice."

"I should know something of that matter," said the monk, "since it was my voice that sent him to your assistance. I had seen the party as I passed your door, and was hastening to the civil power in order to raise assistance, when I perceived a man's figure coming slowly towards me. Apprehensive it might be one of the ambuscade, I stepped behind the buttresses of the chapel of St John, and seeing from a nearer view, that it was Henry Smith, I guessed

which way he was bound, and raised my voice in an exhortation, which made him double his speed."

"I am beholden to you, Father," said Catharine; "but all this, and the Duke of Rothsay's own language to me, only show that the Prince is a profligate young man, who will scruple no extremities which may promise to gratify an idle passion, at whatever expense to its object. His emissary, Ramorny, has even had the insolence to tell me, that my father shall suffer for it, if I dare to prefer being the wife of an honest man, to becoming the loose paramour of a married prince. So I see no other remedy than to take the veil, or run the risk of my own ruin and my poor father's. Were there no other reason, the terror of these threats, from a man so notoriously capable of keeping his word, ought as much to prevent my becoming the bride of any worthy man, as it should prohibit me from unlatching his door to admit murderers.—Oh, good Father! what a lot is mine! and how fatal am I likely to prove to my affectionate parent, and to any one with whom I might ally my unhappy fortunes!"

"Be yet of good cheer, my daughter," said the monk; "there is comfort for thee even in this extremity of apparent distress. Ramorny is a villain, and abuses the ear of his patron. The Prince is unhappily a dissipated and idle youth; but, unless my grey hairs have been strangely imposed on, his character is beginning to alter. He hath been awakened to Ramorny's baseness, and deeply regrets having followed his evil advice. I believe, nay, I am well convinced, that his passion for you has assumed a nobler and purer character, and that the lessons he has heard from me on the corruptions of the church, and of the times, will, if enforced from your lips, sink deeply into his heart, and perhaps produce fruits, for the world to wonder as well as rejoice at. Old prophecies have said, that Rome shall fall by the speech of a woman."

"These are dreams, Father," said Catharine; "the visions of one whose thoughts are too much on better things, to admit his thinking justly upon the ordinary affairs of earth. When we have looked long at the sun, every thing else can only be seen indistinctly."

"Thou art over hasty, my daughter," said Clement, "and thou shalt be convinced of it. The prospects which I am to open to thee were unfit to be exposed to one of a less firm sense of virtue, or a more ambitious temper. Perhaps it is not fit that, even to you, I should display them; but my confidence is strong in thy wisdom and thy principles. Know, then, that there is much chance that the Church of Rome will dissolve the union which she has herself formed, and release the Duke of Rothsay from his marriage with Marjory Douglas."

Here he paused.

"And if the Church hath power and will to do this," replied the maiden, "what influence can the divorce of the Duke from his wife produce on the fortunes of Catharine Glover?"

She looked at the priest anxiously as she spoke, and he had some apparent difficulty in framing his reply, for he looked on the ground while he answered her.

"What did beauty do for Catharine Logie? Unless our fathers told us falsely, it raised her to share the throne of David Bruce."

"Did she live happy, or die regretted, good Father?" asked Catharine, in the same calm and steady tone.

"She formed her alliance, from temporal, and perhaps criminal, ambition," replied Father Clement; "and she found her reward in vanity and vexation of spirit. But had she wedded with the purpose that the believing wife should convert the unbelieving, or confirm the doubting, husband, what then had been her reward? Love and honour upon earth, and an inheritance in Heaven with Queen Margaret, and those heroines who have been the nursing mothers of the Church."

Hitherto Catharine had sat upon a stone beside the priest's feet, and looked up to him as she spoke or listened; but now, as if animated by calm, yet settled feelings of disapprobation, she rose up, and extending her hand towards the monk as he spoke, addressed him with a countenance and voice which might have become a cherub, pitying, and even as much as possible sparing, the feelings of the mortal whose errors he is commissioned to rebuke.

"And is it even so?" she said, "and can so much of the wishes, hopes, and prejudices of this vile world, affect him who may be called to-morrow to lay down his life for opposing the corruptions of a wicked age and backsliding priesthood? Can it be the severely virtuous Father Clement, who advises his child to aim at, or even to think of, the possession of a throne and a bed, which cannot become vacant but by an act of crying injustice to the present possessor? Can it be the wise reformer of the church who wishes to rest a scheme, in itself so unjust, upon a foundation so precarious? Since when is it, good Father, that the principal libertine has altered his morals so much, to be likely to court in honourable fashion the daughter of a Perth artizan? Two days must have wrought this change; for only that space has passed since he was breaking into my father's house at midnight, with worse mischief in his mind than that of a common robber. And think you, that if Rothsay's heart could dictate so mean a match, he could achieve such a purpose without endangering both his succession and his life, assailed by the Douglas and March at the same time, for what they must receive as an act of injury and insult to both their houses? Oh! Father Clement, where was your principle, where your prudence, when they suffered you to be bewildered by so strange a dream, and placed the meanest of your disciples in the right thus to reproach you?"

The old man's eyes filled with tears, as Catharine, visibly and painfully affected by what she had said, was at length silent.

"By the mouths of babes and sucklings," he said, "hath He rebuked those who would seem wise in their generation. I thank Heaven, that hath taught me better thoughts than my own vanity suggested, through the medium of so kind a monitress—Yes, Catharine, I must not hereafter wonder or exclaim, when I see those whom I have hitherto judged too harshly, struggling for temporal power, and holding all the while the language of religious zeal. I thank thee, daughter, for thy salutary admonition, and I

VOL. VII.

thank Heaven that sent it by thy lips, rather than those of a sterner reprovcr."

Catharine had raised her head to reply, and bid the old man, whose humiliation gave her pain, be comforted, when her eyes were arrested by an object close at hand. Among the crags and cliffs which surrounded this place of seclusion, there were two which stood in such close contiguity, that they seemed to have been portions of the same rock, which, rended by lightning or by an earthquake, now exhibited a chasm of about four feet in breadth, betwixt the masses of stone. Into this chasm an oak-tree had thrust itself, in one of the fantastic frolics which vegetation often exhibits in such situations. The tree, stunted and ill-fed, had sent its roots along the face of the rock in all directions to seek for supplies, and they lay like military lines of communication, contorted, twisted, and knotted like the immense snakes of the Indian archipelago. As Catharine's look fell upon the curious complication of knotty branches and twisted roots, she was suddenly sensible that two large eyes were visible among them, fixed and glaring at her, like those of a wild animal in ambush.—She started, and without speaking, pointed out the object to her companion, and looking herself with more strict attention, could at length trace out the bushy red hair and shaggy beard, which had hitherto been concealed by the drooping branches and contorted roots of the tree.

When he saw himself discovered, the Highlander, for such he proved, stepped forth from his lurking-place, and stalking forward, displayed a colossal person, clothed in a purple, red, and green-checked plaid, under which he wore a jacket of bull's hide. His bow and arrows were at his back, his head was bare, and a large quantity of tangled locks, like the glibbs of the Irish, served to cover the head, and supplied all the purposes of a bonnet. His belt bore a sword and dagger, and he had in his hand a Danish pole-axe, more recently called a Lochaber axe. Through the same rude portal advanced, one by one, four men more, of similar size, and dressed and armed in the same manner.

Catharine was too much accustomed to the appearance of the inhabitants of the mountains so near to Perth, to permit herself to be alarmed, as another Lowland maiden might have been on the same occasion. She saw with tolerable composure these gigantic forms arrange themselves in a semicircle around and in front of the Monk and herself, all bending upon them in silence their large fixed eyes, expressing, as far as she could judge, a wild admiration of her beauty. She inclined her head to them, and uttered imperfectly the usual words of a Highland salutation. The elder and leader of the party returned the greeting, and then again remained silent and motionless. The Monk told his beads; and even Catharine began to have strange fears for her personal safety, and anxiety to know whether they were to consider themselves at personal freedom. She resolved to make the experiment, and moved forward as if to descend the hill; but when she attempted to pass the line of Highlanders, they extended their pole-axes betwixt each other, so as effectually to occupy each opening through which she could have passed.

Somewhat disconcerted, yet not dismayed, for she could not conceive that any evil was intended, she sat down upon one of the scattered fragments of rock, and bade the Monk, standing by her side, be of good courage.

"If I fear," said Father Clement, "it is not for myself; for whether I be brained with the axes of these wild men, like an ox when, worn out by labour, he is condemned to the slaughter, or whether I am bound with their bowstrings, and delivered over to those who will take my life with more cruel ceremony, it can but little concern me, if they suffer thee, dearest daughter, to escape uninjured."

"We have neither of us," replied the Maiden of Perth, "any cause for apprehending evil; and here comes Conachar, to assure us of it."

Yet, as she spoke, she almost doubted her own eyes; so altered were the manner and attire of the handsome, stately, and almost splendidly dressed youth, who, springing like a roebuck, from a cliff of considerable height, lighted just in front of her. His dress was of the same tartan worn by those who had first made their appearance, but closed at the throat and elbows with a necklace and armlets of gold. The hauberk which he wore over his person, was of steel, but so clearly burnished, that it shone like silver. His arms were profusely ornamented, and his bonnet, besides the eagle's feather, marking the quality of chief, was ornamented with a chain of gold, wrapt several times around it, and secured by a large clasp, adorned with pearls. His brooch, by which the tartan mantle, or plaid, as it is now called, was secured on the shoulder, was also of gold, large and curiously carved. He bore no weapon in his hand, excepting a small sappling stick, with a hooked head. His whole appearance and gait, which used formerly to denote a sullen feeling of conscious degradation, was now bold, forward, and haughty; and he stood before Catharine with smiling confidence, as if fully conscious of his improved appearance, and waiting till she should recognise him.

"Conachar," said Catharine, desirous to break this state of suspense, "are these your father's men?"

"No, fair Catharine," answered the young man. "Conachar is no more, unless in regard to the wrongs he has sustained, and the vengeance which they demand. I am Ian Eachin MacIain, son to the Chief of the Clan Quhele. I have moulted my feathers, as you see, when I changed my name. And for these men, they are not my father's followers, but mine. You see only one half of them collected; they form a band consisting of my foster-father and eight sons, who are my body-guard, and the children of my belt, who breathe but to do my will. But Conachar," he added, in a softer tone of voice, "lives again so soon as Catharine desires to see him; and while he is the young Chief of the Clan Quhele to all others, he is to her as humble and obedient as when he was Simon Glover's apprentice. See, here is the stick I had from you when we nattered together in the sunny braes of Lednoch, when Autumn was young in the year that is gone. I would not part with it, Catharine, for the truncheon of my tribe."

While Eachin thus spoke, Catharine began to doubt in her own mind whether she had acted pru-

dently in requesting the assistance of a bold young man, elated, doubtless, by his sudden elevation from a state of servitude, to one which she was aware gave him extensive authority over a very lawless body of adherents.

"You do not fear me, fair Catharine?" said the young Chief, taking her hand. "I suffered my people to appear before me for a few minutes, that I might see how you could endure their presence; and methinks you regarded them as if you were born to be a chieftain's wife."

"I have no reason to fear wrong from Highlanders," said Catharine, firmly; "especially as I thought Conachar was with them. Conachar has drunk of our cup, and eaten of our bread; and my father has often had traffic with Highlanders, and never was there wrong or quarrel betwixt him and them."

"No?" replied Hector, for such is the Saxon equivalent for Eachin, "what! never when he took the part of the Gow Chrom (the bandy-legged Smith), against Eachin MacIain?—Say nothing to excuse it, and believe it will be your own fault if I ever again allude to it. But you had some command to lay upon me—speak, and you shall be obeyed."

Catharine hastened to reply; for there was something in the young Chief's manner and language, which made her desire to shorten the interview.

"Eachin," she said, "since Conachar is no longer your name, you ought to be sensible that in claiming, as I honestly might, a service from my equal. I little thought that I was addressing a person of such superior power and consequence. You, as well as I, have been obliged to the religious instruction of this good man. He is now in great danger; wicked men have accused him with false charges, and he is desirous to remain in safety and concealment till the storm shall pass away."

"Ha! the good Clerk Clement? Ay, the worthy clerk did much for me, and more than my rugged temper was capable to profit by. I will be glad to see any one in the town of Perth persecute one who hath taken hold of MacIain's mantle!"

"It may not be safe to trust too much to that," said Catharine. "I nothing doubt the power of your tribe, but when the Black Douglas takes up a feud he is not to be scared by the shaking of a Highland plaid."

The Highlander disguised his displeasure at this speech with a forced laugh.

"The sparrow," he said, "that is next the eye, seems larger than the eagle that is perched on Ben-goile. You fear the Douglasses most, because they sit next to you. But be it as you will—You will not believe how wide our hills, and vales, and forests, extend beyond the dusky barrier of yonder mountains, and you think all the world lies on the banks of the Tay. But this good Clerk shall see hills that could hide him were all the Douglasses on his quest—ay, and he shall see men enough also, to make them glad to get once more southward of the Grampians.—And wherefore should you not go with the good man? I will send a party to bring him in safety from Perth, and we will set up the old trade beyond Loch Tay—only no more cutting out of gloves for me. I will find

your father in hides, but I will not cut them, save when they are on the creatures' backs."

"My father will come one day and see your house-keeping, Conachar—I mean, Hector.—But times must be quieter, for there is feud between the town's-people and the followers of the noblemen, and there is speech of war about to break out in the Highlands."

"Yes, by Our Lady, Catharine! and were it not for that same Highland war, you should not thus put off your Highland visit, my pretty mistress. But the race of the hills are no longer to be divided into two nations. They will fight like men for the supremacy, and he who gets it will deal with the King of Scotland as an equal, not as a superior. Pray that the victory may fall to MacIan, my pious St Catharine, for thou shalt pray for one who loves thee dearly."

"I will pray for the right," said Catharine; "or rather, I will pray that there be peace on all sides.—Farewell, kind and excellent Father Clement; believe I shall never forget thy lessons—remember me in thy prayers.—But how wilt thou be able to sustain a journey so toilsome?"

"They shall carry him if need be," said Hector, "if we go far without finding a horse for him. But you, Catharine—it is far from hence to Perth. Let me attend you thither as I was wont."

"If you were as you were wont, I would not refuse your escort. But gold brooches and bracelets are perilous company, when the Liddesdale and Annandale lancers are riding as throng upon the highway as the leaves at Hallowmass; and there is no safe meeting betwixt Highland tartans and steel jackets."

She hazarded this remark, as she somewhat suspected, that, in casting his slough, young Eachin had not entirely surmounted the habits which he had acquired in his humble state, and that, though he might use bold words, he would not be rash enough to brave the odds of numbers, to which a descent into the vicinity of the city would be likely to expose him. It appeared that she judged correctly; for, after a farewell, in which she compounded for the immunity of her lips, by permitting him to kiss her hand, she returned towards Perth, and could obtain at times, when she looked back, an occasional glance of the Highlanders, as, winding through the most concealed and impracticable paths, they bent their way towards the North.

She felt in part relieved from her immediate anxiety, as the distance increased betwixt her and these men, whose actions were only directed by the will of their chief, and whose chief was a giddy and impetuous boy. She apprehended no insult on her return to Perth, from the soldiery of any party whom she might meet; for the rules of chivalry were in those days a surer protection to a maiden of decent appearance, than an escort of armed men, whose cognizance might not be acknowledged as friendly by any other party whom they might chance to encounter. But more remote dangers pressed on her apprehension. The pursuit of the licentious Prince was rendered formidable by threats which his unprincipled counsellor, Ramorny, had not shunned to utter against her father, if she persevered in her coyness. These menaces, in such an age, and from such a character, were deep grounds for alarm; nor

could she consider the pretensions to her favour which Conachar had scarce repressed during his state of servitude, and seemed now to avow boldly, as less fraught with evil, since there had been repeated incursions of the Highlanders into the very town of Perth, and citizens had, on more occasions than one, been made prisoners and carried off from their own houses, or had fallen by the claymore in the very streets of their city. She feared, too, her father's importunity on behalf of the Smith, of whose conduct on St Valentine's Day unworthy reports had reached her; and whose suit, had he stood clear in her good opinion, she dared not listen to while Ramorny's threats of revenge upon her father rung on her ear. She thought on these various dangers with the deepest apprehension, and an earnest desire to escape from them and herself, by taking refuge in the cloister; but saw no possibility of obtaining her father's consent to the only course from which she expected peace and protection.

In the course of these reflexions, we cannot discover that she very distinctly regretted that her perils attended her because she was the *Fair Maid of Perth*; this was one point which marked that she was not yet altogether an angel; and perhaps it was another, that, in despite of Henry Smith's real or supposed delinquencies, a sigh escaped from her bosom, when she thought upon St Valentine's dawn.

CHAPTER XV.

WE have shown the secrets of the confessional; those of the sick chamber are not hidden from us. In a darkened apartment, where salves and medicines showed that the leech had been busy in his craft, a tall thin form lay on a bed, arrayed in a night-gown belted around him, with pain on his brow, and a thousand stormy passions agitating his bosom. Everything in the apartment indicated a man of opulence and of expense. Henbane Dwining, the apothecary, who seemed to have the care of the patient, stole with a crafty and cat-like step from one corner of the room to another, busying himself with mixing medicines and preparing dressings. The sick man groaned once or twice, on which the leech, advancing to his bed-side, asked whether these sounds were a token of the pain of his body, or of the distress of his mind.

"Of both, thou poisoning varlet," said Sir John Ramorny; "and of being encumbered with thy accursed company."

"If that is all, I can relieve your knighthood of one of these ills, by presently removing myself elsewhere. Thanks to the feuds of this boisterous time, had I twenty hands, instead of these two poor servants of my art (displaying his skinny palms), there is enough of employment for them; well-requited employment, too, where thanks and crowns contend which shall best pay my services; while you, Sir John, wreak upon your chirurgeon the anger you ought only to bear against the author of your wound."

"Villain, it is beneath me no reply to thee," said the patient; "but every word of thy malignant tongue is a dirk, inflicting wounds which set all the medicines of Arabia at defiance."

"Sir John, I understand you not; but if you give

way to these tempestuous fits of rage, it is impossible but fever and inflammation must be the result."

"Why then dost thou speak in a sense to chafe my blood? Why dost thou name the supposition of thy worthless self having more hands than nature gave thee, while I, a knight and gentleman, am mutilated like a cripple?"

"Sir John," replied the surgeon, "I am no divine, nor a mainly obstinate believer in some things which divines tell us. Yet I may remind you that you have been kindly dealt with; for if the blow which has done you this injury had lighted on your neck, as it was aimed, it would have swept your head from your shoulders, instead of amputating a less considerable member."

"I wish it had, Dwining—I wish it had lighted as it was addressed. I should not then have seen a policy, which had spun a web so fine as mine, burst through by the brute force of a drunken churl. I should not have been reserved to see horses which I must not mount—lists which I must no longer enter—splendours which I cannot hope to share—or battles which I must not take part in. I should not, with a man's passions for power and for strife, be set to keep place among the women, despised by them, too, as a miserable impotent cripple, unable to aim at obtaining the favour of the sex."

"Supposing all this to be so, I will yet pray of your knighthood to remark," replied Dwining, still busying himself with arranging the dressings of the wounds, "that your eyes, which you must have lost with your head, may, being spared to you, present as rich a prospect of pleasure as either ambition, or victory in the list or in the field, or the love of woman itself, could have proposed to you."

"My sense is too dull to catch thy meaning, leech," replied Ramorny. "What is this precious spectacle, reserved to me in such a shipwreck?"

"The dearest that mankind knows," replied Dwining; and then, in the accent of a lover who utters the name of his beloved mistress, and expresses his passion for her in the very tone of his voice, he added the word "REVENGE!"

The patient had raised himself on his couch to listen with some anxiety for the solution of the physician's enigma. He laid himself down again as he heard it explained, and after a short pause, asked, "In what Christian college learned you this morality, good Master Dwining?"

"In no Christian college," answered his physician; "for though it is privately received in most, it is openly and manfully adopted in none. But I have studied among the sages of Granada, where the fiery-souled Moor lifts high his deadly dagger as it drops with his enemy's blood, and avows the doctrine which the pallid Christian practises, though, coward-like, he dare not name it."

"Thou art then a more high-souled villain than I deemed thee," said Ramorny.

"Let that pass," answered Dwining. "The waters that are the stillest, are also the deepest; and the foe is most to be dreaded who never threatens till he strikes. You knights and men-at-arms, go straight to your purpose with sword in hand. We, who are clerks, win our access with a noiseless step and indirect approach, but attain our object not less surely."

"And I," said the knight, who have trod to my revenge with a mailed foot, which made all echo around it, must now use such a slipper as thine? Ha!"

"He who lacks strength," said the wily mediciner, "must attain his purpose by skill."

"And tell me sincerely, mediciner, wherefore thou wouldst read me these devil's lessons? Why wouldst thou thrust me faster or further on to my vengeance, than I may seem to thee ready to go of my own accord? I am old in the ways of the world, man; and I know that such as thou do not drop words in vain, or thrust themselves upon the dangerous confidence of men like me, save with the prospect of advancing some purpose of their own. What interest hast thou in the road, whether peaceful or bloody, which I may pursue on these occurrents?"

"In plain-dealing, Sir Knight, though it is what I seldom use," answered the leech, "my road to revenge is the same with yours."

"With mine, man?" said Ramorny, with a tone of scornful surprise. "I thought it had been high beyond thy reach. Thou aim at the same revenge with Ramorny!"

"Ay, truly," replied Dwining; "for the smithy churl under whose blow you have suffered, has often done me despite and injury. He has thwarted me in council, and despised me in action. His brutal and unhesitating bluntness is a living reproach to the subtlety of my natural disposition. I fear him, and I hate him."

"And you hope to find an active coadjutor in me?" said Ramorny, in the same supercilious tone as before. "But know, the artizan fellow is too low in degree, to be to me either the object of hatred or of fear. Yet he shall not escape. We hate not the reptile that has stung us, though we might shake it off the wound, and tread upon it. I know the ruffian of old as a stout man-at-arms, and a pretender, as I have heard, to the favour of the scornful puppet, whose beauties, forsooth, spurred us to our wise and hopeful attempt.—Fiends, that direct this nether world! by what malice have you decided that the hand which has couched a lance against the bosom of a prince, should be struck off like a sapling, by the blow of a churl, and during the turmoil of a midnight riot!—Well, mediciner, thus far our courses hold together, and I bid thee well believe that I will crush for thee this reptile mechanic. But do not thou think to escape me, when that part of my revenge is done, which will be most easily and speedily accomplished."

"Not, it may be, altogether so easily accomplished," said the apothecary; "for if your knighthood will credit me, there will be found small ease or security in dealing with him. He is the strongest, boldest, and most skilful swordsman in Perth, and all the country around it."

"Fear nothing; he shall be met with had he the strength of Sampson. But then, mark me! Hope not thou to escape my vengeance, unless thou become my passive agent in the scene which is to follow. Mark me, I say once more. I have studied at no Moorish college, and lack some of thy unbounded appetite for revenge, but yet I will have my share of vengeance.—Listen to me, mediciner, while I shall

thus far unfold myself; but beware of treachery, for powerful as thy fiend is, thou hast taken lessons from a meaner devil than mine. Hearken—the master whom I have served through vice and virtue, with too much zeal for my own character perhaps, but with unshaken fidelity to him—the very man, to soothe whose frantic folly I have incurred this irreparable loss, is, at the prayer of his doating father, about to sacrifice me, by turning me out of his favour, and leaving me at the mercy of the hypocritical relative, with whom he seeks a precarious reconciliation at my expense. If he perseveres in this most ungrateful purpose, thy fiercest Moors, were their complexion swarthy as the smoke of hell, shall blush to see their revenge outdone! But I will give him one more chance for honour and safety, before my wrath shall descend on him in unrelenting and unmitigated fury.—There then, thus far thou hast my confidence—Close hands on our bargain—close hands, did I say?—where is the hand that should be the pledge and representative of Ramorny's plighted word! is it nailed on the public pillory, or flung as offal to the houseless dogs, who are even now snarling over it? Lay thy finger on the mutilated stump then, and swear to be a faithful actor in my revenge, as I shall be in yours.—How now, Sir Leech, look you pale—you, who say to Death, stand back or advance, can you tremble to think of him or to hear him named? I have not mentioned your fee, for one who loves revenge for itself, requires no deeper bribe—yet, if broad lands and large sums of gold can increase thy zeal in a brave cause, believe me, these shall not be lacking.”

“They tell for something in my humble wishes,” said Dwining; “the poor man in this bustling world is thrust down like a dwarf in a crowd, and so trodden under foot—the rich and powerful rise like giants above the press, and are at ease, while all is turmoil around them.”

“Then shalt thou arise above the press, mediciner, as high as gold can raise thee. This purse is weighty, yet it is but an earnest of thy guerdon.”

“And this Smith? my noble benefactor—” said the leech, as he pouched the gratuity—“This Henry of the Wynd, or whatever is his name—would not the news that he hath paid the penalty of his action, assuage the pain of thy knighthood's wound better than the balm of Mecca with which I have salved it?”

“He is beneath the thoughts of Ramorny; and I have no more resentment against him than I have ill-will at the senseless weapon which he swayed. But it is just thy hate should be vented upon him. Where is he chiefly to be met with?”

“That also I have considered,” said Dwining. “To make the attempt by day in his own house, were too open and dangerous, for he hath five servants who work with him at the stithy, four of them strong knaves, and all loving to their master. By night were scarce less desperate, for he hath his doors strongly fastened with bolt of oak and bar of iron, and ere the fastenings of his house could be forced, the neighbourhood would rise to his rescue, especially as they are still alarmed by the practice on St Valentine's Even.”

“O ay, true, mediciner,” said Ramorny, “for deceit is thy nature, even with me—thou knewest

my hand and signet, as thou said'st, when my hand was found cast out on the street, like the disgusting refuse of a shambles,—why, having such knowledge, went'st thou with these jolter-headed citizens, to consult that Patrick Charteris, whose spurs should be hacked off from his heels for the communion which he holds with paltry burghers, and whom thou brought'st here with the fools to do dishonour to the lifeless hand, which, had it held its wonted place, he was not worthy to have touched in peace, or faced in war!”

“My noble patron, as soon as I had reason to know you had been the sufferer, I urged them with all my powers of persuasion to desist from prosecuting the feud; but the swaggering Smith, and one or two other hot heads, cried out for vengeance. Your knighthood must know this fellow calls himself bachelor to the Fair Maiden of Perth, and stands upon his honour to follow up her father's quarrel; but I have forestalled his market in that quarter, and that is something in earnest of revenge.”

“How mean you by that, Sir Leech?” said the patient.

“Your knighthood shall conceive,” said the mediciner, “that this Smith doth not live within compass, but is an outlier and a galliard. I met him myself on St Valentine's day, shortly after the affray between the townsfolk and the followers of Douglas. Yes, I met him sneaking through the lanes and by-passages with a common minstrel wench, with her messan and her viol on his one arm, and her buxom self hanging upon the other. What thinks your honour? Is not this a trim squire, to cross a prince's love with the fairest girl in Perth, strike off the hand of a knight and baron, and become gentleman-usher to a strolling glee-woman, all in the course of the same four-and-twenty hours?”

“Marry, I think the better of him that he is so much of a gentleman's humour, clown though he be,” said Ramorny. “I would he had been a precisian instead of a galliard, and I should have had better heart to aid thy revenge;—and such revenge! revenge on a Smith in the quarrel of a pitiful manufacturer of rotten cheverons!—And yet it shall be taken in full. Thou hast commenced it, I warrant me, by thine own manœuvres.”

“In a small degree only,” said the apothecary. “I took care that two or three of the most notorious gossips in Curfew-street, who liked not to hear Catharine called the Fair Maid of Perth, should be possessed of this story of her faithful Valentine. They opened on the scent so keenly, that, rather than doubt had fallen on the tale, they would have vouched for it as if their own eyes had seen it. The lover came to her father's within an hour after, and your worship may think what a reception he had from the angry Glover, for the damsel herself would not be looked upon. And thus your honour sees I had a foretaste of revenge. But I trust to receive the full draught from the hands of your lordship, with whom I am in a brotherly league, which—”

“Brotherly!” said the Knight, contemptuously. “But be it so, the priests say we are all of one common earth. I cannot tell—there seems to me some difference; but the better mould shall keep faith with the baser, and thou shalt have thy revenge. Call thou my page hither.”

A young man made his appearance from the ante-room upon the physician's summons.

"Eviot," said the knight, "does Bonthron wait? and is he sober?"

"He is as sober as sleep can make him, after a deep drink," answered the page.

"Then fetch him hither, and do thou shut the door."

A heavy step presently approached the apartment, and a man entered, whose deficiency of height seemed made up in breadth of shoulders and strength of arm.

"There is a man thou must deal upon, Bonthron," said the knight.

The man smoothed his rugged features, and grinned a smile of satisfaction.

"That mediciner will show thee the party. Take such advantage of time, place, and circumstance, as will ensure the result; and mind you come not by the worst, for the man is the fighting Smith of the Wynd."

"It will be a tough job," growled the assassin; "for if I miss my blow, I may esteem myself but a dead man. All Perth rings with the Smith's skill and strength."

"Take two assistants with thee," said the knight.

"Not I," said Bonthron. "If you double anything, let it be the reward."

"Account it doubled," said his master; "but see thy work be thoroughly executed."

"Trust me for that, Sir Knight—seldom have I failed."

"Use this sage man's directions," said the wounded man, pointing to the physician. "And hark thee—await his coming forth—and drink not till the business be done."

"I will not," answered the dark satellite; "my own life depends on my blow being steady and sure. I know whom I have to deal with."

"Vanish, then, till he summons you, and have axe and dagger in readiness."

Bonthron nodded and withdrew.

"Will your knighthood venture to intrust such an act to a single hand?" said the mediciner, when the assassin had left the room. "May I pray you to remember that yonder party did, two nights since, baffle six armed men?"

"Question me not, Sir Mediciner; a man like Bonthron, who knows time and place, is worth a score of confused revellers.—Call Eviot—thou shalt first exert thy powers of healing, and do not doubt that thou shalt, in the farther work, be aided by one who will match thee in the art of sudden and unexpected destruction."

The page Eviot again appeared at the mediciner's summons, and at his master's sign assisted the surgeon in removing the dressings from Sir John Ramorny's wounded arm. Dwining viewed the naked stump with a species of professional satisfaction, enhanced, no doubt, by the malignant pleasure which his evil disposition took in the pain and distress of his fellow-creatures. The knight just turned his eye on the ghastly spectacle, and uttered, under the pressure of bodily pain or mental agony, a groan which he would fain have repressed.

"You groan, sir," said the leech, in his soft insinuating tone of voice, but with a sneer of enjoyment, mixed with scorn, curling upon his lip, which his

habitual dissimulation could not altogether disguise—"You groan—but be comforted. This Henry Smith knows his business—his sword is as true to its aim as his hammer to the anvil. Had a common swordsman struck this fatal blow, he had harmed the bone and damaged the muscles, so that even my art might not have been able to repair them. But Henry Smith's cut is clean, and as sure as that with which my own scalpel could have made the amputation. In a few days you will be able, with care and attention to the ordinances of medicine, to stir abroad."

"But my hand—the loss of my hand—"

"It may be kept secret for a time," said the mediciner; "I have possessed two or three tattling fools, in deep confidence, that the hand which was found was that of your knighthood's groom, Black Quentin, and your knighthood knows that he is parted for Fife in such sort as to make it generally believed."

"I know well enough," said Ramorny, "that the rumour may stifle the truth for a short time. But what avails this brief delay?"

"It may be concealed till your knighthood retires for a time from the court, and then, when new accidents have darkened the recollection of the present stir, it may be imputed to a wound received from the shivering of a spear, or from a cross-bow bolt. Your slave will find a suitable device, and stand for the truth of it."

"The thought maddens me," said Ramorny, with another groan of mental and bodily agony. "Yet I see no better remedy."

"There is none other," said the leech, to whose evil nature his patron's distress was delicious nourishment. "In the meanwhile, it is believed you are confined by the consequences of some bruises, aiding the sense of displeasure at the Prince's having consented to dismiss you from his household, at the remonstrance of Albany; which is publicly known."

"Villain, thou rackest me," said the patient.

"Upon the whole, therefore," said Dwining, "your knighthood has escaped well, and saving the lack of your hand, a mischance beyond remedy, you ought rather to rejoice than to complain; for no barber-chirurgion in France or England could have more ably performed the operation than this churl with one downright blow."

"I understand my obligation fully," said Ramorny, struggling with his anger, and affecting composure; "and if Bonthron pays him not with a blow equally downright, and rendering the aid of the leech unnecessary, say that John of Ramorny cannot requite an obligation."

"That is said like yourself, noble knight," answered the mediciner. "And let me further say, that the operator's skill must have been vain, and the hæmorrhage must have drained your life-veins, but for the bandages, the cautery, and the styptics, applied by the goods monks and the poor services of your humble vassal, Henbane Dwining."

"Peace," exclaimed the patient, "with thy ill-omened voice, and worse-omened name!—Methinks, as thou mentionedst the tortures I have undergone, my tingling nerves stretch and contract themselves as if they still actuated the fingers that could clutch a dagger."

"That," explained the leech, "may it please your

knighthood, is a phenomenon well known to our profession. There have been those among the ancient sages who have thought that there still remained a sympathy between the severed nerves, and those belonging to the amputated limb; and that the severed fingers are seen to quiver and strain, as corresponding with the impulse which proceeds from their sympathy with the energies of the living system. Could we recover the hand from the Cross, or from the custody of the Black Douglas, I would be pleased to observe this wonderful operation of occult sympathies. But I fear me, one might as safely go to wrest the joint from the talons of an hungry eagle."

"And thou mayst as safely break thy malignant jests on a wounded lion, as on John of Ramorny!" said the knight, raising himself in uncontrollable indignation. "Caitiff, proceed to thy duty; and remember, that if my hand can no longer clasp a dagger, I can command an hundred."

"The sight of one drawn and brandished in anger were sufficient," said Dwining, "to consume the vital powers of your chirurgeon. But who then," he added, in a tone partly insinuating, partly jeering, "who then would relieve the fiery and scorching pain which my patron now suffers, and which renders him exasperated even with his poor servant for quoting the rules of healing, so contemptible, doubtless, compared with the power of inflicting wounds?"

Then, as daring no longer to trifle with the mood of his dangerous patient, the leech addressed himself seriously to salving the wound, and applied a fragrant balm, the odour of which was diffused through the apartment, while it communicated a refreshing coolness, instead of the burning heat; a change so gratifying to the fevered patient, that, as he had before groaned with agony, he could not now help sighing for pleasure, as he sunk back on his couch to enjoy the ease which the dressing bestowed.

"Your knightly lordship now knows who is your friend," said Dwining; "had you yielded to a rash impulse, and said, 'Slay me this worthless quack-salver,' where, within the four seas of Britain, would you have found the man to have ministered to you as much comfort?"

"Forget my threats, good leech," said Ramorny, "and beware how you tempt me. Such as I brook not jests upon our agony. See thou keep thy scoffs, to pass upon misers* in the hospital."

Dwining ventured to say no more, but poured some drops from a phial which he took from his pocket, into a small cup of wine allayed with water.

"This draught," said the man of art, "is medicated to produce a sleep which must not be interrupted."

"For how long will it last?" asked the knight.

"The period of its operation is uncertain—perhaps till morning."

"Perhaps for ever," said the patient. "Sir Mediciner, taste me that liquor presently, else it passes not my lips."

The leech obeyed him, with a scornful smile. "I would drink the whole with readiness; but the juice of this Indian gum will bring sleep on the healthy man

as well as upon the patient, and the business of the leech requires me to be a watcher."

"I crave your pardon, Sir Léech," said Ramorny, looking downwards, as if ashamed to have manifested suspicion.

"There is no room for pardon where offence must not be taken," answered the mediciner. "An insect must thank a giant that he does not tread on him. Yet, noble knight, insects have their power of harming as well as physicians. What would it have cost me, save a moment's trouble, so to have drugged that balm, as should have made your arm rot to the shoulder-joint, and your life-blood curdle in your veins to a corrupted jelly? What is there that prevented me to use means yet more subtle, and to taint your room with essences, before which the light of life twinkles more and more dimly, till it expires, like a torch amidst the foul vapours of some subterranean dungeon? You little estimate my power, if you know not that these, and yet deeper modes of destruction, stand at command of my art. But a physician slays not the patient by whose generosity he lives, and far less will he, the breath of whose nostrils is the hope of revenge, destroy the vowed ally who is to favour his pursuit of it.—Yet one word;—should a necessity occur for rousing yourself,—for who in Scotland can promise himself eight hours uninterrupted repose?—then smell at the strong essence contained in this pouncet-box.—And now, farewell, Sir Knight; and if you cannot think of me as a man of nice conscience, acknowledge me at least as one of reason and of judgment."

So saying the mediciner left the room; his usual mean and shuffling gait elevating itself into something more noble, as conscious of a victory over his imperious patient.

Sir John Ramorny remained sunk in unpleasing reflections, until he began to experience the incipient effects of the soporific draught. He then roused himself for an instant, and summoned his page.

"Eviot! what ho! Eviot!—I have done ill to unbosom myself so far to this poisonous quack-salver—Eviot!"

The page entered.

"Is the mediciner gone forth?"

"Yes, so please your knighthood."

"Alone, or accompanied?"

"Bonthron spoke apart with him, and followed him almost immediately—by your lordship's command, as I understood him."

"Lack-a-day, yes!—he goes to seek some medicaments—he will return anon. If he be intoxicated, see he come not near my chamber, and permit him not to enter into converse with any one. He raves when drink has touched his brain. He was a rare fellow, before a Southron bill laid his brain-pan bare; but since that time he talks gibberish whenever the cup has crossed his lips.—Said the leech aught to you, Eviot?"

"Nothing, save to reiterate his commands that your honour be not disturbed."

"Which thou must surely obey," said the knight. "I feel the summons to rest, of which I have been deprived since this unhappy wound—At least, if I have slept, it has been but for a snatch. Aid me to take off my gown, Eviot."

* That is, miserable persons, as used in Spenser, and other writers of his time; though the sense is now restricted to those who are covetous.

"May Ged and the saints send you good rest, my lord," said the page, retiring after he had rendered his wounded master the assistance required.

As Eviot left the room, the knight, whose brain was becoming more and more confused, muttered over the page's departing salutation.

"God—saints—I *have* slept sound under such a benison. But now—methinks if I awake not to the accomplishment of my proud hopes of power and revenge, the best wish for me is, that the slumbers which now fall around my head, were the forerunners of that sleep which shall return my borrowed powers to their original non-existence—I can argue it no farther."

Thus speaking, he fell into a profound sleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE night which sunk down on the sick-bed of Ramorny, was not doomed to be a quiet one. Two hours had passed since curfew-bell, then rung at seven o'clock at night, and in those primitive times all were retired to rest, excepting such whom devotion, or duty, or debauchery made watchers; and the evening being that of Shrovetide, or, as it was called in Scotland, Fastern's E'en, the vigils of gaiety were by far the most frequented of the three.

The common people had, throughout the day, toiled and struggled at foot-ball; the nobles and gentry had fought cocks, and hearkened to the wanton music of the minstrel; while the citizens had gorged themselves upon pancakes fried in lard, and brose, or brewis, the fat broth, that is, in which salted beef had been boiled, poured upon highly-roasted oatmeal, a dish which even now is not ungrateful to simple old-fashioned Scottish palates. These were all exercises and festive dishes proper to the holiday. It was no less a solemnity of the evening, that the devout Catholic should drink as much good ale and wine as he had means to procure; and, if young and able, that he should dance at the ring, or figure among the morrice-dancers, who, in the city of Perth, as elsewhere, wore a peculiarly fantastic garb, and distinguished themselves by their address and activity. All this gaiety took place under the prudential consideration, that the long term of Lent, now approaching, with its fasts and deprivations, rendered it wise for mortals to cram as much idle and sensual indulgence as they could into the brief space which intervened before its commencement.

The usual revels had taken place, and in most parts of the city were succeeded by the usual pause. A particular degree of care had been taken by the nobility, to prevent any renewal of discord betwixt their followers and the citizens of the town; so that the revels had proceeded with fewer casualties than usual, embracing only three deaths, and certain fractured limbs, which, occurring to individuals of little note, were not accounted worth inquiring into. The Carnival was closing quietly in general, but in some places the sport was still kept up.

One company of revellers, who had been particularly noticed and applauded, seemed unwilling to conclude their frolic. The Entry, as it was called, consisted of thirteen persons, habited in the same manner, having doublets of chamois leather sitting

close to their bodies, curiously slashed, and laced. They wore green caps with silver tassels, red ribands, and white shoes, had bells hung at their knees and around their ankles, and naked swords in their hands. This gallant party, having exhibited a sword-dance before the King, with much clashing of weapons, and fantastic interchange of postures, went on gallantly to repeat their exhibition before the door of Simon Glover, where, having made a fresh exhibition of their agility, they caused wine to be served round to their own company and the bystanders, and with a loud shout drank to the health of the Fair Maid of Perth. This summoned old Simon to the door of his habitation, to acknowledge the courtesy of his countrymen, and in his turn to send the wine around in honour of the Merry Morrice Dancers of Perth.

"We thank thee, Father Simon," said a voice, which strove to drown in an artificial squeak the pert conceited tone of Oliver Proudpute. "But a sight of thy lovely daughter had been more sweet to us young bloods, than a whole vintage of Malvoisie."

"I thank you, neighbours, for your good-will," replied the Glover. "My daughter is ill at ease, and may not come forth into the cold night air—but if this gay gallant, whose voice methinks I should know, will go into my poor house, she will charge him with thanks for the rest of you."

"Bring them to us at the hostelrie of the Griffin," cried the rest of the ballet to their favoured companion; "for there will we ring in Lent, and have another rouse to the health of the lovely Catharine."

"Have with you in half an hour," said Oliver, "and see who will quaff the largest flagon, or sing the loudest glee. Nay, I will be merry, in what remains of Fastern's Even, should Lent find me with my mouth closed for ever."

"Farewell, then," cried his mates in the morrice; "farewell, slashing Bonnet-maker, till we meet again."

The morrice-dancers accordingly set out upon their further progress, dancing and carolling as they went along to the sound of four musicians, who led the joyous band, while Simon Glover drew their Coryphæus into his house, and placed him in a chair by his parlour fire.

"But where is your daughter?" said Oliver. "She is the bait for us brave blades."

"Why, truly, she keeps her apartment, neighbour Oliver; and, to speak plainly, she keeps her bed."

"Why, then will I up stairs to see her in her sorrow—you have marred my ramble, Gaffer Glover, and you owe me amends—a roving blade like me—I will not lose both the lass and the glass.—Keeps her bed, does she?"

My dog and I we have a trick
To visit maids when they are sick;
When they are sick and like to die,
O thither do come my dog and I.

And when I die, as needs must hap,
Then bury me under the good ale-tap;
With folded arms there let me lie,
Cheek for jowl, my dog and I."

"Canst thou not be serious for a moment, neighbour Proudpute?" said the Glover; "I want a word of conversation with you."

"Serious?" answered his visitor; "why, I have been serious all this day—I can hardly open my mouth, but something comes out about death, a burial, or such-like—the most serious subjects that I wot of."

"St John! man," said the Glover, "art thou fey?"

"No, not a whit—it is not my own death which these gloomy fancies foretell—I have a strong horoscope, and shall live for fifty years to come. But it is the case of the poor fellow—the Douglas-man, whom I struck down at the fray of St Valentine's—he died last night—it is that which weighs on my conscience, and awakens sad fancies. Ah, Father Simon, we martialists that have spilt blood in our choler, have dark thoughts at times—I sometimes wish that my knife had cut nothing but worsted thrums."

"And I wish," said Simon, "that mine had cut nothing but buck's leather, for it has sometimes cut my own fingers. But thou mayst spare thy remorse for this bout; there was but one man dangerously hurt at the affray, and it was he from whom Henry Smith hewed the hand, and he is well recovered. His name is Black Quentin, one of Sir John Ramorny's followers. He has been sent privately back to his own country of Fife."

"What, Black Quentin?—why, that is the very man that Henry and I, as we ever keep close together, struck at in the same moment, only my blow fell somewhat earlier. I fear further feud will come of it, and so does the Provost.—And is he recovered? Why, then, I will be jovial, and since thou wilt not let me see how Kate becomes her night-gear, I will back to the Griffin to my morrice-dancers."

"Nay, stay but one instant. Thou art a comrade of Henry Wynd, and hast done him the service to own one or two deeds, and this last among others. I would thou couldst clear him of other charges, with which fame hath loaded him."

"Nay, I will swear by the hilt of my sword, they are as false as hell, Father Simon. What!—blades and targets! shall not men of the sword stick together?"

"Nay, neighbour Bonnet-maker, be patient; thou mayst do the Smith a kind turn, an thou takest this matter the right way. I have chosen thee to consult with anent this matter—not that I hold thee the wisest head in Perth, for should I say so I should lie."

"Ay, ay," answered the self-satisfied Bonnet-maker; "I know where you think my fault lies—you cool heads think we hot heads are fools—I have heard men call Henry Wynd such a score of times."

"Fool enough and cool enough may rhyme together passing well," said the Glover; "but thou art good-natured, and I think lovest this crony of thine. It stands awkwardly with us and him just now," continued Simon. "Thou knowest there hath been some talk of marriage between my daughter Catharine and Henry Gow?"

"I have heard some such song since St Valentine's morn—Ah! he that shall win the Fair Maid of Perth must be a happy man—and yet marriage spoils many a pretty fellow. I myself somewhat regret——"

VOL. VII.

"Pr'ythee, truce with thy regrets for the present, man," interrupted the Glover, somewhat peevishly. "You must know, Oliver, that some of these talking women, who, I think, make all the business of the world their own, have accused Henry of keeping light company with glee-women and such-like. Catharine took it to heart; and I held my child insulted, that he had not waited upon her like a Valentine, but had thrown himself into unseemly society on the very day when, by ancient custom, he might have had an opportunity to press his interest with my daughter.—Therefore when he came hither late on the evening of St Valentine's, I, like a hasty old fool, bid him go home to the company he had left, and denied him admittance. I have not seen him since, and I begin to think that I may have been too rash in the matter. She is my only child, and the grave should have her sooner than a debauchee. But I have hitherto thought I knew Henry Gow as if he were my son. I cannot think he would use us thus, and it may be there are means of explaining what is laid to his charge. I was led to ask Dwining, who is said to have saluted the Smith while he was walking with this choice mate—If I am to believe his words, this wench was the Smith's cousin, Joan Letham. But thou knowest that the pottercarrier ever speaks one language with his visage, and another with his tongue—Now, thou, Oliver, hast too little wit—I mean, too much honesty—to belie the truth, and as Dwining hinted that thou also hadst seen her—"

"I see her, Simon Glover! Will Dwining say that I saw her!"

"No, not precisely that—but he says you *told* him you had met the Smith thus accompanied."

"He lies, and I will pound him into a gallipot!" said Oliver Proudfoot.

"How? Did you never tell him then of such a meeting?"

"What an if I did?" said the Bonnet-maker. "Did not he swear that he would never repeat again to living mortal what I communicated to him? and therefore, in telling the occurrent to you he hath made himself a liar."

"Thou didst not meet the Smith, then," said Simon, "with such a loose baggage as fame reports?"

"Lack-a-day, not I—perhaps I did, perhaps I did not. Think, father Simon—I have been a four-years married man, and can you expect me to remember the turn of a glee-woman's ankle, the trip of her toe, the lace upon her petticoat, and such toys? No, I leave that to unmarried wags like my gossip Henry."

"The upshot is, then," said the Glover, much vexed, "you *did* meet him on St Valentine's Day walking the public streets——"

"Not so, neighbour; I met him in the most distant and dark lane in Perth, steering full for his own house, with bag and baggage, which, as a gallant fellow, he carried in his arms, the puppy dog on one, and the jilt herself (and to my thought she was a pretty one) hanging upon the other."

"Now, by good St John," said the Glover, "this infamy would make a Christian man renounce his faith, and worship Mahound in very anger! But he has seen the last of my daughter. I would rather she went to the wild Highlands with a bare-legged catheran, than wed with one who could, at such a

season, so broadly forget honour and decency—Out upon him!”

“Tush! tush! father Simon,” said the liberal-minded Bonnet-maker; “you consider not the nature of young blood. Their company was not long, for—to speak truth, I did keep a little watch on him—I met him before sunrise, conducting his errant damsel to the Lady’s Stairs, that the wench might embark on the Tay from Perth; and I know for certainty (for I made inquiry), that she sailed in a gabbart for Dundee. So you see it was but a slight escape of youth.”

“And he came here,” said Simon, bitterly, “beseeching for admittance to my daughter, while he had his harlot awaiting him at home! I had rather he had slain a score of men.—It skills not talking, least of all to thee, Oliver Proudfoot, who, if thou art not such a one as himself, would fain be thought so. But——”

“Nay, think not of it so seriously,” said Oliver, who began to reflect on the mischief his tattling was likely to occasion to his friend, and on the consequences of Henry Gow’s displeasure, when he should learn the disclosure which he had made, rather in vanity of heart than in evil intention. “Consider,” he continued, “that there are follies belonging to youth. Occasion provokes men to such frolics, and confession wipes them off. I care not if I tell thee, that though my wife be as goodly a woman as the city has, yet I myself——”

“Peace, silly braggart,” said the Glover, in high wrath; “thy loves and thy battles are alike apocryphal. If thou must needs lie, which I think is thy nature, canst thou invent no falsehood that may at least do thee some credit? Do I not see through thee, as I could see the light through the horn of a base lantern? Do I not know, thou filthy weaver of rotten worsted! that thou dared no more cross the threshold of thy own door, if thy wife heard of thy making such a boast, than thou dardest cross naked weapons with a boy of twelve years old, who has drawn a sword for the first time in his life? By St John, it were paying you for your tale-bearing trouble, to send thy Maudie word of thy gay brags.”

The Bonnet-maker, at this threat, started as if a cross-bow bolt had whizzed past his head when least expected. And it was with a trembling voice that he replied, “Nay, good father Glover, thou takest too much credit for thy grey hairs. Consider, good neighbour, thou art too old for a young martialist to wrangle with. And in the matter of my Maudie, I can trust thee, for I know no one who would be less willing than thou to break the peace of families.”

“Trust thy coxcomb no longer with me,” said the incensed Glover; “but take thyself, and the thing thou call’st a head, out of my reach, lest I borrow back five minutes of my youth, and break thy pate.”

“You have had a merry Fastern’s Even neighbour,” said the Bonnet-maker, “and I wish you a quiet sleep; we shall meet better friends to-morrow.”

“Out of my doors to-night!” said the Glover. “I am ashamed so idle a tongue as thine should have power to move me thus.”

“Idiot—beast—loose-tongued coxcomb!” he exclaimed, throwing himself into a chair, as the Bonnet-maker disappeared; “that a fellow made up of lies

should not have had the grace to frame one when it might have covered the shame of a friend! And I—what am I, that I should, in my secret mind, wish that such a gross insult to me and my child had been glossed over? Yet such was my opinion of Henry, that I would have willingly believed the grossest figment the swaggering ass could have invented. Well!—it skills not thinking of it. Our honest name must be maintained, though everything else should go to ruin.”

While the Glover thus moralized on the unwelcome confirmation of the tale he wished to think untrue, the expelled morrice-dancer had leisure, in the composing air of a cool and dark February night, to meditate on the consequences of the Glover’s unrestrained anger.

“But it is nothing,” he bethought himself, “to the wrath of Henry Wynd, who hath killed a man for much less than placing displeasure betwixt him and Catharine, as well as her fiery old father. Certainly I were better have denied everything. But the humour of seeming a knowing gallant (as in truth I am) fairly overcame me. Were I best go to finish the revel at the Griffin?—But then Maudie will rampage on my return, and this being holiday even, I may claim a privilege.—I have it—I will not to the Griffin—I will to the Smith’s, who must be at home, since no one hath seen him this day amid the revel. I will endeavour to make peace with him, and offer my intercession with the Glover. Harry is a simple downright fellow, and though I think he is my better in a broil, yet in discourse I can turn him my own way. The streets are now quiet—the night, too, is dark, and I may step aside if I meet any rioters. I will to the Smith’s, and, securing him for my friend, I care little for old Simon. Saint Ringan bear me well through this night, and I will clip my tongue out ere it shall run my head into such peril again! Yonder old fellow, when his blood was up, looked more like a carver of buff-jerkins than a clipper of kid-gloves.”

With these reflections, the puissant Oliver walked swiftly, yet with as little noise as possible, towards the wynd in which the Smith, as our readers are aware, had his habitation. But his evil fortune had not ceased to pursue him. As he turned into the High, or principal street, he heard a burst of music very near him, followed by a loud shout.

“My merry mates, the morrice-dancers,” thought he; “I would know old Jeremy’s rebeck among an hundred. I will venture across the street ere they pass on—if I am espied, I shall have the renown of some private quest, which may do me honour as a roving blade.”

With these longings for distinction among the gay and gallant, combated, however, internally, by more prudential considerations, the Bonnet-maker made an attempt to cross the street. But the revellers, whoever they might be, were accompanied by torches, the flash of which fell upon Oliver, whose light-coloured habit made him the more distinctly visible. The general shout of “A prize, a prize,” overcame the noise of the minstrel, and before the Bonnet-maker could determine whether it were better to stand or fly, two active young men, clad in fantastic masking habits, resembling wild men, and holding

great clubs, seized upon him, saying, in a tragical tone, "Yield thee, man of bells and bombast; yield thee, rescue or no rescue, or truly thou art but a dead morrice-dancer."

"To whom shall I yield me?" said the Bonnet-maker, with a faltering voice; for though he saw he had to do with a party of mummers who were a-foot for pleasure, yet he observed, at the same time, that they were far above his class, and he lost the audacity necessary to support his part in a game where the inferior was likely to come by the worst.

"Dost thou parley, slave?" answered one of the maskers; "and must I show thee that thou art a captive, by giving thee incontinently the bastinado?"

"By no means, puissant man of Ind," said the Bonnet-maker; "lo, I am conformable to your pleasure."

"Come, then," said those who had arrested him, "come and do homage to the Emperor of Mimes, King of Caperers, and Grand Duke of the Dark Hours, and explain by what right thou art so presumptuous as to prance and jingle, and wear out shoe-leather within his dominions, without paying him tribute. Know'st thou not thou hast incurred the pains of high-treason?"

"That were hard, methinks," said poor Oliver, "since I knew not that his Grace exercised the government this evening. But I am willing to redeem the forfeit, if the purse of a poor Bonnet-maker may, by the mulct of a gallon of wine, or some such matter."

"Bring him before the Emperor," was the universal cry; and the morrice-dancer was placed before a slight, but easy and handsome figure of a young man, splendidly attired, having a cincture and tiara of peacock's feathers, then brought from the East as a marvellous rarity; a short jacket and under-dress of leopard's skin fitted closely the rest of his person, which was attired in flesh-coloured silk, so as to resemble the ordinary idea of an Indian prince. He wore sandals, fastened on with ribands of scarlet silk, and held in his hand a sort of fan, such as ladies then used, composed of the same feathers, assembled into a plume or tuft.

"What mister wight have we here," said the Indian chief, "who dares to tie the bells of a morrice on the ankles of a dull ass?—Hark ye, friend, your dress should make you a subject of ours, since our empire extends over all Merryland, including mimes and minstrels of every description.—What! tonguetied? He lacks wine—minister to him our nut-shell full of sack."

A huge calabash full of sack was offered to the lips of the suppliant, while this prince of ravellers exhorted him,—

"Crack me this nut, and do it handsomely, and without wry faces."

But, however Oliver might have relished a moderate sip of the same good wine, he was terrified at the quantity he was required to deal with. He drank a draught, and then entreated for mercy.

"So please your pryncedom, I have yet far to go, and if I were to swallow your grace's bounty, for which accept my dutiful thanks, I should not be able to stride over the next kennel."

"Art thou in case to bear thyself like a galliard? Now, cut me a caper—ha! one—two—three—admirable!—again—give him the spur—(here a satellite of the Indian gave Oliver a slight touch with his sword)—Nay, that is best of all—he sprang like a cat in a gutter! Tender him the nut once more—nay, no compulsion, he has paid forfeit, and deserves not only free dismissal, but reward. Kneel down, kneel, and arise Sir Knight of the Calabash! What is thy name? And one of you lend me a rapier."

"Oliver, may it please your honour—I mean your principality."

"Oliver, man? nay, then thou art one of the Douze peers already, and fate has forestalled our intended promotion. Yet rise up, sweet Sir Oliver Thatchpate, Knight of the honourable order of the Pumpkin—Rise up, in the name of Nonsense, and begone about thine own concerns, in the devil's name."

So saying, the prince of the revels bestowed a smart blow with the flat of the weapon across the Bonnet-maker's shoulders, who sprung to his feet with more alacrity of motion than he had hitherto displayed, and, accelerated by the laugh and halloo which arose behind him, arrived at the Smith's house before he stopped, with the same speed with which a hunted fox makes for his den.

It was not till the affrighted Bonnet-maker had struck a blow on the door, that he recollected he ought to have bethought himself beforehand in what manner he was to present himself before Henry, and obtain his forgiveness for his rash communications to Simon Glover. No one answered to his first knock, and, perhaps, as these reflections arose, in the momentary pause of recollection which circumstances permitted, the perplexed Bonnet-maker might have flinched from his purpose, and made his retreat to his own premises, without venturing upon the interview which he had purposed. But a distant strain of minstrelsy revived his apprehensions of falling once more into the hands of the gay maskers from whom he had escaped, and he renewed his summons on the door of the Smith's dwelling, with a hurried, though faltering hand. He was then appalled by the deep, yet not unmusical voice of Henry Gow, who answered from within,—“Who calls at this hour?—and what is it that you want?”

"It is I—Oliver Proudpute," replied the Bonnet-maker; "I have a merry jest to tell you, gossip Henry."

"Carry thy foolery to some other market. I am in no jesting humour," said Henry, "Go hence—I will see no one to-night."

"But gossip—good gossip," answered the martialist without, "I am beset with villains, and beg the shelter of your roof!"

"Fool that thou art!" replied Henry; "no dung-hill-cock, the most recreant that has fought this Fastern's Even, would ruffle his feathers at such a craven as thee!"

At this moment another strain of minstrelsy, and, as the Bonnet-maker conceited, one which approached much nearer, goaded his apprehensions to the uttermost; and in a voice, the tones of which expressed the undisguised extremity of instant fear, he exclaimed,—

"For the sake of our old gossipred, and for the

love of Our blessed Lady, admit me, Henry, if you would not have me found a bloody corpse at thy door, slain by the bloody-minded Douglasses !”

“That would be a shame to me,” thought the good-natured Smith; “and sooth to say, his peril may be real. There are roving hawks that will strike at a sparrow as soon as a heron.”

With these reflections, half-muttered, half spoken, Henry undid his well-fastened door, proposing to reconnoitre the reality of the danger before he permitted his unwelcome guest to enter the house. But as he looked abroad to ascertain how matters stood, Oliver bolted in like a scared deer into a thicket, and harboured himself by the Smith’s kitchen-fire, before Henry could look up and down the lane, and satisfy himself there were no enemies in pursuit of the apprehensive fugitive. He secured his door, therefore, and returned into the kitchen, displeased that he had suffered his gloomy solitude to be intruded upon by sympathizing with apprehensions which, he thought, he might have known were so easily excited as those of his timid townsman.

“How now?” he said, coldly enough, when he saw the Bonnet-maker calmly seated by his hearth. “What foolish revel is this, Master Oliver?—I see no one near to harm you.”

“Give me a drink, kind gossip,” said Oliver; “I am choked with the haste I have made to come hither.”

“I have sworn,” said Henry, “that this shall be no revel night in this house—I am in my work-day clothes, as you see, and keep fast, as I have reason, instead of holiday. You have had wassail enough for the holiday evening, for you speak thick already—If you wish more ale or wine you must go elsewhere.”

“I have had over much wassail already,” said poor Oliver, “and have been well-nigh drowned in it.—That accursed calabash!—A draught of water, kind gossip—you will not surely let me ask for that in vain? or, if it is your will, a cup of cold small ale.”

“Nay, if that be all,” said Henry, “it shall not be lacking. But it must have been much which brought thee to the pass of asking for either.”

So saying, he filled a quart flagon from a barrel that stood nigh, and presented it to his guest. Oliver eagerly accepted it, raised it to his head with a trembling hand, imbibed the contents with lips which quivered with emotion, and, though the potation was as thin as he had requested, so much was he exhausted with the combined fears of alarm and of former revelry, that when he placed the flagon on the oak table, he uttered a deep sigh of satisfaction, and remained silent.

“Well, now you have had your draught, gossip,” said the Smith, “what is it you want? Where are those that threatened you? I could see no one.”

“No—but there were twenty chased me into the wynd,” said Oliver. “But when they saw us together, you know they lost the courage that brought all of them upon one of us.”

“Nay, do not trifle, friend Oliver,” replied his host; “my mood lies not that way.”

“I jest not, by St John of Perth. I have been stayed and foully outraged (gliding his hand sensitively over the place affected) by mad Robin of

Rothsay, roaring Ramorny, and the rest of them. They made me drink a firkin of Malvoisie.”

“Thou speakest folly, man—Ramorny is sick nigh to death, as the pottercarrier everywhere reports; they and he cannot surely rise at midnight to do such frolics.”

“I cannot tell,” replied Oliver; “but I saw the party by torch-light, and I can make bodily oath to the bonnets I made for them since last Innocent’s. They are of a quaint device, and I should know my own stitch.”

“Well, thou mayst have had wrong,” answered Henry. “If thou art in real danger, I will cause them get a bed for thee here. But you must fill it presently, for I am not in the humour of talking.”

“Nay, I would thank thee for my quarters for a night, only my Maudie will be angry—that is, not angry, for that I care not for—but the truth is, she is over anxious on a revel night like this, knowing my humour is like thine, for a word and a blow.”

“Why, then, go home,” said the Smith, “and show her that her treasure is in safety, Master Oliver—the streets are quiet—and, to speak a blunt word, I would be alone.”

“Nay, but I have things to speak with thee about of moment,” replied Oliver, who, afraid to stay, seemed yet unwilling to go. “There has been a stir in our city council about the affair of St Valentine’s Even. The Provost told me not four hours since, that the Douglas and he had agreed that the feud should be decided by a yeoman on either part, and that our acquaintance, the Devil’s Dick, was to wave his gentry, and take up the cause for Douglas and the nobles, and that you or I should fight for the Fair City. Now, though I am the elder burgess, yet I am willing, for the love and kindness we have always borne to each other, to give thee the precedence, and content myself with the humbler office of stickler.” *

Henry Smith, though angry, could scarce forbear a smile.

“If it is that which breaks thy quiet, and keeps thee out of thy bed at midnight, I will make the matter easy. Thou shalt not lose the advantage offered thee. I have fought a score of duels—far, far too many. Thou hast, I think, only encountered with thy wooden Soldan—it were unjust—unfair—unkind—in me to abuse thy friendly offer. So go home, good fellow, and let not the fear of losing honour disturb thy slumbers. Rest assured that thou shalt answer the challenge, as good right thou hast, having had injury from this rough-rider.”

“Gramercy, and thank thee kindly,” said Oliver, much embarrassed by his friend’s unexpected deference; “thou art the good friend I have always thought thee. But I have as much friendship for Henry Smith, as he for Oliver Proudfoot. I swear by St John, I will not fight in this quarrel to thy prejudice. So, having said so, I am beyond the reach of temptation, since thou wouldst not have me man-sworn, though it were to fight twenty duels.”

“Hark thee,” said the Smith, “acknowledge thou art afraid, Oliver; tell the honest truth, at once,

* The seconds in ancient single combats were so called, from the white sticks which they carried, in emblem of their duty, to see fair play between the combatants.

otherwise I leave thee to make the best of thy quarrel."

"Nay, good gossip," replied the Bonnet-maker, "thou knowest I am never afraid. But, in sooth, this is a desperate ruffian; and as I have a wife—poor Maudie, thou knowest—and a small family, and thou——"

"And I," interrupted Henry, hastily, "have none, and never shall have."

"Why, truly—such being the case—I would rather thou fought'st this combat than I."

"Now, by our holidame, gossip," answered the Smith, "thou art easily gulled. Know, thou silly fellow, that Sir Patrick Charteris, who is ever a merry man, hath but jested with thee. Dost thou think he would venture the honour of the city on thy head? or that I would yield thee the precedence in which such a matter was to be disputed? Lack-a-day, go home; let Maudie tie a warm night-cap on thy head; get thee a warm breakfast, and a cup of distilled waters, and thou wilt be in case to-morrow to fight thy wooden dromond, or Soldan, as thou call'st him, the only thing thou wilt ever lay downright blow upon."

"Ay, say'st thou so, comrade?" answered Oliver, much relieved, yet deeming it necessary to seem in part offended. "I care not for thy dogged humour; it is well for thee thou canst not wake my patience to the point of falling foul. Enough—we are gossips, and this house is thine. Why should the two best blades in Perth clash with each other? What! I know thy rugged humour, and can forgive it.—But is the feud really soldered up?"

"As completely as ever hammer fixed rivet," said the Smith. "The town hath given the Johnston a purse of gold, for not ridding them of a troublesome fellow called Oliver Proudfeet, when he had him at his mercy; and this purse of gold buys for the Provost the Sleepless Isle, which the King grants him, for the King pays all in the long run. And thus, Sir Patrick gets the comely Inch, which is opposite to his dwelling, and all honour is saved on both sides, for what is given to the Provost, is given, you understand, to the town. Besides all this, the Douglas has left Perth to march against the Southron, whom men say are called into the Marches by the false Earl of March. So the Fair City is quit of him and his cumber."

"But, in St John's name, how came all that about?" said Oliver; "and no one spoken to about it!"

"Why, look thee, friend Oliver, this I take to have been the case. The fellow whom I cropped of a hand, is now said to have been a servant of Sir John Ramorny's, who hath fled to his motherland of Fife, to which Sir John himself is also to be banished, with full consent of every honest man. Now, anything which brings in Sir John Ramorny, touches a much greater man—I think Simon Glover told as much to Sir Patrick Charteris. If it be as I guess, I have reason to thank Heaven, and all the saints, I stabbed him not upon the ladder when I made him prisoner."

"And I too thank Heaven, and all the saints, most devoutly," said Oliver. "I was behind thee, thou knowest, and——"

"No more of that, if thou be'st wise—There are

laws against striking princes," said the Smith; "best not handle the horse-shoe till it cools. All is hushed up now."

"If this be so," said Oliver, partly disconcerted, but still more relieved, by the intelligence he received from his better informed friend, "I have reason to complain of Sir Patrick Charteris for jesting with the honour of an honest burgess, being as he is, Provost of our town."

"Do, Oliver; challenge him to the field, and he will bid his yeoman loose his dogs on thee.—But come, night wears apace, will you be shogging?"

"Nay, I had one word more to say to thee, good gossip. But first, another cup of your cold ale."

"Pest on thee, for a fool! Thou makest me wish thee where cold liquors are a scarce commodity.—There, swill the barrellful an thou wilt."

Oliver took the second flagon, but drank, or rather seemed to drink, very slowly, in order to gain time for considering how he should introduce his second subject of conversation, which seemed rather delicate for the Smith's present state of irritability. At length, nothing better occurred to him than to plunge into the subject at once, with, "I have seen Simon Glover to-day, gossip."

"Well," said the Smith, in a low, deep, and stern tone of voice, "and if thou hast, what is that to me?"

"Nothing—nothing," answered the appalled Bonnet-maker. "Only I thought you might like to know that he questioned me close, if I had seen thee on St Valentine's Day, after the uproar at the Dominicans', and in what company thou wert."

"And I warrant thou told'st him thou met'st me with a glee-woman, in the mirk loaning yonder?"

"Thou know'st, Henry, I have no gift at lying; but I made it all up with him."

"As how, I pray you?" said the Smith.

"Marry, thus—Father Simon, said I, you are an old man, and know not the quality of us, in whose veins youth is like quicksilver. You think now, he cares about this girl, said I, and, perhaps, that he has her somewhere here in Perth in a corner? No such matter; I know, said I, and I will make oath to it, that she left his house early next morning for Dundee. Ha! have I helped thee at need?"

"Truly, I think thou hast, and if anything could add to my grief and vexation at this moment, it is, that when I am so deep in the mire, an ass like thee should place his clumsy hoof on my head, to sink me entirely. Come, away with thee, and mayst thou have such luck as thy meddling humour deserves, and then, I think, thou wilt be found with a broken neck in the next gutter—Come, get you out, or I will put you to the door with head and shoulders forward."

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed Oliver, laughing with some constraint; "thou art such a groom! But in sadness, gossip Henry, wilt thou not take a turn with me to my own house, in the Meal Vennal?"

"Curse thee, no!" answered the Smith.

"I will bestow the wine on thee, if thou wilt go," said Oliver.

"I will bestow the cudgel on thee, if thou stay'st," said Henry.

"Nay, then, I will don thy buff-coat and cap of steel, and walk with thy swashing step, and whistling thy pibroch of 'Broken Bones at Loncarty;' and if

they take me for thee, there dare not four of them come near me."

"Take all, or anything thou wilt, in the fiend's name! only be gone."

"Well, well, Hal, we shall meet when thou art in better humour," said Oliver, who had put on the dress.

"Go—and may I never see thy coxcombly face again."

Oliver at last relieved his host by swaggering off, imitating, as well as he could, the sturdy step and outward gesture of his redoubted companion, and whistling a pibroch, composed on the rout of the Danes at Loncarty, which he had picked up from its being a favourite of the Smith's, whom he made a point of imitating as far as he could. But as the innocent, though conceited fellow, stepped out from the entrance of the wynd, where it communicated with the High Street, he received a blow from behind, against which his head-piece was no defence, and he fell dead upon the spot; an attempt to mutter the name of Henry, to whom he always looked for protection, quivering upon his dying tongue.

CHAPTER XVII.

Nay, I will fit you for a young Prince.

Falstaff.

WE return to the revellers, who had, half an hour before, witnessed, with such boisterous applause, Oliver's feat of agility, being the last which the poor Bonnet-maker was ever to exhibit, and at the hasty retreat which had followed it, animated by their wild shout. After they had laughed their fill, they passed on their mirthful path, in frolic and jubilee, stopping and frightening some of the people whom they met; but, it must be owned, without doing them any serious injury, either in their persons or feelings. At length, tired with his rambles, their chief gave a signal to his merry men to close around him.

"We, my brave hearts and wise councillors, are," he said, "the real King over all in Scotland that is worth commanding. We sway the hours when the wine-cup circulates, and when beauty becomes kind, when Frolic is awake, and Gravity snoring upon his pallet. We leave to our vicegerent, King Robert, the weary task of controlling ambitious nobles, gratifying greedy clergymen, subduing wild Highlanders, and composing deadly feuds. And since our empire is one of joy and pleasure, meet it is that we should haste with all our forces, to the rescue of such as own our sway, when they chance, by evil fortune, to become the prisoners of care and hypochondriac malady. I speak in relation chiefly to Sir John, whom the vulgar call Ramorny. We have not seen him since the onslaught of Curfew Street, and though we know he was some deal hurt in that matter, we cannot see why he should not do homage in leal and duteous sort.—Here, you, our Calabash King-at-arms, did you legally summon Sir John to his part of this evening's revels?"

"I did, my lord."

"And did you acquaint him that we have for this night suspended his sentence of banishment, that since higher powers have settled that part, we must at least take a mirthful leave of an old friend?"

"I so delivered it, my lord," answered the mimic herald.

"And sent he not a word in writing, he that piques himself upon being so great a clerk?"

"He was in bed, my lord, and I might not see him. So far as I hear, he hath lived very retired, harmed with some bodily bruises, malcontent with your Highness's displeasure, and doubting insult in the streets, he having had a narrow escape from the burgesses, when the churls pursued him and his two servants into the Dominican Convent. The servants, too, have been removed to Fife, lest they should tell tales."

"Why, it was wisely done," said the Prince,—who, we need not inform the intelligent reader, had a better title to be so called, than arose from the humours of the evening,—“it was prudently done to keep light-tongued companions out of the way. But Sir John's absenting himself from our solemn revels, so long before decreed, is flat mutiny, and disclamation of allegiance. Or, if the knight be really the prisoner of illness and melancholy, we must ourself grace him with a visit, seeing there can be no better cure for those maladies than our own presence, and a gentle kiss of the calabash.—Forward, ushers, minstrels, guard, and attendants! Bear on high the great emblem of our dignity—Up with the calabash, I say! and let the merry men who carry these firkins, which are to supply the wine-cup with their life-blood, be chosen with regard to their state of steadiness. Their burden is weighty and precious, and if the fault is not in our eyes, they seem to us to reel and stagger more than were desirable. Now, move on, sirs, and let our minstrels blow their blithest and boldest."

On they went with tipsy mirth and jollity, the numerous torches flashing their red light against the small windows of the narrow streets, from whence night-capped householders, and sometimes their wives to boot, peeped out by stealth to see what wild wassail disturbed the peaceful streets at that unwonted hour. At length the jolly train halted before the door of Sir John Ramorny's house, which a small court divided from the street.

Here they knocked, thundered, and holloed, with many denunciations of vengeance against the recusants, who refused to open the gates. The least punishment threatened was imprisonment in an empty hogshead, within the Massamore of the prince of Pastimes' feudal palace, videlicet, the ale-cellar. But Eviot, Ramorny's page, heard and knew well the character of the intruders who knocked so boldly, and thought it better, considering his master's condition, to make no answer at all, in hopes that the revel would pass on, than to attempt to deprecate their proceedings, which he knew would be to no purpose. His master's bedroom looking into a little garden, his page hoped he might not be disturbed by the noise; and he was confident in the strength of the outward gate, upon which he resolved they should beat till they tired themselves, or till the tone of their drunken humour should change. The revellers accordingly seemed likely to exhaust themselves in the noise they made by shouting and beating the door, when their mock Prince (alas! too really such) upbraided them as lazy and dull followers of the god of wine and of mirth.

"Bring forward," he said, "our key—yonder it lies, and apply it to this rebellious gate."

The key he pointed at was a large beam of wood, left on one side of the street, with the usual neglect of order characteristic of a Scottish borough of the period.

The shouting men of Ind instantly raised it in their arms, and supporting it by their united strength, ran against the door with such force, that hasp, hinge, and staple jingled, and gave fair promise of yielding. Eviot did not chuse to wait the extremity of this battery; he came forth into the court, and after some momentary questions for form's sake, caused the porter to undo the gate, as if he had for the first time recognised the midnight visitors.

"False slave of an unfaithful master," said the Prince, "where is our disloyal subject, Sir John Ramorny, who has proved recreant to our summons?"

"My lord," said Eviot, bowing at once to the real and to the assumed dignity of the leader; "my master is just now very much indisposed—he has taken an opiate—and—your Highness must excuse me if I do my duty to him in saying, he cannot be spoken with without danger of his life."

"Tush! tell me not of danger, Master Teviot—Cheviot—Eviot—what is it they call thee?—But show me thy master's chamber, or rather undo me the door of his lodging, and I will make a good guess at it myself.—Bear high the calabash, my brave followers, and see that you spill not a drop of the liquor, which Dan Bacchus has sent for the cure of all diseases of the body, and cares of the mind. Advance it, I say, and let us see the holy rind which encloses such precious liquor."

The prince made his way into the house accordingly, and, acquainted with its interior, ran up stairs, followed by Eviot, in vain imploring silence, and, with the rest of the rabble rout, burst into the room of the wounded master of the lodging.

He who has experienced the sensation of being compelled to sleep in spite of racking bodily pains, by the administration of a strong opiate, and of having been again startled, by noise and violence, out of the unnatural state of insensibility in which he had been plunged by the potency of the medicine, may be able to imagine the confused and alarmed state of Sir John Ramorny's mind, and the agony of his body, which acted and re-acted upon each other. If we add to these feelings the consciousness of a criminal command, sent forth and in the act of being executed, it may give us some idea of an awakening, to which, in the mind of the party, eternal sleep would be a far preferable doom. The groan which he uttered as the first symptom of returning sensation, had something in it so terrific, that even the revellers were awed into momentary silence; and as from the half-recumbent posture in which he had gone to sleep, he looked around the room, filled with fantastic shapes, rendered still more so by his disturbed intellects, he muttered to himself,—

"It is thus then, after all, and the legend is true! These are fiends, and I am condemned for ever! The fire is not external, but I feel it—I feel it at my heart—burning as if the seven times heated furnace were doing its work within."

While he cast ghastly looks around him, and

struggled to recover some share of recollection, Eviot approached the Prince, and falling on his knees, implored him to allow the apartment to be cleared.

"It may," he said, "cost my master his life."

"Never fear, Cheviot," replied the Duke of Rothsay; "were he at the gates of death, here is what should make the fiends relinquish their prey.—Advance the calabash, my masters."

"It is death for him to taste it in his present state," said Eviot; "if he drinks wine he dies."

"Some one must drink it for him, he shall be cured vicariously—and may our great Dan Bacchus deign to Sir John Ramorny the comfort, the elevation of heart, the lubrication of lungs, and lightness of fancy, which are his choicest gifts, while the faithful follower, who quaffs in his stead, shall have the qualms, the sickness, the racking of the nerves, the dimness of the eyes, and the throbbing of the brain, with which our great master qualifies gifts which would else make us too like the gods.—What say you, Eviot? will you be the faithful follower that will quaff in your lord's behalf, and as his representative? Do this, and we will hold ourselves contented to depart, for, methinks, our subject doth look something ghastly."

"I would do anything in my slight power," said Eviot, "to save my master from a draught which may be his death, and your Grace from the sense that you had occasioned it. But here is one who will perform the feat of good-will, and thank your Highness to boot."

"Whom have we here?" said the Prince, "a butcher—and I think fresh from his office. Do butchers ply their craft on Fastern's Eve? Foh, how he smells of blood!"

This was spoken of Bonthron, who, partly surprised at the tumult in the house, where he had expected to find all dark and silent, and partly stupid through the wine, which the wretch had drunk in great quantities, stood in the threshold of the door, staring at the scene before him, with his buff coat splashed with blood, and a bloody axe in his hand, exhibiting a ghastly and disgusting spectacle to the revellers, who felt, though they could not tell why, fear as well as dislike at his presence.

As they approached the calabash to this ungainly and truculent-looking savage, and as he extended a hand soiled, as it seemed, with blood, to grasp it, the Prince called out,—

"Down stairs with him! let not the wretch drink in our presence; find him some other vessel than our holy calabash, the emblem of our revels—a swine's trough were best, if it could be come by. Away with him! let him be drenched to purpose, in atonement for his master's sobriety.—Leave me alone with Sir John Ramorny and his page; by my honour, I like not his looks."

The attendants of the Prince left the apartment, and Eviot alone remained.

"I fear," said the Prince, approaching the bed in different form from that which he had hitherto used—"I fear, my dear Sir John, that this visit has been unwelcome; but it is your own fault. Although you know our old wont, and were yourself participant of our schemes for the evening, you have not come near us since St Valentine's—it is now Fastern's Eve, and the desertion is flat disobedience and treason to our

kingdom of mirth, and the statutes of the calabash."

Ramorny raised his head, and fixed a wavering eye upon the Prince; then signed to Eviot to give him something to drink. A large cup of ptisan was presented by the page, which the sick man swallowed with eager and trembling haste. He then repeatedly used the stimulating essence left for the purpose by the leech, and seemed to collect his scattered senses.

"Let me feel your pulse, dear Ramorny," said the Prince; "I know something of that craft.—How? Do you offer me the left hand, Sir John?—that is neither according to the rules of medicine nor of courtesy."

"The right has already done its last act in your Highness's service," muttered the patient, in a low and broken tone.

"How mean you by that?" said the Prince; "I am aware thy follower, Black Quentin, lost a hand; but he can steal with the other as much as will bring him to the gallows; so his fate cannot be much altered."

"It is not that fellow who has had the loss in your Grace's service—it is I—John of Ramorny."

"You?" said the Prince; "you jest with me, or the opiate still masters your reason."

"If the juice of all the poppies in Egypt were blended in one draught," said Ramorny, "it would lose influence over me when I look upon this." He drew his right arm from beneath the cover of the bed-clothes, and extending it towards the Prince, wrapped as it was in dressings, "Were these undone and removed," he said, "your Highness would see that a bloody stump is all that remains of a hand ever ready to unsheath the sword at your Grace's slightest bidding."

Rothsay started back in horror. "This," he said, "must be avenged."

"It is avenged in small part," said Ramorny; "that is, I thought I saw Bonthron but now—or was it that the dream of hell that first arose in my mind when I awakened, summoned up an image so congenial? Eviot, call the miscreant,—that is, if he is fit to appear."

Eviot retired, and presently returned with Bonthron, whom he had rescued from the penance, to him no unpleasing infliction, of a second calabash of wine, the brute having gorged the first without much apparent alteration in his demeanour.

"Eviot," said the Prince, "let not that beast come nigh me. My soul recoils from him in fear and disgust; there is something in his looks alien from my nature, and which I shudder at as at a loathsome snake, from which my instinct revolts."

"First hear him speak, my lord," answered Ramorny; "unless a wine-skin were to talk, nothing could use fewer words.—Hast thou dealt with him, Bonthron?"

The savage raised the axe which he still held in his hand, and brought it down again edge-ways.

"Good. How knew you your man?—the night, I am told, is dark."

"By sight and sound, garb, gait, and whistle."

"Enough, vanish!—and, Eviot, let him have gold and wine to his brutish contentment.—Vanish!—and go thou with him."

"And whose death is achieved?" said the Prince, released from the feelings of disgust and horror under which he suffered while the assassin was in presence. "I trust this is but a jest? Else must I call it a rash and savage deed. Who has had the hard lot to be butchered by this bloody and brutal slave?"

"One little better than himself," said the patient; "a wretched artisan, to whom, however, fate gave the power of reducing Ramorny to a mutilated cripple—a curse go with his base spirit!—his miserable life is but to my revenge what a drop of water would be to a furnace. I must speak briefly, for my ideas again wander; it is only the necessity of the moment which keeps them together, as a thong combines a handful of arrows. You are in danger, my lord—I speak it with certainty—you have braved Douglas, and offended your uncle—displeased your father—though that were a trifle, were it not for the rest."

"I am sorry I have displeased my father," said the Prince (entirely diverted from so insignificant a thing as the slaughter of an artisan, by the more important subject touched upon), "if indeed it be so. But if I live, the strength of the Douglas shall be broken, and the craft of Albany shall little avail him!"

"Ay—if—if. My lord," said Ramorny, "with such opposites as you have, you must not rest upon *if* or *but*—you must resolve at once to slay or be slain."

"How mean you, Ramorny? your fever makes you rave," answered the Duke of Rothsay.

"No, my lord," said Ramorny, "were my frenzy at the highest, the thoughts that pass through my mind at this moment would qualify it. It may be that regret for my own loss has made me desperate; that anxious thoughts for your Highness's safety have made me nourish bold designs; but I have all the judgment with which Heaven has gifted me, when I tell you, that if ever you would brook the Scottish crown, nay, more, if ever you would see another Saint Valentine's Day, you must —"

"What is it that I must do, Ramorny?"—said the Prince, with an air of dignity; "nothing unworthy of myself, I hope?"

"Nothing, certainly, unworthy or misbecoming a Prince of Scotland, if the blood-stained annals of our country tell the tale truly; but that which may well shock the nerves of a prince of mimes and merry-makers."

"Thou art severe, Sir John Ramorny," said the Duke of Rothsay, with an air of displeasure; "but thou hast dearly bought a right to censure us by what thou hast lost in our cause."

"My Lord of Rothsay," said the knight, "the surgeon who dressed this mutilated stump, told me that the more I felt the pain his knife and brand inflicted, the better was my chance of recovery. I shall not, therefore, hesitate to hurt your feelings, while by doing so I may be able to bring you to a sense of what is necessary for your safety. Your Grace has been the pupil of mirthful folly too long; you must now assume manly policy, or be crushed like a butterfly, on the bosom of the flower you are sporting on."

"I think I know your cast of morals, Sir John; you are weary of merry folly,—the churchmen call it

vice,—and long for a little serious crime. A murder, now, or a massacre, would enhance the flavour of debauch, as the taste of the olive gives zest to wine. But my worst acts are but merry malice; I have no relish for the bloody trade, and abhor to see or hear of its being acted even on the meanest caitiff. Should I ever fill the throne, every Scots lad shall have his flagon in one hand, and the other around his lass's neck, and manhood shall be tried by kisses and bumpers, not by dirks and dourlachs; and they shall write on my grave, 'Here lies Robert, fourth of his name. He won not battles like Robert the First. He rose not from a count to a king like Robert the Second. He founded not churches like Robert the Third, but was contented to live and die King of good fellows!' Of all my two centuries of ancestors, I would only emulate the fame of

'Old King Coul,
Who had a brown bowl.'

"My gracious lord," said Ramorny, "let me remind you, that your joyous revels involve serious evils. If I had lost this hand in fighting to attain for your Grace some important advantage over your too powerful enemies, the loss would never have grieved me. But to be reduced from helmet and steel-coat to biggen and gown, in a night-brawl——"

"Why, there again, now, Sir John—" interrupted the reckless Prince—"How canst thou be so unworthy as to be for ever flinging thy bloody hand in my face, as the ghost of Gaskhall threw his head at Sir William Wallace? Bethink thee, thou art more unreasonable than Fawdyon himself; for wight Wallace had swept his head off in somewhat a hasty humour, whereas I would gladly stitch thy hand on again, were that possible. And, hark thee, since that cannot be, I will get thee such a substitute as the steel hand of the old Knight of Carselogie, with which he greeted his friends, caressed his wife, braved his antagonists, and did all that might be done by a hand of flesh and blood, in offence or defence. Depend on it, John Ramorny, we have much that is superfluous about us. Man can see with one eye, hear with one ear, touch with one hand, smell with one nostril; and why we should have two of each (unless to supply an accidental loss or injury), I for one am at a loss to conceive."

Sir John Ramorny turned from the Prince with a low groan.

"Nay, Sir John," said the Duke, "I am quite serious. You know the truth touching the legend of Steelhand of Carselogie better than I, since he was your own neighbour. In his time, that curious engine could only be made in Rome; but I will wager an hundred merks with you, that, let the Perth armourer have the use of it for a pattern, Henry of the Wynd will execute as complete an imitation as all the smiths in Rome could accomplish, with all the cardinals to bid a blessing on the work."

"I could venture to accept your wager, my lord," answered Ramorny, bitterly, "but there is no time for foolery. You have dismissed me from your service, at command of your uncle?"

"At command of my father," answered the Prince.

VOL. VII.

"Upon whom your uncle's commands are imperative," replied Ramorny. "I am a disgraced man, thrown aside, as I may now fling away my right hand glove, as a thing useless. Yet my head might help you, though my hand be gone. Is your Grace disposed to listen to me for one word of serious import?—for I am much exhausted, and feel my force sinking under me."

"Speak your pleasure," said the Prince; "thy loss binds me to hear thee; thy bloody stump is a sceptre to control me. Speak, then, but be merciful in thy strength of privilege."

"I will be brief, for mine own sake as well as thine; indeed I have but little to say. Douglas places himself immediately at the head of his vassals. He will assemble, in the name of King Robert, thirty thousand Borderers, whom he will shortly after lead into the interior, to demand that the Duke of Rothsay receive, or rather restore, his daughter to the rank and privileges of his Duchess. King Robert will yield to any conditions which may secure peace—What will the Duke do?"

"The Duke of Rothsay loves peace," said the Prince, haughtily; "but he never feared war. Ere he takes back yonder proud peat to his table and his bed, at the command of her father, Douglas must be King of Scotland."

"Be it so—but even this is the less pressing peril, especially as it threatens open violence, for the Douglas works not in secret."

"What is there which presses, and keeps us awake at this late hour? I am a weary man, thou a wounded one, and the very tapers are blinking, as if tired of our conference."

"Tell me, then, who is it that rules this kingdom of Scotland?" said Ramorny.

"Robert, third of the name," said the Prince, raising his bonnet as he spoke; "and long may he sway the sceptre!"

"True, and amen," answered Ramorny; "but who sways King Robert, and dictates almost every measure which the good King pursues?"

"My Lord of Albany, you would say," replied the Prince. "Yes, it is true my father is guided almost entirely by the counsels of his brother; nor can we blame him in our consciences, Sir John Ramorny, for little help hath he had from his son."

"Let us help him now, my lord," said Ramorny. "I am possessor of a dreadful secret—Albany hath been trafficking with me, to join him in taking your Grace's life! He offers full pardon for the past—high favour for the future."

"How, man—my life? I trust, though, thou dost only mean my kingdom? It were impious!—He is my father's brother—they sat on the knees of the same father—lay in the bosom of the same mother—Out on thee, man! what follies they make thy sick-bed believe!"

"Believe, indeed?" said Ramorny. "It is new to me to be termed credulous. But the man through whom Albany communicated his temptations, is one whom all will believe, so soon as he hints at mischief—even the medicaments which are prepared by his hands have a relish of poison."

"Tush? such a slave would slander a saint," replied the Prince. "Thou art duped for once, Ra-

morny, shrewd as thou art. My uncle of Albany is ambitious, and would secure for himself and for his house, a larger portion of power and wealth than he ought in reason to desire. But to suppose he would dethrone or slay his brother's son—Fie, Ramorny! put me not to quote the old saw, that evil doers are evil dreaders—It is your suspicion, not your knowledge, which speaks.”

“Your Grace is fatally deluded—I will put it to an issue. The Duke of Albany is generally hated for his greed and covetousness—Your highness is, it may be, more beloved than—”

Ramorny stopped, the Prince calmly filled up the blank—“More beloved than I am honoured. It is so I would have it, Ramorny.”

“At least,” said Ramorny, “you are more beloved than you are feared, and that is no safe condition for a prince. But give me your honour and knightly word that you will not resent what good service I shall do in your behalf, and lend me your signet to engage friends in your name, and the Duke of Albany shall not assume authority in this court, till the wasted hand which once terminated this stump shall be again united to the body, and acting in obedience to the dictates of my mind.”

“You would not venture to dip your hands in royal blood!” said the Prince, sternly.

“Fie, my lord—at no rate—blood need not be shed; life may, nay, will be extinguished of itself. For want of trimming it with fresh oil, or screening it from a breath of wind, the quivering light will die in the socket. To suffer a man to die is not to kill him.”

“True—I had forgot that policy. Well, then, suppose my uncle Albany does not continue to live—I think that must be the phrase—Who then rules the court of Scotland?”

“Robert the Third, with consent, advice, and authority of the most mighty Robert, Duke of Rothsay, Lieutenant of the kingdom, and ALTER EGO; in whose favour, indeed, the good King, wearied with the fatigues and troubles of sovereignty, will, I guess, be well disposed to abdicate. So long live our brave young monarch, King Robert the Fourth!”

*Ille, manu fortis,
Anglis ludebit in hortis.”*

“And our father and predecessor,” said Rothsay, “will he continue to live to pray for us, as our beadsman, by whose favour he holds the privilege of laying his grey hairs in the grave as soon, and no earlier, than the course of nature permits?—or must he also encounter some of those negligences, in consequence of which men cease to continue to live, and exchange the limits of a prison, or of a convent resembling one, for the dark and tranquil cell, where the priests say that the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest?”

“You speak in jest, my lord,” replied Ramorny; “to harm the good old King were equally unnatural and impolitic.”

“Why shrink from that, man, when thy whole scheme,” answered the Prince, in stern displeasure, “is one lesson of unnatural guilt, mixed with shortsighted ambition?—If the King of Scotland can scarcely make head against his nobles, even now

when he can hold up before them an unsullied and honourable banner, who would follow a prince that is blackened with the death of an uncle, and the imprisonment of a father? Why, man, thy policy were enough to revolt a heathen divan, to say nought of the council of a Christian nation.—Thou wert my tutor, Ramorny, and perhaps I might justly upbraid thy lessons and example, for some of the follies which men chide in me. Perhaps, if it had not been for thee, I had not been standing at midnight in this fool's guise (looking at his dress), to hear an ambitious profligate propose to me the murder of an uncle, the dethroning of the best of fathers. Since it is my fault, as well as thine, that has sunk me so deep in the gulf of infamy, it were unjust that thou alone shouldst die for it. But dare not to renew this theme to me, on peril of thy life! I will proclaim thee to my father—to Albany—to Scotland—throughout its length and breadth! As many market-crosses as are in the land, shall have morsels of the traitor's carcass, who dare counsel such horrors to the Heir of Scotland!—Well hope I, indeed, that the fever of thy wound, and the intoxicating influence of the cordials which act on thy infirm brain, have this night operated on thee, rather than any fixed purpose.”

“In sooth, my lord,” said Ramorny, “if I have said anything which could so greatly exasperate your Highness, it must have been by excess of zeal, mingled with imbecility of understanding. Surely I, of all men, am least likely to propose ambitious projects with a prospect of advantage to myself. Alas! my only future views must be to exchange lance and saddle for the breviary and the confessional. The convent of Lindores must receive the maimed and impoverished Knight of Ramorny, who will there have ample leisure to meditate upon the text, ‘Put not thy faith in princes.’”

“It is a goodly purpose,” said the Prince; “and we will not be lacking to promote it. Our separation, I thought, would have been but for a time—It must now be perpetual. Certainly, after such talk as we have held, it were meet that we should live asunder. But the convent of Lindores, or whatever other house receives thee, shall be richly endowed and highly favoured by us.—And now, Sir John of Ramorny, sleep—sleep—and forget this evil-omened conversation, in which the fever of disease and of wine has rather, I trust, held colloquy, than your own proper thoughts.—Light to the door, Eviot.”

A call from Eviot summoned the attendants of the Prince, who had been sleeping on the staircase and hall, exhausted by the revels of the evening.

“Is there none amongst you sober?” said the Duke of Rothsay, disgusted by the appearance of his attendants.

“Not a man—not a man,” answered the followers, with a drunken shout; “we are none of us traitors to the Emperor of Merry-makers.”

“And are all of you turned into brutes, then?” said the Prince.

“In obedience and imitation of your Grace,” answered one fellow; “or, if we are a little behind you, one pull at the pitcher will—”

“Peace, beast!” said the Duke of Rothsay; “are there none of you sober, I say?”

"Yes, my noble liege," was the answer; "here is one false brother, Watkins the Englishman."

"Come hither then, Watkins, and aid me with a torch—give me a cloak, too, and another bonnet, and take away this trumpery," throwing down his coronet of feathers; "I would I could throw off all my follies as easily.—English Wat, attend me alone, and the rest of you end your revelry, and doff your mumming habits. The holytide is expended, and the Fast has begun."

"Our monarch has abdicated sooner than usual this night," said one of the revel rout; but as the Prince gave no encouragement, such as happened for the time to want the virtue of sobriety, endeavoured to assume it as well as they could, and the whole of the late rioters began to adopt the appearance of a set of decent persons, who, having been surprised into intoxication, endeavour to disguise their condition by assuming a double portion of formality of behaviour. In the interim, the Prince, having made a hasty reform in his dress, was lighted to the door by the only sober man of the company, but, in his progress thither, had well-nigh stumbled over the sleeping bulk of the brute Bonthron.

"How now—is that vile beast in our way once more?" he said, in anger and disgust. "Here, some of you, toss this caitiff into the horse-trough, that for once in his life he may be washed clean."

While the train executed his commands, availing themselves of a fountain which was in the outer court, and while Bonthron underwent a discipline which he was incapable of resisting, otherwise than by some inarticulate groans and snorts, like those of a dying boar, the Prince proceeded on his way to his apartments, in a mansion called the Constable's lodgings, from the house being the property of the Earls of Errol. On the way, to divert his thoughts from more unpleasing matters, the Prince asked his companion how he came to be sober, when the rest of the party had been so much overcome with liquor.

"So please your honour's Grace," replied English Wat, "I confess it was very familiar in me to be sober when it was your Grace's pleasure that your train should be mad drunk; but in respect they were all Scottishmen but myself, I thought it argued no policy in getting drunken in their company; seeing that they only endure me even when we are all sober, and if the wine were uppermost, I might tell them a piece of my mind, and be paid with as many stabs as there are skenes in the good company."

"So it is your purpose never to join any of the revels of our household?"

"Under favour, yes; unless it be your Grace's pleasure that the residue of your train should remain one day sober, to admit Will Watkins to get drunk without terror of his life."

"Such occasion may arrive.—Where dost thou serve, Watkins?"

"In the stable, so please you."

"Let our chamberlain bring thee into the household, as a yeoman of the night-watch. I like thy favour, and it is something to have one sober fellow in the house, although he is only such through the fear of death. Attend, therefore, near our person, and thou shalt find sobriety a thriving virtue."

Meantime a load of care and fear added to the distress of Sir John Ramorny's sick-chamber. His reflections, disordered as they were by the opiate, fell into great confusion when the Prince, in whose presence he had suppressed its effect by strong resistance, had left the apartment. His consciousness, which he had possessed perfectly during the interview, began to be very much disturbed. He felt a general sense that he had incurred a great danger; that he had rendered the Prince his enemy, and that he had betrayed to him a secret which might affect his own life. In this state of mind and body, it was not strange that he should either dream, or else that his diseased organs should become subject to that species of phantasmagoria which is excited by the use of opium. He thought that the shade of Queen Annabella stood by his bedside, and demanded the youth whom she had placed under his charge, simple, virtuous, gay, and innocent.

"Thou hast rendered him reckless, dissolute, and vicious," said the shade of pallid majesty. "Yet I thank thee, John of Ramorny, ungrateful to me, false to thy word, and treacherous to my hopes. Thy hate shall counteract the evil which thy friendship has done to him. And well do I hope, that, now thou art no longer his counsellor, a bitter penance on earth may purchase my ill-fated child pardon and acceptance in a better world."

Ramorny stretched out his arms after his benefactress, and endeavoured to express contrition and excuse; but the countenance of the apparition became darker and sterner, till it was no longer that of the late Queen, but presented the gloomy and haughty countenance of the Black Douglas—then the timid and sorrowful face of King Robert, who seemed to mourn over the approaching dissolution of his royal house—and then a group of fantastic features, partly hideous, partly ludicrous, which moped, and chattered, and twisted themselves into unnatural and extravagant forms, as if ridiculing his endeavour to obtain an exact idea of their lineaments.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE morning of Ash Wednesday arose pale and bleak, as usual at this season in Scotland, where the worst and most inclement weather often occurs in the early spring months. It was a severe day of frost, and the citizens had to sleep away the consequences of the preceding holiday's debauchery. The sun had therefore risen for an hour above the horizon, before there was any general appearance of life among the inhabitants of Perth; so that it was some time after daybreak, when an early citizen, going to mass, saw the body of the luckless Oliver Proudfoot lying on his face, across the kennel, in the manner in which he had fallen, under the blow, as our readers will easily imagine, of Antony Bonthron, the "boy of the belt," that is, the executioner of the pleasure of John of Ramorny.

This early citizen was Allan Griffin, so termed because he was master of the Griffin inn; and the alarm which he raised soon brought together, first straggling neighbours, and by and by a concourse of citizens. At first, from the circumstance of the well-known buff-coat, and the crimson feather in the head-piece,

the noise arose that it was the stout Smith that lay there slain. This false rumour continued for some time; for the host of the Griffin, who himself had been a magistrate, would not permit the body to be touched or stirred till Bailie Craigdallie arrived, so that the face was not seen.

"This concerns the Fair City, my friends," he said; "and if it is the stout Smith of the Wynd who lies here, the man lives not in Perth, who will not risk land and life to avenge him. Look you, the villains have struck him down behind his back, for there is not a man within ten Scotch miles of Perth, gentle or simple, Highland or Lowland, that would have met him face to face with such evil purpose. Oh, brave men of Perth! the flower of your manhood has been cut down, and that by a base and treacherous hand!"

A wild cry of fury arose from the people, who were fast assembling.

"We will take him on our shoulders," said a strong butcher; "we will carry him to the King's presence at the Dominican Convent."

"Ay, ay," answered a blacksmith, "neither bolt nor bar shall keep us from the King; neither monk nor mass shall break our purpose. A better armourer never laid hammer on anvil!"

"To the Dominicans! to the Dominicans!" shouted the assembled people.

"Bethink you, burghers," said another citizen; "our King is a good King, and loves us like his children. It is the Douglas and the Duke of Albany that will not let good King Robert hear the distresses of his people."

"Are we to be slain in our own streets for the King's softness of heart?" said the butcher. "The Bruce did otherwise. If the King will not keep us, we will keep ourselves. Ring the bells backward, every bell of them that is made of metal. Cry, and spare not, St Johnstoun's hunt is up!"

"Ay," cried another citizen, "and let us to the holds of Albany and the Douglas, and burn them to the ground. Let the fires tell far and near, that Perth knew how to avenge her stout Henry Gow! He has fought a score of times for the Fair City's right—let us show we can fight once to avenge his wrong. Hallo! ho! brave citizens, St Johnstoun's hunt is up!"

This cry, the well-known rallying-word amongst the inhabitants of Perth, and seldom heard but on occasions of general uproar, was echoed from voice to voice; and one or two neighbouring steeples, of which the enraged citizens possessed themselves, either by consent of the priests, or in spite of their opposition, began to ring out the ominous alarm-notes, in which, as the ordinary succession of the chimes were reversed, the bells were said to be rung backward.

Still, as the crowd thickened, and the roar waxed more universal and louder, Allan Griffin, a burly man, with a deep voice, and well respected among high and low, kept his station as he bestrode the corpse, and called loudly to the multitude to keep back, and wait the arrival of the magistrates.

"We must proceed by order in this matter, my masters; we must have our magistrates at our head. They are duly chosen and elected in our town-hall. good men and true every one; we will not be called

rioters, or idle perturbators of the king's peace. Stand you still, and make room, for yonder comes Bailie Craigdallie, ay, and honest Simon Glover, to whom the Fair City is so much bounden. Alas, alas, my kind townsmen! his beautiful daughter was a bride yesternight—this morning the Fair Maid of Perth is a widow before she has been a wife!"

This new theme of sympathy increased the rage and sorrow of the crowd the more, as many women now mingled with them, who echoed back the alarm-cry to the men.

"Ay, ay, St Johnstoun's hunt is up. For the Fair Maid of Perth and the brave Henry Gow! Up, up, every one of you, spare not for your skin-cutting! To the stables! to the stables!—when the horse is gone, the man-at-arms is useless—cut off the grooms and yeomen; lame, maim, and stab the horses; kill the base squires and pages. Let these proud knights meet us on their feet if they dare!"

"They dare not, they dare not," answered the men; "their strength is in their horses and armour; and yet the haughty and ungrateful villains have slain a man whose skill as an armourer was never matched in Milan or Venice. To arms! to arms, brave burghers! St Johnstoun's hunt is up!"

Amid this clamour, the magistrates and superior class of inhabitants with difficulty obtained room to examine the body, having with them the town-clerk to take an official protocol, or, as it is still called, a precognition, of the condition in which it was found. To these delays the multitude submitted, with a patience and order which strongly marked the national character of a people, whose resentment has always been the more deeply dangerous, that they will, without relaxing their determination of vengeance, submit with patience to all delays which are necessary to ensure its attainment. The multitude, therefore, received their magistrates with a loud cry, in which the thirst of revenge was announced, together with the deferential welcome to the patrons by whose direction they expected to obtain it in right and legal fashion.

While these accents of welcome still rung above the crowd, who now filled the whole adjacent streets, receiving and circulating a thousand varying reports, the fathers of the city caused the body to be raised and more closely examined, when it was instantly perceived, and the truth publicly announced, that not the armourer of the Wynd, so highly, and according to the esteemed qualities of the time, so justly popular among his fellow citizens, but a man of far less general estimation, though not without his own value in society, lay murdered before them—the brisk Bonnet-maker, Oliver Proudfoot. The resentment of the people had so much turned upon the general opinion, that their frank and brave champion, Henry Gow, was the slaughtered person, that the contradiction of the report served to cool the general fury, although, if poor Oliver had been recognized at first, there is little doubt that the cry of vengeance would have been as unanimous as in the case of Henry Wynd. The first circulation of the unexpected intelligence even excited a smile among the crowd, so near are the confines of the ludicrous to those of the terrible.

"The murderers have without doubt taken him

for Henry Smith," said Griffin, "which must have been a great comfort to him in the circumstances."

But the arrival of other persons on the scene soon restored its deeply tragic character.

CHAPTER XIX.

Who 's that that rings the bell, Diablo, ho!
The town will rise.—

Othello.

THE wild rumours which flew through the town, speedily followed by the tolling of the alarm bells, spread general consternation. The nobles and knights, with their followers, gathered in different places of rendezvous, where a defence could best be maintained; and the alarm reached the royal residence, where the young Prince was one of the first to appear to assist, if necessary, in the defence of the old King. The scene of the preceding night ran in his recollection; and, remembering the blood-stained figure of Bonthron, he conceived, though indistinctly, that his act had been connected with this uproar. The subsequent and more interesting discourse with Sir John Ramorny had, however, been of such an impressive nature, as to obliterate all traces of what he had indistinctly heard of the bloody act of the assassin, excepting a confused recollection that some one or other had been slain. It was chiefly on his father's account that he had assumed arms with his household train, who, clad in bright armour, and bearing lances in their hands, made now a figure very different from that of the preceding night, when they appeared as intoxicated Bacchanalians. The kind old monarch received this mark of filial attachment with tears of gratitude, and proudly presented his son to his brother Albany, who entered shortly afterwards. He took them each by the hand.

"Now are we three Robin Stewarts," he said, "as inseparable as the holy trefoil; and, as they say the wearer of that sacred herb mocks at magical delusion, so we, while we are true to each other, may set malice and enmity at defiance."

The brother and son kissed the kind hand which pressed theirs, while Robert III expressed his confidence in their affection. The kiss of the youth was, for the time, sincere; that of the brother was the salute of the apostate Judas.

In the meantime the bell of Saint John's-church alarmed, amongst others, the inhabitants of Curfew-street. In the house of Simon Glover, old Dorothy Glover, as she was called (for she also took name from the trade she practised, under her master's auspices), was the first to catch the sound. Though somewhat deaf upon ordinary occasions, her ear for bad news was as sharp as a kite's scent for carrion; for Dorothy, otherwise an industrious, faithful, and even affectionate creature, had that strong appetite for collecting and retailing sinister intelligence, which is often to be marked in the lower classes. Little accustomed to be listened to, they love the attention which a tragic tale ensures to the bearer, and enjoy, perhaps, the temporary equality to which misfortune reduces those who are ordinarily accounted their superiors. Dorothy had no sooner possessed herself of a slight packet of the rumours which were flying abroad, than she bounced into her master's bed-

room, who had taken the privilege of age and the holytide to sleep longer than usual.

"There he lies, honest man!" said Dorothy, half in a screeching, and half in a wailing tone of sympathy,—“There he lies; his best friend slain, and he knowing as little about it as the babe new born, that kens not life from death.”

"How now!" said the Glover, starting up out of his bed,—“What is the matter, old woman? is my daughter well?”

"Old woman!" said Dorothy, who, having her fish hooked, chose to let him play a little. "I am not so old," said she, flouncing out of the room, "as to bide in the place till a man rises from his naked bed—"

And presently she was heard at a distance in the parlour beneath melodiously singing to the scrubbing of her own broom.

"Dorothy—screech-owl—devil,—say but my daughter is well!"

"I am well, my father," answered the Fair Maid of Perth, speaking from her bed-room, "perfectly well; but what, for Our Lady's sake, is the matter? The bells ring backward, and there is shrieking and crying in the streets."

"I will presently know the cause. Here, Conachar, come speedily and tie my points.—I forgot—the Higbland loon is far beyond Fortingall.—Patience, daughter, I will presently bring you news."

"Ye need not hurry yourself for that, Simon Glover," quoth the obdurate old woman; "the best and the worst of it may be tauld before you could hobble over your door-stane. I ken the hail story abroad; for, thought I, our good-man is so wilfull, that he'll be for banging out to the tuilzie, be the cause what it like; and sae I maun e'en stir my shanks, and learn the cause of all this, or he will hae his auld nose in the midst of it, and maybe get it nipt off before he knows what for."

"And what is the news, then, old woman?" said the impatient Glover, still busying himself with the hundred points or latchets which were the means of attaching the doublet to the hose.

Dorothy suffered him to proceed in his task, till she conjectured it must be nearly accomplished; and foresaw that, if she told not the secret herself, her master would be abroad to seek in person for the cause of the disturbance. She, therefore, holloed out—"Aweel, aweel, ye canna say it is my fault, if you hear ill news before you have been at the morning mass. I would have kept it from ye till ye had heard the priest's word; but since you must hear it, you have e'en lost the truest friend that ever gave hand to another, and Perth maun mourn for the bravest burgher that ever took a blade in hand."

"Harry Smith! Harry Smith!" exclaimed the father and the daughter at once.

"Ah, ay, there ye hae it at last," said Dorothy; "and whase fault was it but your ain?—you made such a peace of work about his companying with a glee woman, as if he had companied with a Jewess!"

Dorothy would have gone on long enough, but her master exclaimed to his daughter, who was still in her own apartment, "It is nonsense, Catharine—all the dotage of an old fool. No such thing has happened. I will bring you the true tidings in a moment;"

and snatching up his staff, the old man hurried out past Dorothy, and into the street, where the throng of people were rushing towards the High-street. Dorothy, in the meantime, kept muttering to herself, "Thy father is a wise man, take his ain word for it. He will come next by some scathe in the hobbleshow, and then it will be, Dorothy, get the lint, and, Dorothy, spread the plaster; but now it is nothing but nonsense, and a lie, and impossibility, that can come out of Dorothy's mouth—Impossible! Does auld Simon think that Harry Smith's head was as hard as his stithy, and a haill clan of Highland-men dinging at him?"

Here she was interrupted by a figure like an angel, who came wandering by her with wild eye, cheek deadly pale, hair dishevelled, and an apparent want of consciousness, which terrified the old woman out of her discontented humour.

"Our Lady bless my bairn!" said she. "What look you sae wild for?"

"Did you not say some one was dead?" said Catharine, with a frightful uncertainty of utterance, as if her organs of speech and hearing served her but imperfectly.

"Dead, hinny! Ay, ay, dead eneugh; ye'll no hae him to gloom at ony mair."

"Dead!" repeated Catharine, still with the same uncertainty of voice and manner. "Dead—slain—and by Highlanders!"

"I'se warrant by Highlanders,—the lawless loons. Wha is it else that kills maist of the folks about, unless now and then when the burghers take a turrivie, and kill ane another, or whiles that the knights and nobles shed blood? But I'se uphauld it's been the Highlandmen this bout. The man was no in Perth, laird or loon, durst have faced Henry Smith man to man. There's been sair odds against him; ye'll see that when it's looked into."

"Highlanders!" repeated Catharine, as if haunted by some idea which troubled her senses. "Highlanders!—Oh, Conachar! Conachar!"

"Indeed, and I daresay you have lighted on the very man, Catharine. They quarrelled, as you saw, on the St Valentine's Even, and had a warstle. A Highlandman has a long memory for the like of that. Gie him a cuff at Martinmas, and his cheek will be tingling at Whitsunday. But what could have brought down the lang-legged loons to do their bloody wark within burgh?"

"Woe's me, it was I," said Catharine; "it was I brought the Highlanders down—I that sent for Conachar—ay, they have lain in wait; but it was I that brought them within reach of their prey. But I will see with my own eyes—and then—something we will do. Say to my father I will be back anon."

"Are ye distraught, lassie?" shouted Dorothy, as Catharine made past her towards the street-door. "You would not gang into the street with the hair hanging down your haffets in that guise, and you kenn'd for the Fair Maid of Perth?—Mass, but she's out in the street, come o't what like, and the auld Glover will be as mad as if I could withhold her, will she nill she, flyte she fling she.—This is a brave morning, for an Ash-Wednesday!—What's to be done? If I were to seek my master among the multitude, I were like to be crushed beneath their feet.

and little moan made for the old woman.—And am I to run after Catharine, who ere this is out of sight, and far lighter of foot than I am?—so I will just down the gate to Nicol Barber's, and tell him a' about it."

While the trusty Dorothy was putting her prudent resolve into execution, Catharine ran through the streets of Perth in a manner which at another moment would have brought on her the attention of every one, who saw her hurrying on with a reckless impetuosity, wildly and widely different from the ordinary decency and composure of her step and manner, and without the plaid, scarf, or mantle, which "women of good," of fair character and decent rank, universally carried around them, when they went abroad. But distracted as the people were, every one inquiring or telling the cause of the tumult, and most recounting it different ways, the negligence of her dress, and discomposure of her manner, made no impression on any one; and she was suffered to press forward on the path she had chosen, without attracting more notice than the other females, who, stirred by anxious curiosity or fear, had come out to inquire the cause of an alarm so general—it might be to seek for friends, for whose safety they were interested.

As Catharine passed along, she felt all the wild influence of the agitating scene, and it was with difficulty she forbore from repeating the cries of lamentation and alarm, which were echoed around her. In the meantime, she rushed rapidly on, embarrassed like one in a dream, with a strange sense of dreadful calamity, the precise nature of which she was unable to define, but which implied the terrible consciousness, that the man who loved her so fondly, whose good qualities she so highly esteemed, and whom she now felt to be dearer than perhaps she would before have acknowledged to her own bosom, was murdered, and most probably by her means. The connexion betwixt Henry's supposed death, and the descent of Conachar and his followers, though adopted by her in a moment of extreme and engrossing emotion, was sufficiently probable to have been received for truth, even if her understanding had been at leisure to examine its credibility. Without knowing what she sought, except the general desire to know the worst of the dreadful report, she hurried forward to the very spot which, of all others, her feelings of the preceding day would have induced her to avoid.

Who would, upon the evening of Shrovetide, have persuaded the proud, the timid, the shy, the rigidly decorous Catharine Glover, that before mass on Ash-Wednesday, she should rush through the streets of Perth, making her way amidst tumult and confusion, with her hair unbound, and her dress disarranged, to seek the house of that same lover, who, she had reason to believe, had so grossly and indelicately neglected and affronted her, as to pursue a low and licentious amour! Yet so it was; and her eagerness taking, as if by instinct, the road which was most free, she avoided the High Street, where the pressure was greatest, and reached the wynd by the narrow lanes on the northern skirt of the town, through which Henry Smith had formerly escorted Louise. But even these comparatively lonely passages were now astir with passengers, so general was the alarm.

Catharine Glover made her way through them, however, while such as observed her looked on each other, and shook their heads in sympathy with her distress. At length, without any distinct idea of her own purpose, she stood before her lover's door, and knocked for admittance.

The silence which succeeded the echoing of her hasty summons increased the alarm, which had induced her to take this desperate measure.

"Open,—open, Henry!" she cried. "Open, if you yet live! Open, if you would not find Catharine Glover dead upon your threshold!"

As she cried thus frantically, to ears which she was taught to believe were stopped by death, the lover she invoked opened the door in person, just in time to prevent her sinking on the ground. The extremity of his ecstatic joy upon an occasion so unexpected, was qualified only by the wonder which forbade him to believe it real, and by his alarm at the closed eyes, half-opened and blanched lips, total absence of complexion, and apparently total cessation of breathing.

Henry had remained at home, in spite of the general alarm, which had reached his ears for a considerable time, fully determined to put himself in the way of no brawls that he could avoid; and it was only in compliance with a summons from the Magistrates, which, as a burgher, he was bound to obey, that, taking his sword and buckler from the wall, he was about to go forth, for the first time unwillingly, to pay his service, as his tenure bound him.

"It is hard," he said, "to be put forward in all the town feuds, when the fighting work is so detestable to Catharine. I am sure there are enough of wenches in Perth, that say to their gallants, 'Go out—do your devoir bravely, and win your lady's grace;' and yet they send not for their lovers, but for me, who cannot do the duties of a man to protect a minstrel woman, or of a burgher who fights for the honour of his town, but this peevish Catharine uses me as if I were a brawler and bordeller!"

Such were the thoughts which occupied his mind, when, as he opened his door to issue forth, the person dearest to his thoughts, but whom he certainly least expected to see, was present to his eyes, and dropped into his arms.

His mixture of surprise, joy, and anxiety, did not deprive him of the presence of mind which the occasion demanded. To place Catharine Glover in safety, and recall her to herself, was to be thought of before rendering obedience to the summons of the Magistrates, however pressingly that had been delivered. He carried his lovely burden, as light as a feather, yet more precious than the same quantity of purest gold, into a small bedchamber which had been his mother's. It was the most fit for an invalid, as it looked into the garden, and was separated from the noise of the tumult.

"Here, Nurse—Nurse Shoolbred—come quick—come for death and life—here is one wants thy help!"

Up trotted the old dame. "If it should but prove any one that will keep thee out of the scuffle—" for she also had been aroused by the noise; but what was her astonishment, when, placed in love and reverence on the bed of her late mistress, and supported by the athletic arms of her foster-son, she saw the

apparently lifeless form of the Fair Maid of Perth. "Catharine Glover!" she said; "and, Holy Mother! a dying woman, as it would seem!"

"Not so, old woman," said her foster-son;—"the dear heart throbs—the sweet breath comes and returns! Come thou, that may aid her more meetly than I—bring water, essences—whatever thy old skill can devise. Heaven did not place her in my arms to die, but to live for herself and me."

With an activity which her age little promised, Nurse Shoolbred collected the means of restoring animation; for, like many women of the period, she understood what was to be done in such cases, nay, possessed a knowledge of treating wounds of an ordinary description, which the warlike propensities of her foster-son kept in pretty constant exercise.

"Come now," she said, "son Henry, unfold your arms from about my patient—though she is worth the pressing—and set thy arms at freedom to help me with what I want.—Nay, I will not insist on your quitting her hand, if you will beat the palm gently, as the fingers unclothe their clenched grasp."

"I beat her slight beautiful hand!" said Henry; "you were as well bid me beat a glass cup with a fore-hammer, as tap her fair palm with my horn-hard fingers.—But the fingers do unfold, and we will find a better way than beating; and he applied his lips to the pretty hand, whose motion indicated returning sensation. One or two deep sighs succeeded, and the Fair Maid of Perth opened her eyes, fixed them on her lover, as he knelt by the bedside, and again sunk back on the pillow. As she withdrew not her hand from her lover's hold or from his grasp, we must in charity believe that the return to consciousness was not so complete as to make her aware that he abused the advantage, by pressing it alternately to his lips and his bosom. At the same time we are compelled to own, that the blood was colouring in her cheek, and that her breathing was deep and regular, for a minute or two during this relapse.

The noise at the door began now to grow much louder, and Henry was called for by all his various names, of Smith, Gow, and Hal of the Wynd, as heathens used to summon their deities by different epithets. At last, like Portuguese Catholics when exhausted with entreating their saints, the crowd without had recourse to vituperative exclamations.

"Out upon you, Henry! You are a disgraced man, mansworn to your burgher-oath, and a traitor to the Fair City, unless you come instantly forth!"

It would seem that Nurse Shoolbred's applications were now so far successful, that Catharine's senses were in some measure restored; for, turning her face more towards that of her lover, than her former posture permitted, she let her right hand fall on his shoulder, leaving her left still in his possession, and seeming slightly to detain him, while she whispered, "Do not go, Henry—stay with me—they will kill thee, these men of blood."

It would seem that this gentle invocation, the result of finding the lover alive whom she expected to have only recognised as a corpse, though it was spoken so low as scarcely to be intelligible, had more effect to keep Henry Wynd in his present posture

than the repeated summons of many voices from without had to bring him down stairs.

"Mass, townsmen," cried one hardy citizen to his companions, "the saucy Smith but jests with us! Let us into the house, and bring him out by the lug and the horn."

"Take care what you are doing," said a more cautious assailant. "The man that presses on Henry Gow's retirement may go into his house with sound bones, but will return with ready-made work for the surgeon.—But here comes one has good right do do our errand to him, and make the recreant hear reason on both sides of his head."

The person of whom this was spoken was no other than Simon Glover himself. He had arrived at the fatal spot where the unlucky Bonnet-maker's body was lying, just in time to discover, to his great relief, that when it was turned with the face upwards by Bailie Craigdallie's orders, the features of the poor braggart Proudfoot were recognised, when the crowd expected to behold those of their favourite champion Henry Smith. A laugh, or something approaching to one, went among those who remembered how hard Oliver had struggled to obtain the character of a fighting man, however foreign to his nature and disposition, and remarked now, that he had met with a mode of death much better suited to his pretensions than to his temper. But this tendency to ill-timed mirth, which savoured of the rudeness of the times, was at once hushed by the voice, and cries, and exclamations of a woman, who struggled through the crowd, screaming at the same time,—*"Oh, my husband!—my husband!"*

Room was made for the sorrower, who was followed by two or three female friends. Maudie Proudfoot had been hitherto only noticed as a good-looking, black-haired woman, believed to be *dink** and disdainful to those whom she thought meaner or poorer than herself, and lady and empress over her late husband, whom she quickly caused to lower his crest when she chanced to hear him crowing out of season. But now, under the influence of powerful passion, she assumed a far more imposing character.

"Do you laugh," she said, "you unworthy burghers of Perth, because one of your own citizens has poured his blood into the kennel?—or do you because the deadly lot has lighted on my husband? How has he deserved this?—Did he not maintain an honest house by his own industry, and keep a creditable board, where the sick had welcome, and the poor had relief? Did he not lend to those who wanted,—stand by his neighbours as a friend, keep counsel and do justice like a magistrate?"

"It is true, it is true," answered the assembly; "his blood is our blood, as much as if it were Henry Gow's."

"You speak truth, neighbours," said Bailie Craigdallie; "and this feud cannot be patched up as the former was—citizens' blood must not flow unavenged down our kennels, as if it were ditch-water, or we shall soon see the broad Tay crimsoned with it. But this blow was never meant for the poor man on whom it has unhappily fallen. Every one knew what Oliver Proudfoot was, how wide he would speak, and how

little he would do. He has Henry Smith's buff-coat, target, and head-piece. All the town know them as well as I do; there is no doubt on't. He had the trick, as you know, of trying to imitate the Smith in most things. Some one, blind with rage, or perhaps through liquor, has stricken the innocent Bonnet-maker, whom no man either hated or feared, or indeed cared either much or little about, instead of the stout Smith, who has twenty feuds upon his hands."

"What then is to be done, Bailie?" cried the multitude.

"That, my friends, your magistrates will determine for you, as we shall instantly meet together when Sir Patrick Charteris cometh here, which must be anon. Meanwhile, let the chirurgeon Dwining examine that poor piece of clay, that he may tell us how he came by his fatal death; and then let the corpse be decently swathed in a clean shroud, as becomes an honest citizen, and placed before the high altar in the church of St John, the patron of the Fair City. Cease all clamour and noise, and every defensible man of you, as you would wish well to the Fair Town, keep his weapons in readiness, and be prepared to assemble on the High-street, at the tolling of the common bell from the Town-House, and we will either revenge the death of our fellow-citizen, or else we shall take such fortune as Heaven will send us. Meanwhile avoid all quarrelling with the knights and their followers, till we know the innocent from the guilty.—But wherefore tarries this knave Smith? He is ready enough in tumults when his presence is not wanted, and lags he now when his presence may serve the Fair City?—What ails him, doth any one know? Hath he been upon the frolic last Fastern's Even?"

"Rather he is sick or sullen, Master Bailie," said one of the city's mairs, or sergeants; "for though he is within door, as his knaves report, yet he will neither answer to us nor admit us."

"So please your worship, Master Bailie," said Simon Glover, "I will go myself to fetch Henry Smith. I have some little difference to make up with him. And blessed be Our Lady, who hath so ordered it, that I find him alive, as a quarter of an hour since I could never have expected!"

"Bring the stout Smith to the Council-house," said the Bailie, as a mounted yeoman pressed through the crowd, and whispered in his ear,—*"Here is a good fellow, who says the Knight of Kinfauns is entering the port."*

Such was the occasion of Simon Glover presenting himself at the house of Henry Gow at the period already noticed.

Unrestrained by the considerations of doubt and hesitation which influenced others, he repaired to the parlour; and having overheard the bustling of Dame Shoolbred, he took the privilege of intimacy to ascend to the bed-room, and, with the slight apology of—"I crave your pardon, good neighbour," he opened the door, and entered the apartment, where a singular and unexpected sight awaited him. At the sound of his voice, May Catharine experienced a revival much speedier than Dame Shoolbred's restoratives had been able to produce; and the paleness of her complexion changed into a deep glow of the most

* Contemtpuous—scornful of others.

lovely red. She pushed her lover from her with both her hands, which, until this minute, her want of consciousness, or her affection, awakened by the events of the morning, had well nigh abandoned to his caresses. Henry Smith, bashful as we know him, stumbled as he rose up; and none of the party were without a share of confusion, excepting Dame Shoolbred, who was glad to make some pretext to turn her back to the others, in order that she might enjoy a laugh at their expense, which she felt herself utterly unable to restrain, and in which the Glover, whose surprise, though great, was of short duration, and of a joyful character, sincerely joined.

"Now, by good St John," he said, "I thought I had seen a sight this morning that would cure me of laughter, at least till Lent was over; but this would make me curl my cheek, if I were dying. Why, here stands honest Henry Smith, who was lamented as dead, and toll'd out for from every steeple in town, alive, merry, and, as it seems from his ruddy complexion, as like to live as any man in Perth. And here is my precious daughter, that yesterday would speak of nothing but the wickedness of the wights that haunt profane sports, and protect glee-maidens—Ay, she who set St Valentine and St Cupid both at defiance,—here she is, turned a glee-maiden herself, for what I can see! Truly, I am glad to see that you, my good Dame Shoolbred, who give way to no disorder, have been of this loving party."

"You do me wrong, my dearest father," said Catharine, as if about to weep. "I came here with far different expectations than you suppose. I only came because—because—"

"Because you expected to find a dead lover," said her father, "and you have found a living one, who can receive the tokens of your regard, and return them. Now, were it not a sin, I could find in my heart to thank Heaven, that thou hast been surprised at last into owning thyself a woman—Simon Glover is not worthy to have an absolute saint for his daughter.—Nay, look not so piteously, nor expect condolence from me! Only I will try not to look merry, if you will be pleased to stop your tears, or confess them to be tears of joy."

"If I were to die for such a confession," said poor Catharine, "I could not tell what to call them. Only believe, dear father, and let Henry believe, that I would never have come hither, unless—unless—"

"Unless you had thought that Henry could not come to you," said her father. "And now, shake hands in peace and concord, and agree as Valentines should. Yesterday was Shrovetide, Henry—We will hold that thou hast confessed thy follies, hast obtained absolution, and art relieved of all the guilt thou stoodest charged with."

"Nay, touching that, father Simon," said the Smith, "now that you are cool enough to hear me, I can swear on the Gospels, and I can call my nurse, Dame Shoolbred, to witness—"

"Nay, nay," said the Glover, "but wherefore rake up differences, which should all be forgotten?"

"Hark ye, Simon!—Simon Glover!" This was now echoed from beneath.

"True, son Smith," said the Glover seriously, "we have other work in hand. You and I must

VOL. VII.

to the council instantly. Catharine shall remain here with Dame Shoolbred, who will take charge of her till we return; and then, as the town is in misrule, we two, Harry, will carry her home, and they will be bold men that cross us."

"Nay, my dear father," said Catharine, with a smile, "now you are taking Oliver Proudfoot's office. That doughty burgher is Henry's brother-at-arms."

Her father's countenance grew dark.

"You have spoke a stinging word, daughter; but you know not what has happened. Kiss him, Catharine, in token of forgiveness."

"Not so," said Catharine; "I have done him too much grace already. When he has seen the errant damsel safe home, it will be time enough to claim his reward."

"Meantime," said Henry, "I will claim, as your host, what you will not allow me on other terms."

He folded the fair maiden in his arms, and was permitted to take the salute which she had refused to bestow.

As they descended the stair together, the old man laid his hand on the Smith's shoulder, and said, "Henry, my dearest wishes are fulfilled; but it is the pleasure of the saints that it should be in an hour of difficulty and terror."

"True," said the Smith; "but thou knowest, father, if our riots be frequent at Perth, at least they seldom last long."

Then, opening a door which led from the house into the smithy, "Here, comrades," he cried, "Anton, Cuthbert, Dingwell, and Ringan! Let none of you stir from the place till I return. Be as true as the weapons I have taught you to forge; a French crown and a Scottish merry-making for you, if you obey my command. I leave a mighty treasure in your charge. Watch the doors well—let little Janekin scout up and down the wynd, and have your arms ready if any one approaches the house. Open the doors to no man, till father Glover or I return; it concerns my life and happiness."

The strong swarthy giants to whom he spoke, answered, "Death to him who attempts it!"

"My Catharine is now as safe," said he to her father, "as if twenty men garrisoned a royal castle in her cause. We shall pass most quietly to the Council-house by walking through the garden."

He led the way through a little orchard accordingly, where the birds, which had been sheltered and fed during the winter by the good-natured artizan, early in the season as it was, were saluting the precarious smiles of a February sun, with a few faint and interrupted attempts at melody.

"Hear these minstrels, father," said the Smith; "I laughed at them this morning in the bitterness of my heart, because the little wretches sung, with so much of winter before them. But now, methinks, I could bear a blithe chorus, for I have my Valentine as they have theirs; and whatever ill may lie before me for to-morrow, I am to day the happiest man in Perth, city or county, burgh or landward."

"Yet I must allay your joy," said the old Glover, "though, Heaven knows, I share it.—Poor Oliver Proudfoot, the inoffensive fool that you and I knew so well, has been found this morning dead in the streets."

"Only dead drunk, I trust?" said the Smith; "nay, a caudle and a dose of matrimonial advice will bring him to life again."

"No, Henry, no. He is slain—slain with a battle-axe, or some such weapon."

"Impossible!" replied the Smith; "he was light-footed enough, and would not for all Perth have trusted to his hands, when he could extricate himself by his heels."

"No choice was allowed him. The blow was dealt in the very back of his head; he who struck must have been a shorter man than himself, and used a horseman's battle-axe, or some such weapon, for a Lochaber-axe must have struck the upper part of his head—But there he lies dead, brained, I may say, by a most frightful wound."

"This is inconceivable," said Henry Wynd. "He was in my house at midnight, in a morricker's habit; seemed to have been drinking, though not to excess. He told me a tale of having been beset by revellers, and being in danger; but, alas! you know the man; I deemed it was a swaggering fit, as he sometimes took when he was in liquor; and, may the Merciful Virgin forgive me! I let him go without company, in which I did him inhuman wrong. Holy St John be my witness! I would have gone with any helpless creature, and far more with him, with whom I have so often sat at the same board, and drunken of the same cup. Who, of the race of man, could have thought of harming a creature so simple, and so unoffending, excepting by his idle vaunts?"

"Henry, he wore thy headpiece, thy buff-coat, thy target—How came he by these?"

"Why, he demanded the use of them for the night, and I was ill at ease, and well pleased to be rid of his company; having kept no holiday, and being determined to keep none, in respect of our misunderstanding."

"It is the opinion of Bailie Craigdallie, and all our sagest councillors, that the blow was intended for yourself, and that it becomes you to prosecute the due vengeance of our fellow-citizen, who received the death which was meant for you."

The Smith was for some time silent. They had now left the garden, and were walking in a lonely lane, by which they meant to approach the council-house of the burgh, without being exposed to observation or idle inquiry.

"You are silent, my son; yet we two have much to speak of," said Simon Glover. "Bethink thee that this widowed woman Maudlin, if she should see cause to bring a charge against any one for the wrong done to her and her orphan children, must support it by a champion, according to law and custom; for be the murderer who he may, we know enough of these followers of the nobles to be assured, that the party suspected will appeal to the combat, in derision, perhaps, of those whom they will call the cowardly burghers. While we are men with blood in our veins, this must not be, Henry Wynd."

"I see where you would draw me, father," answered Henry, dejectedly; "and St John knows I have heard a summons to battle as willingly as war-horse ever heard the trumpet. But bethink you, father, how I have lost Catharine's favour repeatedly, and have been driven well nigh to despair of ever re-

gaining it, for being, if I may say so, even too ready a man of my hands. And here are all our quarrels made up, and the hopes, that seemed this morning removed beyond earthly prospect, have become nearer and brighter than ever; and must I, with the dear one's kiss of forgiveness on my lips, engage in a new scene of violence, which you are well aware will give her the deepest offence?"

"It is hard for me to advise you, Henry," said Simon; "but this I must ask you—Have you, or have you not, reason to think, that this poor unfortunate Oliver has been mistaken for you?"

"I fear it too much," said Henry. "He was thought something like me, and the poor fool had studied to ape my gestures and manner of walking, nay, the very airs which I have the trick of whistling, that he might increase a resemblance which has cost him dear. I have ill-willers enough, both in burgh and landward, to owe me a shrewd turn; and he, I think, could have none such."

"Well, Henry, I cannot say but my daughter will be offended. She has been much with father Clement, and has received notions about peace and forgiveness, which methinks suit ill with a country where the laws cannot protect us, unless we have spirit to protect ourselves. If you determine for the combat, I will do my best to persuade her to look on the matter as the other good womanhood in the burgh will do; and if you resolve to let the matter rest—the man who has lost his life for yours remaining unavenged—the widow and the orphans without any reparation for the loss of a husband and father—I will then do you the justice to remember, that I, at least, ought not to think the worse of you for your patience, since it was adopted for love of my child. But, Henry, we must in that case remove ourselves from bonny St Johnstoun, for here we will be but a disgraced family."

Henry groaned deeply, and was silent for an instant, then replied, "I would rather be dead than dishonoured, though I should never see her again! Had it been yester evening, I would have met the best blade among these men-at-arms as blithely as ever I danced at a May-pole. But to-day, when she had first as good as said, 'Henry Smith, I love thee!'—father Glover, it is very hard. Yet it is all my own fault! I ought to have allowed him the shelter of my roof, when he prayed me in his agony of fear; or, had I gone with him, I should then have prevented or shared his fate. But I taunted him, ridiculed him, loaded him with maledictions, though the saints know they were uttered in idle peevishness of impatience. I drove him out from my doors, whom I knew so helpless, to take the fate which was perhaps intended for me. I must avenge him, or be dishonoured for ever. See, father—I have been called a man hard as the steel I work in—does burnished steel ever drop tears like these?—Shame on me that I should shed them!"

"It is no shame, my dearest son," said Simon, "thou art as kind as brave, and I have always known it. There is yet a chance for us. No one may be discovered to whom suspicion attaches, and where none such is found, the combat cannot take place. It is a hard thing to wish that the innocent blood may not be avenged. But if the perpetrator

of this foul murder be hidden for the present, thou wilt be saved from the task of seeking that vengeance which Heaven, doubtless, will take at its own proper time."

As they spoke thus, they arrived at the point of the High-street where the Council-house was situated. As they reached the door, and made their way through the multitude who still thronged the street, they found the avenues guarded by a select party of armed burghers, and about fifty spears belonging to the Knight of Kinfauns, who, with his allies the Grays, Blairs, Moncrieffs, and others, had brought to Perth a considerable body of horse, of which these were a part. So soon as the Glover and Smith presented themselves, they were admitted to the chamber in which the magistrates were assembled.

CHAPTER XX.

The Council-room of Perth presented a singular spectacle. In a gloomy apartment, ill and inconveniently lighted by two windows of different form and of unequal size, were assembled, around a large oaken table, a group of men, of whom those who occupied the higher seats were merchants, that is, guild brethren, or shopkeepers, arrayed in decent dresses becoming their station, but most of them bearing, like the Regent York, "signs of war around their aged necks;" gorgets, namely, and baldricks, which sustained their weapons. The lower places around the table were occupied by mechanics and artisans, the presidents, or deacons, as they were termed, of the working classes, in their ordinary clothes, somewhat better arranged than usual. These too wore pieces of armour of various descriptions. Some had the black-jack, or doublet, covered with small plates of iron of a lozenge shape, which, secured through the upper angle, hung in rows above each, and which, swaying with the motion of the wearer's person, formed a secure defence to the body. Others had buff-coats, which, as already mentioned, could resist the blow of a sword, and even a lance's point, unless propelled with great force. At the bottom of the table, surrounded as it was with this varied assembly, sat Sir Louis Lundin; no military man, but a priest and parson of St John's, arrayed in his canonical dress, and having his pen and ink before him. He was town-clerk of the burgh, and, like all the priests of the period (who were called from that circumstance the Pope's knights), received the honourable title of *Dominus*, contracted into Dom, or Dan, or translated into SIR, the title of reverence due to the secular chivalry.

On an elevated seat, at the head of the council-board, was placed Sir Patrick Charteris, in complete armour, brightly burnished; a singular contrast to the motley mixture of warlike and peaceful attire exhibited by the burghers, who were only called to arms occasionally. The bearing of the Provost, while it completely admitted the intimate connexion which mutual interests had created betwixt himself, the burgh, and the magistracy, was at the same time calculated to assert the superiority, which, in virtue of gentle blood and chivalrous rank, the opinions of the age assigned to him over the members of the assembly in which he presided. Two squires

stood behind him, one of them holding the knight's pennon, and another his shield, bearing his armorial distinctions, being a hand holding a dagger, or short sword, with the proud motto, *This is my charter*. A handsome page displayed the long sword of his master, and another bore his lance; all which chivalrous emblems and appurtenances were the more scrupulously exhibited, that the dignitary to whom they belonged was engaged in discharging the office of a burgh magistrate. In his own person the Knight of Kinfauns appeared to affect something of state and stiffness, which did not naturally pertain to his frank and jovial character.

"So, you are come at length, Henry Smith and Simon Glover," said the Provost. "Know that you have kept us waiting for your attendance. Should it so chance again while we occupy this place, we will lay such a fine on you as you will have small pleasure in paying. Enough—make no excuses. They are not asked now, and another time they will not be admitted. Know, sirs, that our reverend clerk hath taken down in writing, and at full length, what I will tell you in brief, that you may see what is to be required of you, Henry Smith, in particular. Our late fellow-citizen, Oliver Proudfeute, hath been found dead in the High Street, close by the entrance into the wynd. It seemeth he was slain by a heavy blow with a short axe, dealt from behind and at unawares; and the act by which he fell can only be termed a deed of foul and fore-thought murder. So much for the crime. The criminal can only be indicated by circumstances. It is recorded in the protocol of the Reverend Sir Louis Lundin, that divers well reputed witnesses saw our deceased citizen, Oliver Proudfeute, till a late period, accompanying the Entry of the morrice-dancers, of whom he was one, as far as the house of Simon Glover, in Curfew Street, where they again played their pageant. It is also manifested, that at this place he separated from the rest of the band, after some discourse with Simon Glover, and made an appointment to meet with the others of his company at the sign of the Griffin, there to conclude the holiday.—Now, Simon, I demand of you whether this be truly stated, so far as you know? and further, what was the purport of the defunct Oliver Proudfeute's discourse with you?"

"My Lord Provost and very worshipful Sir Patrick," answered Simon Glover, "you and this honourable council shall know, that, touching certain reports which had been made of the conduct of Henry Smith, some quarrel had arisen between myself and another of my family, and the said Smith here present. Now, this our poor fellow-citizen, Oliver Proudfeute, having been active in spreading these reports, as indeed his element lay in such gossiping, some words passed betwixt him and me on the subject; and, as I think, he left me with the purpose of visiting Henry Smith, for he broke off from the morrice-dancers, promising, as it seems, to meet them, as your honour has said, at the sign of the Griffin, in order to conclude the evening. But what he actually did, I know not, as I never again saw him in life."

"It is enough," said Sir Patrick, "and agrees with all that we have heard.—Now, worthy sirs, we next find our poor fellow-citizen environed by a set of revellers and maskers, who had assembled in the

High-street, by whom he was shamefully ill treated, being compelled to kneel down in the street, and there to quaff huge quantities of liquor against his inclination, until at length he escaped from them by flight. This violence was accomplished with drawn swords, loud shouts, and imprecations, so as to attract the attention of several persons, who, alarmed by the tumult, looked out from their windows, as well as of one or two passengers, who, keeping aloof from the light of the torches, lest they also had been maltreated, beheld the usage which our fellow-citizen received in the High-street of the burgh. And although these revellers were disguised, and used vizards, yet their disguises were well known, being a set of quaint masking habits, prepared some weeks ago by command of Sir John Ramorny, Master of the Horse to his Royal Highness the Duke of Rothsay, Prince Royal of Scotland."

A low groan went through the assembly.

"Yes; so it is, brave burghers," continued Sir Patrick; "our inquiries have led us into conclusions both melancholy and terrible. But as no one can regret the point at which they seem likely to arrive more than I do, so no man living can dread its consequences less. It is even so—various artizans employed upon the articles, have described the dresses prepared for Sir John Ramorny's mask as being exactly similar to those of the men by whom Oliver Proudfeute was observed to be maltreated. And one mechanic, being Wingfield the feather-dresser, who saw the revellers when they had our fellow-citizen within their hands, remarked that they wore the cinctures and coronals of painted feathers, which he himself had made by the order of the Prince's Master of the Horse.

"After the moment of his escape from these revellers, we lose all trace of Oliver; but we can prove that the maskers went to Sir John Ramorny's, where they were admitted, after some show of delay.—It is rumoured, that thou, Henry Smith, sawest our unhappy fellow-citizen after he had been in the hands of these revellers—What is the truth of that matter?"

"He came to my house in the wynd," said Henry, "about half an hour before midnight; and I admitted him, something unwillingly, as he had been keeping carnival while I remained at home; and there is ill talk, says the proverb, betwixt a full man and a fasting."

"And in which plight seemed he when thou didst admit him?" said the Provost.

"He seemed," answered the Smith, "out of breath, and talked repeatedly of having been endangered by revellers. I paid but small regard, for he was ever a timorous, chicken-spirited, though well-meaning man, and I held that he was speaking more from fancy than reality. But I shall always account it for foul offence in myself, that I did not give him my company, which he requested; and if I live, I will found masses for his soul, in expiation of my guilt."

"Did he describe those from whom he received the injury?" said the Provost.

"Revellers in masking habits," replied Henry.

"And did he intimate his fear of having to do with them on his return?" again demanded Sir Patrick.

"He alluded particularly to his being waylaid,

which I treated as visionary, having been able to see no one in the lane."

"Had he then no help from thee, of any kind whatsoever?" said the Provost.

"Yes, worshipful," replied the Smith; "he exchanged his morrice dress for my head-piece, buff-coat, and target, which I hear were found upon his body; and I have at home his morrice-cap and bells, with the jerkin and other things pertaining. He was to return my garb of fence, and get back his own masking suit this day, had the saints so permitted."

"You saw him not then afterwards?"

"Never, my lord."

"One word more," said the Provost. "Have you any reason to think that the blow which slew Oliver Proudfeute was meant for another man?"

"I have," answered the Smith; "but it is doubtful and may be dangerous to add such a conjecture, which is besides only a supposition."

"Speak it out, on your burgher faith and oath—For whom, think you was the blow meant?"

"If I must speak," replied Henry, "I believe Oliver Proudfeute received the fate which was designed for myself; the rather that, in his folly, Oliver spoke of trying to assume my manner of walking, as well as my dress."

"Have you feud with any one, that you form such an idea?" said Sir Patrick Charteris.

"To my shame and sin be it spoken, I have feud with Highland and Lowland, English and Scot, Perth and Angus. I do not believe poor Oliver had feud with a new-hatched chicken.—Alas! he was the more fully prepared for a sudden call!"

"Hark ye, Smith," said the Provost,—"Answer me distinctly—Is there cause of feud between the household of Sir John Ramorny and yourself?"

"To a certainty, my lord, there is. It is now generally said, that Black Quentin, who went over Tay to Fife some days since, was the owner of the hand which was found in Couvrefew-street upon the Eve of St Valentine. It was I who struck off that hand with a blow of my broadsword. As this Black Quentin was a chamberlain of Sir John, and much trusted, it is like there must be feud between me and his master's dependents."

"It bears a likely front, Smith," said Sir Patrick Charteris.—"And now, good brothers and wise magistrates, there are two suppositions, each of which leads to the same conclusion. The maskers who seized our fellow-citizen, and misused him in a manner of which his body retains some slight marks, may have met with their former prisoner as he returned homewards, and finished their ill usage by taking his life. He himself expressed to Henry Gow fears that this would be the case. If this be really true, one or more of Sir John Ramorny's attendants must have been the assassins. But I think it more likely that one or two of the revellers may have remained on the field, or returned to it, having changed perhaps their disguise, and that to those men (for Oliver Proudfeute, in his own personal appearance, would only have been a subject of sport) his apparition in the dress, and assuming, as he proposed to do, the manner, of Henry Smith, was matter of deep hatred; and that seeing him alone, they had taken, as they thought,

a certain and safe mode to rid themselves of an enemy so dangerous as all men know Henry Wynd is accounted by those that are his unfriends. The same train of reasoning, again, rests the guilt with the household of Sir John Ramorny. How think you, sirs? Are we not free to charge the crime upon them?"

The Magistrates whispered together for several minutes, and then replied by the voice of Bailie Craigdallie,—“Noble Knight, and our worthy Provost,—we agree entirely in what your wisdom has spoken concerning this dark and bloody matter; nor do we doubt your sagacity in tracing to the fellowship and the company of John Ramorny of that ilk, the villany which hath been done to our deceased fellow-citizen, whether in his own character and capacity, or as mistaking him for our brave townsman, Henry of the Wynd. But Sir John, in his own behalf, and as the Prince’s Master of the Horse, maintains an extensive household; and as of course the charge will be rebutted by a denial, we would ask, how we shall proceed in that case?—It is true, could we find law for firing the lodging, and putting all within it to the sword, the old proverb of ‘short rede, good rede,’ might here apply; for a fouler household of defiers of God, destroyers of men, and debauchers of women, are nowhere sheltered than are in Ramorny’s band. But I doubt that this summary mode of execution would scarce be borne out by the laws; and no tittle of evidence which I have heard will tend to fix the crime on any single individual or individuals.”

Before the Provost could reply, the Town-Clerk arose, and stroking his venerable beard, craved permission to speak, which was instantly granted. “Brethren,” he said, “as well in our fathers’ time as ours, hath God, on being rightly appealed to, condescended to make manifest the crimes of the guilty, and the innocence of those who may have been rashly accused. Let us demand from our Sovereign Lord, King Robert, who, when the wicked do not interfere to pervert his good intentions, is as just and clement a Prince as our annals can show in their long line, in the name of the Fair City, and of all the commons in Scotland, that he give us, after the fashion of our ancestors, the means of appealing to Heaven for light upon this dark murder. We will demand the proof by *bier-right*, often granted in the days of our Sovereign’s ancestors, approved of by bulls and decretals, and administered by the great Emperor Charlemagne in France, by King Arthur in Britain, and by Gregory the Great, and the mighty Achaius, in this our land of Scotland.”

“I have heard of the bier-right, Sir Louis,” quoth the Provost, “and I know we have it in our charters of the Fair City; but I am something ill-learned in the ancient laws, and would pray you to inform us more distinctly of its nature.”

“We will demand of the King,” said Sir Louis Lundin, “my advice being taken, that the body of our murdered fellow-citizen be transported into the High Church of St John’s, and suitable masses said for the benefit of his soul, and for the discovery of his foul murder. Meantime we shall obtain an order that Sir John Ramorny give up a list of such of his household as were in Perth in the course of the night between Fastern’s Even and this Ash-Wednesday, and

become bound to present them on a certain day and hour, to be early named, in the High Church of St John’s; there one by one to pass before the bier of our murdered fellow-citizen, and in the form prescribed to call upon God and his saints to bear witness that he is innocent of the acting, art or part, of the murder. And credit me, as has been indeed proved by numerous instances, that if the murderer shall endeavour to shroud himself by making such an appeal, the antipathy which subsists between the dead body, and the hand which dealt the fatal blow that divorced it from the soul, will awaken some imperfect life, under the influence of which the veins of the dead man will pour forth at the fatal wounds the blood which has been so long stagnant in the veins. Or, to speak more certainly, it is the pleasure of Heaven, by some hidden agency which we cannot comprehend, to leave open this mode of discovering the wickedness of him who has defaced the image of his Creator.”

“I have heard this law talked of,” said Sir Patrick, “and it was enforced in the Bruce’s time. This surely is no unfit period to seek, by such a mystic mode of inquiry, the truth, to which no ordinary means can give us access, seeing that a general accusation of Sir John’s household would full surely be met by a general denial. Yet, I must crave farther of Sir Louis, our reverend town-clerk, how we shall prevent the guilty person from escaping in the interim?”

“The burghers will maintain a strict watch upon the wall, draw-bridges shall be raised and portcullises lowered, from sunset to sunrise, and strong patrols maintained through the night. This guard the burghers will willingly maintain, to secure against the escape of the murderer of their townsman.”

The rest of the councillors acquiesced, by word, sign, and look, in this proposal.

“Again,” said the Provost, “what if any one of the suspected household refuse to submit to the ordeal of bier-right?”

“He may appeal to that of combat,” said the reverend city scribe, “with an opponent of equal rank; because the accused person must have his choice, in the appeal to the judgment of God, by what ordeal he will be tried. But if he refuses both, he must be held as guilty, and so punished.”

The sages of the council unanimously agreed with the opinion of their Provost and Town-Clerk, and resolved, in all formality, to petition the King, as a matter of right, that the murder of their fellow-citizen should be inquired into according to this ancient form, which was held to manifest the truth, and received as matter of evidence in case of murder, so late as towards the end of the seventeenth century. But before the meeting dissolved, Bailie Craigdallie thought it meet to inquire, who was to be the champion of Maudie, or Magdalen Proudpute, and her two children.

“There need be little inquiry about that,” said Sir Patrick Charteris; “we are men, and wear swords, which should be broken over the head of any one amongst us, who will not draw it in behalf of the widow and orphans of our murdered fellow-citizen, and in brave revenge of his death. If Sir John Ramorny shall personally resent the inquiry, Patrick

Charteris of Kinfauns will do battle with him to the outrance, whilst horse and man may stand, or spear and blade hold together. But in case the challenger be of yeomanly degree, well wot I that Magdalen Proudpute may chuse her own champion among the bravest burghers of Perth, and shame and dishonour were it to the Fair City for ever, could she light upon one who was traitor and coward enough to say her nay! Bring her hither, that she may make her election!"

Henry Smith heard this with a melancholy anticipation that the poor woman's choice would light upon him, and that his recent reconciliation with his mistress would be again dissolved, by his being engaged in a fresh quarrel, from which there lay no honourable means of escape, and which, in any other circumstances, he would have welcomed as a glorious opportunity of distinguishing himself, both in sight of the court and of the city. He was aware that under the tuition of Father Clement, Catharine viewed the ordeal of battle rather as an insult to religion, than an appeal to the Deity, and did not consider it as reasonable, that superior strength of arm, or skill of weapon, should be resorted to as the proof of moral guilt or innocence. He had, therefore, much to fear from her peculiar opinions in this particular, refined as they were beyond those of the age she lived in.

While he thus suffered under these contending feelings, Magdalen, the widow of the slaughtered man, entered the court, wrapt in a deep mourning veil, and followed and supported by five or six women of good (that is, of respectability), dressed in the same melancholy attire. One of her attendants held an infant in her arms, the last pledge of poor Oliver's nuptial affections. Another led a little tottering creature of two years, or thereabouts, which looked with wonder and fear, sometimes on the black dress in which they had muffled him, and sometimes on the scene around him.

The assembly rose to receive the melancholy group, and saluted them with an expression of the deepest sympathy, which Magdalen, though the mate of poor Oliver, returned with an air of dignity, which she borrowed, perhaps, from the extremity of her distress. Sir Patrick Charteris then stepped forward, and with the courtesy of a knight to a female, and of a protector to an oppressed and injured widow, took the poor woman's hand, and explained to her briefly, by what course the city had resolved to follow out the vengeance due for her husband's slaughter.

Having, with a softness and gentleness which did not belong to his general manner, ascertained that the unfortunate woman perfectly understood what was meant, he said aloud to the assembly, "Good citizens of Perth, and free-born men of guild and craft, attend to what is about to pass, for it concerns your rights and privileges. Here stands Magdalen Proudpute, desirous to follow forth the revenge due for the death of her husband, foully murdered, as she sayeth, by Sir John Ramorny, Knight, of that ilk, and which she offers to prove, by the evidence of bier-right, or by the body of a man. Therefore, I, Patrick Charteris, being a belted knight and free-born gentleman, offer myself to do battle in her just quarrel, whilst man and horse may endure, if any one of my degree shall lift my glove.—How say you, Magdalen

Proudpute, will you accept me for your champion?"

The widow answered with difficulty,—“I can desire none nobler.”

Sir Patrick then took her right hand in his, and, kissing her forehead, for such was the ceremony, said solemnly,—“So may God and St John prosper me at my need, as I will do my devoir as your champion, knightly, truly, and manfully. Go now, Magdalen, and chuse at your will among the burgesses of the Fair City, present or absent, any one upon whom you desire to rest your challenge, if he against whom you bring plaint shall prove to be beneath my degree.”

All eyes were turned to Henry Smith, whom the general voice had already pointed out as in every respect the fittest to act as champion on the occasion. But the widow waited not for the general prompting of their looks. As soon as Sir Patrick had spoken, she crossed the floor to the place where, near the bottom of the table, the armourer stood among the men of his degree, and took him by the hand:—

“Henry Gow, or Smith,” she said, “good burgher and craftsman, my—my—”

Husband, she would have said, but the word would not come forth; she was obliged to change the expression.

“He who is gone, loved and prized you over all men; therefore meet it is that thou shouldst follow out the quarrel of his widow and orphans.”

If there had been a possibility, which in that age there was not, of Henry's rejecting or escaping from a trust for which all men seemed to destine him, every wish and idea of retreat was cut off, when the widow began to address him; and a command from Heaven could hardly have made a stronger impression than did the appeal of the unfortunate Magdalen. Her allusion to his intimacy with the deceased moved him to the soul. During Oliver's life, doubtless, there had been a strain of absurdity in his excessive predilection for Henry, which, considering how very different they were in character, had in it something ludicrous. But all this was now forgotten, and Henry, giving way to his natural ardour, only remembered that Oliver had been his friend and intimate; a man who had loved and honoured him as much as he was capable of entertaining such sentiments for any one; and above all, that there was much reason to suspect that the deceased had fallen victim to a blow meant for Henry himself.

It was, therefore, with an alacrity which, the minute before, he could scarce have commanded, and which seemed to express a stern pleasure, that, having pressed his lips to the cold brow of the unhappy Magdalen, the armourer replied,—

“I, Henry the Smith, dwelling in the Wynd of Perth, good man and true, and freely born, accept the office of champion to this widow Magdalen, and these orphans, and will do battle in their quarrel to the death, with any man whomsoever of my own degree, and that so long as I shall draw breath. So help me at my need God and good St. John!”

There rose from the audience a half-suppressed cry, expressing the interest which the persons present took in the prosecution of the quarrel, and their confidence in the issue.

Sir Patrick Charteris then took measures for repairing to the King's presence, and demanding leave

to proceed with inquiry into the murder of Oliver Proudfoot, according to the custom of bier-right, and, if necessary, by combat.

He performed this duty after the Town-Council had dissolved, in a private interview between himself and the King, who heard of this new trouble with much vexation, and appointed next morning, after mass, for Sir Patrick and the parties interested, to attend his pleasure in council. In the meantime, a royal pursuivant was dispatched to the Constable's lodgings, to call over the roll of Sir John Ramorny's attendants, and charge him, with his whole retinue, under high penalties, to abide within Perth, until the King's pleasure should be farther known.

CHAPTER XXI.

In God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
There let them end it—God defend the right!

Henry VI. Part II.

IN the same Council-room of the conventual palace of the Dominicans, King Robert was seated with his brother Albany, whose affected austerity of virtue, and real art and dissimulation, maintained so high an influence over the feeble-minded monarch. It was indeed natural, that one who seldom saw things according to their real forms and outlines, should view them according to the light in which they were presented to him by a bold astucious man, possessing the claim of such near relationship.

Ever anxious on account of his misguided and unfortunate son, the King was now endeavouring to make Albany coincide in opinion with him, in exculpating Rothsay from any part in the death of the bonnet-maker, the precognition concerning which had been left by Sir Patrick Charteris for his Majesty's consideration.

"This is an unhappy matter, brother Robin," he said, "a most unhappy occurrence; and goes nigh to put strife and quarrel betwixt the nobility and the commons here, as they have been at war together in so many distant lands. I see but one cause of comfort in the matter; and that is that Sir John Ramorny having received his dismissal from the Duke of Rothsay's family, it cannot be said that he or any of his people, who may have done this bloody deed (if it has truly been done by them), have been encouraged or hounded out upon such an errand by my poor Robin. I am sure, brother, you and I can bear witness how readily, upon my entreaties, he agreed to dismiss Ramorny from his service, on account of that brawl in Curfew-street."

"I remember his doing so," said Albany: "and well do I hope that the connexion betwixt the Prince and Ramorny has not been renewed since he seemed to comply with your grace's wishes."

"Seemed to comply?—The connexion renewed?" said the King; "what mean you by these expressions, brother? Surely, when Robin promised to me, that if that unhappy matter of Curfew-street were but smothered up and concealed, he would part with Ramorny, as he was a counsellor thought capable of involving him in similar fooleries, and would acquiesce in our inflicting on him either exile or such punishment as it should please us to impose—surely

you cannot doubt that he was sincere in his professions, and would keep his word? Remember you not, that when you advised that a heavy fine should be levied upon his estate in Fife in lieu of banishment, the Prince himself seemed to say, that exile would be better for Ramorny, and even for himself?"

"I remember it well, my royal brother. Nor truly could I have suspected Ramorny of having so much influence over the prince, after having been accessory to placing him in a situation so perilous, had it not been for my royal kinsman's own confession, alluded to by your Grace, that, if suffered to remain at court, he might still continue to direct his conduct. I then regretted I had advised a fine in place of exile. But that time is passed, and now new mischief has occurred, fraught with much peril to your Majesty, as well as to your royal heir, and to the whole kingdom."

"What mean you, Robin?" said the weak-minded King. "By the tomb of our parents! by the soul of Bruce, our immortal ancestor! I entreat thee, my dearest brother, to take compassion on me. Tell me what evil threatens my son, or my kingdom?"

The features of the King, trembling with anxiety, and his eyes brimful of tears, were bent upon his brother, who seemed to assume time for consideration ere he replied.

"My lord, the danger lies here. Your Grace believes that the Prince had no accession to this second aggression upon the citizens of Perth—the slaughter of this bonnet-making fellow, about whose death they clamour, as a set of gulls about their comrade, when one of the noisy brood is struck down by a boy's shaft."

"Their lives," said the King, "are dear to themselves and their friends, Robin."

"Truly, ay, my liege; and they make them dear to us too, ere we can settle with the knaves for the least blood-witt.—But, as I said, your Majesty thinks the Prince had no share in this last slaughter: I will not attempt to shake your belief in that delicate point, but will endeavour to believe along with you. What you think is rule for me. Robin of Albany will never think otherwise than Robin of broad Scotland."

"Thank you, thank you," said the King, taking his brother's hand. "I knew I might rely that your affection would do justice to poor heedless Rothsay, who exposes himself to so much misconstruction that he scarcely deserves the sentiments you feel for him."

Albany had such an immovable constancy of purpose, that he was able to return the fraternal pressure of the King's hand, while tearing up by the very roots the hopes of the indulgent, fond old man.

"But, alas!" the Duke continued, with a sigh, "this burly intractable Knight of Kinfauns, and his brawling herd of burghers, will not view the matter as we do. They have the boldness to say, that this dead fellow had been misused by Rothsay and his fellows, who were in the street in mask and revel, stopping men and women, compelling them to dance, or to drink huge quantities of wine, with other follies needless to recount; and they say, that the whole party repaired to Sir John Ramorny's, and broke their way into the house, in order to conclude their

revel there; thus affording good reason to judge, that the dismissal of Sir John from the Prince's service was but a feigned stratagem to deceive the public. And hence, they urge, that if ill were done that night by Sir John Ramorny or his followers, much it is to be thought that the Duke of Rothsay must have at least been privy to, if he did not authorize it."

"Albany, this is dreadful!" said the King; "would they make a murderer of my boy? would they pretend my son would soil his hands in Scottish blood, without having either provocation or purpose? No, no—they will not invent calumnies so broad as these, for they are flagrant and incredible."

"Pardon, my liege," answered the Duke of Albany; "they say the cause of quarrel which occasioned the riot in Curfew-street, and the consequences, was more proper to the Prince than to Sir John; since none suspects, far less believes, that that hopeful enterprise was conducted for the gratification of the Knight of Ramorny."

"Thou drivest me mad, Robin!" said the King.

"I am dumb," answered his brother; "I did but speak my poor mind according to your royal order."

"Thou meanest well, I know," said the King; "but instead of tearing me to pieces with the display of inevitable calamities, were it not kinder, Robin, to point me out some mode to escape from them?"

"True, my liege; but as the only road of extrication is rough and difficult, it is necessary your Grace should be first possessed with the absolute necessity of using it, ere you hear it even described. The surgeon must first convince his patient of the incurable condition of a shattered member, ere he venture to name amputation, though it be the only remedy."

Robert, at these words, was roused to a degree of alarm and indignation greater than his brother had deemed he could be awakened to.

"Shattered and mortified member! my Lord of Albany? amputation the only remedy!—These are unintelligible words, my lord.—If thou appliest them to our son Rothsay, thou must make them good to the letter, else mayst thou have bitter cause to rue the consequence."

"You construe me too literally, my royal liege," said Albany. "I spoke not of the Prince in such unbecoming terms; for I call Heaven to witness, that he is dearer to me as the son of a well-beloved brother, than had he been son of my own. But I spoke in regard to separating him from the follies and vanities of life, which holy men say are like to mortified members, and ought, like them, to be cut off and thrown from us, as things which interrupt our progress in better things."

"I understand—thou wouldst have this Ramorny, who hath been thought the instrument of my son's follies, exiled from court," said the relieved Monarch, "until these unhappy scandals are forgotten, and our subjects are disposed to look upon our son with different and more confiding eyes."

"That were good counsel, my liege; but mine went a little—a very little—farther. I would have the Prince himself removed for some brief period from court."

"How, Albany! part with my child, my first-born, the light of my eyes, and—wilful as he is—the

darling of my heart!—Oh, Robin! I cannot, and I will not."

"Nay, I did but suggest, my lord—I am sensible of the wound such a proceeding must inflict on a parent's heart, for am I not myself a father?" And he hung his head, as if in hopeless despondency.

"I could not survive it, Albany. When I think that even our own influence over him, which, sometimes forgotten in our absence, is ever effectual whilst he is with us, is by your plan to be entirely removed, what perils might he not rush upon? I could not sleep in his absence—I should hear his death-groan in every breeze; and you, Albany, though you conceal it better, would be nearly as anxious."

Thus spoke the facile monarch, willing to conciliate his brother and cheat himself, by taking it for granted that an affection, of which there were no traces, subsisted betwixt the uncle and nephew.

"Your paternal apprehensions are too easily alarmed, my lord," said Albany. "I do not propose to leave the disposal of the Prince's motions to his own wild pleasure. I understand that the Prince is to be placed for a short time under some becoming restraint—that he should be subjected to the charge of some grave counsellor, who must be responsible both for his conduct and his safety, as a tutor for his pupil."

"How! a tutor? and at Rothsay's age?" exclaimed the King; "he is two years beyond the space to which our laws limit the term of nonage."

"The wiser Romans," said Albany, "extended it for four years after the period we assign; and, in common sense, the right of control ought to last till it be no longer necessary, and so the time ought to vary with the disposition. Here is young Lindsay, the Earl of Crawford, who they say gives patronage to Ramorny on this appeal—He is a lad of fifteen, with the deep passions and fixed purpose of a man of thirty; while my royal nephew, with much more amiable and noble qualities both of head and heart, sometimes shows, at twenty-three years of age, the wanton humours of a boy, towards whom restraint may be kindness.—And do not be discouraged that it is so, my liege, or angry with your brother for telling the truth; since the best fruits are those that are slowest in ripening, and the best horses such as give most trouble to the grooms who train them for the field or lists."

The Duke stopped, and after suffering King Robert to indulge for two or three minutes in a reverie which he did not attempt to interrupt, he added, in a more lively tone,—“But, cheer up, my noble liege; perhaps the feud may be made up without farther fighting or difficulty. The widow is poor, for her husband, though he was much employed, had idle and costly habits. The matter may be therefore redeemed for money, and the amount of an assythment* may be recovered out of Ramorny's estate."

"Nay, that we will ourselves discharge," said King Robert, eagerly catching at the hope of a pacific termination of this displeasing debate. "Ramorny's prospects will be destroyed by his being sent from court, and deprived of his charge in Rothsay's household; and it would be ungenerous to load a falling man.—But here comes our secretary, the

* A mulct, in atonement for bloodshed, due to the nearest relations of the deceased.

Prior, to tell us the hour of council approaches.—Good morrow, my worthy father."

"Benedicite, my royal liege," answered the Abbot.

"Now, good father," continued the King, "without waiting for Rothsay, whose accession to our counsels we will ourselves guarantee, proceed we to the business of our kingdom. What advice have you from the Douglas?"

"He has arrived at his Castle of Tantallon, my liege, and has sent a post to say, that though the Earl of March remains in sullen seclusion in his fortress of Dunbar, his friends and followers are gathering and forming an encampment near Coldingham, where it is supposed they intend to await the arrival of a large force of English, which Hotspur and Sir Ralph Percy are assembling on the English frontier."

"That is cold news," said the King; "and may God forgive George of Dunbar!"—The Prince entered as he spoke, and he continued—"Ha! thou art here at length, Rothsay;—I saw thee not at mass."

"I was an idler this morning," said the Prince, "having spent a restless and feverish night."

"Ah, foolish boy!" answered the King; "hadst thou not been over restless on Fastern's Eve, thou hadst not been feverish on the night of Ash Wednesday."

"Let me not interrupt your prayers, my liege," said the Prince lightly. "Your Grace was invoking Heaven in behalf of some one—an enemy doubtless, for these have the frequent advantage of your orisons."

"Sit down and be at peace, foolish youth!" said his father, his eye resting at the same time on the handsome face and graceful figure of his favourite son. Rothsay drew a cushion near to his father's feet, and threw himself carelessly down upon it, while the King resumed.

"I was regretting that the Earl of March, having separated warm from my hand with full assurance that he should receive compensation for everything which he could complain of as injurious, should have been capable of caballing with Northumberland against his own country—Is it possible he could doubt our intentions to make good our word?"

"I will answer for him, No," said the Prince; "March never doubted your Highness's word. Marry, he may well have made question whether your learned councillors would leave your Majesty the power of keeping it."

Robert the Third had adopted to a great extent the timid policy, of not seeming to hear expressions, which, being heard, required, even in his own eyes, some display of displeasure. He passed on, therefore, in his discourse, without observing his son's speech; but in private, Rothsay's rashness augmented the displeasure which his father began to entertain against him.

"It is well the Douglas is on the marches," said the King. "His breast, like those of his ancestors, has ever been the best bulwark of Scotland."

"Then woe betide us if he should turn his back," said the incorrigible Rothsay.

"Dare you impeach the courage of Douglas?" replied the King, extremely chafed.

"No man dare question the Earl's courage," said

VOL. VII.

Rothsay; "it is certain as his pride;—but his luck may be something doubted, else have the annals of his house given him the name of Tine-man * for nothing."

"By Saint Andrew, Robin!" exclaimed his father, "thou art like a screech-owl!—every word thou sayest betokens strife and calamity."

"I am silent, father," answered the youth.

"And what news of our Highland disturbances?" continued the King, addressing the Prior.

"I trust they have assumed a favourable aspect," answered the clergyman. "The fire which threatened the whole country is likely to be drenched out by the blood of some forty or fifty kerne; for the two great confederacies have agreed, by solemn indenture of arms, to decide their quarrel with such weapons as your Highness may name, and in your royal presence, in such place as shall be appointed, on the 30th of March next to come, being Palm Sunday; the number of combatants being limited to thirty on each side, and the fight to be maintained to extremity, since they affectionately make humble suit and petition to your Majesty, that you will parentally condescend to wave for the day your royal privilege of interrupting the combat, by flinging down of truncheon, or crying of Ho! until the battle shall be utterly fought to an end."

"The wild savages!" exclaimed the King; "would they limit our best and dearest royal privilege, that of putting a stop to strife, and crying truce to battle?—Will they remove the only motive which could bring me to the butcherly spectacle of their combat?—Would they fight like men, or like their own mountain wolves?"

"My lord," said Albany, "the Earl of Crawford and I had presumed, without consulting you, to ratify that preliminary, for the adoption of which we saw much and pressing reason."

"How! the Earl of Crawford!" said the King. "Methinks he is a young counsellor on such grave occurrences."

"He is," replied Albany, "notwithstanding his early years, of such esteem among his Highland neighbours, that I could have done little with them but for his aid and influence."

"Hear this, young Rothsay!" said the King reproachfully to his heir.

"I pity Crawford, sire, replied the Prince. "He has too early lost a father, whose councils would have better become such a season as this."

The King turned next towards Albany with a look of triumph, at the filial affection which his son displayed in his reply.

Albany proceeded without emotion. "It is not the life of these Highlandmen, but their death, which is to be profitable to this commonwealth of Scotland; and truly it seemed to the Earl of Crawford and myself most desirable that the combat should be a strife of extermination."

"Marry," said the Prince, "if such be the juvenile policy of Lindsay, he will be a merciful ruler some ten or twelve years hence! Out upon a boy, that is hard of heart before he has hair upon his lip! Better he had contented himself with fighting cocks on Fastern's Even, than laying schemes for massacring

* *Time-man*, i. e. *Lose-man*.

men on Palm Sunday, as if he were backing a Welsh main, where all must fight to death."

"Robin says right, Albany," said the King; "it were unlike a Christian Monarch to give way in this point. - I cannot consent to see men battle until they are all hewn down like cattle in the shambles. It would sicken me to look at it, and the warder would drop from my hand for mere lack of strength to hold it."

"It would drop unheeded," said Albany. "Let me entreat your Grace to recollect, that you only give up a royal privilege, which, exercised, would win you no respect, since it would receive no obedience. Were your Majesty to throw down your warder when the war is high, and these men's blood is hot, it would meet no more regard than if a sparrow should drop among a herd of battling wolves the straw which he was carrying to his nest. Nothing will separate them but the exhaustion of slaughter; and better they sustain it at the hands of each other, than from the swords of such troops as might attempt to separate them at your Majesty's commands. An attempt to keep the peace by violence, would be construed into an ambush laid for them; both parties would unite to resist it,—the slaughter would be the same, and the hoped-for results of future peace would be utterly disappointed."

"There is even too much truth in what you say, brother Robin," replied the flexible King. "To little purpose is it to command what I cannot enforce; and, although I have the unhappiness to do so each day of my life, it were needless to give such a public example of royal impotency, before the crowds who may assemble to behold this spectacle. Let these savage men, therefore, work their bloody will to the uttermost upon each other; I will not attempt to forbid what I cannot prevent them from executing. Heaven help this wretched country! I will to my oratory and pray for her, since to aid her by hand and head is alike denied to me. Father Prior, I pray the support of your arm."

"Nay, but, brother," said Albany, "forgive me if I remind you, that we must hear the matter between the citizens of Perth and Ramorny, about the death of a townsman—"

"True, true—" said the Monarch, reseating himself; "more violence—more battle—Oh, Scotland! Scotland! if the best blood of thy bravest children could enrich thy barren soil, what land on earth would excel thee in fertility! When is it that a white hair is seen on the beard of a Scottish man, unless he be some wretch like thy sovereign, protected from murder by impotence, to witness the scenes of slaughter to which he cannot put a period?—Let them come in—delay them not. They are in haste to kill, and grudge each other each fresh breath of their Creator's blessed air. The demon of strife and slaughter hath possessed the whole land!"

As the mild Prince threw himself back on his seat, with an air of impatience and anger not very usual with him, the door at the lower end of the room was unclosed, and, advancing from the gallery into which it led (where in perspective was seen a guard of the Bute men, or Brandanes, under arms), came, in mournful procession, the widow of poor Oliver, led by Sir Patrick Charteris, with as much respect as if

she had been a lady of the first rank. Behind them came two women of good, the wives of magistrates of the city, both in mourning garments, one bearing the infant, and the other leading the elder child. The Smith followed in his best attire, and wearing over his buffcoat a scarf of crape. Bailie Craigdallie, and a brother magistrate, closed the mournful procession, exhibiting similar marks of mourning.

The good King's transitory passion was gone the instant he looked on the pallid countenance of the sorrowing widow, and beheld the unconsciousness of the innocent orphans who had sustained so great a loss; and when Sir Patrick Charteris had assisted Magdalen Proudfoot to kneel down, and, still holding her hand, kneeling himself on one knee, it was with a sympathetic tone that King Robert asked her name and business. She made no answer, but muttered something, looking towards her conductor.

"Speak for the poor woman, Sir Patrick Charteris," said the King, "and tell us the cause of her seeking our presence."

"So please you, my liege," answered Sir Patrick, rising up, "this woman, and these unhappy orphans, make plaint to your Highness upon Sir John Ramorny of Ramorny, Knight, that by him, or by some of his household, her unquhile husband, Oliver Proudfoot, freeman and burgess of Perth, was slain upon the streets of the city on the Eve of Shrove Tuesday, or morning of Ash-Wednesday."

"Woman, replied the King, with much kindness, "thou art gentle by sex, and shouldest be pitiful even by thy affliction; for our own calamity ought to make us—nay, I think it doth make us—merciful to others. Thy husband hath only trodden the path appointed to us all."

"In his case," said the widow, "my liege must remember it has been a brief and a bloody one."

"I agree he hath had foul measure. But since I have been unable to protect him, as I confess was my royal duty, I am willing, in atonement, to support thee and these orphans, as well, or better, than you lived in the days of your husband; only do thou pass from this charge, and be not the occasion of spilling more life. Remember, I put before you the choice betwixt practising mercy and pursuing vengeance, and that betwixt plenty and penury."

"It is true, my liege, we are poor," answered the widow, with unshaken firmness; "but I and my children will feed with the beasts of the field, ere we live on the price of my husband's blood. I demand the combat by my champion, as you are belted knight and crowned King."

"I knew it would be so!" said the King, aside to Albany. "In Scotland, the first words stammered by an infant, and the last uttered by a dying greybeard, are—'Combat—blood—revenge.' It skills not arguing further—Admit the defendants."

Sir John Ramorny entered the apartment. He was dressed in a long furred robe, such as men of quality wore when they were unarmed. Concealed by the folds of drapery, his wounded arm was supported by a scarf, or sling of crimson silk, and with the left arm he leaned on a youth, who, scarcely beyond the years of boyhood, bore on his brow the deep impression of early thought, and premature passion. This was that celebrated Lindsay, Earl

of Crawford, who, in his after-days, was known by the epithet of the Tiger Earl; and who ruled the great and rich valley of Strathmore with the absolute power and unrelenting cruelty of a feudal tyrant. Two or three gentlemen, friends of the Earl, or of his own, countenanced Sir John Ramorny by their presence on this occasion. The charge was again stated, and met by a broad denial on the part of the accused; and in reply, the challengers offered to prove their assertion by an appeal to the ordeal of bier-right.

"I am not bound," answered Sir John Ramorny, "to submit to this ordeal, since I can prove, by the evidence of my late royal master, that I was in my own lodgings, lying on my bed, ill at ease, while this Provost and these Bailies pretend I was committing a crime to which I had neither will nor temptation.—I can therefore be no just object of suspicion."

"I can aver," said the Prince, "that I saw and conversed with Sir John Ramorny about some matters concerning my own household, on the very night when this murder was a-doing. I therefore know that he was ill at ease, and could not in person commit the deed in question. But I know nothing of the employment of his attendants, and will not take it upon me to say that some one of them may not have been guilty of the crime now charged on them."

Sir John Ramorny had, during the beginning of this speech, looked round with an air of defiance, which was somewhat disconcerted by the concluding sentence of Rothsay's speech. "I thank your Highness," he said, with a smile, "for your cautious and limited testimony in my behalf. He was wise who wrote, 'Put not your faith in princes.'"

"If you have no other evidence of your innocence, Sir John Ramorny," said the King, "we may not, in respect to your followers, refuse to the injured widow and orphans, the complainers, the grant of a proof by ordeal of bier-right, unless any of them should prefer that of combat. For yourself, you are, by the Prince's evidence, freed from the taint."

"My liege," answered Sir John, "I can take warrant upon myself for the innocence of my household and followers."

"Why, so a monk or a woman might speak," said Sir Patrick Charteris. "In knightly language, wilt thou, Sir John de Ramorny, do battle with me in the behalf of thy followers?"

"The Provost of Perth had not obtained time to name the word combat," said Ramorny, "ere I would have accepted it. But I am not at present fit to hold a lance."

"I am glad of it, under your favour, Sir John—there will be the less bloodshed," said the King. "You must therefore produce your followers according to your steward's household book, in the great church of St John's, that, in presence of all whom it may concern, they may purge themselves of this accusation. See that every man of them do appear at the time of High Mass, otherwise your honour may be sorely tainted."

"They shall attend to a man," said Sir John Ramorny. Then bowing low to the King, he directed himself to the young Duke of Rothsay, and making a deep obeisance, spoke so as to be heard by him

alone. "You have used me generously, my lord.—One word of your lips could have ended this controversy, and you have refused to speak it!"

"On my life," whispered the Prince, "I spake as far as the extreme verge of truth and conscience would permit. I think thou couldst not expect I should frame lies for thee;—and after all, John, in my broken recollections of that night, I do bethink me of a butcherly-looking mute, with a curtal-axe, much like such a one as may have done yonder night-job.—Ha! have I touched you, Sir Knight?"

Ramorny made no answer, but turned away as precipitately as if some one had pressed suddenly on his wounded arm, and regained his lodgings with the Earl of Crawford; to whom, though disposed for anything rather than revelry, he was obliged to offer a splendid collation, to acknowledge in some degree his sense of the countenance which the young noble had afforded him.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN, after an entertainment, the prolonging of which was like torture to the wounded knight, the Earl of Crawford at length took horse, to go to his distant quarters in the Castle of Dupplin, where he resided as a guest, the Knight of Ramorny retired into his sleeping apartment, agonized by pains of body and anxiety of mind. Here he found Henbane Dwining, on whom it was his hard fate to depend for consolation in both respects. The physician, with his affectation of extreme humility, hoped he saw his exalted patient merry and happy.

"Merry as a mad dog!" said Ramorny, "and happy as the wretch whom the cur hath bitten, and who begins to feel the approach of the ravening madness. That ruthless boy saw my agony, and spared not a single carouse. I must do him *justice*, forsooth! If I had done justice to him and to the world, I had thrown him out of window, and cut short a career, which, if he grow up as he has begun, will prove a source of misery to all Scotland, but especially to Tayside.—Take heed as thou undoest the ligatures, churgeon; the touch of a fly's wing on that raw glowing stump were like a dagger to me."

"Fear not, my noble patron," said the leech, with a chuckling laugh of enjoyment, which he vainly endeavoured to disguise under a tone of affected sensibility. "We will apply some fresh balsam, and—he, he, he!—relieve your knightly honour of the irritation which you sustain so firmly."

"Firmly, man?" said Ramorny, grinning with pain; "I sustain it as I would the scorching flames of purgatory—the bone seems made of red-hot iron—thy greasy ointment will hiss as it drops upon the wound—And yet it is December's ice, compared to the fever-fit of my mind!"

"We will first use our emollients upon the body, my noble patron," said Dwining; "and then, with your knighthood's permission, your servant will try his art on the troubled mind—though I fain hope even the mental pain also may in some degree depend on the irritation of the wound, and that, abated as I trust the corporeal pangs will soon be, perhaps the stormy feelings of the mind may subside of themselves."

"Henbane Dwining," said the patient, as he felt the pain of his wound assuaged, "thou art a precious and invaluable leech, but some things are beyond thy power. Thou canst stupify my bodily sense of this raging agony, but thou canst not teach me to bear the scorn of the boy whom I have brought up, whom I loved, Dwining—for I did love him,—dearly love him! The worst of my ill deeds have been done to flatter his vices—and he grudged me a word of his mouth, when a word would have allayed this cumber. He smiled, too—I saw him smile when yon paltry Provost, the companion and patron of wretched burghers, defied me, whom this heartless Prince knew to be unable to bear arms.—Ere I forget or forgive it, thou thyself shalt preach up the pardoning of injuries!—And then the care for to-morrow.—Think'st thou, Henbane Dwining, that, in very reality, the wounds of the slaughtered corpse will gape and shed tears of fresh blood at the murderer's approach?"

"I cannot tell, my lord, save by report," said Dwining, "which avouches the fact."

"The brute Bonthron," said Ramorny, "is startled at the apprehension of such a thing, and speaks of being rather willing to stand the combat. What think'st thou?—he is a fellow of steel."

"It is the armourer's trade to deal with steel," replied Dwining.

"Were Bonthron to fall, it would little grieve me," said Ramorny; "though I should miss an useful hand."

"I well believe your lordship will not sorrow as for that you lost last—Excuse my pleasantry—he, he, he!—But what are the useful properties of this fellow Bonthron?"

"Those of a bull-dog," answered the knight; "he worries without barking."

"You have no fear of his confessing?" said the physician.

"Who can tell what the dread of approaching death may do?" replied the patient. "He has already shown a timorousness entirely alien from his ordinary sullenness of nature; he that would scarce wash his hands after he had slain a man, is now afraid to see a dead body bleed."

"Well," said the leech, "I must do somewhat for him if I can, since it was to further my revenge that he struck yonder downright blow, though by ill luck it lighted not where it was intended."

"And whose fault was that, timid villain," said Ramorny, "save thine own, who marked a rascal deer for a buck of the first head?"

"Benedicite, noble sir," replied the mediciner; "would you have me, who know little save of chamber practice, be as skillful of woodcraft as your noble self, or tell hart from hind, doe from roe, in a glade at midnight? I misdoubted me little when I saw the figure run past us to the Smith's habitation in the wynd, habited like a morrice-dancer; and yet my mind partly misgave me whether it was our man, for methought he seemed less of stature. But when he came out again, after so much time as to change his dress, and swaggered onwards with buff-coat and steel-cap, whistling after the armourer's wonted fashion, I do own I was mistaken, and loosed your knighthood's bulldog upon him, who did his devoir

most duly, though he pulled down the wrong deer. Therefore, unless the accursed Smith kills our poor friend stone-dead on the spot, I am determined, if art may do it, that the ban-dog Bonthron shall not miscarry."

"It will put thine art to the test, man of medicine," said Ramorny; "for know, that having the worst of the combat, if our champion be not killed stone-dead in the lists, he will be drawn forth of them by the heels, and without further ceremony knitted up to the gallows, as convicted of the murder; and when he hath swung there like a loose tassel for an hour or so, I think thou wilt hardly take it in hand to cure his broken neck."

"I am of a different opinion, may it please your knighthood," answered Dwining, gently. "I will carry him off from the very foot of the gallows into the land of faery, like King Arthur, or Sir Huon of Bourdeaux, or Ugero the Dane; or I will, if I please, suffer him to dangle on the gibbet for a certain number of minutes or hours, and then whisk him away from the sight of all, with as much ease as the wind wafts away the withered leaf."

"This is idle boasting, Sir Leech," replied Ramorny. "The whole mob of Perth will attend him to the gallows, each more eager than another to see the retainer of a nobleman die, for the slaughter of a cuckoldly citizen. There will be a thousand of them round the gibbet's foot."

"And were there ten thousand," said Dwining, "shall I, who am a high clerk, and have studied in Spain, and Araby itself, not be able to deceive the eyes of this hoggish herd of citizens, when the pettiest juggler that ever dealt in legerdemain can gull even the sharp observation of your most intelligent knighthood? I tell you, I will put the change on them as if I were in possession of Keddie's ring."

"If thou speakest truth," answered the knight, "and I think thou darest not palter with me on such a theme, thou must have the aid of Satan, and I will have nought to do with him.—I disown and defy him."

Dwining indulged in his internal chuckling laugh when he heard his patron testify his defiance of the foul Fiend, and saw him second it by crossing himself. He composed himself, however, upon observing Ramorny's aspect become very stern, and said, with tolerable gravity, though a little interrupted by the effort necessary to suppress his mirthful mood,—

"Confederacy, most devout sir; confederacy is the soul of jugglery. But—he, he, he!—I have not the honour to be—he, he, he!—an ally of the gentleman of whom you speak—in whose existence I am—he, he!—no very profound believer, though your knighthood, doubtless, hath better opportunities, of acquaintance."

"Proceed, rascal, and without that sneer, which thou mayest otherwise dearly pay for."

"I will, most undaunted," replied Dwining. "Know that I have my confederate too, else my skill were little worth."

"And who may that be, pray you?"

"Stephen Smotherwell, if it like your honour, lock-man * of this Fair City. I marvel your knighthood knows him not."

* Executioner. So called because one of his dues con-

"And I marvel thy knaveship knows him not on professional acquaintance," replied Ramorny; "but I see thy nose is unslit, thy ears yet uncropped, and if thy shoulders are scared or branded, thou art wise for using a high-collared jerkin."

"He, he! your honour is pleasant," said the mediciner. "It is not by personal circumstances that I have acquired the intimacy of Stephen Smotherwell, but on account of a certain traffic betwixt us, in which, an't please you, I exchange certain sums of silver for the bodies, heads, and limbs, of those who die by aid of friend Stephen."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the knight, with horror, "is it to compose charms and forward works of witchcraft, that you trade for these miserable relics of mortality?"

"He, he, he!—No, an it please your knighthood," answered the mediciner, much amused with the ignorance of his patron; but we who are knights of the scalpel, are accustomed to practise careful carving of the limbs of defunct persons, which we call dissection, whereby we discover, by examination of a dead member, how to deal with one belonging to a living man, which hath become diseased through injury or otherwise. Ah! if your honour saw my poor laboratory, I could show you heads and hands, feet and lungs, which have been long supposed to be rotting in the mould. The skull of Wallace, stolen from London Bridge; the heart of Sir Simon Fraser, that never feared man; the lovely skull of the fair Jean Logie. Oh, had I but had the fortune to have preserved the chivalrous hand of mine honoured patron!"

"Out upon thee, slave!—Thinkest thou to disgust me with thy catalogue of horrors?—Tell me at once where thy discourse drives. How can thy traffic with the hang-dog executioner be of avail to serve me, or to help my servant Bonthron?"

"Nay, I do not recommend it to your knighthood, save in an extremity," replied Dwining. "But we will suppose the battle fought, and our cock beaten. Now we must first possess him with the certainty, that, if unable to gain the day, we will at least save him from the hangman, provided he confess nothing which can prejudice your knighthood's honour."

"Ha!—ay, a thought strikes me," said Ramorny. "We can do more than this—we can place a word in Bonthron's mouth that will be troublesome enough to him whom I am bound to curse, for being the cause of my misfortune. Let us to the ban-dog's kennel, and explain to him what is to be done in every view of the question. If we can persuade him to stand the bier-ordeal, it may be a mere bugbear, and in that case we are safe. If he take the combat, he is fierce as a baited bear, and may, perchance, master his opponent; then we are more than safe—we are revenged. If Bonthron himself is vanquished, we will put thy device in exercise; and if thou canst manage it cleanly, we may dictate his confession, take the advantage of it, as I will show thee on further conference, and make a giant stride towards satisfaction for my wrongs.—Still there remains one hazard. Suppose our mastiff mortally wounded in the lists, who shall prevent his growling out some

sisted in taking a small ladlefull (Scottice, *lock*) of meal, out of every caskful exposed in the market.

species of confession different from what we would recommend?"

"Marry, that can his mediciner," said Dwining. "Let me wait on him, and lay but a finger on his wound, and trust me he shall betray no confidence."

"Why there's a willing fiend, that needs neither pushing nor prompting!" said Ramorny.

"As I trust I shall need neither in your knighthood's service."

"We will go indoctrinate our agent," continued the Knight. "We shall find him pliant; for hound as he is, he knows those who feed from those who brow-beat him; and he holds a late royal master of mine in deep hate for some injurious treatment and base terms which he received at his hand. I must also farther concert with thee the particulars of thy practice, for saving the ban-dog from the hands of the herd of citizens."

We leave this worthy pair of friends to their secret practices, of which we shall afterwards see the results. They were, although of different qualities, as well matched for device and execution of criminal projects, as the grey-hound is to destroy the game which the slow-hound raises, or the slow-hound to track the prey which the gaze-hound discovers by the eye. Pride and selfishness were the characteristics of both; but from the difference of rank, education, and talents, they had assumed the most different appearance in the two individuals.

Nothing could less resemble the high-blown ambition of the favourite courtier, the successful gallant, and the bold warrior, than the submissive unassuming mediciner, who seemed even to court and delight in insult; whilst, in his secret soul, he felt himself possessed of a superiority of knowledge,—a power, both of science and of mind, which placed the rude nobles of the day infinitely beneath him. So conscious was Henbane Dwining of this elevation, that, like a keeper of wild beasts, he sometimes adventured, for his own amusement, to rouse the stormy passions of such men as Ramorny, trusting, with his humble manner, to elude the turmoil he had excited, as an Indian boy will launch his light canoe, secure from its very fragility, upon a broken surf, in which the boat of an argosy would be assuredly dashed to pieces. That the feudal baron should despise the humble practitioner in medicine, was a matter of course; but Ramorny felt not the less the influence which Dwining exercised over him, and was in the encounter of their wits often mastered by him, as the most eccentric efforts of a fiery horse are overcome by a boy of twelve years old, if he has been bred to the arts of the manege. But the contempt of Dwining for Ramorny was far less qualified. He regarded the knight, in comparison with himself, as scarcely rising above the brute creation; capable indeed of working destruction, as the bull with his horns, or the wolf with his fangs, but mastered by mean prejudices, and a slave to priestcraft, in which phrase Dwining included religion of every kind. On the whole, he considered Ramorny as one whom nature had assigned to him as a serf, to mine for the gold which he worshipped, and the avaricious love of which was his greatest failing, though by no means his worst vice. He vindicated this sordid tendency in his own eyes, by persuading himself that it had its source in the love of power.

"Henbane Dwining," he said, as he gazed in delight upon the hoards which he had secretly amassed, and which he visited from time to time, "is no silly miser, that doats on those pieces for their golden lustre; it is the power with which they endow the possessor, which makes him thus adore them. What is there that these put not within your command? Do you love beauty, and are mean, deformed, infirm, and old?—here is a lure the fairest hawk of them all will stoop to. Are you feeble, weak, subject to the oppression of the powerful?—here is that will arm in your defence those more mighty than the petty tyrant whom you fear. Are you splendid in your wishes, and desire the outward show of opulence?—this dark chest contains many a wide range of hill and dale, many a fair forest full of game; the allegiance of a thousand vassals. Wish you for favour in courts, temporal or spiritual?—the smiles of kings, the pardon of popes and priests for old crimes, and the indulgence which encourages priest-ridden fools to venture on new ones,—all these holy incentives to vice may be purchased for gold. Revenge itself, which the gods are said to reserve to themselves, doubtless because they envy humanity so sweet a morsel—revenge itself is to be bought by it. But it is also to be won by superior skill, and that is the nobler mode of reaching it. I will spare, then, my treasure for other uses, and accomplish my revenge gratis; or rather I will add the luxury of augmented wealth to the triumph of requited wrongs."

Thus thought Dwining, as, returned from his visit to Sir John Ramorny, he added the gold he had received for his various services to the mass of his treasure; and having gloated over the whole for a minute or two, turned the key on his concealed treasure-house, and walked forth on his visits to his patients, yielding the wall to every man whom he met, and bowing and doffing his bonnet to the poorest burgher that owned a petty booth, nay, to the artificers who gained their precarious bread by the labour of their welked hands.

"Caitiffs," was the thought of his heart, while he did such obeisance, "base, soddenwitted mechanics! did you know what this key could disclose, what foul weather from Heaven would prevent your unbbonneting? what putrid kennel in your wretched hamlet, would be disgusting enough to make you scruple to fall down and worship the owner of such wealth? But I will make you feel my power, though it suits my humour to hide it. I will be an incubus to your city, since you have rejected me as a magistrate. Like the night-mare, I will hag-ride ye, yet remain invisible myself.—This miserable Ramorny too, he who, in losing his hand, has, like a poor artizan, lost the only valuable part of his frame, *he* heaps insulting language on me, as if anything which *he* can say had power to chafe a constant mind like mine! Yet while he calls me rogue, villain, and slave, he acts as wisely as if he should amuse himself by pulling hairs out of my head, while my hand had hold of his heart-strings. Every insult I can pay back instantly by a pang of bodily pain or mental agony—and—he! he! I run no long accounts with his knighthood, that must be allowed."

While the mediciner was thus indulging his diabolical musing, and passing, in his creeping manner,

along the street, the cry of females was heard behind him.

"Ay, there he is, Our Lady be praised!—there is the most helpful man in Perth," said one voice.

"They may speak of knights and kings for redressing wrongs, as they call it—but give me worthy Master Dwining the pottercarrier, cummers," replied another.

At the same moment, the leech was surrounded, and taken hold of by the speakers, good women of the Fair City.

"How now—what's the matter?" said Dwining, "whose cow has calved?"

"There is no calving in the case," said one of the women, "but a poor fatherless wean dying; so come awa' wi' you, for our trust is constant in you, as Bruce said to Donald of the Isles."

"*Opiferque per orbem dicor*," said Henbane Dwining. "What is the child dying of?"

"The croup—the croup," screamed one of the gossips; "the innocent is rousing like a corbie."

"*Cynanche trachealis*—that disease makes brief work. Show me the house instantly," continued the mediciner, who was in the habit of exercising his profession liberally, notwithstanding his natural avarice, and humanely, in spite of his natural malignity. As we can suspect him of no better principle, his motive was probably vanity and the love of his art.

He would nevertheless have declined giving his attendance in the present case, had he known whither the kind gossips were conducting him, in time sufficient to frame an apology. But ere he guessed whither he was going, the leech was hurried into the house of the late Oliver Proudpute, from which he heard the chant of the women, as they swathed and dressed the corpse of the umquhile Bonnetmaker, for the ceremony of next morning; of which chant, the following verses may be received as a modern imitation.

1.

Viewless Essence, thin and bare,
Well nigh melted into air;
Still with fondness hovering near
The earthly form thou once didst wear;

2.

Pause upon thy pinion's flight,
Be thy course to left or right,
Be thou doom'd to soar or sink,
Pause upon the awful brink.

3.

To avenge the deed expelling
Thee untimely from thy dwelling,
Mystic force thou shalt retain
O'er the blood and o'er the brain.

4.

When the form thou shalt espy
That darken'd on thy closing eye;
When the footstep thou shalt hear,
That thrill'd upon thy dying ear;

5.

Then strange sympathies shall wake,
The flesh shall thrill, the nerves shall quake;
The wounds renew their clotted flood,
And every drop cry blood for blood!

Hardened as he was, the physician felt reluctance to pass the threshold of a man to whose death he had

been so directly, though, so far as the individual was concerned, mistakingly accessory.

"Let me pass on, women," he said, "my art can only help the living—the dead are past our power."

"Nay, but your patient is up stairs—the youngest orphan—"

Dwining was compelled to go into the house. But he was surprised, when, the instant he stepped over the threshold, the gossips, who were busied with the dead body, stinted suddenly in their song, while one said to the others,—

"In God's name, who entered?—that was a large gout of blood!"

"Not so," said another voice, "it is a drop of the liquid balm."

"Nay, cummer, it was blood—Again I say, who entered the house even now?"

One looked out from the apartment into the little entrance, where Dwining, under pretence of not distinctly seeing the trap-ladder by which he was to ascend into the upper part of this house of lamentation, was delaying his progress purposely, disconcerted with what had reached him of the conversation.

"Nay, it is only worthy Master Henbane Dwining," answered one of the sibyls.

"Only Master Dwining?" replied the one who had first spoken in a tone of acquiescence; "our best helper in need?—then it must have been balm sure enough."

"Nay," said the other, "it may have been blood nevertheless—for the leech, look you, when the body was found, was commanded by the magistrates to probe the wound with his instruments, and how could the poor dead corpse know that that was done with good purpose?"

"Ay, truly, cummer; and as poor gossip Oliver often mistook friends for enemies while he was in life, his judgment cannot be thought to have mended now."

Dwining heard no more, being now forced up stairs into a species of garret, where Magdalen sat on her widowed bed, clasping to her bosom her infant, which, already black in the face, and uttering the gasping crowing sound, which gives the popular name to the complaint, seemed on the point of rendering up its brief existence. A Dominican monk sat near the bed, holding the other child in his arms, and seeming from time to time to speak a word or two of spiritual consolation, or intermingle some observation on the child's disorder.

The mediciner cast upon the good father a single glance, filled with that ineffable disdain which men of science entertain against interlopers. His own aid was instant and efficacious; he snatched the child from the despairing mother, stripped its throat, and opened a vein, which, as it bled freely, relieved the little patient instantaneously. In a brief space every dangerous symptom disappeared, and Dwining, having bound up the wound, replaced the infant in the arms of the half-distracted mother.

The poor woman's distress for her husband's loss, which had been suspended during the extremity of the child's danger, now returned on Magdalen with the force of an augmented torrent, which has borne down the dam-dike that for a while interrupted its waves.

"Oh, learned sir," she said, "you see a poor wo-

man of her that you once knew a richer—But the hands that restored this bairn to my arms must not leave this house empty. Generous, kind Master Dwining, accept of his beads—they are made of ebony and silver—he aye liked to have his things as handsome as any gentleman—and liker he was in all his ways to a gentleman than any one of us, and even so came of it."

With these words, in a mute passion of grief, she pressed to her breast and to her lips the chaplet of her deceased husband, and proceeded to thrust it into Dwining's hands.

"Take it," she said, "for the love of one who loved you well.—Ah! he used ever to say, if ever man could be brought back from the brink of the grave, it must be by Master Dwining's guidance.—And his ain bairn is brought back this blessed day, and he is lying there stark and stiff, and kens naething of its health and sickness! O, woe is me, and wala wa!—But take the beads, and think on his puir soul, as you put them through your fingers; he will be freed from purgatory the sooner that good people pray to assoilzie him."

"Take back your beads, cummer—I know no legerdemain—can do no conjuring tricks," said the mediciner, who, more moved than perhaps his rugged nature had anticipated, endeavoured to avoid receiving the ill-omened gift. But his last words gave offence to the churchman, whose presence he had not recollected when he uttered them.

"How now, sir leech!" said the Dominican; "do you call prayers for the dead juggling tricks? I know that Chaucer, the English Maker, says of you mediciners, that your study is but little on the Bible. Our mother, the Church, hath nodded of late, but her eyes are now opened to discern friends from foes; and be well assured—"

"Nay, reverend father," said Dwining, "you take me at too great advantage. I said I could do no miracles, and was about to add, that as the church certainly could work such conclusions, those rich beads should be deposited in your hands, to be applied as they may best benefit the soul of the deceased."

He dropped the beads into the Dominican's hand, and escaped from the house of mourning.

"This was a strangely timed visit," he said to himself, when he got safe out of doors. "I hold such things cheap as any can; yet, though it is but a silly fancy, I am glad I saved the squalling child's life.—But I must to my friend Smotherwell, whom I have no doubt to bring to my purpose in the matter of Bonthron; and thus I shall save two lives, and have destroyed only one."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE High Church of St John's in Perth, being that of the patron saint of the burgh, had been selected by the Magistrates as that in which the community was likely to have most fair play for the display of the ordeal. The churches and convents of the Dominicans, Carthusians, and others of the regular clergy, had been highly endowed by the king and nobles and therefore it was the universal cry of the city-council, that "their ain good auld St John," of whose good

graces they thought themselves sure, ought to be fully confided in, and preferred to the new patrons, for whom the Dominicans, Carthusians, Carmelites, and others, had founded newer seats around the Fair City. The disputes between the regular and secular clergy added to the jealousy which dictated this choice of the spot in which Heaven was to display a species of miracle, upon a direct appeal to the divine decision in a case of doubtful guilt; and the town-clerk was as anxious that the church of St John should be preferred, as if there had been a faction in the body of saints for and against the interests of that beautiful town.

Many, therefore, were the petty intrigues entered into and disconcerted, for the purpose of fixing on the church. But the Magistrates, considering it as a matter touching in a close degree the honour of the city, determined, with judicious confidence in the justice and impartiality of their patron, to confide the issue to the influence of St John.

It was, therefore, after high mass had been performed, with the greatest solemnity of which circumstances rendered the ceremony capable, and after the most repeated and fervent prayers had been offered to Heaven by the crowded assembly, that preparations were made for appealing to the direct judgment of Heaven on the mysterious murder of the unfortunate Bonnet-maker.

The scene presented that effect of imposing solemnity, which the rites of the Catholic church are so well qualified to produce. The eastern window, richly and variously painted, streamed down a torrent of chequered light upon the high altar. On the bier placed before it were stretched the mortal remains of the murdered man, his arms folded on his breast, and his palms joined together, with the fingers pointed upwards, as if the senseless clay was itself appealing to Heaven for vengeance against those who had violently divorced the immortal spirit from its mangled tenement.

Close to the bier was placed the throne, which supported Robert of Scotland, and his brother Albany. The Prince sat upon a lower stool, beside his father; an arrangement which occasioned some observation, as Albany's seat being little distinguished from that of the King, the heir-apparent, though of full age, seemed to be degraded beneath his uncle in the sight of the assembled people of Perth. The bier was so placed, as to leave the view of the body it sustained open to the greater part of the multitude assembled in the church.

At the head of the bier stood the Knight of Kinfauns, the challenger, and at the foot the young Earl of Crawford, as representing the defendant. The evidence of the Duke of Rothsay in expurgation, as it was termed, of Sir John Ramorny, had exempted him from the necessity of attendance as a party subjected to the ordeal; and his illness served as a reason for his remaining at home. His household, including those who, though immediately in waiting upon Sir John, were accounted the Prince's domestics, and had not yet received their dismissal, amounted to eight or ten persons, most of them esteemed men of profligate habits, and who might therefore be deemed capable, in the riot of a festival evening, of committing the slaughter of the Bonnet-maker. They

were drawn up in a row on the left side of the church, and wore a species of white cassock, resembling the dress of a penitentiary. All eyes being bent on them, several of this band seemed so much disconcerted, as to excite among the spectators strong prepossessions of their guilt. The real murderer had a countenance incapable of betraying him,—a sullen, dark look, which neither the feast nor wine-cup could enliven, and which the peril of discovery and death could not render dejected.

We have already noticed the posture of the dead body. The face was bare, as were the breast and arms. The rest of the corpse was shrouded in a winding-sheet of the finest linen, so that, if blood should flow from any place which was covered, it could not fail to be instantly manifest.

High mass having been performed, followed by a solemn invocation to the Deity, that he would be pleased to protect the innocent, and make known the guilty, Eviot, sir John Ramorny's page, was summoned to undergo the ordeal. He advanced with an ill-assured step. Perhaps he thought his internal consciousness that Bonthron must have been the assassin, might be sufficient to implicate him in the murder, though he was not directly accessory to it. He paused before the bier; and his voice faltered, as he swore by all that was created in seven days and seven nights, by heaven, by hell, by his part of paradise, and by the God and author of all, that he was free and sackless of the bloody deed done upon the corpse before which he stood, and on whose breast he made the sign of the cross, in evidence of the appeal. No consequences ensued. The body remained stiff as before; the curdled wounds gave no sign of blood.

The citizens looked on each other with faces of blank disappointment. They had persuaded themselves of Eviot's guilt; and their suspicions had been confirmed by his irresolute manner. Their surprise at his escape was therefore extreme. The other followers of Ramorny took heart, and advanced to take the oath, with a boldness which increased, as one by one they performed the ordeal, and were declared, by the voice of the judges, free and innocent of every suspicion attaching to them an account of the death of Oliver Proudfoot.

But there was one individual, who did not partake that increasing confidence. The name of "Bonthron—Bonthron!" sounded three times through the aisles of the church; but he who owned it acknowledged the call no otherwise than by a short of shuffling motion with his feet, as if he had been suddenly affected with a fit of the palsy.

"Speak, dog," whispered Eviot, "or prepare for a dog's death!"

But the murderer's brain was so much disturbed by the sight before him, that the judges, beholding his deportment, doubted whether to ordain him to be dragged before the bier, or to pronounce judgment in default; and it was not, until he was asked for the last time, whether he would submit to the ordeal, that he answered, with his usual brevity,—

"I will not;—what do I know what juggling tricks may be practised to take a poor man's life?—I offer the combat to any man who says I harmed that dead body."

And, according to usual form, he threw his glove upon the floor of the church.

Henry Smith stepped forward, amidst the murmured applauses of his fellow-citizens, which even the august presence could not entirely suppress; and lifting the ruffian's glove, which he placed in his bonnet, laid down his own in the usual form, as a gage of battle. But Bonthron raised it not.

"He is no match for me," growled the savage, "nor fit to lift my glove. I follow the Prince of Scotland, in attending on his Master of Horse. This fellow is a wretched mechanic."

Here the Prince interrupted him. "Thou follow me, caitiff! I discharge thee from my service on the spot.—Take him in hand, Smith, and beat him as thou didst never thump anvil!—The villain is both guilty and recreant. It sickens me even to look at him; and if my royal father will be ruled by me, he will give the parties two handsome Scottish axes, and we will see which of them turns out the best fellow before the day is half an hour older."

This was readily assented to by the Earl of Crawford and Sir Patrick Charteris, the godfathers of the parties, who, as the combatants were men of inferior rank, agreed that they should fight in steel caps, buff jackets, and with axes; and that as soon as they could be prepared for the combat.

The lists were appointed in the Skinner's Yards, a neighbouring space of ground, occupied by the corporation from which it had the name, and who quickly cleared a space of about thirty feet by twenty-five, for the combatants. Thither thronged the nobles, priests, and commons,—all excepting the old King, who, detesting such scenes of blood, retired to his residence, and devolved the charge of the field upon the Earl of Errol, Lord High Constable, to whose office it more particularly belonged. The Duke of Albany watched the whole proceeding with a close and wary eye. His nephew gave the scene the heedless degree of notice which corresponded with his character.

When the combatants appeared in the lists, nothing could be more striking than the contrast betwixt the manly, cheerful countenance of the Smith, whose sparkling bright eye seemed already beaming with the victory he hoped for, and the sullen, downcast aspect of the brutal Bonthron, who looked as if he were some obscene bird, driven into sunshine out of the shelter of its darksome haunts. They made oath severally, each to the truth of his quarrel; a ceremony which Henry Gow performed with serene and manly confidence—Bonthron with a dogged resolution, which induced the Duke of Rothsay to say to the High Constable, Didst thou ever, my dear Errol, behold such a mixture of malignity, cruelty, and I think fear, as in that fellow's countenance?"

"He is not comely," said the Earl, "but a powerful knave as I have seen."

"I'll gage a hogshead of wine with you, my good lord, that he loses the day. Henry the armourer is as strong as he, and much more active. And then look at his bold bearing! There is something in that other fellow that is loathsome to look upon. Let them yoke presently, my dear Constable, for I am sick of beholding him."

The High-Constable then addressed the widow,

VOL. VII.

who, in her deep weeds, and having her children still beside her, occupied a chair within the lists:—"Woman, do you willingly accept of this man, Henry the Smith, to do battle as your champion in this cause?"

"I do—I do, most willingly," answered Magdalen Proudfoot; "and may the blessing of God and St John give him strength and fortune, since he strikes for the orphan and fatherless!"

"Then I pronounce this a fenced field of battle," said the Constable aloud. "Let no one dare, upon peril of his life, to interrupt this combat by word, speech, or look.—Sound trumpets, and fight, combatants!"

The trumpets flourished, and the combatants, advancing from the opposite end of the lists, with a steady and even pace, looked at each other attentively, well skilled in judging from the motion of the eye, the direction in which a blow was meditated. They halted opposite to, and within reach of, each other, and in turn made more than one feint to strike, in order to ascertain the activity and vigilance of the opponent. At length, whether weary of these manœuvres, or fearing lest in a contest so conducted, his unwieldy strength would be foiled by the activity of the Smith, Bonthron heaved up his axe for a downright blow, adding the whole strength of his sturdy arms to the weight of the weapon in its descent. The Smith, however, avoided the stroke by stepping aside; for it was too forcible to be controlled by any guard which he could have interposed. Ere Bonthron recovered guard, Henry struck him a side-lunging blow on the steel headpiece, which prostrated him on the ground.

"Confess, or die," said the victor, placing his foot on the body of the vanquished, and holding to his throat the point of the axe, which terminated in a spike or poniard.

"I will confess," said the villain, glaring wildly upward on the sky. "Let me rise."

"Not till you have yielded," said Harry Smith.

"I do yield," again murmured Bonthron, and Henry proclaimed aloud that his antagonist was defeated.

The Dukes of Rothsay and Albany, the High Constable, and the Dominican Prior, now entered the lists, and addressing Bonthron, demanded if he acknowledged himself vanquished.

"I do," answered the miscreant.

"And guilty of the murder of Oliver Proudfoot?"

"I am—but I mistook him for another."

"And whom didst thou intend to slay?" said the Prior. "Confess, my son, and merit thy pardon in another world; for with this thou hast little more to do."

"I took the slain man," answered the discomfited combatant, "for him whose hand has struck me down, whose foot now presses me."

"Blessed be the saints!" said the Prior; "now all those who doubt the virtue of the holy ordeal, may have their eyes opened to their error. Lo, he is trapped in the snare which he laid for the guiltless."

"I scarce ever saw the man before," said the Smith. "I never did wrong to him or his.—Ask him, an it please your reverence, why he should have thought of slaying me treacherously."

"It is a fitting question," answered the Prior.—"Give glory where it is due, my son, even though it is manifested by thy shame. For what reason wouldst thou have waylaid this armourer, who says he never wronged thee?"

"He had wronged him whom I served," answered Bonthron; "and I meditated the deed by his command."

"By whose command?" asked the Prior.

Bonthron was silent for an instant, then growled out,—*"He is too mighty for me to name."*

"Hearken, my son," said the churchman; "tarry but a brief hour, and the mighty and the mean of this earth shall to thee alike be empty sounds. The sledge is even now preparing to drag thee to the place of execution. Therefore, son, once more I charge thee to consult thy soul's weal by glorifying Heaven, and speaking the truth. Was it thy master, Sir John Ramorny, that stirred thee to so foul a deed?"

"No," answered the prostrate villain, "it was a greater than he." And at the same time he pointed with his finger to the Prince.

"Wretch!" said the astonished Duke of Rothsay; "do you dare to hint that I was your instigator?"

"You yourself, my lord," answered the unblushing ruffian.

"Die in thy falsehood, accursed slave!" said the Prince; and, drawing his sword, he would have pierced his calumniator, had not the Lord High Constable interposed with word and action.

"Your Grace must forgive my discharging mine office—this caitiff must be delivered into the hands of the executioner. He is unfit to be dealt with by any other, much less by your Highness."

"What! noble Earl," said Albany, aloud, and with much real or affected emotion, "would you let the dog pass alive from hence, to poison the people's ears with false accusations against the Prince of Scotland?—I say, cut him to mammoicks upon the spot!"

"Your Highness will pardon me," said the Earl of Errol; "I must protect him till his doom is executed."

"Then let him be gagged instantly," said Albany.—"And you, my royal nephew, why stand you there fixed in astonishment? Call your resolution up—speak to the prisoner—swear—protest by all that is sacred that you knew not of this felon deed.—See how the people look on each other, and whisper apart! My life on't that this lie spreads faster than any gospel truth.—Speak to them, royal kinsman, no matter what you say, so you be constant in denial."

"What, sir," said Rothsay, starting from his pause of surprise and mortification, and turning haughtily towards his uncle; "would you have me gage my royal word against that of an abject recreant? Let those who *can* believe the son of their sovereign, the descendant of Bruce, capable of laying ambush for the life of a poor mechanic, enjoy the pleasure of thinking the villain's tale true."

"That will not I for one," said the Smith bluntly. "I never did aught but what was in honour toward his royal Grace the Duke of Rothsay, and never received unkindness from him, in word, look, or deed;

and I cannot think he would have given aim to such base practice."

"Was it in honour that you threw his Highness from the ladder in Curfew Street, upon Fastern's Even?" said Bonthron; or think you the favour was received kindly or unkindly?"

This was so boldly said, and seemed so plausible, that it shook the Smith's opinion of the Prince's innocence.

"Alas, my lord, said he, looking sorrowfully towards Rothsay, "could your Highness seek an innocent fellow's life for doing his duty by a helpless maiden?—I would rather have died in these lists, than live to hear it said of the Bruce's heir!"

"Thou art a good fellow, Smith," said the Prince; "but I cannot expect thee to judge more wisely than others.—Away with that convict to the gallows, and gibbet him alive as you will, that he may speak falsehood and spread scandal on us to the last prolonged moment of his existence!"

So saying, the Prince turned away from the lists, disdaining to notice the gloomy looks cast towards him, as the crowd made slow and reluctant way for him to pass, and expressing neither surprise nor displeasure at a deep hollow murmur, or groan, which accompanied his retreat. Only a few of his own immediate followers attended him from the field, though various persons of distinction had come there in his train. Even the lower class of citizens ceased to follow the unhappy Prince, whose former indifferent reputation had exposed him to so many charges of impropriety and levity, and around whom there seemed now darkening suspicions of the most atrocious nature.

He took his slow and thoughtful way to the church of the Dominicans; but the ill news, which fly proverbially fast, had reached his father's place of retirement, before he himself appeared. On entering the palace and inquiring for the King, the Duke of Rothsay was surprised to be informed that he was in deep consultation with the Duke of Albany, who, mounting on horseback as the Prince left the lists, had reached the convent before him. He was about to use the privilege of his rank and birth, to enter the royal apartment, when MacLewis, the commander of the guard of Brandanes, gave him to understand, in the most respectful terms, that he had special instructions which forbade his admittance.

"Go at least, MacLewis, and let them know that I wait their pleasure," said the Prince. "If my uncle desires to have the credit of shutting the father's apartment against the son, it will gratify him to know that I am attending in the outer hall like a lackey."

"May it please you," said MacLewis, with hesitation, "if your Highness would consent to retire just now, and to wait a while in patience, I will send to acquaint you when the Duke of Albany goes; and I doubt not that his Majesty will then admit your Grace to his presence. At present, your Highness must forgive me,—it is impossible you can have access."

"I understand you, MacLewis; but go, nevertheless, and obey my commands."

The officer went accordingly, and returned with a message, that the King was indisposed, and on the point of retiring to his private chamber; but that

the Duke of Albany would presently wait upon the Prince of Scotland.

It was, however, a full half hour ere the Duke of Albany appeared,—a period of time which Rothsay spent partly in moody silence, and partly in idle talk with Mac Lewis and the Brandanes, as the levity or irritability of his temper obtained the ascendant.

At length the Duke came, and with him the Lord High Constable, whose countenance expressed much sorrow and embarrassment.

"Fair kinsman," said the Duke of Albany, "I grieve to say that it is my royal brother's opinion, that it will be best, for the honour of the royal family, that your Royal Highness do restrict yourself for a time to the seclusion of the High Constable's Lodgings, and accept of the noble Earl here present for your principal, if not sole companion, until the scandals which have been this day spread abroad, shall be refuted, or forgotten."

"How is this, my Lord of Errol?" said the Prince, in astonishment. "Is your house to be my jail, and is your lordship to be my jailor?"

"The saints forbid, my lord," said the Earl of Errol; "but it is my unhappy duty to obey the commands of your father, by considering your Royal Highness for some time as being under my ward."

"The prince—the heir of Scotland, under the ward of the High Constable!—What reason can be given for this? Is the blighting speech of a convicted recreant of strength sufficient to tarnish my royal escutcheon?"

"While such accusations are not refuted and denied, my kinsman," said the Duke of Albany, "they will contaminate that of a monarch."

"Denied, my lord!" exclaimed the Prince; "by whom are they asserted? save by a wretch too infamous, even by his own confession, to be credited for a moment, though a beggar's character, not a prince's, were impeached. Fetch him hither,—let the rack be shown to him; you will soon hear him retract the calumny which he dared to assert."

"The gibbet has done its work too surely to leave Bonthron sensible to the rack," said the Duke of Albany. "He has been executed an hour since."

"And why such haste, my lord?" said the Prince; "know you it looks as if there were practice in it, to bring a stain on my name?"

"The custom is universal—the defeated combatant in the ordeal of battle is instantly transferred from the lists to the gallows.—And yet, fair kinsman," continued the Duke of Albany, "if you had boldly and strongly denied the imputation, I would have judged right to keep the wretch alive for further investigation; but as your Highness was silent, I deemed it best to stifle the scandal in the breath of him that uttered it."

"Saint Mary, my lord, but this is too insulting! Do you, my uncle and kinsman, suppose me guilty of prompting such an useless and unworthy action, as that which the slave confessed?"

"It is not for me to bandy questions with your Highness; otherwise I would ask, whether you also mean to deny the scarce less unworthy, though less bloody attack, upon the house in Couvrefew-street?—Be not angry with me, kinsman; but, indeed, your

sequestering yourself for some brief space from the court, were it only during the King's residence in this city, where so much offence has been given, is imperiously demanded."

Rothsay paused when he heard this exhortation; and looking at the Duke in a very marked manner, replied,—

"Uncle, you are a good huntsman. You have pitched your toils with much skill; but you would have been foiled, notwithstanding, had not the stag rushed among the nets of free will. God speed you, and may you have the profit by this matter which your measures deserve. Say to my father, I obey his arrest.—My Lord High Constable, I wait only your pleasure to attend you to your lodgings. Since I am to lie in ward, I could not have desired a kinder or more courteous warden."

The interview between the uncle and nephew being thus concluded, the Prince retired with the Earl of Errol to his lodgings; the citizens whom they met in the streets passing to the further side, when they observed the Duke of Rothsay, to escape the necessity of saluting one whom they had been taught to consider as a ferocious as well as unprincipled libertine. The Constable's Lodgings received the owner and his princely guest, both glad to leave the streets, yet neither feeling easy in the situation which they occupied with regard to each other within doors.

We must return to the lists after the combat had ceased, and when the nobles had withdrawn. The crowds were now separated into two distinct bodies. That which made the smallest in number, was at the same time the most distinguished for respectability, consisting of the better class of inhabitants of Perth, who were gratulating the successful champion, and each other, upon the triumphant conclusion to which they had brought their feud with the courtiers. The magistrates were so much elated on the occasion, that they entreated Sir Patrick Charteris's acceptance of a collation in the Town-hall. To this, Henry, the hero of the day, was of course invited, or he was rather commanded to attend. He listened to the summons with great embarrassment, for it may be readily believed his heart was with Catharine Glover. But the advice of Simon Glover decided him. That veteran citizen had a natural and becoming deference for the magistracy of the Fair City, and a high estimation of all honours which flowed from such a source.

"Thou must not think to absent thyself from such a solemn occasion, son Henry," was his advice. "Sir Patrick Charteris is to be there himself, and I think it will be a rare occasion for thee to gain his good-will. It is like he may order of thee a new suit of harness; and I myself heard worthy Bailie Craigdallie say, there was a talk of furbishing up the city's armory.—Thou must not neglect the good trade, now that thou takest on thee an expensive family."

"Tush, father Glover," answered the embarrassed victor, "I lack no custom—and thou knowest there is Catharine, who may wonder at my absence, and have her ear abused once more by tales of glee-maidens, and I wot not what."

"Fear not for that," said the Glover, "but go, like an obedient burgher, where thy betters desire to have thee. I do not deny that it will cost some

trouble to make thy peace with Catharine about this duel; for she thinks herself wiser in such matters than King and Council, Kirk and Canons, Provost and Bailies. But I will take up the quarrel with her myself, and will so work for thee, that though she may receive thee to-morrow with somewhat of a chiding, it shall melt into tears and smiles, like an April morning, that begins with a mild shower. Away with thee then, my son, and be constant to-morrow after morning mass."

The Smith, though reluctantly, was obliged to defer to the reasoning of his proposed father-in-law; and, once determined to accept the honour destined for him by the fathers of the city, he extricated himself from the crowd, and hastened home to put on his best apparel; in which he presently afterwards repaired to the Council-house, where the ponderous oak table seemed to bend under the massy dishes of choice Tay salmon, and delicious sea-fish from Dundee, being the dainties which the fasting season permitted, whilst neither wine, ale, nor metheglin, were wanting to wash them down. The waits, or minstrels of the burgh, played during the repast, and in the intervals of the music, one of them recited, with great emphasis, a long poetical account of the battle of Blackearn-side, fought by Sir William Wallace, and his redouted captain and friend, Thomas of Longueville, against the English general, Seward—a theme perfectly familiar to all the guests, who, nevertheless, more tolerant than their descendants, listened as if it had all the zest of novelty. It was complimentary to the ancestor of the Knight of Kinfauns doubtless, and to other Perthshire families, in passages which the audience applauded vociferously, whilst they pledged each other in mighty draughts, to the memory of the heroes who had fought by the side of the Champion of Scotland. The health of Henry Wynd was quaffed with repeated shouts, and the Provost announced publicly, that the magistrates were consulting how they might best invest him with some distinguished privilege, or honorary reward, to show how highly his fellow-citizens valued his courageous exertions.

"Nay, take it not thus, an it like your worships," said the Smith, with his usual blunt manner, "lest men say that valour must be rare in Perth, when they reward a man for fighting for the right of a forlorn widow. I am sure there are many scores of stout burghers in Perth would have done this day's dargue, as well or better than I. For, in good sooth, I ought to have cracked yonder head-piece, like an earthen pipkin—ay, and would have done it too, if it had not been one which I myself tempered for Sir John Ramorny. But an the Fair City think my service of any worth, I will conceive it far more than acquitted by any aid which you may afford from the Common Good,* to the support of the widow Magdalen and her poor orphans."

"That may well be done," said Sir Patrick Charteris, "and yet leave the Fair City rich enough to pay her debts to Henry Wynd, of which every man of us is a better judge than himself, who is blinded with an unavailing nicety, which men call modesty.—And if the burgh be too poor for this, the Provost will bear

* The public property of the burgh.

his share. The Rover's golden angels have not all taken flight yet."

The beakers were now circulated, under the name of a cup of comfort to the widow, and anon flowed around once more to the happy memory of the murdered Oliver, now so bravely avenged. In short, it was a feast so jovial, that all agreed nothing was wanting to render it perfect, but the presence of the Bonnet-maker himself, whose calamity had occasioned the meeting, and who had usually furnished the standing jest at such festive assemblies. "Had his attendance been possible," it was drily observed by Bailie Craigdallie, "he would certainly have claimed the success of the day, and vouched himself the avenger of his own murder."

At the sound of the vesper bell the company broke up, some of the graver sort going to evening prayers, where, with half-shut eyes and shining countenances, they made a most orthodox and edifying portion of a Lenten congregation; others to their own homes, to tell over the occurrences of the fight and feast, for the information of the family circle; and some, doubtless, to the licensed freedoms of some tavern, the door of which Lent did not keep so close shut as the forms of the Church required. Henry returned to the Wynd, warm with the good wine and the applause of his fellow-citizens, and fell asleep to dream of perfect happiness and Catharine Glover.

We have said, that when the combat was decided, the spectators were divided into two bodies. Of these, when the more respectable portion attended the victor in joyous procession, much the greater number, or what might be termed the rabble, waited upon the subdued and sentenced Bonthron, who was travelling in a different direction, and for a very opposite purpose. Whatever may be thought of the comparative attractions of the house of mourning and of feasting under other circumstances, there can be little doubt which will draw most visitors, when the question is, whether we would witness miseries which we are not to share, or festivities of which we are not to partake. Accordingly, the tumbril in which the criminal was conveyed to execution, was attended by far the greater proportion of the inhabitants of Perth.

A friar was seated in the same car with the murderer, to whom he did not hesitate to communicate, under the seal of confession, the same false asseveration which he had made upon the place of combat, which charged the Duke of Rothsay with being director of the ambushade by which the unfortunate Bonnet-maker had suffered. The same falsehood he disseminated among the crowd, averring, with unblushing effrontery, to those who were nighest to the car, that he owed his death to his having been willing to execute the Duke of Rothsay's pleasure. For a time he repeated these words, sullenly and doggedly, in the manner of one reciting a task, or a liar who endeavours by reiteration to obtain a credit for his words, which he is internally sensible they do not deserve. But when he lifted up his eyes, and beheld in the distance the black outline of a gallows, at least forty feet high, with its ladder and its fatal cord, rising against the horizon, he became suddenly silent, and the friar could observe that he trembled very much.

"Be comforted, my son," said the good priest,

"you have confessed the truth, and received absolution. Your penitence will be accepted according to your sincerity; and though you have been a man of bloody hands and cruel heart, yet, by the Church's prayers, you shall be in due time assoilzied from the penal fires of purgatory."

These assurances were calculated rather to augment than to diminish the terrors of the culprit, who was agitated by doubts whether the mode suggested for his preservation from death would to a certainty be effectual, and some suspicion whether there was really any purpose of employing them in his favour; for he knew his master well enough to be aware of the indifference with which he would sacrifice one, who might on some future occasion be a dangerous evidence against him.

His doom, however, was sealed, and there was no escaping from it. They slowly approached the fatal tree, which was erected on a bank by the river's side, about half a mile from the walls of the city; a site chosen that the body of the wretch, which was to remain food for the carrion-crows, might be seen from a distance in every direction. Here the priest delivered Bonthron to the executioner, by whom he was assisted up the ladder, and to all appearance dispatched according to the usual forms of the law. He seemed to struggle for life for a minute, but soon after hung still and inanimate. The executioner, after remaining upon duty for more than half an hour, as if to permit the last spark of life to be extinguished, announced to the admirers of such spectacles, that the irons for the permanent suspension of the carcass not having been got ready, the concluding ceremony of disembowelling the dead body, and attaching it finally to the gibbet, would be deferred till the next morning at sunrise.

Notwithstanding the early hour which he had named, Master Smotherwell had a reasonable attendance of rabble at the place of execution, to see the final proceedings of justice with its victim. But great was the astonishment and resentment of these amateurs, to find that the dead body had been removed from the gibbet. They were not, however, long at a loss to guess the cause of its disappearance. Bonthron had been the follower of a Baron whose estates lay in Fife, and was himself a native of that province. What was more natural than that some of the Fife men, whose boats were frequently plying on the river, should have clandestinely removed the body of their countryman from the place of public shame? The crowd vented their rage against Smotherwell, for not completing his job on the preceding evening; and had not he and his assistant betaken themselves to a boat, and escaped across the Tay, they would have run some risk of being pelted to death. The event, however, was too much in the spirit of the times to be much wondered at. Its real cause we shall explain in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE incidents of a narrative of this kind must be adapted to each other, as the wards of a key must tally accurately with those of the lock to which it belongs. The reader, however gentle, will not hold himself obliged to rest satisfied with the mere fact,

that such and such occurrences took place, which is generally speaking, all that in ordinary life he can know of what is passing around him; but he is desirous, while reading for amusement, of knowing the interior movements occasioning the course of events. This is a legitimate and reasonable curiosity; for every man hath a right to open and examine the mechanism of his own watch, put together for his proper use, although he is not permitted to pry into the interior of the time-piece, which, for general information, is displayed on the town-steeple.

It would be, therefore, uncourteous to leave my readers under any doubt concerning the agency which removed the assassin Bonthron from the gallows; an event which some of the Perth citizens ascribed to the foul Fiend himself, while others were content to lay it upon the natural dislike of Bonthron's countrymen of Fife, to see him hanging on the river side, as a spectacle dishonourable to their province.

About midnight after the day when the execution had taken place, when the inhabitants of Perth were deeply buried in slumber, three men, muffled in their cloaks, and bearing a dark lantern, descended the alleys of a garden which led from the house occupied by Sir John Ramorny, to the banks of the Tay, where a small boat lay moored to a landing-place, or little projecting pier. The wind howled in a low and melancholy manner through the leafless shrubs and bushes; and a pale moon *waded*, as it is termed in Scotland, amongst drifted clouds, which seemed to threaten rain. The three individuals entered the boat with great precaution, to escape observation. One of them was a tall powerful man; another short, and bent downwards; the third middle-sized, and apparently younger than his companions, and light and active. Thus much the imperfect light could discover. They seated themselves in the boat, and unmoored it from the pier.

"We must let her drift with the current, till we pass the bridge, where the burghers still keep guard; and you know the proverb—A Perth arrow hath a perfect flight," said the most youthful of the party, who assumed the office of helmsman, and pushed the boat off from the pier; whilst the others took the oars, which were muffled, and rowed with all precaution, till they attained the middle of the river; they then ceased their efforts, lay upon their oars, and trusted to the steersman for keeping her in mid-channel.

In this manner they passed unnoticed or disregarded beneath the stately Gothic arches of the old bridge, erected by the magnificent patronage of Robert Bruce in 1329, and carried away by an inundation in 1621. Although they heard the voices of a civic watch, which, since these disturbances commenced, had been nightly maintained in that important pass, no challenge was given; and when they were so far down the stream as to be out of hearing of those guardians of the night, they began to row, but still with precaution, and to converse, though in a low tone.

"You have found a new trade, comrade, since I left you," said one of the rowers to the other. "I left you engaged in tending a sick knight, and I find you employed in purloining a dead body from the gallows."

"A living body, so please your squirehood, Master Buncle; or else my craft hath failed of its purpose."

"So I am told, Master Pottercarrier; but saving your clerkship, unless you tell me your trick, I will take leave to doubt of its success."

"A simple toy, Master Buncle, not likely to please a genius so acute as that of your valiancie. Marry, thus it is. This suspension of the human body, which the vulgar call hanging, operates death by apoplexia,—that is, the blood being unable to return to the heart by the compression of the veins, it rushes to the brain, and the man dies. Also, and as an additional cause of dissolution, the lungs no longer receive the needful supply of the vital air, owing to the ligature of the cord around the thorax; and he ce the patient perishes."

"I understand that well enough—But how is it to be prevented, Sir Mediciner?" said the third person, who was no other than Ramorny's page Eviot.

"Marry, then," replied Dwining, "hang me the patient up in such fashion that the carotid arteries shall not be compressed, and the blood will not determine to the brain, and apoplexia will not take place; and again, if there be no ligature around the thorax, the lungs will be supplied with air, whether the man be hanging in the middle heaven, or standing on the firm earth."

"All this I conceive," said Eviot; "but how these precautions can be reconciled with the execution of the sentence of hanging, is what my dull brain cannot comprehend."

"Ah! good youth, thy valiancie hath spoiled a fair wit. Hadst thou studied with me, thou shouldst have learned things more difficult than these. But here is my trick. I get me certain bandages, made of the same substance with your young valiancie's horse-girths, having especial care that they are of a kind which will not shrink on being strained, since that would spoil my experiment. One loop of this substance is drawn under each foot, and returns up either side of the leg to a cincture, with which it is united; these cinctures are connected by divers straps down the breast and back, in order to divide the weight, and there are sundry other conveniences for easing the patient; but the chief is this. The straps, or ligatures, are attached to a broad steel collar, curving outwards, and having a hook or two, for the better security of the halter, which the friendly executioner passes round that part of the machine, instead of applying it to the bare throat of the patient. Thus, when thrown off from the ladder, the sufferer will find himself suspended, not by his neck, if it please you, but by a steel circle, which supports the loops in which his feet are placed, and on which his weight really rests, diminished a little by similar supports under each arm. Thus, neither vein nor windpipe being compressed, the man will breathe as free, and his blood, saving from fright and novelty of situation, will flow as temperately as your valiancie's, when you stand up in your stirrups to view a field of battle."

"By my faith, a quaint and rare device!" quoth Buncle.

"Is it not?" pursued the leech, "and well worth being known to such mounting spirits as your valian-

cies, since there is no knowing to what height Sir John Ramorny's pupils may arrive; and if these be such, that it is necessary to descend from them by a rope, you may find my mode of management more convenient than the common practice. Marry, but you must be provided with a high-collared doublet, to conceal the ring of steel; and, above all, such a *bonus socius* as Smotherwell to adjust the noose."

"Base poison-vender," said Eviot, "men of our calling die on the field of battle."

"I will save the lesson, however," replied Buncle, "in case of some pinching occasion—But what a night the hang-dog bloody Bonthron must have had of it, dancing a pavise in mid-air to the music of his own shackles as the night wind swings him that way and this!"

"It were an alms-deed to leave him there," said Eviot; "for his descent from the gibbet will but encourage him to new murders. He knows but two elements—drunkenness and bloodshed."

"Perhaps Sir John Ramorny might have been of your opinion," said Dwining; "but it would first have been necessary to cut out the rogue's tongue, lest he had told strange tales from his airy height. And there are other reasons that it concerns not your valiances to know. In truth, I myself have been generous in serving him, for the fellow is built as strong as Edinburgh Castle, and his anatomy would have matched any that is in the chirurgical-hall of Padua.—But tell me, Master Buncle, what news bring you from the doughty Douglas?"

"They may tell that know," said Buncle—"I am the dull ass that bears the message, and kens nought of its purport. The safer for myself perhaps. I carried letters from the Duke of Albany and from Sir John Ramorny to the Douglas, and he looked black as a northern tempest when he opened them.—I brought them answers from the Earl, at which they smiled like the sun when the harvest-storm is closing over him. Go to your Ephemerides, leech, and conjure the meaning out of that?"

"Methinks I can do so without much cost of wit," said the chirurgeon; "but yonder I see in the pale moon our dead-alive.—Should he have screamed out to any chance passenger, it were a curious interruption to a night journey to be hailed from the top of such a gallows as that.—Hark, methinks I do hear his groans amid the whistling of the wind and the creaking of the chains. So—fair and softly—make fast the boat with the grappling—and get out the casket with my matters—we would be better for a little fire, but the light might bring observation on us. Come on, my men of valour, march warily, for we are bound for the gallows-foot. Follow with the lantern—I trust the ladder has been left."

As they advanced to the gibbet, they could plainly hear groans, though uttered in a low tone. Dwining ventured to give a low cough once or twice, by way of signal; but receiving no answer, "We had best make haste," said he to his companions, "for our friend must be in extremes, as he gives no answer to the signal which announces the arrival of help.—Come, let us to the gear. I will go up the ladder first and cut the rope. Do you two follow, one after another, and take fast hold of the body, so that he fall not when the halter is unloosed. Keep sure gripe,

for which the bandages will afford you convenience.—Bethink you, that though he plays an owl's part to-night, he hath no wings, and to fall out of a halter may be as dangerous as to fall into one."

While he spoke thus he ascended the ladder, and having ascertained that the men-at-arms who followed him had the body in their hold, he cut the rope, and then gave his aid to support the almost lifeless form of the criminal.

By a skilful exertion of strength and address, the body of Bonthron was placed safely on the ground, and the faint, yet certain existence of life having been ascertained, it was thence transported to the river side, where, shrouded by the bank, the party might be best concealed from observation, while the leech employed himself in the necessary means of recalling animation, with which he had taken care to provide himself.

For this purpose he first freed the recovered person from his shackles, which the executioner had left unlocked on purpose, and at the same time disengaged the complicated envelopes and bandages by which he had been suspended. It was some time ere Dwining's efforts succeeded; for in despite of the skill with which his machine had been constructed, the straps designed to support the body had stretched so considerably as to occasion the sense of suffocation becoming extremely overpowering. But the address of the surgeon triumphed over all obstacles; and after sneezing and stretching himself, with one or two brief convulsions, Bonthron gave decided proofs of reanimation, by arresting the hand of the operator as it was in the act of dropping strong waters on his breast and throat; and, directing the bottle which contained them to his lips, he took, almost perforce, a considerable gulp of the contents.

"It is spiritual essence, doubly distilled," said the astonished operator, "and would blister the throat, and burn the stomach of any other man. But this extraordinary beast is so unlike all other human creatures, that I should not wonder if it brought him to the complete possession of his faculties."

Bonthron sat up, stared around, and indicated some consciousness of existence.

"Wine—wine," were the first words which he articulated.

The leech gave him a draught of medicated wine, mixed with water. He rejected it, under the dishonourable epithet of "kennel-washings;" and again uttered the words—"Wine—wine."

"Nay, take it to thee, i' the devil's name," said the leech, "since none but he can judge of thy constitution."

A draught, long and deep enough to have discomposed the intellects of any other person, was found effectual in recalling those of Bonthron to a more perfect state; though he betrayed no recollection of where he was or what had befallen him, and in his brief and sullen manner, asked why he was brought to the river side at this time of night.

"Another frolic of the wild Prince, for drenching me as he did before—Nails and blood, but I would—"

"Hold thy peace," interrupted Eviot, "and be thankful, I pray you, if you have any thankfulness in you, that thy body is not crows' meat, and thy soul in a place where water is too scarce to duck thee."

"I begin to bethink me," said the ruffian; and raising the flask to his mouth, which he saluted with a long and hearty kiss, he set the empty bottle on the earth, dropped his head on his bosom, and seemed to muse for the purpose of arranging his confused recollections.

"We can abide the issue of his meditations no longer," said Dwining, "he will be better after he has slept.—Up, sir! you have been riding the air these some hours—try if the water be not an easier mode of conveyance.—Your valours must lend me a hand. I can no more lift this mass, than I could raise in my arms a slaughtered bull."

"Stand upright on thine own feet, Bonthron, now we have placed thee upon them," said Eviot.

"I cannot," answered the patient. "Every drop of blood tingles in my veins as if it had pin-points. and my knees refuse to bear their burden. What can be the meaning of all this? This is some practice of thine, thou dog leech!"

"Ay, ay, so it is, honest Bonthron," said Dwining, "a practice thou shalt thank me for, when thou comest to learn it. In the meanwhile, stretch down in the stern of that boat, and let me wrap this cloak about thee." Assisted into the boat accordingly, Bonthron was deposited there as conveniently as things admitted of. He answered their attentions with one or two snorts resembling the grunt of a boar, who has got some food particularly agreeable to him.

"And now, Buncle," said the chirurgeon, "your valiant squireship knows your charge. You are to carry this lively cargo by the river to Newburgh, where you are to dispose of him as you wot of; meantime, here are his shackles and bandages, the marks of his confinement and liberation. Bind them up together, and fling them into the deepest pool you pass over; for, found in your possession, they might tell tales against us all. This low, light breath of wind from the west, will permit you to use a sail as soon as the light comes in, and you are tired of rowing.—Your other valiancy, Master Page Eviot, must be content to return to Perth with me a-foot, for here severs our fair company.—Take with thee the lantern, Buncle, for thou wilt require it more than we, and see thou send me back my flasket."

As the pedestrians returned to Perth, Eviot expressed his belief that Bonthron's understanding would never recover the shock which terror had inflicted upon it, and which appeared to him to have disturbed all the faculties of his mind, and in particular his memory.

"It is not so, an it please your pagehood," said the leech. "Bonthron's intellect, such as it is, hath a solid character—it will but vacillate to and fro like a pendulum which hath been put in motion. and then will rest in its proper point of gravity. Our memory is, of all our powers of mind, that which is peculiarly liable to be suspended. Deep intoxication or sound sleep alike destroy it, and yet it returns when the drunkard becomes sober, or the sleeper is awakened. Terror sometimes produces the same effects. I knew at Paris a criminal condemned to die by the halter, who suffered the sentence accordingly, showing no particular degree of timidity upon the scaffold, and behaving and expressing himself as men in the same

condition are wont to do. Accident did for him what a little ingenious practice hath done for our amiable friend from whom we but now parted. He was cut down, and given to his friends before life was extinct, and I had the good fortune to recover him. But though he recovered in other particulars, he remembered but little of his trial and sentence. Of his confession on the morning of his execution—he! he! he!—(in his usual chuckling manner)—he remembered him not a word. Neither of leaving the prison—nor of his passage to the Grève, where he suffered—nor of the devout speeches with which he—he, he!—edified—he, he, he!—so many good Christians—nor of ascending the fatal tree, nor of taking the fatal leap, had my revenant the slightest recollection.—But here we reach the point where we must separate; for it were unfit, should we meet any of the watch, that we be found together, and it were also prudent that we enter the city by different gates. My profession forms an excuse for my going and coming at all times. Your valiant pagehood will make such explanation as may seem sufficing.”

“I shall make my will a sufficient excuse if I am interrogated,” said the haughty young man. “Yet I will avoid interruption, if possible. The moon is quite obscured, and the road as black as a wolf’s mouth.”

“Tut,” said the physicianer, “let not your valour care for that; we shall tread darker paths ere it be long.”

Without inquiring into the meaning of these evil-boding sentences, and indeed hardly listening to them, in the pride and recklessness of his nature, the page of Ramorny parted from his ingenious and dangerous companion; and each took his own way.

CHAPTER XXV.

The course of true love never did run smooth.

THE ominous anxiety of our armourer had not played him false. When the good Glover parted with his intended son-in-law, after the judicial combat had been decided, he found, what he indeed had expected, that his fair daughter was in no favourable disposition to her lover. But although he perceived that Catharine was cold, restrained, collected, had cast away the appearance of mortal passion, and listened with a reserve, implying contempt, to the most splendid description he could give her of the combat in the Skinners’ Yards, he was determined not to take the least notice of her altered manner, but to speak of her marriage with his son Henry as a thing which must of course take place. At length, when she began, as on a former occasion, to intimate, that her attachment to the armourer did not exceed the bounds of friendship,—that she was resolved never to marry,—that the pretended judicial combat was a mockery of the divine will, and of human laws,—the Glover not unnaturally grew angry.

“I cannot read thy thoughts, wench; nor can I pretend to guess under what wicked delusion it is that you kiss a declared lover,—suffer him to kiss you,—run to his house when a report is spread of his death, and fling yourself into his arms when you find him alone.—All this shows very well in a girl prepared to obey her parents in a match sanctioned

by her father; but such tokens of intimacy, bestowed on one whom a young woman cannot esteem; and is determined not to marry, are uncomely and unmaidenly. You have already been more bounteous of your favours to Henry Smith, than your mother, whom God assoilzie, ever was to me before I married her. I tell thee, Catharine, this trifling with the love of an honest man, is what I neither can, will, nor ought to endure. I have given my consent to the match, and I insist it shall take place without delay; and that you receive Henry Wynd to-morrow, as a man whose bride you are to be with all dispatch.”

“A power more potent than yours, father, will say no,” replied Catharine.

“I will risk it; my power is a lawful one, that of a father over a child, and an erring child,” answered her father. “God and man allow of my influence.”

“Then, may Heaven help us!” said Catharine; “for if you are obstinate in your purpose, we are all lost.”

“We can expect no help from Heaven,” said the Glover, “when we act with indiscretion. I am clerk enough myself to know that; and that your causeless resistance to my will is sinful, every priest will inform you. Ay, and more than that, you have spoken degradingly of the blessed appeal to God in the combat of ordeal. Take heed! for the holy Church is awakened to watch her sheepfold, and to extirpate heresy by fire and steel; so much I warn thee of.”

Catharine uttered a suppressed exclamation; and, with difficulty compelling herself to assume an appearance of composure, promised her father, that if he would spare her any farther discussion of the subject till to-morrow morning, she would then meet him, determined to make a full discovery of her sentiments.

With this promise, Simon Glover was obliged to remain contented, though extremely anxious for the postponed explanation. It could not be levity or fickleness of character which induced his daughter to act with so much apparent inconsistency towards the man of his choice, and whom she had so lately unequivocally owned to be also the man of her own. What external force there could exist, of a kind powerful enough to change the resolutions she had so decidedly expressed within twenty-four hours, was a matter of complete mystery.

“But I will be as obstinate as she can be,” thought the Glover, “and she shall either marry Henry Smith without farther delay, or old Simon Glover will know an excellent reason to the contrary.”

The subject was not renewed during the evening; but early on the next morning, just at sun-rising, Catharine knelt before the bed in which her parent still slumbered. Her heart sobbed as if it would burst, and her tears fell thick upon her father’s face. The good old man awoke, looked up, crossed his child’s forehead, and kissed her affectionately.

“I understand thee, Kate,” he said; “thou art come to confession, and, I trust, art desirous to escape a heavy penance by being sincere.”

Catharine was silent for an instant.

“I need not ask, my father, if you remember the Carthusian monk, Clement, and his preachings and lessons; at which indeed you assisted so often, that you cannot be ignorant men called you one of his

converts, and with greater justice termed me so likewise?"

"I am aware of both," said the old man, raising himself on his elbow; "but I defy foul fame to show that I ever owned him in any heretical proposition, though I loved to hear him talk of the corruptions of the church, the misgovernment of the nobles, and the wild ignorance of the poor, proving, as it seemed to me, that the sole virtue of our commonweal, its strength, and its estimation, lay among the burgher craft of the better class, which I received as comfortable doctrine, and creditable to the town. And if he preached other than right doctrine, wherefore did his superiors in the Carthusian convent permit it? If the shepherds turn a wolf in sheep's clothing into the flock, they should not blame the sheep for being worried."

"They endured his preaching, nay, they encouraged it," said Catharine, "while the vices of the laity, the contentions of the nobles, and the oppression of the poor, were the subject of his censure, and they rejoiced in the crowds, who, attracted to the Carthusian church, forsook those of the other convents. But the hypocrites—for such they are—joined with the other fraternities in accusing their preacher Clement, when, passing from censuring the crimes of the state, he began to display the pride, ignorance, and luxury of the church-men themselves; their thirst of power, their usurpation over men's consciences, and their desire to augment their worldly wealth."

"For God's sake, Catharine," said her father, "speak within doors; your voice rises in tone, and your speech in bitterness,—your eyes sparkle. It is owing to this zeal in what concerns you no more than others, that malicious persons fix upon you the odious and dangerous name of a heretic."

"You know I speak no more than what is truth," said Catharine, "and which you yourself have avouched often."

"By needle and buckskin, no!" answered the Glover, hastily; "wouldst thou have me avouch what might cost me life and limb, land and goods? For a full commission hath been granted for taking and trying heretics, upon whom is laid the cause of all late tumults and miscarriages; wherefore, few words are best, wench. I am ever of mind with the old Maker,—

'Since word is thrall, and thought is free,
Keep well thy tongue, I counsel thee.'

"The counsel comes too late, father," answered Catharine, sinking down on a chair by her father's bedside. "The words have been spoken and heard; and it is indited against Simon Glover, burgess in Perth, that he hath spoken irreverent discourses of the doctrines of holy Church—"

"As I live by knife and needle," interrupted Simon, "it is a lie! I never was so silly as to speak of what I understood not."

"And hath slandered the anointed of the Church, both regular and secular," continued Catharine.

"Nay, I will never deny the truth," said the Glover; "an idle word I may have spoken at the ale-bench, or over a pottle-pot of wine, or in right sure company; but else, my tongue is not one to run my head into peril."

"So you think, my dearest father; but your slightest

language has been espied, your best-meaning phrases have been perverted, and you are in dittay as a gross railer against church and churchmen, and for holding discourse against them with loose and profligate persons, such as the deceased Oliver Proudfoot, the Smith Henry of the Wind, and others, set forth as commending the doctrines of father Clement, whom they charge with seven rank heresies, and seek for with staff and spear, to try him to the death.—But that," said Catharine, kneeling, and looking upwards with the aspect of one of those beauteous saints whom the Catholics have given to the fine arts,—“that they shall never do. He hath escaped from the net of the fowler; and, I thank Heaven, it was by my means.”

"Thy means, girl—art thou mad?" said the amazed Glover.

"I will not deny what I glory in," answered Catharine; "it was by my means that Conachar was led to come hither with a party of men, and carry off the old man, who is now far beyond the Highland line."

"O my rash—my unlucky child!" said the Glover; "hast thou dared to aid the escape of one accused of heresy, and to invite Highlanders in arms to interfere with the administration of justice within burgh? Alas! thou hast offended both against the laws of the church and those of the realm. What—what would become of us, were this known!"

"It is known, my dear father," said the maiden, firmly: "known even to those who will be the most willing avengers of the deed."

"This must be some idle notion, Catharine, or some trick of those cogging priests and nuns; it accords not with thy late cheerful willingness to wed Henry Smith."

"Alas! dearest father, remember the dismal surprise occasioned by his reported death, and the joyful amazement at finding him alive; and deem it not wonder if I permitted myself, under your protection, to say more than my reflection justified. But then, I knew not the worst, and thought the danger exaggerated. Alas! I was yesterday fearfully undeceived, when the Abbess herself came hither, and with her the Dominican. They showed me the commission, under the broad seal of Scotland, for inquiring into and punishing heresy; they showed me your name, and my own, in a list of suspected persons; and it was with tears, real tears, that the Abbess conjured me to avert a dreadful fate by a speedy retreat into the cloister; and that the monk pledged his word that you should not be molested, if I complied."

"The foul fiend take them both for crocodiles!" said the Glover.

"Alas!" replied Catharine, "complaint or anger will little help us; but you see I have had real cause for this present alarm."

"Alarm! call it utter ruin.—Alas! my reckless child, where was your prudence when you ran headlong into such a snare?"

"Hear me, father," said Catharine; "there is still one mode of safety held out; it is one which I have often proposed, and for which I have in vain supplicated your permission."

"I understand you—the convent," said her father. "But Catharine, what abbess or prioress would dare—"

"That I will explain to you, father, and it will also

show the circumstances which have made me seem unsteady of resolution to a degree which has brought censure upon me from yourself and others. Our confessor, old father Francis, whom I chose from the Dominican convent at your command——”

“Ay, truly,” interrupted the Glover; “and I so counselled and commanded thee, in order to take off the report that thy conscience was altogether under the direction of father Clement.”

“Well, this father Francis has at different times urged and provoked me to converse on such matters as he judged I was likely to learn something of from the Carthusian preacher. Heaven forgive me my blindness! I fell into the snare, spoke freely, and, as he argued gently, as one who would fain be convinced, I even argued warmly in defence of what I believed devoutly. The confessor assumed not his real aspect, and betrayed not his secret purpose, until he had learned all that I had to tell him. It was then that he threatened me with temporal punishment, and with eternal condemnation. Had his threats reached me alone, I could have stood firm; for their cruelty on earth I could have endured, and their power beyond this life I have no belief in.”

“For Heaven’s sake!” said the Glover, who was well-nigh beside himself at perceiving at every new word the increasing extremity of his daughter’s danger, “beware of blaspheming the holy Church—whose arms are as prompt to strike as her ears are sharp to hear.”

“To me,” said the Maid of Perth, again looking up, “the terrors of the threatened denunciations would have been of little avail; but when they spoke of involving thee, my father, in the charge against me, I own I trembled, and desired to compromise. The Abbess Martha, of Elcho nunnery, being my mother’s kinswoman, I told her my distresses, and obtained her promise that she would receive me, if, renouncing worldly love and thoughts of wedlock, I would take the veil in her sisterhood. She had conversation on the topic, I doubt not, with the Dominican Francis, and both joined in singing the same song. ‘Remain in the world,’ said they, ‘and thy father and thou shall be brought to trial as heretics—assume the veil, and the errors of both shall be forgiven and cancelled.’ They spoke not even of recantation of errors of doctrine; all should be peace if I would but enter the convent.”

“I doubt not—I doubt not,” said Simon; “the old Glover is thought rich, and his wealth would follow his daughter to the convent of Elcho, unless what the Dominicans might claim as their own share. So this was thy call to the veil—these thy objections to Henry Wynd?”

“Indeed, father, the course was urged on all hands, nor did my own mind recoil from it. Sir John Ramorny threatened me with the powerful vengeance of the young Prince, if I continued to repel his wicked suit—and as for poor Henry, it is but of late that I have discovered, to my own surprise—that—that I love his virtues more than I dislike his faults. Alas! the discovery has only been made to make my quitting the world more difficult than when I thought I had thee only to regret.”

She rested her head on her hand, and wept bitterly.

“All this is folly,” said the Glover. “Never was there

an extremity so pinching, but what a wise man might find counsel if he was daring enough to act upon it. This has never been the land or the people over whom priests could rule in the name of Rome, without their usurpation being controlled. If they are to punish each honest burgher who says the monks love gold, and that the lives of some of them cry shame upon the doctrines they teach, why truly, Stephen Smotherwell will not lack employment—and if all foolish maidens are to be secluded from the world, because they follow the erring doctrines of a popular preaching friar, they must enlarge the nunneries, and receive their inmates on slighter composition. Our privileges have been often defended against the Pope himself, by our good monarchs of yore; and when he pretended to interfere with the temporal government of the kingdom, there wanted not a Scottish Parliament, who told him his duty in a letter that should have been written in letters of gold. I have seen the epistle myself, and though I could not read it, the very sight of the seals of the right reverend prelates, and noble and true barons, which hung at it, made my heart leap for joy. Thou shouldst not have kept this secret, my child; but it is no time to tax thee with thy fault. Go down, get me some food. I will mount instantly, and go to our Lord Provost, and have his advice, and, as I trust, his protection and that of other true-hearted Scottish nobles, who will not see a true man trodden down for an idle word.”

“Alas, my father,” said Catharine, “it was even this impetuosity which I dreaded. I knew if I made my plaint to you there would soon be fire and feud, as if religion, though sent to us by the father of peace, were fit only to be the mother of discord—and hence I could now—even now—give up the world, and retire with my sorrow among the sisters of Elcho, would you but let me be the sacrifice. Only, father—comfort poor Henry when we are parted for ever—and do not—do not let him think of me too harshly—Say Catharine will never vex him more by her remonstrances, but that she will never forget him in her prayers.”

“The girl hath a tongue that would make a Saracen weep,” said her father, his own eyes sympathizing with those of his daughter. “But I will not yield way to this combination between the nun and the priest, to rob me of my only child.—Away with you, girl, and let me don my clothes; and prepare yourself to obey me in what I may have to recommend for your safety. Get a few clothes together, and what valuables thou hast—also, take the keys of my iron box, which poor Henry Smith gave me, and divide what gold you find into two portions,—put the one into a purse for thyself, and the other into the quilted girdle which I made on purpose to wear on journeys. Thus both shall be provided, in case fate should sunder us; in which event, God send the whirlwind may take the withered leaf, and spare the green one! Let them make ready my horse instantly, and the white jennet that I bought for thee but a day since, hoping to see thee ride to St John’s Kirk with maids and matrons, as blithe a bride as ever crossed the holy threshold. But it skills not talking—Away, and remember that the saints help those who are willing to help themselves. Not a word in answer—begone. I say,—no wilful-

ness now. The pilot, in calm weather, will let a sea-boy trifle with the rudder; but, by my soul, when winds howl, and waves arise, he stands by the helm himself. Away; no reply."

Catharine left the room to execute, as well as she might, the commands of her father, who, gentle in disposition, and devotedly attached to his child, suffered her often, as it seemed, to guide and rule both herself and him; yet who, as she knew, was wont to claim filial obedience, and exercise parental authority, with sufficient strictness, when the occasion seemed to require an enforcement of domestic discipline.

While the fair Catharine was engaged in executing her father's behests, and the good old Glover was hastily attiring himself, as one who was about to take a journey, a horse's tramp was heard in the narrow street. The horseman was wrapped in his riding cloak, having the cape of it drawn up, as if to hide the under part of his face, while his bonnet was pulled over his brows, and a broad plume obscured his upper features. He sprung from the saddle, and Dorothy had scarce time to reply to his inquiries that the Glover was in his bedroom, ere the stranger had ascended the stair and entered the sleeping apartment. Simon, astonished and alarmed, and disposed to see in this early visitant an apparitor or sumner, come to attach him and his daughter, was much relieved, when, as the stranger doffed the bonnet, and threw the skirt of the mantle from his face, he recognised the knightly Provost of the Fair City, a visit from whom, at any time, was a favour of no ordinary degree; but being made at such an hour, had something marvellous, and, connected with the circumstances of the times, even alarming.

"Sir Patrick Charteris?"—said the Glover—"this high honour done to your poor beadsman—"

"Hush!" said the Knight, "there is no time for idle civilities. I came hither, because a man is, in trying occasions, his own safest page, and I can remain no longer than to bid thee fly, good Glover, since warrants are to be granted this day in council for the arrest of thy daughter and thee, under charge of heresy; and delay will cost you both your liberty for certain, and perhaps your lives."

"I have heard something of such a matter," said the Glover, "and was this instant setting forth to Kinfauns, to plead my innocence of this scandalous charge, to ask your lordship's counsel, and to implore your protection."

"Thy innocence, friend Simon, will avail thee but little before prejudiced judges; my advice is, in one word, to fly, and wait for happier times. As for my protection, we must tarry till the tide turns ere it will in any sort avail thee. But if thou canst lie concealed for a few days or weeks, I have little doubt that the churchmen, who, by siding with the Duke of Albany in court intrigue, and by alleging the decay of the purity of Catholic doctrine as the sole cause of the present national misfortunes, have, at least for the present hour, an irresistible authority over the King, will receive a check. In the meanwhile, however, know that King Robert hath not only given way to this general warrant for inquisition after heresy, but hath confirmed the Pope's nomination of Robert Wardlaw, to be Archbishop of St Andrews, and Primate of Scotland; thus yielding to Rome those

freedoms and immunities of the Scottish church, which his ancestors, from the time of Malcolm Canmore have so boldly defended. His brave fathers would have rather subscribed a covenant with the devil, than yielded in such a matter to the pretensions of Rome."

"Alas, and what remedy?"

"None, old man, save in some sudden court change," said Sir Patrick. "The King is but like a mirror, which, having no light itself, reflects back with equal readiness any which is placed near to it for the time. Now, although the Douglas is banded with Albany, yet the Earl is unfavourable to the high claims of those domineering priests, having quarrelled with them about the exactions which his retinue hath raised on the Abbot of Arbroath. He will come back again with a high hand, for, report says, the Earl of March hath fled before him. When he returns we shall have a changed world, for his presence will control Albany; especially, as many nobles, and I myself, as I tell you in confidence, are resolved to league with him to defend the general right. Thy exile, therefore, will end with his return to our court. Thou hast but to seek thee some temporary hiding-place."

"For that, my lord," said the Glover, "I can be at no loss, since I have just title to the protection of the high Highland Chief, Gilchrist MacIain, Chief of the Clan Quhele."

"Nay, if thou canst take hold of his mantle thou needs no help of any one else—neither lowland churchman nor layman finds a free course of justice beyond the Highland frontier."

"But then my child, noble sir—my Catharine?" said the Glover.

"Let her go with thee, man. The graddan cake will keep her white teeth in order, the goat's whey will make the blood spring to her cheek again, which these alarms have banished; and even the Fair Maiden of Perth may sleep soft enough on a bed of Highland breckan."

"It is not from such idle respects, my lord, that I hesitate," said the Glover. "Catharine is the daughter of a plain burgher, and knows not nicety of food or lodging. But the son of MacIain hath been for many years a guest in my house, and I am obliged to say, that I have observed him looking at my daughter (who is as good as a betrothed bride) in a manner, that, though I cared not for it in this lodging in Curfew-street, would give me some fear of consequences in a Highland glen, where I have no friend, and Conachar many."

The knightly Provost replied by a long whistle.—"Whew! whew!—Nay, in that case I advise thee to send her to the nunnery at Elcho, where the Abbess, if I forget not, is some relation of yours. Indeed she said so herself, adding, that she loved her kinswoman well, together with all that belongs to thee, Simon."

"Truly, my lord, I do believe that the Abbess hath so much regard for me, that she would willingly receive the trust of my daughter, and my whole goods and gear into her sisterhood—Marry, her affection is something of a tenacious character, and would be loath to unloose its hold, either upon the wench or her tocher."

"Whew!—whew!" again whistled the knightly Provost. "By the Thane's Cross, man, but this is an ill-favoured pirl to wind. Yet it shall never be said the fairest maid in the Fair City was cooped up in a convent, like a kain-hen in a cavey, and she about to be married to the bold burgess Henry Wynd. That tale shall not be told while I wear belt and spurs, and am called Provost of Perth."

"But what remede, my lord?" asked the Glover.

"We must all take our share of the risk. Come, get you and your daughter presently to horse. You shall ride with me, and we'll see who dare gloom at you. The summons is not yet served on thee, and if they send an apparitor to Kinfauns, without a warrant under the King's own hand, I make mine avow, by the Red Rover's soul! that he shall eat his writ, both wax and wether-skin. To horse, to horse! and," addressing Catharine, as she entered at the moment, "you too, my pretty maid,

To horse, and fear not for your quarters;
They thrive in law that trust in Charters."

In a minute or two the father and daughter were on horseback, both keeping an arrow's flight before the Provost, by his direction, that they might not seem to be of the same company. They passed the eastern gate in some haste, and rode forward roundly until they were out of sight. Sir Patrick followed leisurely; but when he was lost to the view of the warders, he spurred his mettled horse, and soon came up with the Glover and Catharine, when a conversation ensued which throws light upon some previous passages of this history.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I HAVE been devising a mode," said the well-meaning Provost, "by which I may make you both secure for a week or two, from the malice of your enemies, when I have little doubt I may see a changed world at court. But that I may the better judge what is to be done, tell me frankly, Simon, the nature of your connexion with Gilchrist MacIlan, which leads you to repose such implicit confidence in him. You are a close observer of the rules of the city, and are aware of the severe penalties which they denounce against such burghers as have covine and alliance with the Highland clans."

"True, my lord, but it is also known to you, that our craft, working in skins of cattle, stags, and every other description of hides, have a privilege, and are allowed to transact with those Highlanders, as with the men who can most readily supply us with the means of conducting our trade, to the great profit of the burgh. Thus it hath chanced me to have great dealings with these men; and I can take it on my salvation, that you nowhere find more just and honourable traffickers, or by whom a man may more easily make an honest penny. I have made in my day several distant journeys into the far Highlands, upon the faith of their chiefs; nor did I ever meet with a people more true to their word, when you can once prevail upon them to plight it in your behalf. And as for the Highland Chief, Gilchrist MacIlan, saving that he is hasty in homicide and fire-raising towards those with whom he hath deadly feud, I have

nowhere seen a man who walketh a more just and upright path."

"It is more than ever I heard before," said Sir Patrick Charteris. "Yet I have known something of the Highland runagates too."

"They show another favour, and a very different one, to their friends than to their enemies, as your lordship shall understand," said the Glover. "However, be that as it may, it chanced me to serve Gilchrist MacIlan in a high matter. It is now about eighteen years since, that it chanced, the Clan Quhele and Clan Chattan being at feud, as indeed they are seldom at peace, the former sustained such a defeat as well nigh extirpated the family of their chief, MacIlan. Seven of his sons were slain in battle and after it, himself put to flight, and his castle taken and given to the flames. His wife, then near the time of giving birth to an infant, fled into the forest, attended by one faithful servant and his daughter. Here, in sorrow and care enough, she gave birth to a boy; and as the misery of the mother's condition rendered her little able to suckle the infant, he was nursed with the milk of a doe, which the forester who attended her contrived to take alive in a snare. It was not many months afterwards, that, in a second encounter of these fierce clans, MacIlan defeated his enemies in his turn, and regained possession of the district which he had lost. It was with unexpected rapture, that he found his wife and child were in existence, having never expected to see more of them than the bleached bones, from which the wolves and wild-cats had eaten the flesh.

"But a strong and prevailing prejudice, such as is often entertained by these wild people, prevented their Chief from enjoying the full happiness arising from having thus regained his only son in safety. An ancient prophecy was current among them that the power of the tribe should fall by means of a boy born under a bush of holly, and suckled by a white doe. The circumstance, unfortunately for the Chief, tallied exactly with the birth of the only child which remained to him, and it was demanded of him by the elders of the clan, that the boy should be either put to death, or at least removed from the dominions of the tribe, and brought up in obscurity. Gilchrist MacIlan was obliged to consent; and having made choice of the latter proposal, the child, under the name of Conachar, was brought up in my family, with the purpose, as was at first intended, of concealing from him all knowledge who or what he was, or of his pretensions to authority over a numerous and warlike people. But as years rolled on, the elders of the tribe, who had exerted so much authority, were removed by death, or rendered incapable of interfering in the public affairs by age; while, on the other hand, the influence of Gilchrist MacIlan was increased by his successful struggles against the Clan Chattan, in which he restored the equality betwixt the two contending confederacies, which had existed before the calamitous defeat of which I told your honour. Feeling himself thus firmly seated, he naturally became desirous to bring home his only son to his bosom and family; and for that purpose, caused me to send the young Conachar, as he was called, more than once to the Highlands. He was a youth expressly made, by his form and gallantry of bearing,

to gain a father's heart. At length, I suppose the lad either guessed the secret of his birth, or something of it was communicated to him; and the disgust which the haughty Hieland varlet had always shown for my honest trade, became more manifest; so that I dared not so much as lay my staff over his costard, for fear of receiving a stab with a dirk, as an answer in Gaelic to a Saxon remark. It was then I wished to be well rid of him, the rather that he showed so much devotion to Catharine, who, forsooth, set herself up to wash the Ethiopian, and teach a wild Highlandman mercy and morals. She knows herself how it ended."

"Nay, my father," said Catharine, "it was surely but a point of charity to snatch the brand from the burning."

"But a small point of wisdom," said her father, "to risk the burning of your own fingers for such an end.—What says my lord to the matter?"

"My lord would not offend the Fair Maid of Perth," said Sir Patrick; "and he knows well the purity and truth of her mind. And yet I must needs say, that had this nursling of the doe been shrivelled, haggard, cross-made, and red-haired, like some Highlanders I have known, I question if the Fair Maiden of Perth would have bestowed so much zeal upon his conversion; and if Catharine had been as aged, wrinkled, and bent by years, as the old woman that opened the door to me this morning, I would wager my gold spurs against a pair of Highland brogues, that this wild roebuck would never have listened to a second lecture.—You laugh, Glover, and Catharine blushes a blush of anger. Let it pass, it is the way of the world."

"The way in which the men of the world esteem their neighbours, my lord," answered Catharine, with some spirit.

"Nay, fair saint, forgive a jest," said the knight; "and thou, Simon, tell us how this tale ended—with Conachar's escape to the Highlands, I suppose?"

"With his return thither," said the Glover. "There was, for some two or three years, a fellow about Perth, a sort of messenger, who came and went under divers pretences, but was in fact the means of communication between Gilchrist MacIlan and his son, young Conachar, or, as he is now called, Hector. From this gillie I learned, in general, that the banishment of the Dault an Neigh Dheil, or foster-child of the White Doe, was again brought under consideration of the tribe. His foster father, Torquil of the Oak, the old forester, appeared with eight sons, the finest men of the clan, and demanded that the doom of banishment should be revoked. He spoke with the greater authority, as he was himself Taishatar, or a seer, and supposed to have communication with the invisible world. He affirmed that he had performed a magical ceremony, termed Tin-Egan, by which he evoked a fiend, from whom he extorted a confession, that Conachar, now called Eachin, or Hector MacIlan, was the only man in the approaching combat between the two hostile clans, who should come off without blood or blemish. Hence, Torquil of the Oak argued that the presence of the fated person was necessary to insure the victory. 'So much am I possessed of this,' said the forester, 'that unless Eachin fight in his place in the ranks of the

Clan Quhele, neither I his foster-father, nor any of my eight sons, will lift a weapon in the quarrel.'

"This speech was received with much alarm; for the defection of nine men, the stoutest of their tribe, would be a serious blow, more especially if the combat, as begins to be rumoured, should be decided by a small number from each side. The ancient superstition concerning the foster-son of the White Doe was counterbalanced by a new and later prejudice, and the father took the opportunity of presenting to the clan his long-hidden son, whose youthful, but handsome and animated countenance, haughty carriage, and active limbs, excited the admiration of the clansmen, who joyfully received him as the heir and descendant of their Chief, notwithstanding the ominous presage attending his birth and nurture.

"From this tale, my lord," continued Simon Glover, "your lordship may easily conceive why I myself should be secure of a good reception among the Clan Quhele; and you may also have reason to judge that it would be very rash in me to carry Catharine thither. And this, noble lord, is the heaviest of my troubles."

"We shall lighten the load, then," said Sir Patrick; "and, good Glover, I will take risk for thee and this damsel. My alliance with the Douglas gives me some interest with Margery, Duchess of Rothsay, his daughter, the neglected wife of our wilful Prince. Rely on it, good Glover, that in her retinue thy daughter will be as secure as in a fenced castle. The Duchess keeps house now at Falkland, a castle which the Duke of Albany, to whom it belongs, has lent to her for her accommodation. I cannot promise you pleasure, Fair Maiden; for the duchess Marjory of Rothsay is unfortunate, and therefore splenetic, haughty, and overbearing; conscious of the want of attractive qualities, therefore jealous of those women who possess them. But she is firm in faith, and noble in spirit, and would fling pope or prelate into the ditch of her castle, who should come to arrest any one under her protection. You will therefore have absolute safety, though you may lack comfort."

"I have no title to more," said Catharine; "and deeply do I feel the kindness that is willing to secure me such honourable protection. If she be haughty, I will remember she is a Douglas, and hath right to entertain as much pride as may become a mortal.—If she be fretful, I will recollect that she is unfortunate—and if she be unreasonably captious, I will not forget that she is my protectress. Heed no longer for me, my lord, when you have placed me under the noble lady's charge.—But my poor father, to be exposed amongst these wild and dangerous people."

"Think not of that, Catharine," said the Glover: "I am as familiar with brogues and bracken as if I had worn them myself. I have only to fear that the decisive battle may be fought before I can leave this country; and if the Clan Quhele lose the combat, I may suffer by the ruin of my protectors."

"We must have that cared for," said Sir Patrick; "rely on my looking out for your safety.—But which party will carry the day, think you?"

"Frankly, my Lord Provost, I believe the Clan

Chattan will have the worse; these nine children of the forest form a third nearly of the band surrounding the Chief of Clan Quhele, and are redoubted champions."

"And your apprentice, will he stand to it, thinkest thou?"

"He is hot as fire, Sir Patrick, answered the Glover; "but he is also unstable as water. Nevertheless, if he is spared, he will be one day a brave man."

"But, as now, he has some of the White Doe's milk still lurking about his liver, ha, Simon?"

"He has little experience, my lord," said the Glover, "and I need not tell an honoured warrior like yourself, that danger must be familiar to us ere we can dally with it like a mistress."

This conversation brought them speedily to the Castle of Kinfauns, where, after a short refreshment, it was necessary that the father and the daughter should part, in order to seek their respective places of refuge. It was then first, as she saw that her father's anxiety on her account had drowned all recollections of his friend, that Catharine dropped, as if in a dream, the name of "Henry Gow."

"True, most true," continued her father; "we must possess him of our purposes."

"Leave that to me," said Sir Patrick. "I will not trust to a messenger, not will I send a letter, because, if I could write one I think he could not read it. He will suffer anxiety in the meanwhile, but I will ride to Perth to-morrow by times, and acquaint him with your designs."

The time of separation now approached. It was a bitter moment; but the manly character of the old burgher, and the devout resignation of Catharine to the will of Providence, made it lighter than might have been expected. The good knight hurried the departure of the burgess, but in the kindest manner; and even went so far as to offer him some gold pieces in loan, which might, where specie was so scarce, be considered as the *ne plus ultra* of regard. The Glover, however, assured him he was amply provided, and departed on his journey in a north-westerly direction. The hospitable protection of Sir Patrick Charteris was no less manifested towards his fair guest. She was placed under the charge of a duenna, who managed the good Knight's household, and was compelled to remain several days in Kinfauns, owing to the obstacles and delays interposed by a Tay boatman, named Kitt Stenshaw, to whose charge she was to be committed, and whom the Provost highly trusted.

Thus were severed the child and parent in a moment of great danger and difficulty, much augmented by circumstances of which they were then ignorant, and which seemed greatly to diminish any chance of safety that remained for them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"This Austin humbly did."—"Did he?" quoth he.

"Austin may do the same again for me."

POPE'S *Prologue to Canterbury Tales from Chaucer.*

THE course of our story will be best pursued by attending the course of Simon Glover. It is not our

purpose to indicate the exact local boundaries of the two contending clans, especially since they are not clearly pointed out by the historians who have transmitted accounts of this memorable feud. It is sufficient to say, that the territory of the Clan Chattan extended far and wide, comprehending Caithness and Sutherland, and having for their paramount chief the powerful Earl of the latter shire, thence called Mohr ar chat. In this general sense, the Keiths, the Sinclairs, the Guns, and other families and clans of great power, were included in the confederacy. These, however, were not engaged in the present quarrel, which was limited to that part of the Clan Chattan occupying the extensive mountainous districts of Perthshire and Inverness-shire, which form a large portion of what is called the north-eastern Highlands. It is well known that two large clans, unquestionably known to belong to the Clan Chattan, the MacPhersons and the MacIntoshes, dispute to this day which of their chieftains was at the head of this Badenoch branch of the great confederacy, and both have of later times assumed the title of Captain of Clan Chattan. *Non nostrum est*—But, at all events, Badenoch must have been the centre of the confederacy, so far as involved in the feud of which we treat.

Of the rival league of Clan Quhele, or, as it is called by later authorities, Clan Kay, we have a still less distinct account, for reasons which will appear in the sequel. Buchanan and later authors have since identified them with the numerous and powerful sept of MacKay. If this is done on good authority, which is to be doubted, the MacKays must have shifted their settlements greatly since the reign of Robert II, since they are now to be found (as a clan) in the extreme northern parts of Scotland, in the counties of Ross and Sutherland. We cannot, therefore, be so clear as we would wish in the geography of the story. Suffice it, that directing his course in a north-westerly direction, the Glover travelled for a day's journey in the direction of the Breadalbane country, from which he hoped to reach the Castle where Gilchrist MacIain, the captain of the clan Quhele, and the father of his pupil Conachar, usually held his residence, with a barbarous pomp of attendance and ceremonial, suited to his lofty pretensions.

We need not stop to describe the toil and terrors of such a journey, where the path was to be traced among wastes and mountains, now ascending precipitous ravines, now plunging into inextricable bogs, and often intersected with large brooks, and even rivers. But all these perils Simon Glover had before encountered, in quest of honest gain; and it was not to be supposed that he shunned or feared them where liberty, and life itself, were at stake.

The danger from the warlike and uncivilized inhabitants of these wilds, would have appeared to another at least as formidable as the perils of the journey. But Simon's knowledge of the manners and language of the people assured him on this point also. An appeal to the hospitality of the wildest Gael, was never unsuccessful; and the kern, that in other circumstances would have taken a man's life for the silver button of his cloak, would deprive himself of a meal to relieve the traveller who implored hospitality at the door of his bothy. The art

of travelling was to appear as confident and defenceless as possible; and accordingly the Glover carried no arms whatever, journeyed without the least appearance of precaution, and took good care to exhibit nothing which might excite cupidity. Another rule which he deemed it prudent to observe, was to avoid communication with any of the passengers whom he might chance to meet, except in the interchange of the common civilities of salutation, which the Highlanders rarely omit. Few opportunities occurred of exchanging even such passing greetings. The country, always lonely, seemed now entirely forsaken; and even in the little straths or valleys which he had occasion to pass or traverse, the hamlets were deserted, and the inhabitants had betaken themselves to woods and caves. This was easily accounted for, considering the imminent dangers of a feud, which all expected would become one of the most general signals for plunder and ravage that had ever distracted that unhappy country.

Simon began to be alarmed at this state of desolation. He had made a halt since he left Kinfauns, to allow his nag some rest; and now he began to be anxious how he was to pass the night. He had reckoned upon spending it at the cottage of an old acquaintance, called Niel Booshalloch (or the Cowherd); because he had charge of numerous herds of cattle belonging to the Captain of Clan Quhele, for which purpose he had a settlement on the banks of the Tay, not far from the spot where it leaves the lake of the same name. From this his old host and friend, with whom he had transacted many bargains for hides and furs, the old Glover hoped to learn the present state of the country, the prospect of peace or war, and the best measures to be taken for his own safety. It will be remembered, that the news of the indentures of battle entered into for diminishing the extent of the feud, had only been communicated to King Robert the day before the Glover left Perth, and did not become public till some time afterwards.

"If Niel Booshalloch hath left his dwelling like the rest of them, I shall be finely helped up," thought Simon, "since I want not only the advantage of his good advice, but also his interest with Gilchrist MacIain; and moreover, a night's quarters and a supper."

Thus reflecting, he reached the top of a swelling green hill, and saw the splendid vision of Loch Tay lying beneath him, an immense plate of polished silver, its dark heathy mountains and leafless thickets of oak serving as an arabesque frame to a magnificent mirror.

Indifferent to natural beauty at any time, Simon Glover was now particularly so; and the only part of the splendid landscape on which he turned his eye, was the angle or loop of meadow land, where the river Tay, rushing in full-sworn dignity from its parent lake, and wheeling around a beautiful valley of about a mile in breadth, begins his broad course to the south-eastward, like a conqueror and a legislator, to subdue and to enrich remote districts. Upon the sequestered spot, which is so beautifully situated between lake, mountain, and river, arose afterwards the feudal castle of Ballough, which in our time has been succeeded by the splendid palace of the Earl of Breadalbane.

But the Campbells, though they had already attained very great power in Argyleshire, had not yet extended themselves so far eastward as Loch Tay, the banks of which were, either by right, or in mere occupancy, possessed for the present by the Clan Quhele, whose choicest herds were fattened on the margin of the lake. In this valley, therefore, between the river and the lake, amid extensive forests of oak-wood, hazel, rowan-tree, and larches, arose the humble cottage of Niel Booshalloch, a village Eumæus, whose hospitable chimneys were seen to smoke plentifully, to the great encouragement of Simon Glover, who might otherwise have been obliged to spend the night in the open air, to his no small discomfort.

He reached the door of the cottage, whistled, shouted, and made his approach known. There was a baying of hounds and collies, and presently the master of the hut came forth. There was much care on his brow, and he seemed surprised at the sight of Simon Glover, though the herdsman covered both as well as he might; for nothing in that region could be reckoned more uncivil, than for the landlord to suffer anything to escape him, in look or gesture, which might induce the visitor to think that his arrival was an unpleasing, or even an unexpected incident. The traveller's horse was conducted to a stable, which was almost too low to receive him, and the Glover himself was led into the mansion of the Booshalloch, where, according to the custom of the country, bread and cheese was placed before the traveller, while more solid food was preparing. Simon, who understood all their habits, took no notice of the obvious marks of sadness on the brow of his entertainer, and on those of the family until he had eaten somewhat for form's sake; after which he asked the general question, Was there any news in the country?

"Bad news as ever were told," said the herdsman; "our father is no more."

"How?" said Simon, greatly alarmed, "is the Captain of the Clan Quhele dead?"

"The Captain of the Clan Quhele never dies," answered the Booshalloch; "but Gilchrist MacIain died twenty hours since, and his son, Eachin MacIain, is now Captain."

"What, Eachin—that is Conachar—my apprentice?"

"As little of that subject as you list, brother Simon," said the herdsman. "It is to be remembered, friend, that your craft, which doth very well for a living in the douce city of Perth, is something too mechanical to be much esteemed at the foot of Ben Lawers, and on the banks of Loch Tay. We have not a Gaelic word by which we can even name a maker of gloves."

"It would be strange if you had, friend Niel," said Simon, drily, "having so few gloves to wear. I think there be none in the whole Clan Quhele, save those which I myself gave to Gilchrist MacIain, whom God assoilzie, who esteemed them a choice propine. Most deeply do I regret his death, for I was coming to him on express business."

"You had better turn the nag's head southward with morning light," said the herdsman. "The funeral is instantly to take place, and it must be with short ceremony; for there is a battle to be fought by

the Clan Quhele and the Clan Chattan, thirty champions on a side, as soon as Palm Sunday next, and we have brief time either to lament the dead or honour the living."

"Yet are my affairs so pressing, that I must needs see the young Chief, were it but for a quarter of an hour," said the Glover.

"Hark thee, friend," replied his host, "I think thy business must be either to gather money or to make traffic. Now, if the Chief owe thee anything for upbringing or otherwise, ask him not to pay it when all the treasures of the tribe are called in for making gallant preparation of arms and equipment for their combatants, that we may meet these proud hill-cats in a fashion to show ourselves their superiors. But if thou comest to practise commerce with us, thy time is still worse chosen. Thou knowest that thou art already envied of many of our tribe, for having had the fosterage of the young Chief, which is a thing usually given to the best of the clan."

"But, St Mary, man!" exclaimed the Glover, "men should remember the office was not conferred on me as a favour which I courted, but that it was accepted by me on importunity and entreaty, to my no small prejudice. This Conachar, or Hector of yours, or whatever you call him, has destroyed me doe-skins to the amount of many pounds Scots."

"There again, now," said the Booshalloch, "you have spoken a word to cost your life;—any allusion to skins or hides, or especially to deer and does, may incur no less a forfeit. The Chief is young, and jealous of his rank—none knows the reason better than thou, friend Glover. He will naturally wish that everything concerning the opposition to his succession, and having reference to his exile, should be totally forgotten; and he will not hold him in affection who shall recall the recollection of his people, or force back his own, upon what they must both remember with pain. Think how, at such a moment, they will look on the old Glover of Perth, to whom the Chief was so long apprentice!—Come, come, old friend, you have erred in this. You are in over great haste to worship the rising sun, while his beams are yet level with the horizon. Come thou when he has climbed higher in the heavens, and thou shalt have thy share of the warmth of his noonday height."

"Niel Booshalloch," said the Glover, "we have been old friends as thou say'st; and as I think thee a true one, I will speak to thee freely, though what I say might be perilous if spoken to others of thy clan. Thou think'st I come hither to make my own profit of thy young Chief, and it is natural thou shouldst think so. But I would not, at my years, quit my own chimney corner in Curfew-street, to bask me in the beams of the brightest sun that ever shone upon Highland heather. The very truth is, I come hither in extremity—my foes have the advantage of me, and have laid things to my charge whereof I am incapable, even in thought. Nevertheless, doom is like to go forth against me, and there is no remedy but that I must up and fly, or remain and perish. I come to your young Chief, as one who had refuge with me in his distress; who ate of my bread and drank of my cup. I ask of him refuge, which, as I trust, I shall need but a short time."

"That makes a different case," replied the herds-

man. "So different, that if you came at midnight to the gate of MacIain, having the King of Scotland's head in your hand, and a thousand men in pursuit for the avenging of his blood, I could not think it for his honour to refuse you protection. And for your innocence and guilt, it concerns not the case,—or rather, he ought the more to shelter you if guilty, seeing your necessity and his risk are both in that case the greater. I must straightway to him, that no hasty tongue tell him of your arriving hither without saying the cause."

"A pity of your trouble," said the Glover; "but where lies the Chief?"

"He is quartered about ten miles hence, busied with the affairs of the funeral, and with preparations for the combat—the dead to the grave, and the living to battle."

"It is a long way, and will take you all night to go and come," said the Glover; "and I am very sure that Conachar, when he knows it is I who—"

"Forget Conachar," said the herdsman, placing his finger on his lips. "And as for the ten miles, they are but a Highland leap, when one bears a message between his friend and his Chief."

So saying, and committing the traveller to the charge of his eldest son and his daughter, the active herdsman left his house two hours before midnight, to which he returned long before sunrise. He did not disturb his wearied guest, but on arising in the morning, he acquainted him that the funeral of the late Chieftain was to take place the same day, and that, although Eachin MacIain could not invite a Saxon to the funeral, he would be glad to receive him at the entertainment which was to follow.

"His will must be obeyed," said the Glover, half smiling at the change of relation between himself and his late apprentice. "The man is the master now, and I trust he will remember, that when matters were otherwise between us, I did not use my authority ungraciously."

"Traut shoe, friend!" exclaimed the Booshalloch, "the less of that you say the better. You will find yourself a right welcome guest to Eachin, and the deil a man dares stir you within his bounds. But fare you well, for I must go, as beseems me, to the burial of the best Chief the clan ever had, and the wisest Captain that ever cocked the sweet-gale (bog-myrtle) in his bonnet. Farewell to you for a while, and if you will go to the top of the Toman-Lonach behind the house, you will see a gallant sight, and hear such a coronach as will reach the top of Ben Lawers. A boat will wait for you, three hours hence, at a wee bit creek about half a mile westward from the head of the Tay."

With these words he took his departure, followed by his three sons, to man the boat in which he was to join the rest of the mourners, and two daughters, whose voices were wanted to join in the Lament, which was chanted, or rather screamed, on such occasions of general affliction.

Simon Glover, finding himself alone, resorted to the stable to look after his nag, who, he found, had been well served with graddan, or bread made of scorched barley. Of this kindness he was fully sensible, knowing that, probably, the family had little of this delicacy left to themselves, until the next harvest

should bring them a scanty supply. In animal food they were well provided, and the lake found them abundance of fish for their lenten diet, which they did not observe very strictly; but bread was a delicacy very scanty in the Highlands. The bogs afforded a soft species of hay, none of the best to be sure; but Scottish horses, like their riders, were then accustomed to hard fare. Gauntlet, for this was the name of the palfrey, had his stall crammed full of dried fern for litter, and was otherwise as well provided for as Highland hospitality could contrive.

Simon Glover being thus left to his own painful reflections, nothing better remained, after having seen after the comforts of the dumb companion of his journey, than to follow the herdsman's advice; and ascending towards the top of an eminence called Tom-an-Lonach, or the Knoll of Yew Trees, after a walk of half an hour he reached the summit, and could look down on the broad expanse of the lake, of which the height commanded a noble view. A few aged and scattered yew-trees, of great size, still vindicated for the beautiful green hill the name attached to it. But a far greater number had fallen a sacrifice to the general demand for bow-staves in that warlike age, the bow being a weapon much used by the mountaineers, though those which they employed, as well as their arrows, were, in shape and form, and especially in efficacy, far inferior to the archery of merry England. The dark and shattered individual yews which remained, were like the veterans of a broken host occupying in disorder some post of advantage, with the stern purpose of resisting to the last. Behind this eminence, but detached from it, arose a higher hill, partly covered with copsewood, partly opening into glades of pasture, where the cattle strayed, finding a scanty sustenance among the spring-heads and marshy places, where the fresh grass began first to arise.

The opposite, or northern shore of the lake, presented a far more Alpine prospect than that upon which the Glover was stationed. Woods and thickets ran up the sides of the mountains, and disappeared among the sinuosities formed by the winding ravines which separated them from each other; but far above these specimens of a tolerable natural soil, arose the swart and bare mountains themselves, in the dark grey desolation proper to the season.

Some were peaked, some broad-crested, some rocky and precipitous, others of a tamer outline; and the clan of Titans seemed to be commanded by their appropriate chieftains—the frowning mountain of Ben Lawers, and the still more lofty eminence of Ben Mohr, arising high above the rest, whose peaks retain a dazzling helmet of snow far into the summer season, and sometimes during the whole year. Yet the borders of this wild and sylvan region, where the mountains descended upon the lake, intimated, even at that early period, many traces of human habitation. Hamlets were seen, especially on the northern margin of the lake, half hid among the little glens that poured their tributary streams into Loch Tay, which, like many earthly things, made a fair show at a distance, but, when more closely approached, were disgusting and repulsive, from their squalid want of the conveniences which attend even Indian wigwams.

VOL. VII.

They were inhabited by a race who neither cultivated the earth, nor cared for the enjoyments which industry procures. The women, although otherwise treated with affection, and even delicacy of respect, discharged all the absolutely necessary domestic labour. The men, excepting some reluctant use of an ill-formed plough, or more frequently a spade, grudgingly gone through, and as a task infinitely beneath them, took no other employment than the charge of the herds of black cattle, in which their wealth consisted. At all other times, they hunted, fished, or marauded, during the brief intervals of peace, by way of pastime; plundering with bolder license, and fighting with embittered animosity, in time of war, which, public or private, upon a broader or a more restricted scale, formed the proper business of their lives, and the only one which they esteemed worthy of them.

The magnificent bosom of the lake itself was a scene to gaze on with delight. Its noble breadth, with its termination in a full and beautiful run, was rendered yet more picturesque by one of those islets which are often happily situated in Scottish lakes. The ruins upon that isle, now almost shapeless, being overgrown with wood, rose, at the time we speak of, into the towers and pinnacles of a priory where slumbered the remains of Sibilla, daughter of Henry I of England, and consort of Alexander the First of Scotland. This holy place had been deemed of dignity sufficient to be the deposit of the remains of the Captain of the Clan Quhele, at least till times when the removal of the danger, now so imminently pressing, should permit of his body being conveyed to a distinguished convent in the north, where he was destined ultimately to repose with all his ancestry.

A number of boats pushed off from various points of the near and more distant shore, many displaying sable banners, and others having their several pipers in the bow, who from time to time poured forth a few notes of a shrill, plaintive, and wailing character, and intimated to the Glover that the ceremony was about to take place. These sounds of lamentation were but the tuning as it were of the instruments, compared with the general wail which was speedily to be raised.

A distant sound was heard from far up the lake, even as it seemed from the remote and distant glens, out of which the Dochart and the Lochy pour their streams into Loch Tay. It was in a wild inaccessible spot, where the Campbells at a subsequent period founded their strong fortress of Finlayrigg, that the redoubted commander of the Clan Quhele drew his last breath; and, to give due pomp to his funeral, his corpse was now to be brought down the Loch to the island assigned for his temporary place of rest. The funeral fleet, led by the Chieftain's barge, from which a huge black banner was displayed, had made more than two thirds of its voyage ere it was visible from the eminence on which Simon Glover stood to overlook the ceremony. The instant the distant wail of the coronach was heard proceeding from the attendants on the funeral barge, all the subordinate sounds of lamentation were hushed at once, as the raven ceases to croak and the hawk to whistle, whenever the scream of the eagle is heard. The boats, which had floated hither and thither upon the lake, like a flock of water-fowl dispersing them-

31

selves on its surface, now drew together with an appearance of order, that the funeral flotilla might pass onward, and that they themselves might fall into their proper places. In the meanwhile the piercing din of the war-pipes became louder and louder, and the cry from the numberless boats which followed that from which the black banner of the Chief was displayed, rose in wild unison up to the Tom-an-Lonach, from which the Glover viewed the spectacle. The galley which headed the procession, bore on its poop a species of scaffold, upon which, arrayed in white linen, and with the face bare, was displayed the corpse of the deceased Chieftain. His son, and the nearest relatives, filled the vessel, while a great number of boats, of every description that could be assembled, either on Loch Tay itself, or brought by land-carriage from Loch Earn and otherwise, followed in the rear, some of them of very frail materials. There were even currachs, composed of ox-hides stretched over hoops of willow, in the manner of the ancient British; and some committed themselves to rafts formed for the occasion, from the readiest materials that occurred, and united in such a precarious manner as to render it probable, that, before the accomplishment of the voyage, some of the clansmen of the deceased might be sent to attend their Chieftain in the world of spirits.

When the principal flotilla came in sight of the smaller group of boats collected towards the foot of the lake, and bearing off from the little island, they hailed each other with a shout so loud and general, and terminating in a cadence so wildly prolonged, that not only the deer fled from their caves for miles around, and sought the distant recesses of the mountains, but even the domestic cattle, accustomed to the voice of man, felt the full panic which the human shout strikes into the wilder tribes, and like them fled from their pasture into morasses and dingles.

Summoned forth from their convents by those sounds, the monks who inhabited the little islet, began to issue from its lowly portal, with cross and banner, and as much of ecclesiastical state as they had the means of displaying; their bells at the same time, of which the edifice possessed three, pealing the death-toll over the long lake, which came to the ears of the now silent multitude, mingled with the solemn chant of the Catholic church, raised by the monks in their procession. Various ceremonies were gone through, while the kindred of the deceased carried the body ashore, and, placing it on a bank long consecrated to the purpose, made the Deasil* around the departed. When the corpse was uplifted to be borne into the church, another united yell burst from the assembled multitude, in which the deep shout of warriors, and the shrill wail of females, joined their notes with the tremulous voice of age, and the babbling cry of childhood. The coronach was again, and for the last time, shrieked, as the body was carried into the interior of the church, where only the nearest relatives of the deceased, and the most distinguished of the

leaders of the clan, were permitted to enter. The last yell of woe was so terribly loud, and answered by so many hundred echoes, that the citizen of Perth instinctively raised his hands to his ears, to shut out, or deaden at least, a sound so piercing. He kept this attitude, while the hawks, owls, and other birds, scared by the wild scream, had begun to settle in their retreats, when, as he withdrew his hands, a voice, close by him, said,—

“Think you this, Simon Glover, the hymn of penitence and praise, with which it becomes poor forlorn man, cast out from his tenement of clay, to be wafted into the presence of his Maker?”

The Glover turned, and in the old man, with a long white beard, who stood close beside him, had no difficulty, from the clear mild eye, and the benevolent cast of features, to recognize the Carthusian monk father Clement, no longer wearing his monastic habiliments, but wrapped in a frieze mantle, and having a Highland cap on his head.

It may be recollected that the Glover regarded this man with a combined feeling of respect and dislike—respect, which his judgment could not deny to the monk's person and character, and dislike, which arose from father Clement's peculiar doctrines being the cause of his daughter's exile and his own distress. It was not, therefore, with sentiments of unmixed satisfaction, that he returned the greetings of the father, and replied to the reiterated question, What he thought of the funeral rites, which were discharged in so wild a manner,—“I know not, my good father; but these men do their duty to their deceased Chief according to the fashion of their ancestors; they mean it to express their regret for their friend's loss, and their prayers to Heaven in his behalf; and that which is done of good will, must, to my thinking, be accepted favourably. Had it been otherwise, methinks they had ere now been enlightened to do better.”

“Thou art deceived,” answered the Monk. “God has sent his light amongst us all, though in various proportions; but man wilfully shuts his eyes and prefers darkness. This benighted people mingle with the ritual of the Roman Church, the old heathen ceremonies of their own fathers, and thus unite with the abominations of a church corrupted by wealth and power, the cruel and bloody ritual of savage Paynims.”

“Father,” said Simon, abruptly, “methinks your presence were more useful in yonder chapel, aiding your brethren in the discharge of their clerical duties, than in troubling and unsettling the belief of a humble, though ignorant Christian, like myself.”

“And wherefore say, good brother, that I would unfix thy principles of belief?” answered Clement. “So Heaven deal with me, as, were my life-blood necessary to cement the mind of any man to the holy religion he professeth, it should be freely poured out for the purpose.”

“Your speech is fair, father, I grant you,” said the Glover; “but if I am to judge the doctrine by the fruits, Heaven has punished me by the hand of the Church, for having hearkened thereto. Ere I heard you, my confessor was little moved, though I might have owned to have told a merry tale upon the ale-bench, even if a friar or a nun were the subject. If at a time I had called father Hubert a better hunter

* A very ancient custom, which consists in going three times round the body of a dead or living person, imploring blessings upon him. The Deasil must be performed sun-ways, that is, by moving from right to left. If misfortune is imprecated, the party moves withershins (German, *Widdersins*), that is, from left to right.

of hares than of souls, I confessed me to the vicar Vinesauf, who laughed and made me pay a reckoning for penance—or if I had said that the vicar Vinesauf was more constant to his cup than to his breviary, I confessed me to father Hubert, and a new hawking-glove made all well again; and thus I, my conscience, and Mother Church, lived together on terms of peace, friendship, and mutual forbearance. But since I have listened to you, father Clement, this goodly union is broke to pieces, and nothing is thundered in my ear but purgatory in the next world, and fire and faggot in this. Therefore, avoid you, father Clement, or speak to those who can understand your doctrine. I have no heart to be a martyr; I have never in my whole life had courage enough so much as to snuff a candle with my fingers; and, to speak the truth, I am minded to go back to Perth, sue out my pardon in the spiritual court, carry my faggot to the gallows' foot, in token of recantation, and purchase myself once more the name of a good Catholic, were it at the price of all the worldly wealth that remains to me."

"You are angry, my dearest brother," said Clement; "and repent you on the pinch of a little worldly danger, and a little worldly loss, for the good thoughts which you once entertained."

"You speak at ease, father Clement, since I think you have long forsworn the wealth and goods of the world, and are prepared to yield up your life, when it is demanded, in exchange for the doctrine you preach and believe. You are as ready to put on your pitched shirt and brimstone head-gear, as a naked man is to go to his bed, and it would seem you have not much more reluctance to the ceremony. But I still wear that which clings to me. My wealth is still my own, and I thank Heaven it is a decent pittance whereon to live—my life, too, is that of a hale old man of sixty, who is in no haste to bring it to a close—and if I were poor as Job, and on the edge of the grave, must I not still cling to my daughter, whom your doctrines have already cost so dear?"

"Thy daughter, friend Simon," said the Carmelite, "may be truly called an angel upon earth."

"Ay; and by listening to your doctrines, Father, she is now like to be called on to be an angel in heaven, and to be transported thither in a chariot of fire."

"Nay, my good brother," said Clement, "desist, I pray you, to speak of what you little understand. Since it is wasting time to show thee the light that thou chafest against, yet listen to that which I have to say touching thy daughter, whose temporal felicity, though I weigh it not even for an instant in the scale against that which is spiritual, is, nevertheless, in its order, as dear to Clement Blair as to her own father."

The tears stood in the old man's eyes as he spoke, and Simon Glover was in some degree mollified as he again addressed him.

"One would think thee, Father Clement, the kindest and most amiable of men; how comes it then that thy steps are haunted by general ill-will, wherever thou chancest to turn them? I could lay my life thou hast contrived already to offend yonder half score of poor friars in their water-girdled cage, and that you have been prohibited from attendance on the funeral?"

"Even so, my son," said the Carthusian, "and I doubt whether their malice will suffer me to remain in this country. I did but speak a few sentences about the superstition and folly of frequenting St Fillan's Church, to detect theft by means of his bell—of bathing mad patients in his pool, to cure their infirmity of mind—and lo! the persecutors have cast me forth of their communion, as they will speedily cast me out of this life."

"Lo you there now," said the Glover, "see what it is for a man that cannot take a warning! Well, father Clement, men will not cast me forth unless it were as a companion of yours. I pray you, therefore, tell me what you have to say of my daughter, and let us be less neighbours than we have been."

"This then, brother Simon, I have to acquaint you with. This young Chief, who is swoln with contemplation of his own power and glory, loves one thing better than it all, and that is thy daughter."

"He, Conachar!" exclaimed Simon. "My runaway apprentice look up to my daughter!"

"Alas!" said Clement, "how close sits our worldly pride, even as ivy clings to the wall, and cannot be separated!—Look up to thy daughter, good Simon? Alas, no! The Captain of Clan Quhele, great as he is, and greater as he soon expects to be, looks down to the daughter of the Perth burgess, and considers himself demeaned in doing so. But, to use his own profane expression, Catharine is dearer to him than life here, and Heaven hereafter—he cannot live without her."

"Then he may die, if he lists," said Simon Glover, "for she is betrothed to an honest burgess of Perth; and I would not break my word to make my daughter bride to the Prince of Scotland."

"I thought it would be your answer," replied the Monk;—"I would, worthy friend, thou couldst carry into thy spiritual concerns some part of that daring and resolved spirit with which thou canst direct thy temporal affairs."

"Hush thee—hush, father Clement!" answered the Glover; "when thou fallest into that vein of argument, thy words savour of blazing tar, and that is a scent I like not. As to Catharine, I must manage as I can, so as not to displease the young dignitary; but well is it for me that she is far beyond his reach."

"She must then be distant indeed," said the Carmelite. "And now, brother Simon, since you think it perilous to own me and my opinions, I must walk alone with my own doctrines, and the dangers they draw on me. But should your eye, less blinded than it now is by worldly hopes and fears, ever turn a glance back on him, who soon may be snatched from you, remember, that by nought, save a deep sense of the truth and importance of the doctrine which he taught, could Clement Blair have learned to encounter, nay, to provoke, the animosity of the powerful and inveterate, to alarm the fears of the jealous and timid, to walk in the world as he belonged not to it, and to be accounted mad of men, that he might, if possible, win souls to God. Heaven be my witness, that I would comply in all lawful things, to conciliate the love and sympathy of my fellow-creatures! It is no light thing to be shunned by the worthy as an infected patient; to be persecuted by

the Pharisees of the day as an unbelieving heretic ; to be regarded with horror at once and contempt by the multitude, who consider me as a madman, who may be expected to turn mischievous. But were all those evils multiplied an hundred fold, the fire within must not be stifled, the voice which says within me—Speak, must receive obedience. Woe unto me if I preach not the Gospel, even should I at length preach it from amidst the pile of flames!”

So spoke this bold witness; one of those whom Heaven raised up from time to time, to preserve amidst the most ignorant ages, and to carry down to those which succeeded them, a manifestation of unadulterated Christianity, from the time of the Apostles to the age when, favoured by the invention of printing, the Reformation broke out in full splendour. The selfish policy of the Glover was exposed in his own eyes; and he felt himself contemptible as he saw the Carmelite turn from him in all the hallowedness of resignation. He was even conscious of a momentary inclination to follow the example of the preacher's philanthropy and disinterested zeal; but it glanced like a flash of lightning through a dark vault, where there lies nothing to catch the blaze; and he slowly descended the hill, in a direction different from that of the Carthusian, forgetting him and his doctrines, and buried in anxious thoughts about his child's fate and his own.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE funeral obsequies being over, the same flotilla which had proceeded in solemn and sad array down the lake, prepared to return with displayed banners, and every demonstration of mirth and joy; for there was but brief time to celebrate festivals, when the awful conflict betwixt the Clan Quhele and their most formidable rivals so nearly approached. It had been agreed, therefore, that the funeral feast should be blended with that usually given at the inauguration of the young Chief.

Some objections were made to this arrangement, as containing an evil omen. But, on the other hand, it had a species of recommendation, from the habits and feelings of the Highlanders, who, to this day, are wont to mingle a degree of solemn mirth with their mourning, and something resembling melancholy with their mirth. The usual aversion to speak or think of those who have been beloved and lost, is less known to this grave and enthusiastic race, than it is to others. You hear not only the young mention (as is every where usual) the merits and the character of parents, who have, in the course of nature, predeceased them; but the widowed partner speaks, in ordinary conversation, of the lost spouse, and, what is still stranger, the parents allude frequently to the beauty or valour of the child whom they have interred. The Scottish Highlanders appear to regard the separation of friends by death, as something less absolute and complete than it is generally esteemed in other countries, and converse of the dear connexions who have sought the grave before them, as if they had gone upon a long journey in which they themselves must soon follow. The funeral feast, therefore, being a general custom throughout Scotland, was not, in the opinion of those who were to share

it, unseemingly mingled, on the present occasion, with the festivities which hailed the succession to the Chieftainship.

The barge which had lately borne the dead to the grave, now conveyed the young MacIain to his new command; and the minstrels sent forth their gayest notes to gratulate Eachin's succession, as they had lately sounded their most doleful dirges when carrying Gilchrist to his grave. From the attendant flotilla rang notes of triumph and jubilee, instead of those yells of lamentation, which had so lately disturbed the echoes of Loch Tay; and a thousand voices hailed the youthful Chieftain as he stood on the poop, armed at all points, in the flower of early youth, beauty, and activity, on the very spot where his father's corpse had so lately been extended, and surrounded by triumphant friends, as that had been by desolate mourners. One boat kept closest of the flotilla to the honoured galley. Torquil of the Oak, a grizzled giant, was steersman; and his eight sons, each exceeding the ordinary stature of mankind, pulled the oars. Like some powerful and favourite wolf-hound, unloosed from his couples, and frolicking around a liberal master, the boat of the foster-brethren passed the Chieftain's barge, now on one side, and now on another, and even rowed around it, as if in extravagance of joy; while, at the same time, with the jealous vigilance of the animal we have compared it to, they made it dangerous for any other of the flotilla to approach so near as themselves, from the risk of being run down by their impetuous and reckless manœuvres. Raised to an eminent rank in the clan by the succession of their foster-brother to the command of the Clan Quhele, this was the tumultuous and almost terrible mode in which they testified their peculiar share in their Chief's triumph.

Far behind, and with different feelings, on the part of one at least of the company, came the small boat, in which, manned by the Booshalloch and one of his sons, Simon Glover was a passenger.

“If we are bound for the head of the lake,” said Simon to his friend, “we shall hardly be there for hours.”

But as he spoke, the crew of the boat of the foster-brethren, or Leichtach, on a signal from the Chief's galley, lay on their oars until the Booshalloch's boat came up, and throwing on board a rope of hides, which Niel made fast to the head of his skiff, they stretched to their oars once more; and notwithstanding they had the small boat in tow, swept through the lake with almost the same rapidity as before. The skiff was tugged on with a velocity which seemed to hazard the pulling her under water, or the separation of her head from her other timbers.

Simon Glover saw with anxiety the reckless fury of their course, and the bows of the boat occasionally brought within an inch or two of the level of the water; and though his friend Niel Booshalloch assured him it was all done in especial honour, he heartily wished his voyage might have a safe termination. It had so, and much sooner than he apprehended; for the place of festivity was not four miles distant from the sepulchral island, being chosen to suit the Chieftain's course, which lay to the south-east, so soon as the banquet should be concluded.

A bay on the southern side of Loch Tay presented a beautiful beach of sparkling sand, on which the boats might land with ease, and a dry meadow, covered with turf, verdant considering the season, behind and around which rose high banks, fringed with copsewood, and displaying the lavish preparations which had been made for the entertainment.

The Highlanders, well known for ready hatchet-men, had constructed a long harbour or sylvan banquetting-room, capable of receiving two hundred men, while a number of smaller huts around seemed intended for sleeping apartments. The uprights, the couples, and roof-tree of the temporary hall, were composed of mountain-pine, still covered with its bark. The framework of the sides was of planks or spars of the same material, closely interwoven with the leafy boughs of the fir and other evergreens, which the neighbouring woods afforded, while the hills had furnished plenty of heath to form the roof. Within this sylvan palace the most important personages present were invited to hold high festival. Others of less note were to feast in various long sheds, constructed with less care; and tables of sod, or rough planks, placed in the open air, were allotted to the numberless multitude. At a distance were to be seen piles of glowing charcoal or blazing wood, around which countless cooks toiled, bustled, and fretted, like so many demons working in their native element. Pits, wrought in the hill-side and lined with heated stones, served for stewing immense quantities of beef, mutton, and venison—wooden spits supported sheep and goats, which were roasted entire; others were cut into joints and seethed in cauldrons made of the animal's own skins, sewed hastily together and filled with water; while huge quantities of pike, trout, salmon, and char, were broiled with more ceremony on glowing embers. The Glover had seen many a Highland banquet, but never one the preparations for which were on such a scale of barbarous profusion.

He had little time, however, to admire the scene around him; for, as soon as they landed on the beach, the Booshalloch observed with some embarrassment, that as they had not been bidden to the table of the dais, to which he seemed to have expected an invitation, they had best secure a place in one of the inferior bothies or booths; and was leading the way in that direction, when he was stopped by one of the body-guards, seeming to act as master of ceremonies, who whispered something in his ear.

"I thought so," said the herdsman, much relieved, "I thought neither the stranger, nor the man that has my charge, would be left out at the high table."

They were conducted accordingly into the ample lodge, within which were long ranges of tables already mostly occupied by the guests, while those who acted as domestics were placing upon them the abundant though rude materials of the festival. The young Chief, although he certainly saw the Glover and the herdsman enter, did not address any personal salute to either, and their places were assigned them in a distant corner, far beneath the Salt (a huge piece of antique silver-plate), the only article of value that the table displayed, and which was regarded by the Clan as a species of palladium,

only produced and used on the most solemn occasions, such as the present.

The Booshalloch, somewhat discontented, muttered to Simon as he took his place,—“These are changed days, friend. His father, rest his soul, would have spoken to us both; but these are bad manners which he has learned among you Sassenachs in the Low Country.”

To this remark the Glover did not think it necessary to reply, instead of which he adverted to the evergreens, and particularly to the skins and other ornaments with which the interior of the bower was decorated. The most remarkable part of these ornaments was a number of Highland shirts of mail, with steel bonnets, battle-axes, and two-handed swords to match, which hung around the upper part of the room, together with targets highly and richly embossed. Each mail shirt was hung over a well-dressed stag's hide, which at once displayed the armour to advantage, and saved it from suffering by damp.

“These,” whispered the Booshalloch, “are the arms of the chosen champions of the Clan Quhele. They are twenty-nine in number, as you see, Eachin himself being the thirtieth,—who wears his armour to-day, else had there been thirty. And he has not got such a good hauberk after all, as he should wear on Palm Sunday. These nine suits of harness, of such large size, are for the Leichtach, from whom so much is expected.”

“And these goodly deer-hides,” said Simon, the spirit of his profession awakening at the sight of the goods in which he traded,—“think you the Chief will be disposed to chaffer for them?—They are in demand for the doublets which knights wear under their armour.”

“Did I not pray you,” said Niel Booshalloch, “to say nothing on that subject?”

“It is the mail shirts I speak of,” said Simon; “may I ask if any of them were made by our celebrated Perth armourer, called Henry of the Wynd?”

“Thou art more unlucky than before,” said Niel; “that man's name is to Eachin's temper like a whirlwind upon the lake; yet no man knows for what cause.”

I can guess, thought our Glover, but gave no utterance to the thought; and, having twice lighted on unpleasant subjects of conversation, he prepared to apply himself, like those around him, to his food, without starting another topic.

We have said as much of the preparations as may lead the reader to conclude that the festival, in respect of the quality of the food, was of the most rude description,—consisting chiefly of huge joints of meat, which were consumed with little respect to the fasting season, although several of the friars of the Island Convent graced and hallowed the board by their presence. The platters were of wood, and so were the hooped cogues or cups, out of which the guests quaffed their liquor, as also the broth or juice of the meat, which was held a delicacy. There were also various preparations of milk which were highly esteemed, and were eaten out of similar vessels. Bread was the scarcest article at the banquet, but the Glover and his patron Niel were served with two small loaves expressly for their own use. In

eating, as indeed was then the case all over Britain, the guests used their knives called skenes, or the large poniards named dirks, without troubling themselves by the reflection that they might occasionally have served different or more fatal purposes.

At the upper end of the table stood a vacant seat, elevated a step or two above the floor. It was covered with a canopy of holly boughs and ivy, and there rested against it a sheathed sword and a folded banner. This had been the seat of the deceased Chieftain, and was left vacant in honour of him. Eachin occupied a lower chair on the right hand of the place of honour.

The reader would be greatly mistaken who should follow out this description, by supposing that the guests behaved like a herd of hungry wolves, rushing upon a feast rarely offered to them. On the contrary, the Clan Quhele conducted themselves with that species of courteous reserve and attention to the wants of others, which is often found in primitive nations, especially such as are always in arms; because a general observance of the rules of courtesy is necessary to prevent quarrels, bloodshed, and death. The guests took the places assigned them by Torquil of the Oak, who, acting as Marischal *Tach*, i. e. sewer of the mess, touched with a white wand, without speaking a word, the place where each was to sit. Thus placed in order, the company patiently waited for the portion assigned them, which was distributed among them by the *Leichtach*; the bravest men, or more distinguished warriors of the tribe, being accommodated with a double mess, emphatically called *bieyfir*, or the portion of a man. When the sewers themselves had seen every one served, they resumed their places at the festival, and were each served with one of these larger messes of food. Water was placed within each man's reach, and a handful of soft moss served the purposes of a table-napkin, so that, as at an Eastern banquet, the hands were washed as often as the mess was changed. For amusement, the bard recited the praises of the deceased Chief, and expressed the clan's confidence in the blossoming virtues of his successor. The Seanachie recited the genealogy of the tribe, which they traced to the race of the Dalriads; the harpers played within, while the war-pipes cheered the multitude without. The conversation among the guests was grave, subdued, and civil—no jest was attempted beyond the bounds of a very gentle pleasantry, calculated only to excite a passing smile. There were no raised voices, no contentious arguments; and Simon Glover had heard a hundred times more noise at a guildfeast, than was made on this occasion by two hundred wild mountaineers.

Even the liquor itself did not seem to raise the festive party above the same tone of decorous gravity. It was of various kinds—wine appeared in very small quantities, and was served out only to the principal guests, among which honoured number Simon Glover was again included. The wine and the two wheaten loaves were indeed the only marks of notice which he received during the feast; but Niel Booshalloch, jealous of his master's reputation for hospitality, failed not to enlarge on them as proofs of high distinction. Distilled liquors, since so generally used in the Highlands, were then comparatively unknown.—

The usquebaugh was circulated in small quantities, and was highly flavoured with a decoction of saffron and other herbs, so as to resemble a medicinal potion, rather than a festive cordial. Cider and mead were seen at the entertainment, but ale, brewed in great quantities for the purpose, and flowing round without restriction, was the liquor generally used, and that was drunk with a moderation much less known among the more modern Highlanders. A cup to the memory of the deceased Chieftain was the first pledge solemnly proclaimed after the banquet was finished; and a low murmur of benedictions was heard from the company, while the monks alone, uplifting their united voices, sung *Requiem eternam dona*. An unusual silence followed, as if something extraordinary was expected, when Eachin arose with a bold and manly, yet modest grace, and ascended the vacant seat or throne, saying with dignity and firmness—

"This seat, and my father's inheritance, I claim as my right—so prosper me God and St Barr!"

"How will you rule your father's children?" said an old man, the uncle of the deceased.

"I will defend them with my father's sword, and distribute justice to them under my father's banner."

The old man, with a trembling hand, unsheathed the ponderous weapon, and holding it by the blade, offered the hilt to the young Chieftain's grasp; at the same time Torquil of the Oak unfurled the pennon of the tribe, and swung it repeatedly over Eachin's head, who, with singular grace and dexterity, brandished the huge claymore as in its defence. The guests raised a yelling shout, to testify their acceptance of the patriarchal Chief who claimed their allegiance, nor was there any who, in the graceful and agile youth before them, was disposed to recollect the subject of sinister vaticinations. As he stood in glittering mail, resting on the long sword, and acknowledging by gracious gestures the acclamations which rent the air within, without, and around, Simon Glover was tempted to doubt whether this majestic figure was that of the same lad whom he had often treated with little ceremony, and began to have some apprehension of the consequences of having done so. A general burst of minstrelsy succeeded to the acclamations, and rock and greenwood rang to harp and pipes, as lately to shout and yell of woe.

It would be tedious to pursue the progress of the inaugural feast, or detail the pledges that were quaffed to former heroes of the clan, and above all to the twenty-nine brave Gallowglasses who were to fight in the approaching conflict, under the eye and leading of their young Chief. The bards, assuming, in old times, the prophetic character combined with their own, ventured to assure them of the most distinguished victory, and to predict the fury with which the Blue Falcon, the emblem of the Clan Quhele, should rend to pieces the Mountain-cat, the well-known badge of the Clan Chattan.

It was approaching sunset, when a bowl, called the grace-cup, made of oak, hooped with silver, was handed round the table as the signal of dispersion, although it was left free to any who chose a longer carouse to retreat to any of the outer bothies. As for Simon Glover, the Booshalloch conducted him to a small hut, contrived, it would seem, for the use of a single individual, where a bed of heath and moss

was arranged as well as the season would permit, and an ample supply of such delicacies as the late feast afforded, showed that all care had been taken for the inhabitant's accommodation.

"Do not leave this hut," said the Booshalloch, taking leave of his friend and protégé; "this is your place of rest. But apartments are lost on such a night of confusion, and if the badger leaves his hole the tod* will creep into it."

To Simon Glover this arrangement was by no means disagreeable. He had been wearied by the noise of the day, and felt desirous of repose. After eating, therefore, a morsel, which his appetite scarce required, and drinking a cup of wine to expel the cold,—he muttered his evening prayer, wrapped himself in his cloak, and lay down on a couch which old acquaintance had made familiar and easy to him. The hum and murmur, and even the occasional shouts, of some of the festive multitude who continued revelling without, did not long interrupt his repose; and in about ten minutes he was as fast asleep as if he had lain in his own bed in Curfew-street.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Polonius. Still harping on my daughter.

Hamlet.

Two hours before the black cock crew, Simon Glover was wakened by a well-known voice, which called him by name.

"What, Conachar!" he replied, as he started from sleep, "is the morning so far advanced?" and raising his eyes, the person of whom he was dreaming stood before him; and at the same moment, the events of yesterday rushing on his recollection, he saw with surprise that the vision retained the form which sleep had assigned it, and it was not the mail-clad Highland Chief, with claymore in hand, as he had seen him the preceding night, but Conachar of Curfew-street, in his humble apprentice's garb, holding in his hand a switch of oak. An apparition would not more have surprised our Perth burgher. As he gazed with wonder, the youth turned upon him a piece of lighted bogwood which he carried in a lantern, and to his waking exclamation replied,—

"Even so, father Simon; it is Conachar, come to renew our old acquaintance, when our intercourse will attract least notice."

So saying, he sat down on a tressel which answered the purpose of a chair, and placing the lantern beside him, proceeded in the most friendly tone.

"I have tasted of thy good cheer many a day, father Simon—I trust thou hast found no lack in my family?"

"None whatever, Eachin MacIan," answered the Glover,—for the simplicity of the Celtic language and manners rejects all honorary titles; "it was even too good for this fasting season, and much too good for me, since I must be ashamed to think how hard you fared in Curfew-street."

"Even too good, to use your own word," said Conachar, "for the deserts of an idle apprentice,

* Tod, *Scottice* for fox.

and for the wants of a young Highlander. But yesterday, if there was, as I trust, enough of food, found you not, good Glover, some lack of courteous welcome? Excuse it not—I know you did so. But I am young in authority with my people, and I must not too early draw their attention to the period of my residence in the Lowlands, which, however I can never forget."

"I understand the cause entirely," said Simon; "and therefore it is unwillingly, and as it were by force, that I have made so early a visit hither."

"Hush, father, hush! It is well you are come to see some of my Highland splendour while it yet sparkles—Return after Palm-Sunday, and who knows whom or what you may find in the territories we now possess! The Wild-cat may have made his lodge where the banqueting-bower of MacIan now stands."

The young Chief was silent, and pressed the top of the rod to his lips, as if to guard against uttering more.

"There is no fear of that, Eachin," said Simon, in that vague way in which luke-warm comforters endeavour to turn the reflection of their friends from the consideration of inevitable danger.

"There is fear, and there is peril of utter ruin," answered Eachin; "and there is positive certainty of great loss. I marvel my father consented to this wily proposal of Albany. I would MacGillie Chattachan would take with me, and then, instead of wasting our best blood against each other, we would go down together to Strathmore, and kill and take possession. I would rule at Perth, and he at Dundee, and all the Great Strath should be our own to the banks of the Frith of Tay. Such is the policy I have caught from your old grey head, father Simon, when holding a trencher at thy back, and listening to thy evening talk with Bailie Craigdallie."

The tongue is well called an unruly member, thought the Glover. Here have I been holding a candle to the devil, to show him the way to mischief.

But he only said aloud, "These plans come too late."

"Too late, indeed," answered Eachin. "The indentures of battle are signed by our marks and seals; the burning hate of the Clan Quhele and Clan Chattan is blown up to an inextinguishable flame by mutual insults and boasts. Yes, the time is passed by.—But to thine own affairs, father Glover. It is religion that has brought thee hither, as I learn from Niel Booshalloch. Surely, my experience of thy prudence did not lead me to suspect thee of any quarrel with Mother Church. As for my old acquaintance, Father Clement, he is one of those who hunt after the crown of martyrdom, and think a stake, surrounded with blazing faggots, better worth embracing than a willing bride. He is a very knight-errant in defence of his religious notions, and does battle wherever he comes. He hath already a quarrel with the monks of Sibyl's Isle yonder, about some point of doctrine—Hast seen him?"

"I have," answered Simon; "but we spoke little together, the time being pressing."

"He may have said that there is a third person,—one more likely, I think, to be a true fugitive for religion, than either you, a shrewd citizen, or he, a

wrangling preacher,—who would be right heartily welcome to share our protection?—Thou art dull, man, and wilt not guess my meaning—Thy daughter, Catharine?”

These last words the young Chief spoke in English; and he continued the conversation in that language, as if apprehensive of being overheard; and, indeed, as if under the sense of some involuntary hesitation.

“My daughter Catharine,” said the Glover, remembering what the Carthusian had told him, “is well and safe.”

“But where, or with whom?” said the young Chief. “And wherefore came she not with you? Think you the Clan Quhele have no cailliachs, as active as old Dorothy, whose hand has warmed my haffits before now, to await upon the daughter of their Chieftain’s master?”

“Again I thank you,” said the Glover, “and doubt neither your power nor your will to protect my daughter, as well as myself. But an honourable lady, the friend of Sir Patrick Charteris, hath offered her a safe place of refuge, without the risk of a toilsome journey through a desolate and distracted country.”

“Oh, ay,—Sir Patrick Charteris,” said Eachin, in a more reserved and distant tone—“he must be preferred to all men, without doubt; he is your friend, I think?”

Simon Glover longed to punish this affectation of a boy, who had been scolded four times a-day for running into the street to see Sir Patrick Charteris ride past; but he checked his spirit of repartee, and simply said,—

“Sir Patrick Charteris has been Provost of Perth for seven years; and it is likely is so still, since the magistrates are elected, not in Lent, but at St Martinmas.”

“Ah, father Glover,” said the youth, in his kinder and more familiar mode of address, “you are so used to see the sumptuous shows and pageants of Perth, that you would but little relish our barbarous festival in comparison. What didst thou think of our ceremonial of yesterday?”

“It was noble and touching,” said the Glover; “and to me, who knew your father, most especially so. When you rested on the sword, and looked around you, methought I saw mine old friend Gilchrist MacIan arisen from the dead, and renewed in years and in strength.”

“I played my part there boldly, I trust; and showed little of that paltry apprentice boy, whom you used to—use just as he deserved.”

“Eachin resembles Conachar,” said the Glover, “no more than a salmon resembles a par, though men say they are the same fish in a different state; or than a butterfly resembles a grub.”

“Thinkest thou that while I was taking upon me the power which all women love, I would have been myself an object for a maiden’s eye to rest upon?—To speak plain, what would Catharine have thought of me in the ceremonial?”

We approach the shallows now, thought Simon Glover; and without nice pilotage, we drive right on shore.

“Most women like show, Eachin; but I think my daughter Catharine be an exception. She would

rejoice in the good fortune of her household friend and playmate; but she would not value the splendid MacIan, Captain of Clan Quhele, more than the orphan Conachar.

“She is ever generous and disinterested,” replied the young Chief. “But yourself, father, have seen the world for many more years than she has done, and can better form a judgment what power and wealth do for those who enjoy them. Think, and speak sincerely, what would be your own thoughts if you saw your Catharine standing under yonder canopy, with the command over an hundred hills, and the devoted obedience of ten thousand vassals; and as the price of these advantages, her hand in that of the man who loves her the best in the world?”

“Meaning in your own, Conachar?” said Simon.

“Ay, Conachar call me—I love the name, since it was by that I have been known to Catharine.”

“Sincerely, then,” said the Glover, endeavouring to give the least offensive turn to his reply, “my inmost thought would be the earnest wish that Catharine and I were safe in our humble booth in Curfew-street, with Dorothy for our only vassal.”

“And with poor Conachar also, I trust? You would not leave him to pine away in solitary grandeur?”

“I would not,” answered the Glover, “wish so ill to the Clan Quhele, mine ancient friends, as to deprive them, at a moment of emergency, of a brave young Chief, and that Chief of the fame which he is about to acquire at their head in the approaching conflict.”

Eachin bit his lip, to suppress his irritated feelings, as he replied,—“Words—words,—empty words, father Simon. You fear the Clan Quhele more than you love them, and you suppose their indignation would be formidable, should their Chief marry the daughter of a burgess of Perth.”

“And if I do fear such an issue, Hector MacIan, have I not reason? How have ill-assorted marriages had issue in the House of MacCallanmore, in that of the powerful MacLeans, nay, of the Lords of the Isles themselves? What has ever come of them but divorce and exheredation—sometimes worse fate, to the ambitious intruder? You could not marry my child before a priest, and you could only wed her with your left hand; and I”—he checked the strain of impetuosity which the subject inspired,—“And I am an honest, though humble burgher of Perth, who would rather my child were the lawful and undoubted spouse of a citizen in my own rank, than the licensed concubine of a monarch.”

“I will wed Catharine before the priest and before the world,—before the altar and before the black stones of Iona,” said the impetuous young man.

“She is the love of my youth, and there is not a tie in religion or honour, but I will bind myself by them! I have sounded my people. If we do but win this combat—and with the hope of gaining Catharine, we SHALL win it—my heart tells me so—I shall be so much lord over their affections, that were I to take a bride from the alms-house, so it was my pleasure, they would hail her as if she were a daughter of MacCallanmore.—But you reject my suit,” said Eachin, sternly.

“You put words of offence in my mouth,” said the

old man, "and may next punish me for them, since I am wholly in your power. But with my consent my daughter shall never wed, save in her own degree. Her heart would break amid the constant wars and scenes of bloodshed which connect themselves with your lot. If you really love her, and recollect her dread of strife and combat, you would not wish her to be subjected to the train of military horrors in which you, like your father, must needs be inevitably and eternally engaged. Chuse a bride amongst the daughters of the mountain chiefs, my son, or fiery Lowland nobles. You are fair, young, rich, high-born, and powerful, and will not woo in vain. You will readily find one who will rejoice in your conquests, and cheer you under defeat. To Catharine, the one would be as frightful as the other. A warrior must wear a steel gauntlet—a glove of kid-skin would be torn to pieces in an hour."

A dark cloud passed over the face of the young Chief, lately animated with so much fire.

"Farewell," he said, "the only hope, which could have lighted me to fame or victory!"—He remained for a space silent, and intensely thoughtful, with downcast eyes, a lowering brow, and folded arms. At length he raised his hands, and said, "Father,—for such you have been to me,—I am about to tell you a secret. Reason and Pride both advise me to be silent, but Fate urges me, and must be obeyed. I am about to lodge in you the deepest and dearest secret that man ever confided to man. But beware—end this conference how it will—beware how you ever breathe a syllable of what I am now to trust to you; for know, that were you to do so in the most remote corner of Scotland, I have ears to hear it even there, and a hand and poniard to reach a traitor's bosom.—I am—but the word will not out!"

"Do not speak it then," said the prudent Glover; "a secret is no longer safe when it crosses the lips of him who owns it; and I desire not a confidence so dangerous as you menace me with."

"Ay, but I must speak, and you must hear," said the youth. "In this age of battle, father, you have yourself been a combatant?"

"Once only," replied Simon, "when the Southron assaulted the Fair City. I was summoned to take my part in the defence, as my tenure required, like that of other craftsmen, who are bound to keep watch and ward."

"And how felt you upon that matter?" inquired the young Chief.

"What can that import to the present business?" said Simon, in some surprise.

"Much, else had I not asked the question," answered Eachin, in the tone of haughtiness which from time to time he assumed.

"An old man is easily brought to speak of olden times," said Simon, not unwilling, on an instant's reflection, to lead the conversation away from the subject of his daughter, "and I must needs confess, my feelings were much short of the high cheerful confidence, nay, the pleasure, with which I have seen other men go to battle. My life and profession were peaceful, and though I have not wanted the spirit of a man, when the time demanded it, yet I have seldom slept worse than the night before that onslaught. My ideas were harrowed by the tales we

were told (nothing short of the truth) about the Saxon archers; how they drew shafts of a cloth-yard length, and used bows a third longer than ours. When I fell into a broken slumber, if but a straw in the mattress pricked my side, I started and waked, thinking an English arrow was quivering in my body. In the morning, as I began for very weariness to sink into some repose, I was waked by the tolling of the common bell, which called us burghers to the walls;—I never heard its sound peal so like a passing knell before or since."

"Go on—what further chanced?" demanded Eachin.

"I did on my harness," said Simon, such as it was—took my mother's blessing, a high-spirited woman, who spoke of my father's actions for the honour of the Fair Town. This heartened me, and I felt still bolder when I found myself ranked among the other crafts, all bowmen, for thou knowest the Perth citizens have good skill in archery. We were dispersed on the walls, several knights and squires in armour of proof being mingled amongst us, who kept a bold countenance, confident perhaps in their harness, and informed us, for our encouragement, that they would cut down with their swords and axes, any of those who should attempt to quit their post. I was kindly assured of this myself by the old Kempe of Kinfauns, as he was called, this good Sir Patrick's father, then our Provost. He was a grandson of the Red Rover, Tom of Longueville, and a likely man to keep his word, which he addressed to me in especial, because a night of much discomfort may have made me look paler than usual; and besides, I was but a lad."

"And did his exhortation add to your fear or your resolution?" said Eachin, who seemed very attentive.

"To my resolution," answered Simon; "for I think nothing can make a man so bold to face one danger at some distance in his front, as the knowledge of another close behind him, to push him forward. Well—I mounted the walls in tolerable heart, and was placed with others on the Spey Tower, being accounted a good bowman. But a very cold fit seized me as I saw the English, in great order, with their archers in front, and their men-at-arms behind, marching forward to the attack in strong columns, three in number. They came on steadily, and some of us would fain have shot at them; but it was strictly forbidden, and we were obliged to remain motionless, sheltering ourselves behind the battlement as we best might. As the Southron formed their long ranks into lines, each man occupying his place as by magic, and preparing to cover themselves by large shields, called pavesses, which they planted before them, I again felt a strange breathlessness, and some desire to go home for a glass of distilled waters. But as I looked aside, I saw the worthy Kempe of Kinfauns bending a large cross-bow, and I thought it pity he should waste the bolt on a true-hearted Scotsman, when so many English were in presence; so I e'en staid where I was, being in a comfortable angle, formed by two battlements. The English then strode forward, and drew their bow-strings,—not to the breast, as your Highland kerne do, but to the ear,—and sent off their volleys of swallow-tails before we could call on St Andrew. I

winked when I saw them haul up their tackle, and I believe I started as the shafts began to rattle against the parapet. But looking round me, and seeing none hurt but John Squallit, the town-crier, whose jaws were pierced through with a cloth-yard shaft, I took heart of grace, and shot in my turn with good will and good aim. A little man I shot at, who had just popped out from behind his target, dropt with a shaft through his shoulder. The Provost cried—'Well stitched, Simon Glover!'—'Saint John, for his own town, my fellow-craftsmen!'—shouted I,—though I was then but an apprentice,—for the honour of our guild. And if you will believe me, in the rest of the skirmish, which was ended by the foes drawing off, I drew bowstring and loosed shaft as calmly as if I had been shooting at butts instead of men's breasts. I gained some credit, and I have ever afterwards thought, that in case of necessity (for with me it had never been matter of choice), I should not have lost it again. And this is all I can tell of warlike experience in battle. Other dangers I have had, which I have endeavoured to avoid like a wise man, or, when they were inevitable, I have faced them like a true one. Upon other terms a man cannot live or hold up his head in Scotland."

"I understand your tale," said Eachin; "but I shall find it difficult to make you credit mine, knowing the race of which I am descended, and especially him whom we have this day laid in the tomb—well that he lies where he will never learn what you are now to hear! Look, my father—the light which I bear grows short and pale, a few minutes will extinguish it.—but before it expires, the hideous tale will be told.—Father, I am—a COWARD!—It is said at last, and the secret of my disgrace is in keeping of another!"

The young man sunk back in a species of syncope, produced by the agony of his mind as he made the fatal communication. The Glover, moved as well by fear as by compassion, applied himself to recall him to life, and succeeded in doing so, but not in restoring him to composure. He hid his face with his hands, and his tears flowed plentifully and bitterly.

"For Our Lady's sake, be composed," said the old man, "and recall the vile word! I know you better than yourself—you are NO coward, but only too young and inexperienced, ay, and somewhat too quick of fancy, to have the steady valour of a bearded man. I would hear no other man say that of you, Conachar, without giving him the lie—You are no coward—I have seen high sparks of spirit fly from you even on slight enough provocation."

"High sparks of pride and passion!" said the unfortunate youth, "but when saw you them supported by the resolution that should have backed them? the sparks you speak of, fell on my dastardly heart as on a piece of ice which could catch fire from nothing—if my offended pride urged me to strike, my weakness of mind prompted me the next moment to fly."

"Want of habit," said Simon; "it is by clambering over walls that youths learn to scale precipices. Begin with slight feuds—exercise daily the arms of your country in tourney with your followers."

"And what leisure is there for this?" exclaimed

the young Chief, starting as if something horrid had occurred to his imagination. "How many days are there betwixt this hour and Palm Sunday, and what is to chance then?—A list enclosed, from which no man can stir, more than the poor bear who is chained to his stake. Sixty living men, the best and fiercest, (one alone excepted!) which Albyn can send down from her mountains, all athirst for each other's blood, while a King and his nobles, and shouting thousands besides, attend, as at a theatre, to encourage their demoniac fury! Blows clang, and blood flows, thicker, faster, redder—they rush on each other like madmen—they tear each other like wild beasts—the wounded are trodden to death amid the feet of their companions! Blood ebbs, arms become weak—but there must be no parley, no truce, no interruption, while any of the maimed wretches remain alive! Here is no crouching behind battlements, no fighting with missile weapons,—all is hand to hand, till hands can no longer be raised to maintain the ghastly conflict.—If such a field is so horrible in idea, what think you it will be in reality?"

The Glover remained silent.

"I say again, what think you?"

"I can only pity you, Conachar," said Simon. "It is hard to be the descendant of a lofty line—the son of a noble father—the leader by birth of a gallant array—and yet to want, or think you want (for still I trust the fault lies much in a quick fancy, that overestimates danger), to want that dogged quality, which is possessed by every game-cock that is worth a handful of corn, every hound that is worth a mess of offal. But how chanced it, that with such a consciousness of inability to fight in this battle, you proffered even now to share your chieftdom with my daughter? Your power must depend on your fighting this combat, and in that Catharine cannot help you."

"You mistake, old man," replied Eachin; "were Catharine to look kindly on the earnest love I bear her, it would carry me against the front of the enemies with the mettle of a warhorse. Overwhelming as my sense of weakness is, the feeling that Catharine looked on would give me strength. Say yet—oh, say yet—she shall be mine if we gain the combat, and not the *Gow Chrom* himself, whose heart is of a piece with his anvil, ever went to battle so light as I shall do! One strong passion is conquered by another."

"This is folly, Conachar. Cannot the recollections of your interest, your honour, your kindred, do as much to stir your courage, as the thoughts of a bent-browed lass? Fie upon you, man!"

"You tell me but what I have told myself—but it is in vain," replied Eachin, with a sigh. "It is only whilst the timid stag is paired with the doe, that he is desperate and dangerous. Be it from constitution—be it, as our Highland cailliachs will say, from the milk of the White Doe—be it from my peaceful education, and the experience of your strict restraint—be it, as you think, from an over-heated fancy, which paints danger yet more dangerous and ghastly than it is in reality, I cannot tell. But I know my failing, and—yes, it must be said!—so sorely dread that I cannot conquer it, that could I have your consent to my wishes on such terms, I

would even here make a pause, renounce the rank I have assumed, and retire into humble life."

"What, turn glover at last Conachar?" said Simon; "this beats the legend of St Crispin. Nay, nay, your hand was not framed for that; you shall spoil me no more doe-skins."

"Jest not," said Eachin, "I am serious. If I cannot labour, I will bring wealth enough to live without it. They will proclaim me recreant with horn and war-pipe—Let them do so—Catharine will love me the better that I have preferred the paths of peace to those of bloodshed, and Father Clement shall teach us to pity and forgive the world, which will load us with reproaches that wound not. I shall be the happiest of men—Catharine will enjoy all that unbounded affection can confer upon her, and will be freed from apprehension of the sights and sounds of horror, which your ill-assorted match would have prepared for her; and you, Father Glover, shall occupy your chimney-corner, the happiest and most honoured man, that ever——"

"Hold, Eachin—I pr'ythee, hold," said the Glover; "the fir-light, with which this discourse must terminate, burns very low, and I would speak a word in my turn, and plain dealing is best. Though it may vex, or perhaps enrage you, let me end these visions by saying at once—Catharine can never be yours. A glove is the emblem of faith, and a man of my craft should therefore less than any other break his own. Catharine's hand is promised—promised to a man whom you may hate, but whom you must honour—to Henry the Armourer. The match is fitting by degree, agreeable to their mutual wishes, and I have given my promise. It is best to be plain at once—resent my refusal as you will—I am wholly in your power—But nothing shall make me break my word."

The Glover spoke thus decidedly, because he was aware from experience that the very irritable disposition of his former apprentice yielded in most cases to stern and decided resolution. Yet recollecting where he was, it was with some feelings of fear that he saw the dying flame leap up, and spread a flash of light on the visage of Eachin, which seemed pale as the grave, while his eye rolled like that of a maniac in his fever fit. The light instantly sunk down and died, and Simon felt a momentary terror, lest he should have to dispute for his life with the youth, whom he knew to be capable of violent actions when highly excited, however short a period his nature could support the measures which his passion commenced. He was relieved by the voice of Eachin, who muttered in a hoarse and altered tone,—

"Let what we have spoken this night rest in silence for ever—If thou bring'st it to light, thou wert better dig thine own grave."

Thus speaking, the door of the hut opened, admitting a gleam of moonshine. The form of the retiring Chief crossed it for an instant, the hurdle door was then closed, and the hut left in darkness.

Simon Glover felt relieved, when a conversation, fraught with offence and danger, was thus peaceably terminated. But he remained deeply affected by the condition of Hector MacIan, whom he had himself bred up.

"The poor child," said he, "to be called up to

a place of eminence, only to be hurled from it with contempt! What he told me I partly knew, having often remarked that Conachar was more prone to quarrel than to fight. But this overpowering faint-heartedness, which neither shame nor necessity can overcome, I, though no Sir William Wallace, cannot conceive. And to propose himself for a husband to my daughter, as if a bride were to find courage for herself and the bridegroom! No, no—Catharine must wed a man to whom she may say,—'Husband, spare your enemy'—not one in whose behalf she must cry,—'Generous enemy, spare my husband.'"

Tired out with these reflections, the old man at length fell asleep. In the morning, he was awakened by his friend the Booshalloch, who, with something of a blank visage, proposed to him to return to his abode on the meadow at the Ballough, that is, The discharge of the lake into the river. He apologized, that the Chief could not see Simon Glover that morning, being busied with things about the expected combat; and that Eachin MacIan thought the residence at the Ballough would be safest for Simon Glover's health, and had given charge that every care should be taken for his protection and accommodation.

Niel Booshalloch dilated on these circumstances, to gloss over the neglect implied in the Chief's dismissing his visitor without a particular audience.

"His father knew better," said the herdsman. "But where should he have learned manners, poor thing, and bred up among your Perth burghers, who, excepting yourself, neighbour Glover, who speak Gaelic as well as I do, are a race incapable of civility?"

Simon Glover, it may be well believed, felt none of the want of respect which his friend resented on his account. On the contrary, he greatly preferred the quiet residence of the good herdsman, to the tumultuous hospitality of the daily festival of the Chief, even if there had not just passed an interview with Eachin upon a subject which it would be most painful to revive.

To the Ballough, therefore, he quietly retreated, where, could he have been secure of Catharine's safety, his leisure was spent pleasantly enough. His amusement was sailing on the lake, in a little skiff, which a Highland boy managed, while the old man angled. He frequently landed on the little island, where he mused over the tomb of his old friend Gilchrist MacIan; and made friends with the monks, presenting the prior with gloves of martin's fur, and the superior officers with each of them a pair made from the skin of the wild-cat. The cutting and stitching of these little presents, served to beguile the time after sunset, while the family of the herdsman crowded around, admiring his address, and listening to the tales and songs with which the old man had skill to pass away a heavy evening.

It must be confessed that the cautious Glover avoided the conversation of Father Clement, whom he erroneously considered as rather the author of his misfortunes, than the guiltless sharer of them. I will not, he thought, to please his fancies lose the good-will of these kind monks, which may be one day useful to me. I have suffered enough by his preachments already, I trow. Little the wiser and

much the poorer have they made me. No, no, Catharine and Clement may think as they will, but I will take the first opportunity to sneak back like a rated hound at the call of his master, submit to a plentiful course of hair-cloth and whip-cord, disburse a lusty mulct, and become whole with the Church again.

More than a fortnight had passed since the Glover had arrived at Ballough, and he began to wonder that he had not heard news of Catharine or of Henry Wynd, to whom he concluded the Provost had communicated the plan and place of his retreat. He knew the stout Smith dared not come up into the Clan Quhele country, on account of various feuds with the inhabitants, and with Eachin himself, while bearing the name of Conachar; but yet the Glover thought Henry might have found means to send him a message, or a token, by some one of the various couriers who passed and repassed between the Court and the head-quarters of the Clan Quhele, in order to concert the terms of the impending combat, the march of the parties to Perth, and other particulars requiring previous adjustment. It was now the middle of March, and the fatal Palm Sunday was fast approaching.

Whilst time was thus creeping on, the exiled Glover had not even once set eyes upon his former apprentice. The care that was taken to attend to his wants and convenience in every respect, showed that he was not forgotten; but yet when he heard the Chieftain's horn ringing through the woods, he usually made it a point to chuse his walk in a different direction. One morning, however, he found himself unexpectedly in Eachin's close neighbourhood, with scarce leisure to avoid him; and thus it happened.

As Simon strolled pensively through a little sylvan glade, surrounded on either side with tall forest trees, mixed with underwood, a white doe broke from the thicket, closely pursued by two deer greyhounds, one of which griped her haunch, the other her throat, and pulled her down within half a furlong of the Glover, who was something startled at the suddenness of the incident. The near and piercing blast of a horn, and the baying of a slow-hound, made Simon aware that the hunters were close behind, and on the trace of the deer. Hallooing and the sound of men running through the copse, were heard close at hand. A moment's recollection would have satisfied Simon, that his best way was to stand fast, or retire slowly, and leave it to Eachin to acknowledge his presence or not, as he should see cause. But his desire of shunning the young man had grown into a kind of instinct, and in the alarm of finding him so near, Simon hid himself in a bush of hazels mixed with holly, which altogether concealed him. He had hardly done so ere Eachin, rosy with exercise, dashed from the thicket into the open glade, accompanied by his foster-father, Torquil of the Oak. The latter, with equal strength and address, turned the struggling hind on her back, and holding her fore-feet in his right hand, while he knelt on her body, offered his kene with the left, to the young Chief, that he might cut the animal's throat.

"It may not be, Torquil; do thine office, and take the assay thyself. I must not kill the likeness of my foster-mother."

This was spoken with a melancholy smile, while a tear at the same time stood in the speaker's eye. Torquil stared at his young Chief for an instant, then drew his sharp wood-knife across the creature's throat, with a cut so swift and steady, that the weapon reached the back-bone. Then rising on his feet, and again fixing a long piercing look on his Chief, he said,—“As much as I have done to that hind, would I do to any living man whose ears could have heard my dault (foster-son) so much as name a white doe, and couple the word with Hector's name!”

If Simon had no reason before to keep himself concealed, this speech of Torquil furnished him with a pressing one.

“It cannot be concealed, father Torquil,” said Eachin; it will all out to the broad day.”

“What will out? what will to broad day?” asked Torquil in surprise.

It is the fatal secret, thought Simon; and now, if this huge privy-councillor cannot keep silence, I shall be made answerable, I suppose, for Eachin's disgrace having been blown abroad.

Thinking thus anxiously, he availed himself, at the same time, of his position to see as much as he could of what passed between the afflicted Chieftain and his confidant,—impelled by that spirit of curiosity which prompts us in the most momentous, as well as the most trivial occasions of life, and which is sometimes found to subsist in company with great personal fear.

As Torquil listened to what Eachin communicated, the young man sank into his arms, and supporting himself on his shoulder, concluded his confession by a whisper into his ear. Torquil seemed to listen with such amazement as to make him incapable of crediting his ears. As if to be certain that it was Eachin who spoke, he gradually roused the youth from his reclining posture, and holding him up in some measure by a grasp on his shoulder, fixed on him an eye that seemed enlarged, and at the same time turned to stone, by the marvels he listened to. And so wild waxed the old man's visage after he had heard the murmured communication, that Simon Glover apprehended he would cast the youth from him as a dishonoured thing, in which case he might have lighted on the very copse in which he lay concealed, and occasioned his discovery in a manner equally painful and dangerous. But the passions of Torquil, who entertained for his foster-child even a double portion of that passionate fondness which always attends that connexion in the Highlands, took a different turn.

“I believe it not!” he exclaimed; it is false of thy father's child—false of thy mother's son—falsest of my *dault*! I offer my gage to heaven and hell, and will maintain the combat with him that shall call it true. Thou hast been spell-bound by an evil eye, my darling, and the fainting which you call cowardice is the work of magic. I remember the bat that struck the torch out on the hour that thou wert born—that hour of grief and of joy. Cheer up, my beloved! Thou shalt with me to Iona, and the good Saint Columbus, with the whole choir of blessed saints and angels, who ever favoured thy race, shall take from thee the heart of the white doe, and return that which they have stolen from thee.”

Eachin listened, with a look as if he would fain have believed the words of the comforter.

"But, Torquil," he said, "supposing this might avail us, the fatal day approaches, and if I go to the lists, I dread me we shall be shamed."

"It cannot be—it shall not!" said Torquil: "Hell shall not prevail so far. We will steep thy sword in holy water—place vervain, Saint John's-wort, and rowan-tree in thy crest. We will surround thee, I and thy eight brethren—thou shalt be safe as in a castle."

Again the youth helplessly muttered something which, from the dejected tone in which it was spoken, Simon could not understand—while Torquil's deep tones in reply fell full and distinct upon his ear.

"Yes, there may be a chance of withdrawing thee from the conflict. Thou art the youngest who is to draw blade. Now, hear me, and thou shalt know what it is to have a foster-father's love, and how far it exceeds the love even of kind. The youngest on the indenture of the Clan Chattan is Ferquhard Day. His father slew mine, and the red blood is seething hot between us—I looked to Palm Sunday as the term that should cool it.—But mark!—Thou wouldst have thought that the blood in the veins of this Ferquhard Day and in mine would not have mingled, had they been put into the same vessel, yet hath he cast the eyes of his love upon my only daughter Eva—the fairest of our maidens. Think with what feelings I heard the news. It was as if a wolf from the skirts of Ferragon had said, 'Give me thy child in wedlock, Torquil.' My child thought not thus: she loves Ferquhard, and weeps away her colour and strength in dread of the approaching battle. Let her give him but a sign of favour, and well I know he will forget kith and kin, forsake the field, and fly with her to the desert."

"He, the youngest of the champions of Clan Chattan being absent, I, the youngest of the Clan Quhele, may be excused from combat," said Eachin, blushing at the mean chance of safety thus opened to him.

"See now, my Chief," said Torquil, "and judge my thoughts towards thee—others might give thee their own lives and that of their sons—I sacrifice to thee the honour of my house."

"My friend, my father," repeated the Chief, folding Torquil to his bosom, "what a base wretch am I that have a spirit dastardly enough to avail myself of your sacrifice!"

"Speak not of that—green woods have ears. Let us back to the camp, and send our gillies for the venison.—Back, dogs, and follow at heel."

The slow-hound, or lyme-dog, luckily for Simon, had drenched his nose in the blood of the deer, else he might have found the Glover's lair in the thicket; but its more acute properties of scent being lost, it followed tranquilly with the gaze-hounds.

When the hunters were out of sight and hearing, the Glover arose, greatly relieved by their departure, and began to move off, in the opposite direction, as fast as his age permitted. His first reflection was on the fidelity of the foster-father.

"The wild mountain heart is faithful and true. Yonder man is more like the giants in romaunts

than a man of mould like ourselves, and yet Christians might take an example from him for his lealty. A simple contrivance this though, to finger a man off their enemies' chequer, as if there would not be twenty of the Wild-cats ready to supply his place."

Thus thought the Glover, not aware that the strictest proclamations were issued, prohibiting any of the two contending clans, their friends, allies, and dependents, from coming within fifty miles of Perth, during a week before and a week after the combat, which regulation was to be enforced by armed men.

So soon as our friend Simon arrived at the habitation of the herdsman, he found other news awaiting him. They were brought by father Clement, who came in a pilgrim's cloak, or dalmatic, ready to commence his return to the southwards, and desirous to take leave of his companion in exile, or to accept him as a travelling companion.

"But what," said the citizen, "has so suddenly induced you to return within the reach of danger?"

"Have you not heard," said father Clement, "that March and his English allies having retired into England before the Earl of Douglas, the good Earl has applied himself to redress the evils of the commonwealth, and hath written to the court letters, desiring that the warrant for the High Court of Commission against heresy be withdrawn, as a trouble to men's consciences—that the nomination of Robert de Wardlaw to be Prelate of St Andrews, be referred to the Parliament, with sundry other things pleasing to the commons? Now, most of the nobles that are with the King at Perth, and with them Sir Patrick Charteris, your worthy Provost, have declared for the proposals of the Douglas. The Duke of Albany hath agreed to them; whether from good-will or policy I know not. The good King is easily persuaded to mild and gentle courses. And thus are the jaw-teeth of the oppressors dashed to pieces in their sockets, and the prey snatched from their ravening talons. Will you with me to the Lowlands, or do you abide here a little space?"

Niel Booshalloch saved his friend the trouble of reply.

"He had the Chief's authority," he said, "for saying that Simon Glover should abide until the champions went down to the battle." In this answer the citizen saw something not quite consistent with his own perfect freedom of volition; but he cared little for it at the time, as it furnished a good apology for not travelling along with the clergyman.

"An exemplary man," he said to his friend, Niel Booshalloch, as soon as Father Clement had taken leave, "a great scholar, and a great saint. It is a pity almost he is not in danger to be burned, as his sermon at the stake would convert thousands. O, Niel Booshalloch! father Clement's pile would be a sweet savouring sacrifice, and a beacon to all devout Christians. But what would the burning of a borrel ignorant burgess like me serve? Men offer not up old glove leather for incense, nor are beacons fed with undressed hides, I trow. Sooth to speak, I have too little learning and too much fear to get credit by the affair, and, therefore, I should, in our homely phrase, have both the scathe and the scorn."

"True for you," answered the herdsman.

CHAPTER XXX.

WE must return to the characters of our dramatic narrative, whom we left at Perth, when we accompanied the Glover and his fair daughter to Kinfauns, and from that hospitable mansion traced the course of Simon to Loch Tay; and the Prince, as the highest personage, claims our immediate attention. This rash and inconsiderate young man endured with some impatience his sequestered residence with the Lord High Constable, with whose company, otherwise in every respect satisfactory, he became dissatisfied, from no other reason than that he held in some degree the character of his warder. Incensed against his uncle, and displeased with his father, he longed not unnaturally for the society of Sir John Ramorny, on whom he had been so long accustomed to throw himself for amusement, and, though he would have resented the imputation as an insult, for guidance and direction. He, therefore, sent him a summons to attend him, providing his health permitted; and directed him to come by water to a little pavilion in the High Constable's garden, which, like that of Sir John's own lodgings, ran down to the Tay. In renewing an intimacy so dangerous, Rothsay only remembered that he had been Sir John Ramorny's munificent friend; while Sir John, on receiving the invitation, only recollected, on his part, the capricious insults he had sustained from his patron, the loss of his hand, and the lightness with which he had treated the subject, and the readiness with which Rothsay had abandoned his cause in the matter of the Bonnet-maker's slaughter.—He laughed bitterly when he read the Prince's billet.

"Eviot," he said, "man a stout boat with six trusty men,—trusty men,—mark me,—lose not a moment; and bid Dwining instantly come hither.—Heaven smiles on us, my trusty friend," he said to the mediciner. "I was but beating my brains how to get access to this fickle boy, and here he sends to invite me."

"Hem! I see the matter very clearly," said Dwining. "Heaven smiles on some untoward consequences—he! he! he!"

"No matter, the trap is ready; and it is baited, too, my friend, with what would lure the boy from a sanctuary, though a troop with drawn weapons waited him in the churchyard. Yet is it scarce necessary. His own weariness of himself would have done the job. Get thy matters ready—thou goest with us. Write to him, as I cannot, that we come instantly to attend his commands, and do it clerkly. He reads well, and that he owes to me."

"He will be your valiancy's debtor for more knowledge before he dies—he! he! he! But is your bargain sure with the Duke of Albany?"

"Enough to gratify my ambition, thy avarice, and the revenge of both. Aboard, aboard, and speedily; let Eviot throw in a few flasks of the choicest wine, and some cold baked meats."

"But your arm, my lord, Sir John? Does it not pain you?"

"The throbbing of my heart silences the pain of my wound. It beats as it would burst my bosom."

"Heaven forbid!" said Dwining; adding, in a low

voice, "It would be a strange sight if it should. I should like to dissect it, save that its stony case would spoil my best instruments."

In a few minutes they were in the boat, while a speedy messenger carried the note to the Prince.

Rothsay was seated with the Constable, after their noontide repast. He was sullen and silent; and the Earl had just asked whether it was his pleasure that the table should be cleared, when a note, delivered to the Prince, changed at once his aspect.

"As you will," he said. "I go to the pavilion in the garden,—always with permission of my Lord Constable,—to receive my late Master of the Horse."

"My lord?" said Lord Errol.

"Ay, my lord;—must I ask permission twice?"

"No, surely, my lord," answered the Constable; "but has your Royal Highness recollected that Sir John Ramorny—"

"Has not the plague, I hope?" replied the Duke of Rothsay. "Come, Errol, you would play the surly turnkey; but it is not in your nature. Farewell for half an hour."

"A new folly!" said Errol, as the Prince, flinging open a lattice of the ground parlour in which they sate, stepped out into the garden. "A new folly, to call back that villain to his councils. But he is infatuated."

The Prince, in the meantime, looked back, and said hastily,—

"Your lordship's good housekeeping will afford us a flask or two, and a slight collation in the pavilion? I love the *al fresco* of the river."

The Constable bowed, and gave the necessary orders; so that Sir John found the materials of good cheer ready displayed, when, landing from his barge, he entered the pavilion.

"It grieves my heart to see your Highness under restraint," said Ramorny, with a well-executed appearance of sympathy.

"That grief of thine will grieve mine," said the Prince. "I am sure here has Errol, and a right true-hearted lord he is, so tired me with grave looks, and something like grave lessons, that he has driven me back to thee, thou reprobate, from whom, as I expect nothing good, I may perhaps obtain something entertaining. Yet, ere we say more, it was foul work that upon the Fastern's Even, Ramorny. I well hope thou gavest not aim to it."

"On my honour, my lord, a simple mistake of the brute Bonthron. I did but hint to him that a dry beating would be due to the fellow by whom I had lost a hand; and lo you, my knave makes a double mistake. He takes one man for another, and instead of the batton he uses the axe."

"It is well that it went no farther. Small matter for the Bonnet-maker; but I had never forgiven you had the Armourer fallen—there is not his match in Britain.—But I hope they hanged the villain high enough?"

"If thirty feet might serve," replied Ramorny.

"Pah! no more of him," said Rothsay; "his wretched name makes the good wine taste of blood.—And what are the news in Perth, Ramorny?—How stands it with the bona robas and the galliards?"

"Little galliardise stirring, my lord," answered

the Knight. "All eyes are turned to the motions of the Black Douglas, who comes with five thousand chosen men to put us all to rights, as if he were bound for another Otterburn. It is said he is to be Lieutenant again.—It is certain many have declared for his faction."

"It is time, then, my feet were free," said Rothsay, "otherwise, I may find a worse warder than Errol."

"Ah, my lord! were you once away from this place, you might make as bold a head as Douglas."

"Ramorny," said the Prince gravely, "I have but a confused remembrance of your once having proposed something horrible to me. Beware of such counsel. I would be free; I would have my person at my own disposal—but I will never levy arms against my father, nor those it pleases him to trust."

"It was only for your Royal Highness's personal freedom that I was presuming to speak," answered Ramorny. "Were I in your Grace's place, I would get me into that good boat which hovers on the Tay, and drop quietly down to Fife, where you have many friends, and make free to take possession of Falkland. It is a royal castle; and though the King has bestowed it in gift on your uncle, yet surely, even if the grant were not subject to challenge, your Grace might make free with the residence of so near a relative."

"He hath made free with mine," said the Duke, "as the Stewartry of Renfrew can tell. But stay, Ramorny—hold—Did I not hear Errol say that the Lady Marjory Douglas, whom they call Duchess of Rothsay, is at Falkland? I would neither dwell with that lady, nor insult her by dislodging her."

"The lady was there, my lord," replied Ramorny; "but I have sure advice that she is gone to meet her father."

"Ha! to animate the Douglas against me? or perhaps to beg him to spare me, providing I come on my knees to her bed, as pilgrims say the Emirs and Amirs, upon whom a Saracen Soldan bestows a daughter in marriage, are bound to do? Ramorny, I will act by the Douglas's own saying, 'It is better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak.' I will keep both foot and hand from fetters."

"No place fitter than Falkland," replied Ramorny. "I have enough of good yeomen to keep the place;—and should your Highness wish to leave it, a brief ride reaches the sea in three directions."

"You speak well. But we shall die of gloom yonder. Neither mirth, music, nor maidens—Ha?" said the heedless Prince.

"Pardon me, noble Duke; but though the Lady Marjory Douglas be departed, like an errant dame in romance, to implore succour of her doughty sire, there is, I may say, a lovelier, I am sure a younger maiden, either presently at Falkland, or who will soon be on the road thither. Your Highness has not forgotten the Fair Maid of Perth?"

"Forget the prettiest wench in Scotland!—No—any more than thou hast forgotten the hand that thou hadst in the Curfew-street onslaught on St. Valentine's Eve."

"The hand that I had?—Your Highness would say, the hand that I lost. As certain as I shall never regain it, Catharine Glover is, or will soon be, at Falkland. I will not flatter your Highness by saying

she expects to meet you—in truth, she proposes to place herself under the protection of the Lady Marjory."

"The little traitress," said the Prince; "she too to turn against me! She deserves punishment, Ramorny."

"I trust your Grace will make her penance a gentle one," replied the Knight,

"Faith, I would have been her father Confessor long ago, but I have ever found her coy."

"Opportunity was lacking, my lord," replied Ramorny;—"and time presses even now."

"Nay, I am but too apt for a frolic; but my father—"

"He is personally safe," said Ramorny, "and as much at freedom as ever he can be; while your Highness—"

"Must brook fetters, conjugal or literal—I know it.—Yonder comes Douglas, with his daughter in his hand, as haughty, and as harsh-featured as himself, bating touches of age."

"And at Falkland, sits in solitude the fairest wench in Scotland," said Ramorny. "Here is penance and restraint, yonder is joy and freedom."

"Thou hast prevailed, most sage counsellor," replied Rothsay; "but mark you, it shall be the last of my frolics."

"I trust so," replied Ramorny; "for, when at liberty, you may make a good accommodation with your royal father."

"I will write to him, Ramorny—Get the writing-materials—No, I cannot put my thoughts in words—do thou write."

"Your Royal Highness forgets," said Ramorny, pointing to his mutilated arm.

"Ah! that cursed hand of yours. What can we do?"

"So please your Highness," answered his counsellor, "if you would use the hand of the mediciner, Dwining—He writes like a clerk."

"Hath he a hint of the circumstances? Is he possessed of them?"

"Fully," said Ramorny; and stepping to the window, he called Dwining from the boat.

He entered the presence of the Prince of Scotland, creeping as if he trode upon eggs, with downcast eyes, and a frame that seemed shrunk up by a sense of awe produced by the occasion.

"There, fellow, are writing materials. I will make trial of you—thou know'st the case—place my conduct to my father in a fair light."

Dwining sat down, and in a few minutes wrote a letter, which he handed to Sir John Ramorny.

"Why, the devil has aided thee, Dwining," said the knight. "Listen, my dear lord.—'Respected father and liege Sovereign,—Know, that important considerations induce me to take my departure from this your court, purposing to make my abode at Falkland, both as the seat of my dearest uncle Albany, with whom I know your Majesty would desire me to use all familiarity, and as the residence of one from whom I have been too long estranged, and with whom I haste to exchange vows of the closest affection from henceforward.'"

The Duke of Rothsay and Ramorny laughed aloud; and the physician, who had listened to his own scroll

as if it were a sentence of death, encouraged by their applause, raised his eyes, uttered faintly his chuckling note of He! he! and was again grave and silent, as if afraid he had transgressed the bounds of reverent respect.

"Admirable!" said the Prince—"Admirable! The old man will apply all this to the Duchess, as they call her, of Rothsay.—Dwining, thou shouldst be a *secretis* to his Holiness the Pope, who sometimes, it is said, wants a scribe that can make one word record two meanings. I will subscribe it, and have the praise of the device."

"And now, my lord," said Ramorny, sealing the letter, and leaving it behind, "will you not to boat?"

"Not till my chamberlain attends, with some clothes and necessities—and you may call my sewer also."

"My lord," said Ramorny, "time presses, and preparation will but excite suspicion. Your officers will follow with the mails to-morrow. For to-night, I trust my poor service may suffice to wait on you at table and chamber."

"Nay, this time it is thou who forgets," said the Prince, touching the wounded arm with his walking-rod. "Recollect, man, thou canst neither carve a capon, nor tie a point—a goodly sewer, or valet of the mouth!"

Ramorny grinned with rage and pain; for his wound, though in a way of healing, was still highly sensitive, and even the pointing a finger towards it made him tremble.

"Will your Highness now be pleased to take boat?"

"Not till I take leave of the Lord Constable. Rothsay must not slip away, like a thief from a prison, from the house of Errol. Summon him hither."

"My Lord Duke," said Ramorny, "it may be dangerous to our plan."

"To the devil with danger, thy plan, and thyself!—I must and will act to Errol as becomes us both."

The Earl entered, agreeable to the Prince's summons.

"I gave you this trouble, my lord," said Rothsay, with the dignified courtesy which he knew so well how to assume, "to thank you for your hospitality and your good company. I can enjoy them no longer, as pressing affairs call me to Falkland."

"My lord," said the Lord High Constable, "I trust your Grace remembers that you are under ward."

"How!—under ward? If I am a prisoner, speak plainly—if not, I will take my freedom to depart."

"I would, my lord, your Highness would request his Majesty's permission for this journey. There will be much displeasure."

"Mean you displeasure against yourself, my lord, or against me?"

"I have already said your Highness lies in ward here; but if you determine to break it, I have no warrant—God forbid—to put force on your inclinations. I can but entreat your Highness, for your own sake——"

"Of my own interests I am the best judge—Good evening to you, my lord."

The wilful Prince stepped into the boat with Dwining and Ramorny, and, waiting for no other attend-

ance, Eviot pushed off the vessel, which descended the Tay rapidly by the assistance of sail and oar, and of the ebb-tide.

For some space the Duke of Rothsay appeared silent and moody, nor did his companions interrupt his reflections. He raised his head at length, and said, "My father loves a jest, and when all is over, he will take this frolic at no more serious rate than it deserves—a fit of youth, with which he will deal as he has with others.—Yonder, my masters, shows the old Hold of Kinfauns, frowning above the Tay. Now, tell me, John Ramorny, how thou hast dealt to get the Fair Maid of Perth out of the hands of yonder bull-headed Provost; for Errol told me it was rumoured that she was under his protection."

"Truly she was, my lord, with the purpose of being transferred to the patronage of the Duchess,—I mean of the Lady Marjory of Douglas. Now, this beetle-headed Provost, who is after all but a piece of blundering valiancy, has, like most such, a retainer of some slyness and cunning, whom he uses in all his dealings, and whose suggestions he generally considers as his own ideas. Whenever I would possess myself of a landward baron, I address myself to such a confident, who, in the present case, is called Kitt Henshaw, an old skipper upon the Tay, and who, having in his time sailed as far as Campvere, holds with Sir Patrick Charteris the respect due to one who has seen foreign countries. This his agent I have made my own, and by his means have insinuated various apologies, in order to postpone the departure of Catharine for Falkland."

"But to what good purpose?"

"I know not if it is wise to tell your Highness, lest you should disapprove of my views—I meant the officers of the commission for inquiry into heretical opinions should have found the Fair Maid at Kinfauns, for our beauty is a peevish, self-willed swerver from the Church; and certes, I designed that the Knight should have come in for his share of the fines and confiscations that were about to be inflicted. The monks were eager enough to be at him, seeing he hath had frequent disputes with them about the salmon-tythe."

"But wherefore wouldst thou have ruined the Knight's fortunes, and brought the beautiful young woman to the stake, perchance?"

"Pshaw, my Lord Duke!—Monks never burn pretty maidens. An old woman might have been in some danger; and as for my Lord Provost, as they call him, if they had clipped off some of his fat acres, it would have been some atonement for the brave he put on me in Saint John's Church."

"Methinks, John, it was but a base revenge," said Rothsay.

"Rest ye contented, my lord. He that cannot right himself by the hand, must use his head.—Well, that chance was over by the tender-hearted Douglas's declaring in favour of tender conscience; and then, my lord, old Henshaw found no further objections to carrying the Fair Maid of Perth to Falkland,—not to share the dulness of the Lady Marjory's society, as Sir Patrick Charteris and she herself doth opine, but to keep your Highness from tiring when we return from hunting in the park."

There was again a long pause, in which the Prince

seemed to muse deeply. At length he spoke.—“Ramorny, I have a scruple in this matter; but if I name it to thee, the devil of sophistry, with which thou art possessed, will argue it out of me, as it has done many others. This girl is the most beautiful, one excepted, whom I ever saw or knew; and I like her the more that she bears some features of—Elizabeth of Dunbar. But she, I mean Catharine Glover, is contracted, and presently to be wedded, to Henry the Armourer, a craftsman unequalled for skill, and a man-at-arms yet unmatched in the barrack. To follow out this intrigue would do a good fellow too much wrong.”

“Your Highness will not expect me to be very solicitous of Henry Smith’s interest,” said Ramorny, looking at his wounded arm.

“By Saint Andrew with his shored cross, this disaster of thine is too much harped upon, John Ramorny. Others are content with putting a finger into every man’s pie, but thou must thrust in thy whole gory hand. It is done, and cannot be undone—let it be forgotten.”

“Nay, my lord, you allude to it more frequently than I,” answered the Knight,—“in derision, it is true; while I—but I can be silent on the subject if I cannot forget it.”

“Well, then, I tell thee that I have scruple about this intrigue. Dost thou remember, when we went in a frolic to hear father Clement preach, or rather to see this fair heretic, that he spoke as touchingly as a minstrel about the rich man taking away the poor man’s only ewe lamb?”

“A great matter, indeed,” answered Sir John, “that this churl’s wife’s eldest son should be fathered by the Prince of Scotland! How many earls would covet the like fate for their fair countesses? and how many that have had such good luck sleep not a grain the worse for it?”

“And if I might presume to speak,” said the mediciner, “the ancient laws of Scotland assigned such a privilege to every feudal lord over his female vassals, though lack of spirit and love of money hath made many exchange it for gold.”

“I require no argument to urge me to be kind to a pretty woman: But this Catharine has been ever cold to me,” said the Prince.

“Nay, my lord,” said Ramorny, “if, young, handsome, and a Prince, you know not how to make yourself acceptable to a fine woman, it is not for me to say more.”

“And if it were not far too great audacity in me to speak again, I would say,” quoth the leech, “that all Perth knows that the *Gow Chrom* never was the maiden’s choice, but fairly forced upon her by her father. I know for certain that she refused him repeatedly.”

“Nay, if thou canst assure us of that, the case is much altered,” said Rothsay. “Vulcan was a smith as well as Harry Wynd; he would needs wed Venus, and our Chronicles tell us what came of it.”

“Then long may Lady Venus live and be worshipped,” said Sir John Ramorny; “and success to the gallant knight Mars, who goes a-wooing to her goddess-ship!”

The discourse took a gay and idle turn for a few

VOL. VII.

minutes; but the Duke of Rothsay soon dropped it. “I have left,” he said, “yonder air of the prison-house behind me, and yet my spirits scarce revive. I feel that drowsy, not unpleasing, yet melancholy mood, that comes over us when exhausted by exercise, or satiated with pleasure. Some music now, stealing on the ear, yet not loud enough to make us lift the eye, were a treat for the gods.”

“Your Grace has but to speak your wishes, and the nymphs of the Tay are as favourable as the fair ones upon the shore.—Hark—it is a lute.”

“A lute!” said the Duke of Rothsay, listening; “it is, and rarely touched. I should remember that dying fall. Steer towards the boat from whence the music comes.”

“It is old Henshaw,” said Ramorny, “working up the stream.—How, skipper!”

The boatmen answered the hail, and drew up alongside of the Prince’s barge.

“Oh ho! my old friend!” said the Prince, recognising the figure as well as the appointments of the French glee-woman, Louise. “I think I owe thee something for being the means of thy having a fright, at least, upon St Valentine’s Day. Into this boat with thee, lute, puppy dog, scrip and all—I will prefer thee to a lady’s service, who shall feed thy very cur on capons and canary.”

“I trust your Highness will consider—” said Ramorny.

“I will consider nothing but my pleasure, John. Pray, do thou be so complying as to consider it also.”

“Is it indeed to a lady’s service you would promote me?” said the glee-maiden. “And where does she dwell?”

“At Falkland,” answered the Prince.

“Oh, I have heard of that great lady!” said Louise; “and will you indeed prefer me to your right royal consort’s service?”

“I will, by my honour—whenever I receive her as such—Mark that reservation, John,” said he aside to Ramorny.

The persons who were in the boat caught up the tidings, and concluding a reconciliation was about to take place betwixt the royal couple, exhorted Louise to profit by her good fortune, and add herself to the Duchess of Rothsay’s train. Several offered her some acknowledgment for the exercise of her talents.

During this moment of delay, Ramorny whispered to Dwining, “Make in, knave, with some objection. This addition is one too many. Rouse thy wits, while I speak a word with Henshaw.”

“If I might presume to speak,” said Dwining, “as one who have made my studies both in Spain and Arabia, I would say, my lord, that the sickness has appeared in Edinburgh, and that there may be risk in admitting this young wanderer into your Highness’s vicinity.”

“Ah! and what is it to thee,” said Rothsay, “whether I chuse to be poisoned by the pestilence or the pothecary? Must thou, too, needs thwart my humour?”

While the Prince thus silenced the remonstrances of Dwining, Sir John Ramorny had snatched a moment to learn from Henshaw that the removal of the

Duchess of Rothsay from Falkland was still kept profoundly secret, and that Catharine Glover would arrive there that evening or the next morning, in expectation of being taken under the noble lady's protection.

The Duke of Rothsay, deeply plunged in thought, received this intimation so coldly, that Ramorny took the liberty of remonstrating. "This, my lord," he said, "is playing the spoiled child of fortune. You wish for liberty—it comes. You wish for beauty—it awaits you, with just so much delay as to render the boon more precious. Even your slightest desires seem a law to the Fates; for you desire music when it seems most distant, and the lute and song are at your hand. These things, so sent, should be enjoyed, else we are but like petted children, who break and throw from them the toys they have wept themselves sick for."

"To enjoy pleasure, Ramorny," said the Prince, "a man should have suffered pain, as it requires fasting to gain a good appetite. We, who can have all for a wish, little enjoy that all when we have possessed it. Seest thou yonder thick cloud, which is about to burst to rain? It seems to stifle me—the waters look dark and lurid—the shores have lost their beautiful form—"

"My lord, forgive your servant," said Ramorny. "You indulge a powerful imagination, as an unskilful horseman permits a fiery steed to rear, until he falls back on his master and crushes him. I pray you shake off this lethargy. Shall the glee-maiden make some music?"

"Let her—but it must be melancholy; all mirth would at this moment jar on my ear."

The maiden sung a melancholy dirge in Norman French; the words, of which the following is an imitation, were united to a tune as doleful as they are themselves.

1.

Yes, thou mayst sigh,
And look once more at all around,
At stream and bank, and sky and ground.
Thy life its final course has found,
And thou must die.

2.

Yes, lay thee down,
And while thy struggling pulses flutter,
Bid the grey monk his soul-mass mutter,
And the deep bell its death-tone utter—
Thy life is gone.

3.

Be not afraid:
'T is but a pang, and then a thrill,
A fever fit, and then a chill;
And then an end of human ill,
For thou art dead.

The Prince made no observation on the music; and the maiden, at Ramorny's beck, went on from time to time with her minstrel craft, until the evening sunk down into rain, first soft and gentle, at length in great quantities, and accompanied by a cold wind. There was neither cloak nor covering for the Prince, and he sullenly rejected that which Ramorny offered.

"It is not for Rothsay to wear your cast garments, Sir John—this melted snow, which I feel pierce me to the very marrow, I am now encountering by your

fault. Why did you presume to put off the boat without my servants and apparel?"

Ramorny did not attempt an exculpation; for he knew the Prince was in one of those humours, when, to enlarge upon a grievance was more pleasing to him than to have his mouth stopped by any reasonable apology. In sullen silence, or amid unsuppressed chiding, the boat arrived at the fishing village of Newburgh. The party landed, and found horses in readiness, which indeed Ramorny had long since provided for the occasion. Their quality underwent the Prince's bitter sarcasm, expressed to Ramorny sometimes by direct words, oftener by bitter gibes. At length they were mounted, and rode on through the closing night and the falling rain, the Prince leading the way with reckless haste. The glee-maiden, mounted by his express order, attended them; and well for her that, accustomed to severe weather, and exercise both on foot and horseback, she supported as firmly as the men the fatigues of the nocturnal ride. Ramorny was compelled to keep at the Prince's rein, being under no small anxiety lest, in his wayward fit, he might ride off from him entirely, and, taking refuge in the house of some loyal baron, escape the snare which was spread for him. He therefore suffered inexpressibly during the ride, both in mind and in body.

At length the forest of Falkland received them, and a glimpse of the moon showed the dark and huge tower, an appendage of royalty itself, though granted for a season to the Duke of Albany. On a signal given the drawbridge fell. Torches glared in the courtyard, menials attended, and the Prince, assisted from horseback, was ushered into an apartment, where Ramorny waited on him, together with Dwining, and entreated him to take the leech's advice. The Duke of Rothsay repulsed the proposal, haughtily ordered his bed to be prepared, and having stood for some time shivering in his dank garments beside a large blazing fire, he retired to his apartment without taking leave of any one.

"You see the peevish humour of this childish boy, now," said Ramorny to Dwining; "can you wonder that a servant, who has done so much for him as I have, should be tired of such a master?"

"No truly," said Dwining, "that and the promised Earldom of Lindores would shake any man's fidelity. But shall we commence with him this evening? He has, if eye and cheek speak true, the foundation of a fever within him, which will make our work easy, while it will seem the effect of nature."

"It is an opportunity lost," said Ramorny; "but we must delay our blow till he has seen this beauty, Catharine Glover. She may be hereafter a witness that she saw him in good health, and master of his own motions, a brief space before—you understand me?"

Dwining nodded assent, and added,

"There is no time lost; for there is little difficulty in blighting a flower, exhausted from having been made to bloom too soon."

CHAPTER XXXI.

WITH the next morning the humour of the Duke of Rothsay was changed. He complained, indeed, of pain and fever, but they rather seemed to stimulate

than to overwhelm him. He was familiar with Ramorny, and though he said nothing on the subject of the preceding night, it was plain he remembered what he desired to obliterate from the memory of his followers—the ill-humour he had then displayed. He was civil to every one, and jested with Ramorny on the subject of Catharine's arrival.

"How surprised will the pretty prude be at seeing herself in a family of men, when she expects to be admitted amongst the hoods and pinnars of Dame Marjory's waiting-women! Thou hast not many of the tender sex in thy household, I take it, Ramorny?"

"Faith, none except the minstrel wench, but a household drudge or two whom we may not dispense with. By the way, she is anxiously inquiring after the mistress your Highness promised to prefer her to—Shall I dismiss her, to hunt for her at leisure?"

"By no means, she will serve to amuse Catharine—And, hark you, were it not well to receive that coy jiliet with something of a mumming?"

"How mean you, my lord?"

"Thou art dull, man—We will not disappoint her, since she expects to find the Duchess of Rothsay—I will be Duke and Duchess in my own person."

"Still I do not comprehend."

"No one so dull as a wit," said the Prince, "when he does not hit off the scent at once. My Duchess, as they call her, has been in as great a hurry to run away from Falkland, as I to come hither. We have both left our apparel behind. There is as much female trumpery in the wardrobe adjoining to my sleeping-room, as would equip a whole carnival. Look you, I will play Dame Marjory, disposed on this day-bed here with a mourning veil and a wreath of willow, to show my forsaken plight; thou, John, wilt look starch and stiff enough for her Galwegian maid of honour, the Countess Hermigild; and Dwining shall present the old Hecate, her nurse,—only she hath more beard on her upper lip than Dwining on his whole face, and skull to boot. He should have the commodity of a beard to set her forth conformably. Get thy kitchen drudges, and what passable pages thou hast with thee, to make my women of the bedroom. Hearest thou?—about it instantly."

Ramorny hastened into the anteroom, and told Dwining the Prince's device.

"Do thou look to humour the fool," he said; "I care not how little I see him, knowing what is to be done."

"Trust all to me," said the physician, shrugging his shoulders. "What sort of a butcher is he that can cut the lamb's throat, yet is afraid to hear it bleat?"

"Tush, fear not my constancy—I cannot forget that he would have cast me into the cloister with as little regard as if he threw away the truncheon of a broken lance. Begone—yet stay—ere you go to arrange this silly pageant, something must be settled to impose on the thick-witted Charteris. He is like enough, should he be left in the belief that the Duchess of Rothsay is still here, and Catharine Glover in attendance on her, to come down with offers of service, and the like, when, as I need scarce tell thee, his presence would be inconvenient—Indeed, this is the more likely, that some folks have given a warmer

name to the iron-headed Knight's great and tender patronage of this damsel."

"With that hint, let me alone to deal with him. I will send him such a letter, that for this month he shall hold himself as ready for a journey to hell as to Falkland.—Can you tell me the name of the Duchess's confessor?"

"Waltheof, a grey friar."

"Enough—then here I start."

In a few minutes, for he was a clerk of rare celerity, Dwining finished a letter, which he placed in Ramorny's hands.

"This is admirable, and would have made thy fortune with Rothsay—I think I should have been too jealous to trust thee in his household, save that his day is closed."

"Read it aloud," said Dwining, "that we may judge if it goes trippingly off." And Ramorny read as follows:—"By command of our high and mighty Princess Marjory, Duchess of Rothsay, and so forth, we Waltheof, unworthy brother of the order of St Francis, do thee, Sir Patrick Charteris, Knight, of Kinfauns, to know, that her Highness marvels much at the temerity with which you have sent to her presence a woman of whose fame she can judge but lightly, seeing she hath made her abode, without any necessity, for more than a week in thine own castle, without company of any other female, saving menials; of which foul cohabitation the savour is gone up through Fife, Angus, and Perthshire. Nevertheless, her Highness, considering the case as one of human frailty, hath not caused this wanton one to be scourged with nettles, or otherwise to dree penance; but as two good brethren of the convent of Lindores, the Fathers Thickscull and Dundermore, have been summoned up to the Highlands upon an especial call, her Highness hath committed to their care this maiden Catharine, with charge to convey her to her father, whom she states to be residing beside Loch Tay, under whose protection she will find a situation more fitting her qualities and habits, than the Castle of Falkland, while her Highness the Duchess of Rothsay abides there. She hath charged the said reverend brothers so to deal with the young woman, as may give her a sense of the sin of incontinence, and she commendeth thee to confession and penitence.—Signed, Waltheof, by command of an high and mighty Princess—and so forth."

When he had finished, "Excellent—excellent!" Ramorny exclaimed, "This unexpected rebuff will drive Charteris mad! He hath been long making a sort of homage to this lady, and to find himself suspected of incontinence, when he was expecting the full credit of a charitable action, will altogether confound him; and, as thou say'st, it will be long enough ere he come hither to look after the damsel, or do honour to the dame.—But away to thy pageant, while I prepare that which shall close the pageant for ever."

It was an hour before noon, when Catharine, escorted by old Henshaw and a groom of the Knight of Kinfauns, arrived before the lordly tower of Falkland. The broad banner which was displayed from it bore the arms of Rothsay, the servants who appeared wore the colours of the Prince's household, all confirming the general belief that the Duchess still resided there.

Catharine's heart throbbed, for she had heard that the Duchess had the pride as well as the high courage of the house of Douglas, and felt uncertain touching the reception she was to experience. On entering the Castle, she observed that the train was smaller than she had expected, but as the Duchess lived in close retirement, she was little surprised at this. In a species of anteroom she was met by a little old woman, who seemed bent double with age, and supported herself upon an ebony staff.

"Truly thou art welcome, fair daughter," said she, saluting Catharine, "and, as I may say, to an afflicted house; and I trust (once more saluting her) thou wilt be a consolation to my precious and right royal daughter the Duchess. Sit thee down, my child, till I see whether my lady be at leisure to receive thee. Ah, my child, thou art very lovely indeed, if Our Lady hath given to thee a soul to match with so fair a body."

With that the counterfeit old woman crept into the next apartment, where she found Rothsay in the masquerading habit he had prepared, and Ramorny, who had evaded taking part in the pageant, in his ordinary attire.

"Thou art a precious rascal, Sir Doctor," said the Prince; "by my honour I think thou couldst find in thy heart to play out the whole play thyself, lover's part and all."

"If it were to save your Highness trouble," said the leech, with his usual subdued laugh.

"No, no," said Rothsay, "I'll never need thy help, man—and tell me now, how look I, thus disposed on the couch—languishing and ladylike, ha?"

"Something too fine complexioned and soft featured for the Lady Marjory of Douglas, if I may presume to say so," said the leech.

"Away, villain, and marshal in this fair frost-piece—fear not she will complain of my effeminacy—and thou, Ramorny, away also."

As the knight left the apartment by one door, the fictitious old woman ushered in Catharine Glover by another. The room had been carefully darkened to twilight, so that Catharine saw the apparently female figure stretched on the couch without the least suspicion.

"Is that the maiden?" asked Rothsay, in a voice naturally sweet, and now carefully modulated to a whispering tone—"Let her approach, Griselda, and kiss our hand."

The supposed nurse led the trembling maiden forward to the side of the couch, and signed to her to kneel. Catharine did so, and kissed with much devotion and simplicity the gloved hand which the counterfeit Duchess extended to her.

"Be not afraid," said the same musical voice; "in me you only see a melancholy example of the vanity of human greatness—happy those, my child, whose rank places them beneath the storms of state."

While she spoke, she put her arms around Catharine's neck and drew her towards her, as if to salute her in token of welcome. But the kiss was bestowed with an earnestness which so much overacted the part of the fair patroness, that Catharine, concluding the Duchess had lost her senses, screamed aloud.

"Peace, fool! it is I—Robert of Rothsay," said the Prince.

Catharine looked around her—the nurse was gone, and the Duke tearing off his veil, she saw herself in the power of a daring young libertine.

"Now be present with me, Heaven!" she said; "and thou wilt, if I forsake not myself."

As this resolution darted through her mind, she repressed her disposition to scream, and, as far as she might, strove to conceal her fear.

"The jest hath been played," she said, with as much firmness as she could assume; "may I entreat that your Highness will now unhand me," for he still kept hold of her arm.

"Nay, my pretty captive, struggle not—why should you fear?"

"I do not struggle, my lord. As you are pleased to detain me, I will not, by striving, provoke you to use me ill, and give pain to yourself, when you have time to think."

"Why, thou traitress, thou hast held me captive for months," said the Prince; "and wilt thou not let me hold thee for a moment?"

"This were gallantry, my lord, were it in the streets of Perth, where I might listen or escape as I listed—it is tyranny here."

"And if I did let thee go, whither wouldst thou fly?" said Rothsay. "The bridges are up—the portcullis down—and the men who follow me are strangely deaf to a peevish maiden's squalls. Be kind, therefore, and you shall know what it is to oblige a Prince."

"Unloose me, then, my lord, and hear me appeal from thyself to thyself—from Rothsay to the Prince of Scotland.—I am the daughter of an humble but honest citizen. I am, I may well-nigh say, the spouse of a brave and honest man. If I have given your Highness any encouragement for what you have done, it has been unintentional. Thus forewarned, I entreat you to forego your power over me, and suffer me to depart. Your Highness can obtain nothing from me, save by means equally unworthy of knighthood or manhood."

"You are bold, Catharine," said the Prince; "but neither as a knight nor a man can I avoid accepting a defiance. I must teach you the risk of such challenges."

While he spoke, he attempted to throw his arms again around her; but she eluded his grasp, and proceeded in the same tone of firm decision.

"My strength, my lord, is as great to defend myself in an honourable strife, as yours can be to assail me with a most dishonourable purpose. Do not shame yourself and me by putting it to the combat. You may stun me with blows, or you may call aid to overpower me; but otherwise you will fail of your purpose."

"What a brute would you make me!" said the Prince. "The force I would use is no more than excuses women in yielding to their own weakness."

He sat down in some emotion.

"Then keep it," said Catharine, "for those women who desire such an excuse. My resistance is that of the most determined mind, which love of honour and fear of shame ever inspired. Alas! my lord, could you succeed, you would but break every

bond between me and life—between yourself and honour. I have been trained fraudulently here, by what decoys I know not; but were I to go dishonoured hence, it would be to denounce the destroyer of my happiness to every quarter of Europe. I would take the palmer's staff in my hand, and wherever chivalry is honoured, or the word Scotland has been heard, I would proclaim the heir of a hundred kings, the son of the godly Robert Stewart, the heir of the heroic Bruce—a truthless, faithless man, unworthy of the crown he expects, and of the spurs he wears. Every lady in wide Europe would hold your name too foul for her lips—every worthy knight would hold you a baffled, forsworn caitiff, false to the first vow of arms, the protection of woman, and the defence of the feeble.”

Rothsay resumed his seat, and looked at her with a countenance in which resentment was mingled with admiration. “You forget to whom you speak, maiden. Know, the distinction I have offered you is one for which hundreds, whose trains you are born to bear, would feel gratitude.”

“Once more, my lord,” resumed Catharine, “keep these favours for those by whom they are prized; or rather reserve your time and your health for other and nobler pursuits,—for the defence of your country and the happiness of your subjects. Alas, my lord! how willingly would an exulting people receive you for their chief!—How gladly would they close around you, did you show desire to head them against the oppression of the mighty, the violence of the lawless, the seduction of the vicious, and the tyranny of the hypocrite!”

The Duke of Rothsay, whose virtuous feelings were as easily excited as they were evanescent, was affected by the enthusiasm with which she spoke. “Forgive me if I have alarmed you, maiden,” he said; “thou art too noble-minded to be the toy of passing pleasure, for which my mistake destined thee; and I, even were thy birth worthy of thy noble spirit and transcendent beauty, have no heart to give thee; for by the homage of the heart only should such as thou be wooed. But my hopes have been blighted, Catharine—the only woman I ever loved has been torn from me in the very wantonness of policy, and a wife imposed on me whom I must ever detest, even had she the loveliness and softness which alone can render a woman amiable in my eyes. My health is fading even in early youth; and all that is left for me is to snatch such flowers as the short passage from life to the grave will now present. Look on my hectic cheek—feel, if you will, my intermitting pulse; and pity me and excuse me, if I, whose rights as a Prince and as a man have been trampled upon and usurped, feel occasional indifference towards the rights of others, and indulge a selfish desire to gratify the wish of the passing moment.”

“Oh, my lord!” exclaimed Catharine, with the enthusiasm which belonged to her character—“I will call you my dear lord,—for dear must the heir of Bruce be to every child of Scotland,—let me not, I pray, hear you speak thus! Your glorious ancestor endured exile, persecution, the night of famine, and the day of unequal combat, to free his country,—do you practise the like self-denial to free yourself. Tear yourself from those who find their own way to

greatness smoothed by feeding your follies. Distrust you dark Ramorny!—you know it not, I am sure—you could not know; but the wretch who could urge the daughter to courses of shame by threatening the life of the aged father, is capable of all that is vile—all that is treacherous!”

“Did Ramorny do this?” said the Prince.

“He did indeed, my lord, and he dares not deny it.”

“It shall be looked to,” answered the Duke of Rothsay, “I have ceased to love him; but he has suffered much for my sake, and I must see his services honourably requited.”

“His services! Oh, my lord, if chronicles speak true, such services brought Troy to ruins, and gave the infidels possession of Spain.”

“Hush, maiden; speak within compass, I pray you,” said the Prince, rising up; “our conference ends here.”

“Yet one word, my Lord Duke of Rothsay,” said Catharine, with animation, while her beautiful countenance resembled that of an admonitory angel—“I cannot tell what impels me to speak thus boldly; but the fire burns within me, and will break out. Leave this castle without an hour's delay! the air is unwholesome for you. Dismiss this Ramorny, before the day is ten minutes older! his company is most dangerous.”

“What reason have you for saying this?”

“None in especial,” answered Catharine, abashed at her own eagerness,—“none, perhaps, excepting my fears for your safety.”

“To vague fears, the heir of Bruce must not listen.—What, ho! who waits without?”

Ramorny entered, and bowed low to the Duke and to the maiden, whom, perhaps, he considered as likely to be preferred to the post of favourite Sultana, and therefore entitled to a courteous obeisance.

“Ramorny,” said the Prince, “is there in the household any female of reputation, who is fit to wait on this young woman, till we can send her where she may desire to go?”

“I fear,” replied Ramorny, “if it displease not your Highness to hear the truth, your household is indifferently provided in that way; and that, to speak the verity, the glee-maiden is the most decorous amongst us.”

“Let her wait upon this young person, then, since better may not be.—And take patience, maiden, for a few hours.”

Catharine retired.

“So, my lord,—part you so soon from the Fair Maid of Perth? This is, indeed, the very wantonness of victory.”

“There is neither victory nor defeat in the case,” returned the Prince, drily. “The girl loves me not; nor do I love her well enough to torment myself concerning her scruples.”

“The chaste Malcolm the Maiden revived in one of his descendants!” said Ramorny.

“Favour me, sir, by a truce to your wit, or by chusing a different subject for its career. It is noon, I believe, and you will oblige me by commanding them to serve up dinner.”

Ramorny left the room, but Rothsay thought he discovered a smile upon his countenance; and to be

the subject of this man's satire, gave him no ordinary degree of pain. He summoned, however, the Knight to his table, and even admitted Dwining to the same honour. The conversation was of a lively and dissolute cast, a tone encouraged by the Prince, as if designing to counterbalance the gravity of his morals in the morning, which Ramorny, who was read in old chronicles, had the boldness to liken to the continence of Scipio.

The banquet, notwithstanding the Duke's indifferent health, was protracted in idle wantonness, far beyond the rules of temperance; and, whether owing simply to the strength of the wine which he drank, or the weakness of his constitution, or, as it is probable, because the last wine which he quaffed had been adulterated by Dwining, it so happened that the Prince, towards the end of the repast, fell into a lethargic sleep, from which it seemed impossible to rouse him. Sir John Ramorny and Dwining carried him to his chamber, accepting no other assistance than that of another person, whom we will afterwards give name to.

Next morning, it was announced that the Prince was taken ill of an infectious disorder; and, to prevent its spreading through the household, no one was admitted to wait on him save his late Master of Horse, the physician Dwining, and the domestic already mentioned; one of whom seemed always to remain in the apartment, while the others observed a degree of precaution respecting their intercourse with the rest of the family, so strict as to maintain the belief that he was dangerously ill of an infectious disorder.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FAR different had been the fate of the misguided Heir of Scotland, from that which was publicly given out in the town of Falkland. His ambitious uncle had determined on his death, as the means of removing the first and most formidable barrier betwixt his own family and the throne. James, the younger son of the King, was a mere boy, who might at more leisure be easily set aside. Ramorny's view of aggrandizement, and the resentment which he had latterly entertained against his master, made him a willing agent in young Rothsay's destruction. Dwining's love of gold, and his native malignity of disposition, rendered him equally forward. It had been resolved, with the most calculating cruelty, that all means which might leave behind marks of violence were to be carefully avoided, and the extinction of life suffered to take place of itself, by privation of every kind acting upon a frail and impaired constitution. The Prince of Scotland was not to be murdered, as Ramorny had expressed himself on another occasion,—he was only to cease to exist.

Rothsay's bedchamber in the Tower of Falkland was well adapted for the execution of such a horrible project. A small narrow staircase, scarce known to exist, opened from thence by a trap-door to the subterranean dungeons of the castle, through a passage by which the feudal lord was wont to visit, in private, and in disguise, the inhabitants of those miserable regions. By this staircase the villains conveyed the insensible Prince to the lowest dungeon of the castle, so deep in the bowels of the earth, that no cries or

groans, it was supposed, could possibly be heard, while the strength of its door and fastenings must for a long time have defied force, even if the entrance could have been discovered. Bonthron, who had been saved from the gallows for the purpose, was the willing agent of Ramorny's unparalleled cruelty to his misled and betrayed patron.

This wretch revisited the dungeon at the time when the Prince's lethargy began to wear off, and when, awaking to sensation, he felt himself deadly cold, unable to move, and oppressed with fetters, which scarce permitted him to stir from the dank straw on which he was laid. His first idea was, that he was in a fearful dream—his next brought a confused augury of the truth. He called, shouted,—yelled at length in frenzy,—but no assistance came, and he was only answered by the vaulted roof of the dungeon. The agent of Hell heard these agonizing screams, and deliberately reckoned them against the taunts and reproaches with which Rothsay had expressed his instinctive aversion to him. When, exhausted and hopeless, the unhappy youth remained silent, the savage resolved to present himself before the eyes of his prisoner. The locks were drawn, the chain fell; the Prince raised himself as high as his fetters permitted,—a red glare, against which he was fain to shut his eyes, streamed through the vault; and when he opened them again, it was on the ghastly form of one whom he had reason to think dead. He sunk back in horror. "I am judged and condemned!" he exclaimed; "and the most abhorred fiend in the infernal regions is sent to torment me!"

"I live, my lord," said Bonthron; "and that you may live and enjoy life, be pleased to sit up and eat your victuals."

"Free me from these irons," said the Prince,—
"release me from this dungeon,—and, dog as thou art, thou shalt be the richest man in Scotland."

"If you would give me the weight of your shackles in gold," said Bonthron, "I would rather see the iron on you than have the treasure myself!—But lock up—you were wont to love delicate fare—behold how I have catered for you." The wretch, with fiendish glee, unfolded a piece of raw hide covering the bundle which he bore under his arm, and, passing the light to and fro before it, showed the unhappy Prince a bull's head recently hewn from the trunk, and known in Scotland as the certain signal of death. He placed it at the foot of the bed, or rather lair, on which the Prince lay. "Be moderate in your food," he said; "it is like to be long ere thou getst another meal."

"Tell me but one thing, wretch," said the Prince. "Does Ramorny know of this practice?"

"How else hadst thou been decoyed hither? Poor woodcock, thou art snared!" answered the murderer.

With these words the door shut, the bolts resounded, and the unhappy Prince was left to darkness, solitude, and despair. "Oh my father!—my prophetic father!—The staff I leaned on has indeed proved a spear!"—We will not dwell on the subsequent hours, nay days, of bodily agony and mental despair.

But it was not the pleasure of Heaven that so

great a crime should be perpetrated with impunity.

Catharine Glover and the glee-woman, neglected by the other inmates, who seemed to be engaged with the tidings of the Prince's illness, were, however, refused permission to leave the Castle, until it should be seen how this alarming disease was to terminate, and whether it was actually an infectious sickness. Forced on each other's society, the two desolate women became companions, if not friends; and the union drew somewhat closer, when Catharine discovered that this was the same female minstrel on whose account Henry Wynd had fallen under her displeasure. She now heard his complete vindication, and listened with ardour to the praises which Louise heaped on her gallant protector. On the other hand, the minstrel, who felt the superiority of Catharine's station and character, willingly dwelt upon a theme which seemed to please her, and recorded her gratitude to the stout Smith in the little song of "Bold and True," which was long a favourite in Scotland.

Oh, Bold and True,
In bonnet blue,
That fear or falsehood never knew;
Whose heart was loyal to his word,
Whose hand was faithful to his sword—
Seek Europe wide from sea to sea,
But bonny Blue-cap still for me!

I've seen Almain's proud champions prance—
Have seen the gallant knights of France,
Unrivall'd with the sword and lance—
Have seen the sons of England true,
Wield the brown bill and bend the yew.
Search France the fair, and England free,
But bonny Blue-cap still for me!

In short, though Louise's disreputable occupation would have been in other circumstances an objection to Catharine's voluntarily frequenting her company, yet, forced together as they now were, she found her a humble and accommodating associate.

They lived in this manner for four or five days, and, in order to avoid as much as possible the gaze, and perhaps the incivility, of the menials in the offices, they prepared their food in their own apartment. In the absolutely necessary intercourse with domestics, Louise, more accustomed to expedients, bolder by habit, and desirous to please Catharine, willingly took on herself the trouble of getting from the pantler the materials of their slender meal, and of arranging it with the dexterity of her country.

The glee-woman had been abroad for this purpose upon the sixth day, a little before noon; and the desire of fresh air, or the hope to find some sallad or pot-herbs, or at least an early flower or two, with which to deck their board, had carried her into the small garden appertaining to the castle. She re-entered her apartment in the tower with a countenance pale as ashes, and a frame which trembled like an aspen-leaf. Her terror instantly extended itself to Catharine, who could hardly find words to ask what new misfortune had occurred.

"Is the Duke of Rothsay dead?"

"Worse! they are starving him alive."

"Madness, woman!"

"No, no, no, no!" said Louise, speaking under her breath, and huddling her words so thick upon

each other, that Catharine could hardly catch the sense. "I was seeking for flowers to dress your potage, because you said you loved them yesterday—my poor little dog, thrusting himself into a thicket of yew and holly bushes that grow out of some old ruins close to the castle-wall, came back whining and howling. I crept forward to see what might be the cause—and, oh! I heard a groaning as of one in extreme pain, but so faint that it seemed to arise out of the very depth of the earth. At length, I found it proceeded from a small rent in the wall, covered with ivy; and when I laid my ear close to the opening, I could hear the Prince's voice distinctly say—'It cannot now last long;' and then it sunk away in something like a prayer."

"Gracious Heaven!—Did you speak to him?"

"I said, 'Is it you, my lord?' and the answer was, 'Who mocks me with that name?'—I asked him if I could help him, and he answered with a voice I shall never forget, 'Food!—food!—I die of famine!' So I came hither to tell you.—What is to be done? shall we alarm the house?"

"Alas! that were more likely to destroy than to aid him," said Catharine.

"And what then shall we do?" said Louise.

"I know not yet," said Catharine, prompt and bold on occasions of moment, though yielding to her companion in ingenuity of resource on ordinary occasions. "I know not yet—but something we will do—the blood of Bruce shall not die unaided."

So saying, she seized the small cruise which contained their soup, and the meat of which it was made, wrapped some thin cakes which she had baked, into the fold of her plaid, and beckoning her companion to follow with a vessel of milk, also part of their provisions, she hastened towards the garden.

"So, our fair vestal is stirring abroad?" said the only man she met, who was one of the menials; but Catharine passed on without notice or reply, and gained the little garden without farther interruption.

Louise indicated to her a heap of ruins, which, covered with underwood, was close to the castle-wall. It had probably been originally a projection from the building; and the small fissure, which communicated with the dungeon, contrived for air, had terminated within it. But the aperture had been a little enlarged by decay, and admitted a dim ray of light to its recesses, although it could not be observed by those who visited the place with torches.

"Here is dead silence," said Catharine, after she had listened attentively for a moment:—"Heaven and earth, he is gone!"

"We must risk something," said her companion, and ran her fingers over the strings of her guitar.

A sigh was the only answer from the depth of the dungeon. Catharine then ventured to speak. "I am here, my lord—I am here, with food and drink."

"Ha! Ramorny? The jest comes too late—I am dying," was the answer.

His brain is turned, and no wonder, thought Catharine; but whilst there is life, there may be hope.

"It is I, my lord, Catharine Glover—I have food, if I could pass it safely to you."

"Heaven bless thee! I thought the pain was over, but it glows again within me at the name of food."

"The food is here, but how, ah how, can I pass it

to you? the chink is so narrow, the wall is so thick. Yet there is a remedy—I have it. Quick, Louise; cut me a willow bough, the tallest you can find."

The glee-maiden obeyed, and by means of a cleft in the top of the wand, Catharine transmitted several morsels of the soft cakes, soaked in broth, which served at once for food, and for drink.

The unfortunate young man ate little, and with difficulty, but prayed for a thousand blessings on the head of his comforter. "I had destined thee to be the slave of my vices," he said, "and yet thou triest to become the preserver of my life! But away, and save thyself."

"I will return with food as I shall see opportunity," said Catharine, just as the glee maiden plucked her sleeve, and desired her to be silent, and stand close."

Both couched among the ruins, and they heard the voices of Ramorny and the physicianer in close conversation.

"He is stronger than I thought," said the former, in a low croaking tone. "How long held out Dalwalsey, when the Knight of Liddesdale prisoned him in his Castle of Hermitage?"

"For a fortnight," answered Dwining; "but he was a strong man, and had some assistance by grain which fell from a granary above his prison-house."

"Were it not better end the matter more speedily? The Black Douglas comes this way. He is not in Albany's secret. He will demand to see the Prince, and all *must* be over ere he comes."

They passed on in their dark and fatal conversation.

"Now gain we the tower," said Catharine to her companion, when she saw they had left the garden. "I had a plan of escape for myself—I will turn it into one of rescue for the Prince. The dey-woman enters the Castle about vesper-time, and usually leaves her cloak in the passage as she goes into the pantler's office with the milk. Take thou the cloak, muffle thyself close, and pass the warder boldly; he is usually drunken at that hour, and thou wilt go, as the dey-woman, unchallenged through gate and along bridge, if thou bear thyself with confidence. Then away to meet the Black Douglas; he is our nearest and only aid."

"But," said Louise, "is he not that terrible lord who threatened me with shame and punishment?"

"Believe it," said Catharine, "such as thou or I never dwelt an hour in the Douglas's memory, either for good or evil. Tell him that his son-in-law, the Prince of Scotland, dies,—treacherously famished,—in Falkland Castle; and thou wilt merit, not pardon only, but reward."

"I care not for reward," said Louise; "the deed will reward itself. But methinks to stay is more dangerous than to go—Let me stay, then, and nourish the unhappy Prince; and do you depart to bring help. If they kill me before your return, I leave you my poor lute, and pray you to be kind to my poor Charlot."

"No, Louise," replied Catharine, "you are a more privileged and experienced wanderer than I—do you go—and if you find me dead on your return, as may well chance, give my poor father this ring, and a lock of my hair, and say, Catharine died in

endeavouring to save the blood of Bruce. And give this other lock to Henry: say, Catharine thought of him to the last; and that if he has judged her too scrupulous touching the blood of others, he will then know it was not because she valued her own."

They sobbed in each other's arms, and the intervening hours till evening were spent in endeavouring to devise some better mode of supplying the captive with nourishment, and in the construction of a tube, composed of hollow reeds, slipping into each other, by which liquids might be conveyed to him.—The bell of the village church of Falkland tolled to vespers. The dey * or farm-woman, entered with her pitchers, to deliver the milk for the family, and to hear and tell the news stirring. She had scarcely entered the kitchen, when the female minstrel, again throwing herself in Catharine's arms, and assuring her of her unalterable fidelity, crept in silence down stairs, the little dog under her arm. A moment after, she was seen by the breathless Catharine, wrapt in the dey-woman's cloak, and walking composedly across the drawbridge.

"So," said the warder, you return early to-night, May Bridget? Small mirth towards in the hall—Ha, wench!—Sick times are sad times!"

"I have forgotten my tallies," said the ready-witted Frenchwoman, "and will return in the skimming of a bowie."

She went onward, avoiding the village of Falkland, and took a foot-path which led through the park. Catharine breathed freely, and blessed God when she saw her lost in the distance. It was another anxious hour for Catharine, which occurred before the escape of the fugitive was discovered. This happened so soon as the dey-girl, having taken an hour to perform a task which ten minutes might have accomplished, was about to return, and discovered that some one had taken away her grey frieze cloak. A strict search was set on foot; at length the women of the house remembered the glee-maiden, and ventured to suggest her as one not unlikely to exchange an old cloak for a new one. The warder, strictly questioned, averred he saw the dey-woman depart immediately after vespers; and on this being contradicted by the party herself, he could suggest, as the only alternative, that it must needs have been the devil.

As, however, the glee-woman could not be found, the real circumstances of the case were easily guessed at; and the steward went to inform Sir John Ramorny and Dwining, who were now scarcely ever separate, of the escape of one of their female captives. Everything awakens the suspicions of the guilty. They looked on each other with faces of dismay, and then went together to the humble apartment of Catharine, that they might take her as much as possible by surprise, while they inquired into the facts attending Louise's disappearance.

"Where is your companion, young woman?" said Ramorny, in a tone of austere gravity.

"I have no companion here," answered Catharine.

"Trifle not," replied the knight; "I mean the glee-maiden, who lately dwelt in this chamber with you."

* Hence, perhaps, dairy-woman and dairy.

"She is gone, they tell me—" said Catharine, "gone about an hour since."

"And whither?" said Dwining.

"How," answered Catharine, "should I know which way a professed wanderer may chuse to travel? She was tired no doubt of a solitary life, so different from the scenes of feasting and dancing which her trade leads her to frequent. She is gone, and the only wonder is that she should have stayed so long."

"This, then, is all you have to tell us?"

"All that I have to tell you, Sir John," answered Catharine, firmly; "and if the Prince himself inquire, I can tell him no more."

"There is little danger of his again doing you the honour to speak to you in person," said Ramorny, "even if Scotland should escape being rendered miserable by the sad event of his decease."

"Is the Duke of Rothsay so very ill?" asked Catharine.

"No help, save in Heaven," answered Ramorny, looking upward.

"Then may there yet be help there," said Catharine, "if human aid prove unavailing!"

"Amen!" said Ramorny, with the most determined gravity; while Dwining adopted a face fit to echo the feeling, though it seemed to cost him a painful struggle to suppress his sneering yet soft laugh of triumph, which was peculiarly excited by any thing having a religious tendency.

"And it is men—earthly men, and not incarnate devils, who thus appeal to heaven, while they are devouring by inches the life-blood of their hapless master!" muttered Catharine, as her two baffled inquisitors left the apartment.—"Why sleeps the thunder?—But it will roll ere long, and oh! may it be to preserve as well as to punish!"

The hour of dinner alone afforded a space, when, all in the Castle being occupied with that meal, Catharine thought she had the best opportunity of venturing to the breach in the wall, with the least chance of being observed. In waiting for the hour, she observed some stir in the Castle, which had been silent as the grave ever since the seclusion of the Duke of Rothsay. The porcullis was lowered and raised, and the creaking of the machinery was intermingled with the tramp of horse, as men-at-arms went out and returned with steeds hard ridden and covered with foam. She observed, too, that such domestics as she casually saw from her window were in arms. All this made her heart throb high, for it augured the approach of rescue; and besides, the bustle left the little garden more lonely than ever. At length, the hour of noon arrived; she had taken care to provide, under pretence of her own wishes, which the pantler seemed disposed to indulge, such articles of food as could be the most easily conveyed to the unhappy captive. She whispered to intimate her presence—there was no answer—she spoke louder, still there was silence.

"He sleeps"—She muttered these words half aloud, and with a shuddering which was succeeded by a start and a scream, when a voice replied behind her,—

"Yes, he sleeps—but it is for ever."

She looked round—Sir John Ramorny stood behind

VOL. VII.

her in complete armour, but the visor of his helmet was up, and displayed a countenance more resembling one about to die than to fight. He spoke with a grave tone, something between that of a calm observer of an interesting event, and of one who is an agent and partaker in it.

"Catharine," he said, "all is true which I tell you. He is dead—you have done your best for him—you can do no more."

"I will not—I cannot believe it," said Catharine. "Heaven be merciful to me! it would make one doubt of Providence, to think so great a crime has been accomplished."

"Doubt not of Providence, Catharine, though it has suffered the profligate to fall by his own devices. Follow me—I have that to say which concerns you. I say follow (for she hesitated), unless you prefer being left to the mercies of the brute Bonthron, and the mediciner Henbane Dwining."

"I will follow you," said Catharine. "You cannot do more to me than you are permitted."

He led the way into the tower, and mounted staircase after staircase, and ladder after ladder.

Catharine's resolution failed her. "I will follow no farther," she said. "Whither would you lead me?—If to my death, I can die here."

"Only to the battlements of the castle, fool," said Ramorny, throwing wide a barred door which opened upon the vaulted roof of the castle, where men were bending mangonels, as they called them (military engines, that is, for throwing arrows or stones), getting ready cross-bows, and piling stones together. But the defenders did not exceed twenty in number, and Catharine thought she could observe doubt and irresolution amongst them.

"Catharine," said Ramorny, "I must not quit this station, which is necessary for my defence; but I can speak with you here as well as elsewhere."

"Say on," answered Catharine,—"I am prepared to hear you."

"You have thrust yourself, Catharine, into a bloody secret. Have you the firmness to keep it?"

"I do not understand you, Sir John," answered the maiden.

"Look you. I have slain—murdered, if you will—my late master, the Duke of Rothsay. The spark of life which your kindness would have fed was easily smothered. His last words called on his father. You are faint—bear up—you have more to hear. You know the crime, but you know not the provocation. See! this gauntlet is empty—I lost my right hand in his cause; and when I was no longer fit to serve him, I was cast off like a worn-out hound, my loss ridiculed, and a cloister recommended, instead of the halls and palaces in which I had my natural sphere! Think on this—pity and assist me."

"In what manner can you require my assistance?" said the trembling maiden; "I can neither repair your loss, nor cancel your crime."

"Thou canst be silent, Catharine, on what thou hast seen and heard in yonder thicket. It is but a brief oblivion I ask of you, whose word will, I know, be listened to, whether you say such things were or were not. That of your mountebank companion, the foreigner, none will hold to be of a pin-point's value. If you grant me this, I will take your pro-

mise for my security, and throw the gate open to those who now approach it. If you will not promise silence, I defend this Castle till every one perishes, and I fling you headlong from these battlements. Ay, look at them—it is not a leap to be rashly braved. Seven courses of stairs brought you up hither with fatigue and shortened breath; but you shall go from the top to the bottom in briefer time than you can breathe a sigh! Speak the word, fair maid; for you speak to one unwilling to harm you, but determined in his purpose.”

Catharine stood terrified, and without power of answering a man who seemed so desperate; but she was saved the necessity of reply, by the approach of Dwining. He spoke with the same humble congés which at all times distinguished his manner, and with his usual suppressed ironical sneer, which gave that manner the lie.

“I do you wrong, noble sir, to intrude on your valiancy when engaged with a fair damsel. But I come to ask a trifling question.”

“Speak, tormentor!” said Ramorny; “ill news are sport to thee even when they affect thyself, so that they concern others also.”

“Hem!—he, he!—I only desired to know if your knighthood proposed the chivalrous task of defending the Castle with your single hand—I crave pardon—I meant your single arm? The question is worth asking, for I am good for little to aid the defence, unless you could prevail on the besiegers to take physic—He, he, he!—and Bonthron is as drunk as ale and strong waters can make him—and you, he, and I, make up the whole garrison who are disposed for resistance.”

“How!—Will the other dogs not fight?” said Ramorny.

“Never saw men who showed less stomach to the work,” answered Dwining, “never. But here come a brace of them.—*Venit extrema dies*.—He, he, he!”

Eviot and his companion Buncle now approached, with sullen resolution in their faces, like men who had made their minds up to deny that authority which they had so long obeyed.

“How now!” said Ramorny, stepping forward to meet them. “Wherefore from your posts?—Why have you left the barbican, Eviot?—And you, other fellow, did I not charge you to look to the mangonels?”

“We have something to tell you, Sir John Ramorny,” answered Eviot. “We will not fight in this quarrel.”

“How—my own squires control me?” said Ramorny.

“We were your squires and pages, my lord, while you were master of the Duke of Rothsay’s household—It is bruited about the Duke no longer lives—we desire to know the truth.”

“What traitor dares spread such falsehoods?” said Ramorny.

“All who have gone out to skirt the forest, my lord, and I myself among others, bring back the same news. The minstrel-woman who left the Castle yesterday has spread the report everywhere, that the Duke of Rothsay is murdered, or at death’s door. The Douglas comes on us with a strong force——”

“And you, cowards, take advantage of an idle report to forsake your master?” said Ramorny indignantly.

“My lord,” said Eviot, “let Buncle and myself see the Duke of Rothsay, and receive his personal orders, and if we do not fight to the death in defence of the Castle, I will consent to be hanged on its highest turret. But if he be gone by natural disease, we will yield up the Castle to the Earl of Douglas, who is, they say, the King’s Lieutenant—Or if,—which Heaven forefend!—the noble Prince has had foul play, we will not involve ourselves in the guilt of using arms in defence of the murderers, be they who they will.”

“Eviot,” said Ramorny, raising his mutilated arm, “had not that glove been empty, thou hadst not lived to utter two words of this insolence.”

“It is as it is—” answered Eviot, “and we do but our duty. I have followed you long, my lord, but here I draw bridle.”

“Farewell, then, and a curse light on all of you!” exclaimed the incensed Baron. “Let my horse be brought forth!”

“Our Valiancy is about to run away,” said the mediciner, who had crept close to Catharine’s side before she was aware. “Catharine, thou art a superstitious fool, like most women; nevertheless thou hast some mind, and I speak to thee as one of more understanding than the buffaloes which are herding about us. These haughty barons who overstride the world, what are they in the day of adversity?—chaff before the wind. Let their sledge-hammer hands, or their column-resembling legs, have injury, and bah!—the men-at-arms are gone—heart and courage is nothing to them, lithe and limb everything—give them animal strength, what are they better than furious bulls—take that away, and your hero of chivalry lies grovelling like the brute when he is hamstrung. Not so the Sage; while a grain of sense remains in a crushed or mutilated frame, his mind shall be strong as ever.—Catharine, this morning I was practising your death; but methinks I now rejoice that you may survive, to tell how the poor mediciner, the pill-gilder, the mortar-pounder, the poison-vender, met his fate, in company with the gallant Knight of Ramorny, Baron in possession, and Earl of Lindores in expectation—God save his lordship!”

“Old man,” said Catharine, “if thou be indeed so near the day of thy deserved doom, other thoughts were far wholesomer than the vain-glorious ravings of a vain philosophy.—Ask to see a holy man——”

“Yes,” said Dwining, scornfully, “refer myself to a greasy monk, who does not—he! he! he!—understand the barbarous Latin he repeats by rote. Such would be a fitting counsellor to one who has studied both in Spain and Arabia! No, Catharine, I will chuse a confessor that is pleasant to look upon, and you shall be honoured with the office.—Now look yonder at his Valiancy—his eyebrow drops with moisture, his lip trembles with agony; for his Valiancy,—he! he! he!—is pleading for his life with his late domestics, and has not eloquence enough to persuade them to let him slip. See how the fibres of his face work as he implores the ungrateful brutes, whom he has heaped with obligations, to permit him

to get such a start for his life as the hare has from the greyhounds when men course her fairly. Look also at the sullen, downcast, dogged faces with which, fluctuating between fear and shame, the domestic traitors deny their lord this poor chance for his life. These things thought themselves the superior of a man like me! and you, foolish wench, think so meanly of your Deity, as to suppose wretches like them are the work of Omnipotence!"

"No! man of evil, no!" said Catharine, warmly; "the God I worship created these men with the attributes to know and adore him, to guard and defend their fellow-creatures, to practise holiness and virtue. Their own vices, and the temptations of the Evil One, have made them such as they now are. Oh, take the lesson home to thine own heart of adamant! Heaven made thee wiser than thy fellows, gave thee eyes to look into the secrets of nature, a sagacious heart and a skilful hand; but thy pride has poisoned all these fair gifts, and made an ungodly Atheist of one who might have been a Christian sage!"

"Atheist, say'st thou?" answered Dwining; "perhaps I have doubts on that matter—but they will be soon solved. Yonder comes one who will send me, as he has done thousands, to the place where all mysteries shall be cleared."

Catharine followed the mediciner's eye up one of the forest glades, and beheld it occupied by a body of horsemen advancing at full gallop. In the midst was a pennon displayed, which, though its bearings were not visible to Catharine, was, by a murmur around, acknowledged as that of the Black Douglas. They halted within arrowshot of the Castle, and a herald with two trumpets advanced up to the main portal, where, after a loud flourish, he demanded admittance for the high and dreaded Archibald Earl of Douglas, Lord Lieutenant of the King, and acting for the time with the plenary authority of his Majesty; commanding, at the same time, that the inmates of the Castle should lay down their arms, all under penalty of high treason.

"You hear?" said Eviot to Ramorny, who stood sullen and undecided. "Will you give orders to render the Castle, or must I——"

"No, villain!" interrupted the knight, "to the last I will command you. Open the gates, drop the bridge, and render the castle to the Douglas."

"Now, that's what may be called a gallant exertion of free will," said Dwining. "Just as if the pieces of brass that were screaming a minute since, should pretend to call those notes their own, which are breathed through them by a frowsy trumpeter."

"Wretched man," said Catharine, "either be silent, or turn thy thoughts to the eternity on the brink of which thou art standing."

"And what is that to thee?" answered Dwining. "Thou canst not, wench, help hearing what I say to thee, and thou wilt tell it again, for thy sex cannot help that either. Perth and all Scotland shall know, what a man they have lost in Henbane Dwining!"

The clash of armour now announced that the newcomers had dismounted and entered the Castle, and were in the act of disarming the small garrison. Earl Douglas himself appeared on the battlements, with a few of his followers, and signed to them to take Ra-

morny and Dwining into custody. Others dragged from some nook the stupified Bonthron.

"It was to these three that the custody of the Prince was solely committed, during his alleged illness?" said the Douglas, prosecuting an inquiry which he had commenced in the hall of the Castle.

"No other saw him," said Eviot, "though I offered my services."

"Conduct us to the Duke's apartment, and bring the prisoners with us—Also there should be a female in the Castle, if she hath not been murdered or spirited away—the companion of the glee-maiden who brought the first alarm."

"She is here, my lord," said Eviot, bringing Catharine forward.

Her beauty and her agitation made some impression even upon the impassible Earl.

"Fear nothing, maiden," he said; "thou hast deserved both praise and reward. Tell to me, as thou wouldst confess to Heaven, the things thou hast witnessed in this Castle?"

Few words served Catharine to unfold the dreadful story.

"It agrees," said the Douglas, "with the tale of the glee-maiden, from point to point.—Now show us the Prince's apartment."

They passed to the room which the unhappy Duke of Rothsay had been supposed to inhabit; but the key was not to be found, and the Earl could only obtain entrance by forcing the door. On entering, the wasted and squalid remains of the unhappy Prince were discovered, flung on the bed as if in haste. The intention of the murderers had apparently been to arrange the dead body, so as to resemble a timely parted corpse, but they had been disconcerted by the alarm occasioned by the escape of Louise. Douglas looked on the body of the misguided youth, whose wild passions and caprices had brought him to this fatal and premature catastrophe.

"I had wrongs to be redressed," he said; "but to see such a sight as this banishes all remembrance of injury."

"He! he!—It should have been arranged," said Dwining, "more to your omnipotence's pleasure; but you came suddenly on us, and hasty masters make slovenly service."

Douglas seemed not to hear what his prisoner said, so closely did he examine the wan and wasted features, and stiffened limbs, of the dead body before him. Catharine, overcome by sickness and fainting, at length obtained permission to retire from the dreadful scene, and, through confusion of every description, found her way to her former apartment, where she was locked in the arms of Louise, who had returned in the interval.

The investigations of Douglas proceeded. The dying hand of the Prince was found to be clenched upon a lock of hair, resembling, in colour and texture, the coal-black bristles of Bonthron. Thus, though famine had begun the work, it would seem that Rothsay's death had been finally accomplished by violence. The private stair to the dungeon, the keys of which were found at the subaltern assassin's belt,—the situation of the vault, its communication with the external air by the fissure in the walls, and the wretched lair of straw, with the fetters which remained there,

—fully confirmed the story of Catharine and of the glee-woman.

"We will not hesitate an instant," said the Douglas to his near kinsman, the Lord Balveny, as soon as they returned from the dungeon. "Away with the murderers! hang them over the battlements."

"But, my lord, some trial may be fitting," answered Balveny.

"To what purpose?" answered Douglas. "I have taken them red-hand; my authority will stretch to instant execution. Yet stay—have we not some Jedwood men in our troop?"

"Plenty of Turnbells, Rutherfords, Ainslies, and so forth," said Balveny.

"Call me an inquest of those together; they are all good men and true, saving a little shifting for their living. Do thou see to the execution of these felons, while I hold a court in the great hall, and we'll try whether the jury or the provost-marshal do their work first; we will have Jedwood justice,—hang in haste, and try at leisure."

"Yet stay, my lord," said Ramorny, "you may rue your haste—Will you grant me a word out of ear-shot?"

"Not for worlds!" said Douglas; "speak out what thou hast to say before all that are here present."

"Know all, then," said Ramorny, aloud, "that this noble Earl had letters from the Duke of Albany and myself, sent him by the hand of yon cowardly deserter, Buncle—let him deny it if he dare,—counselling the removal of the Duke for a space from court, and his seclusion in this Castle of Falkland."

"But not a word," replied Douglas, sternly smiling, "of his being flung into a dungeon—famished—strangled.—Away with the wretches, Balveny, they pollute God's air too long!"

The prisoners were dragged off to the battlements. But while the means of execution were in the act of being prepared, the apothecary expressed so ardent a desire to see Catharine once more, and, as he said, for the good of his soul, that the maiden, in hopes his obduracy might have undergone some change even at the last hour, consented again to go to the battlements, and face a scene which her heart recoiled from. A single glance showed her Bonthron, sunk in total and drunken insensibility; Ramorny, stripped of his armour, endeavouring in vain to conceal fear, while he spoke with a priest, whose good offices he had solicited; and Dwining, the same humble, obsequious-looking, crouching individual she had always known him. He held in his hand a little silver pen, with which he had been writing on a scrap of parchment.

"Catharine," he said,—“he, he, he!—I wish to speak to thee on the nature of my religious faith.”

"If such be thy intention, why lose time with me?—Speak with this good father."

"The good father," said Dwining, "is—he, he!—already a worshipper of the Deity whom I have served. I therefore prefer to give the altar of mine idol a new worshipper in thee, Catharine. This scrap of parchment will tell thee how to make your way into my chapel, where I have worshipped so often in safety. I leave the images which it contains to thee as a legacy, simply because I hate and condemn thee

something less than any of the absurd wretches whom I have hitherto been obliged to call fellow-creatures. And now away, or remain and see if the end of the quacksalver belies his life."

"Our Lady forbid!" said Catharine.

"Nay," said the mediciner, "I have but a single word to say, and yonder nobleman's valiancy may hear it if he will."

Lord Balveny approached, with some curiosity; for the undaunted resolution of a man who never wielded sword or bore armour, and was in person a poor dwindled dwarf, had to him an air of something resembling sorcery.

"You see this trifling implement," said the criminal, showing the silver pen. "By means of this I can escape the power even of the Black Douglas."

"Give him no ink nor paper," said Balveny, hastily; "he will draw a spell."

"Not so, please your wisdom and valiancy,—he, he, he!"—said Dwining, with his usual chuckle, as he unscrewed the top of the pen, within which was a piece of sponge, or some such substance, no bigger than a pea. "Now, mark this—" said the prisoner, and drew it between his lips. The effect was instantaneous. He lay a dead corpse before them, the contemptuous sneer still on his countenance.

Catharine shrieked and fled, seeking, by a hasty descent, an escape from a sight so appalling. Lord Balveny was for a moment stupified, and then exclaimed, "This may be glamour! hang him over the battlements, quick or dead. If his foul spirit hath only withdrawn for a space, it shall return to a body with a dislocated neck."

His commands were obeyed. Ramorny and Bonthron were then ordered for execution. The last was hanged before he seemed quite to comprehend what was designed to be done with him. Ramorny, pale as death, yet with the same spirit of pride which had occasioned his ruin, pled his knighthood, and demanded the privilege of dying by the sword, and not by the noose.

"The Douglas never alters his doom," said Balveny. "But thou shalt have all thy rights.—Send the cook hither with a cleaver." The menial whom he called appeared at his summons. "What shakest thou for, fellow?" said Balveny; "here, strike me this man's gilt spurs from his heels with thy cleaver—And now, John Ramorny, thou art no longer a knight, but a knave—To the halter with him, provost-marshal! hang him betwixt his companions, and higher than them if it may be."

In a quarter of an hour afterwards, Balveny descended to tell the Douglas that the criminals were executed.

"Then there is no further use in the trial," said the Earl. "How say you, good men of inquest, were these men guilty of high-treason—ay or no?"

"Guilty," exclaimed the obsequious inquest, with edifying unanimity; "we need no farther evidence."

"Sound trumpets, and to horse then, with our own train only; and let each man keep silence on what has chanced here, until the proceedings shall be laid before the King, which cannot conveniently be till the battle of Palm Sunday shall be fought and ended. Select our attendants, and tell each man who either

goes with us or remains behind, that he who prates dies."

In a few minutes the Douglas was on horseback, with the followers selected to attend his person. Expresses were sent to his daughter, the widowed Duchess of Rothsay, directing her to take her course to Perth, by the shores of Lochleven, without approaching Falkland, and committing to her charge Catharine Glover and the glee-woman, as persons whose safety he tendered.

As they rode through the forest, they looked back, and beheld the three bodies hanging, like specks darkening the walls of the old castle.

"The hand is punished," said Douglas; "but who shall arraign the head by whose direction the act was done!"

"You mean the Duke of Albany?" said Balveny.

"I do, kinsman; and were I to listen to the dictates of my heart, I would charge him with the deed, which I am certain he has authorized. But there is no proof of it beyond strong suspicion, and Albany has attached to himself the numerous friends of the House of Stewart, to whom, indeed, the imbecility of the King, and the ill-regulated habits of Rothsay, left no other choice of a leader. Were I, therefore, to break the band which I have so lately formed with Albany, the consequence must be civil war, an event ruinous to poor Scotland, while threatened by invasion from the activity of the Percy, backed by the treachery of March. No, Balveny—the punishment of Albany must rest with Heaven, which, in its own good time, will execute judgment on him and on his house."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WE are now to recal to our reader's recollection, that Simon Glover and his fair daughter had been hurried from their residence without having time to announce to Henry Smith, either their departure or the alarming cause of it. When, therefore, the lover appeared in Curfew-street, on the morning of their flight, instead of the hearty welcome of the honest burgher, and the April reception, half joy half censure, which he had been promised on the part of his lovely daughter, he received only the astounding intelligence, that her father and she had set off early, on the summons of a stranger, who had kept himself carefully muffled from observation. To this, Dorothy, whose talents for forestalling evil, and communicating her views of it, are known to the reader, chose to add, that she had no doubt her master and young mistress were bound for the Highlands, to avoid a visit which had been made since their departure, by two or three apparitors who, in the name of a Commission appointed by the King, had searched the house, put seals upon such places as were supposed to contain papers, and left citations for father and daughter to appear before the Court of Commission on a day certain, under pain of outlawry. All these alarming particulars Dorothy took care to state in the gloomiest colours; and the only consolation which she afforded the alarmed lover was, that her master had charged her to tell him to reside quietly at Perth, and that he should soon hear news of them. This checked the Smith's first resolve, which was to follow them instant-

ly to the Highlands, and partake the fate which they might encounter.

But when he recollected his repeated feuds with divers of the Clan Quhele, and particularly his personal quarrel with Conachar, who was now raised to be a high chief, he could not but think, on reflection, that his intrusion on their place of retirement was more likely to disturb the safety which they might otherwise enjoy there, than be of any service to them. He was well acquainted with Simon's habitual intimacy with the Chief of the Clan Quhele, and justly augured that the Glover would obtain protection, which his own arrival might be likely to disturb, while his personal prowess could little avail him in a quarrel with a whole tribe of vindictive mountaineers. At the same time his heart throbbed with indignation, when he thought of Catharine being within the absolute power of young Conachar, whose rivalry he could not doubt, and who had now so many means of urging his suit. What if the young Chief should make the safety of the father depend on the favour of the daughter? He distrusted not Catharine's affections; but then her mode of thinking was so disinterested, and her affection to her father so tender, that, if the love she bore her suitor was weighed against his security, or perhaps his life, it was matter of deep and awful doubt, whether it might not be found light in the balance. Tormented by thoughts on which we need not dwell, he resolved nevertheless to remain at home, stifle his anxiety as he might, and await the promised intelligence from the old man. It came, but it did not relieve his concern.

Sir Patrick Charteris had not forgotten his promise to communicate to the Smith the plans of the fugitives. But amid the bustle occasioned by the movement of troops, he could not himself convey the intelligence. He therefore intrusted to his agent, Kitt Henshaw, the task of making it known. But this worthy person, as the reader knows, was in the interest of Ramorny, whose business it was to conceal from every one, but especially from a lover so active and daring as Henry, the real place of Catharine's residence. Henshaw therefore announced to the anxious Smith, that his friend the Glover was secure in the Highlands; and though he affected to be more reserved on the subject of Catharine, he said little to contradict the belief, that she as well as Simon shared the protection of the Clan Quhele. But he reiterated, in the name of Sir Patrick, assurances that father and daughter were both well, and that Henry would best consult his own interest and their safety, by remaining quiet, and waiting the course of events.

With an agonized heart, therefore, Henry Gow determined to remain quiet till he had more certain intelligence, and employed himself in finishing a shirt of mail, which he intended should be the best tempered, and the most finely polished, that his skilful hands had ever executed. This exercise of his craft pleased him better than any other occupation which he could have adopted, and served as an apology for secluding himself in his workshop, and shunning society, where the idle reports which were daily circulated served only to perplex and disturb him. He resolved to trust in the warm regard of Simon, the faith of his daughter, and the friendship of the Pro-

vost, who, having so highly commended his valour in the combat with Bonthron, would never, he thought, desert him at this extremity of his fortunes. Time, however, passed on day by day; and it was not till Palm Sunday was near approaching, that Sir Patrick Charteris, having entered the city to make some arrangements for the ensuing combat, bethought himself of making a visit to the Smith of the Wynd.

He entered his work-shop with an air of sympathy unusual to him, and which made Henry instantly augur that he brought bad news. The Smith caught the alarm, and the uplifted hammer was arrested in its descent upon the heated iron, while the agitated arm that wielded it, strong before as that of a giant, became so powerless, that it was with difficulty Henry was able to place the weapon on the ground, instead of dropping it from his hand.

"My poor Henry," said Sir Patrick, "I bring you but cold news—they are uncertain, however; and, if true, they are such as a brave man like you should not take too deeply to heart."

"In God's name, my lord," said Henry, "I trust you bring no evil news of Simon Glover or his daughter?"

"Touching themselves," said Sir Patrick, "no; they are safe and well. But as to thee, Henry, my tidings are more cold. Kitt Henshaw has, I think, apprised thee that I had endeavoured to provide Catharine Glover with a safe protection in the house of an honourable lady, the Duchess of Rothsay. But she hath declined the charge; and Catharine hath been sent to her father in the Highlands. What is worst is to come. Thou mayest have heard that Gilchrist MacIain is dead, and that his son Eachin, who was known in Perth as the apprentice of old Simon, by the name of Conachar, is now the Chief of Clan Quhele; and I heard from one of my domestics, that there is a strong rumour among the MacIains, that the young Chief seeks the hand of Catharine in marriage. My domestic learned this (as a secret, however) while in the Breadalbane country, on some arrangements touching the ensuing combat. The thing is uncertain; but, Henry, it wears a face of likelihood."

"Did your lordship's servant see Simon Glover and his daughter?" said Henry, struggling for breath, and coughing to conceal from the Provost the excess of his agitation.

"He did not," said Sir Patrick; "the Highlanders seemed jealous, and refused to permit him to speak to the old man, and he feared to alarm them by asking to see Catharine. Besides he talks no Gaelic, nor had his informer much English, so there may be some mistake in the matter. Nevertheless there is such a report, and I thought it best to tell it you. But you may be well assured, that the wedding cannot go on till the affair of Palm Sunday be over; and I advise you to take no step till we learn the circumstances of the matter, for certainty is most desirable, even when it is a painful one.—Go you to the Council-House," he added, after a pause, "to speak about the preparations for the lists in the North Inch? You will be welcome there."

"No, my good lord."

"Well, Smith, I judge by your brief answer, that you are discomposed with this matter; but after all,

women are weather-cocks, that is the truth on't. Solomon and others have proved it before you."

And so Sir Patrick Charteris retired, fully convinced he had discharged the office of a comforter in the most satisfactory manner.

With very different impressions did the unfortunate lover regard the tidings, and listen to the consoling commentary.

"The Provost," he said bitterly to himself, "is an excellent man; marry, he holds his knighthood so high, that if he speaks nonsense, a poor man must hold it sense, as he must praise dead ale if it be handed to him in his lordship's silver flaggon. How would all this sound in another situation? Suppose I were rolling down the steep descent of the Corriche Dhu, and before I came to the edge of the rock, comes my Lord Provost, and cries, 'Henry, there is a deep precipice, and I grieve to say you are in the fair way of rolling over it. But be not downcast, for Heaven may send a stone or a bush to stop your progress. However, I thought it would be comfort to you to know the worst, which you will be presently aware of. I do not know how many hundred feet deep the precipice descends, but you may form a judgment when you are at the bottom, for certainty is certainty. And hark ye, when come you to take a game at bowls?' And this gossip is to serve instead of any friendly attempt to save the poor wight's neck! When I think of this, I could go mad, seize my hammer, and break and destroy all around me. But I will be calm; and if this Highland kite, who calls himself a falcon, should stoop at my turtle-dove, he shall know whether a burgher of Perth can draw a bow or not."

It was now the Thursday before the fated Palm Sunday, and the champions on either side were expected to arrive the next day, that they might have the interval of Saturday to rest, refresh themselves, and prepare for the combat. Two or three of each of the contending parties were detached to receive directions about the encampment of their little band, and such other instructions as might be necessary to the proper ordering of the field. Henry was not, therefore, surprised at seeing a tall and powerful Highlander peering anxiously about the wynd in which he lived in the manner in which the natives of a wild country examine the curiosities of one that is more civilized. The Smith's heart rose against the man, on account of his country, to which our Perth burgher bore a natural prejudice, and more especially as he observed the individual wear the plaid peculiar to the Clan Quhele. The sprig of oak-leaves, worked in silk, intimated also that the individual was one of those personal guards of young Eachin, upon whose exertions in the future battle so much reliance was placed.

Having observed so much, Henry withdrew into his smithy, for the sight of the man raised his passion; and knowing that the Highlander came plighted to a solemn combat, and could not be the subject of any inferior quarrel, he was resolved at least to avoid friendly intercourse with him. In a few minutes, however, the door of the smithy flew open, and, fluttering in his tartans, which greatly magnified his actual size, the Gael entered with the haughty step of a man conscious of a personal dignity superior to anything which he is likely to meet with. He stood

looking around him, and seemed to expect to be received with courtesy, and regarded with wonder. But Henry had no sort of inclination to indulge his vanity, and kept hammering away at a breast-plate, which was lying upon his anvil, as if he were not aware of his visitor's presence.

"You are the *Gow Chrom*?" (the bandy-legged smith), said the Highlander.

"Those that wish to be crook-backed call me so," answered Henry.

"No offence meant," said the Highlander; "but her own self comes to buy an armour."

"Her own self's bare shanks may trot hence with her," answered Henry,—"I have none to sell."

"If it was not within two days of Palm Sunday, herself would make you sing another song," retorted the Gael.

"And being the day it is," said Henry, with the same contemptuous indifference, "I pray you to stand out of my light."

"You are an uncivil person; but her own self is *fir nan ord* too; and she knows the smith is fiery when the iron is hot."

"If her nainsell be hammer-man hersell, her nainsell may make her nain harness," replied Henry.

"And so her nainsell would, and never fash you for the matter; but it is said, *Gow Chrom*, that you sing and whistle tunes over the swords and harnesses that you work, that have power to make the blades cut steel-links as if they were paper, and the plate and mail turn back steel-lances as if they were boddle-prins?"

"They tell your ignorance any nonsense that Christian men refuse to believe," said Henry. "I whistle at my work whatever comes uppermost, like an honest craftsman, and commonly it is the Highlandman's 'Och hone for Houghmanstairs!' My hammer goes naturally to that tune."

"Friend, it is but idle to spur a horse when his legs are hamshackled," said the Highlander, haughtily. "Her own self cannot fight even now, and there is little gallantry in taunting her thus."

"By nails and hammer, you are right there," said the Smith, altering his tone. "But speak out at once, friend, what is it thou wouldst have of me? I am in no humour for dallying."

"A hauberk for her Chief, Eachin MacIan," said the Highlander.

"You are a hammerman, you say? Are you a judge of this?" said our Smith, producing from a chest the mail shirt on which he had been lately employed.

The Gael handled it with a degree of admiration which had something of envy in it. He looked curiously at every part of its texture, and at length declared it the very best piece of armour that he had seen.

"A hundred cows and bullocks, and a good drift of sheep, would be e'en ower cheap an offer," said the Highlandman, by way of tentative; "but her nainsell will never bid thee less, come by them how she can."

"It is a fair proffer," replied Henry; "but gold nor gear will never buy that harness. I want to try my own sword on my own armour; and I will not give that mail-coat to any one but who will face me

for the best of three blows and a thrust in the fair field; and it is your Chief's upon these terms."

"Hut, prut, man—take a drink, and go to bed," said the Highlander, in great scorn. "Are ye mad? Think ye the Captain of the Clan Quhele will be brawling and battling with a bit Perth burgess body like you? Whisht, man, and hearken. Her nainsell will do ye mair credit than ever belonged to your kin. She will fight you for the fair harness hersell."

"She must first show that she is my match," said Henry, with a grim smile.

"How! I, one of Eachin's Leichtach, and not your match!"

"You may try me, if you will. You say you are a *fir nan ord*—Do you know how to cast a sledge-hammer?"

"Ay, truly—ask the eagle if he can fly over Fer-ragon."

"But before you strive with me, you must first try a cast with one of *my* Leichtach.—Here, Dunter, stand forth for the honour of Perth!—And now, Highlandman, there stands a row of hammers—chuse which you will, and let us to the garden."

The Highlander, whose name was Norman nan Ord, or Norman of the Hammer, showed his title to the epithet by selecting the largest hammer of the set, at which Henry smiled. Dunter, the stout journeyman of the Smith, made what was called a prodigious cast; but the Highlander, making a desperate effort, threw beyond it by two or three feet, and looked with an air of triumph to Henry, who again smiled in reply.

"Will you mend that?" said the Gael, offering our Smith the hammer.

"Not with that child's toy," said Henry, "which has scarce weight to fly against the wind.—Janniken, fetch me Sampson; or one of you help the boy, for Sampson is somewhat ponderous."

The hammer now produced was half as heavy again as that which the Highlander had selected as one of unusual weight. Norman stood astonished; but he was still more so when Henry, taking his position, swung the ponderous implement far behind his right haunch joint, and dismissed it from his hand as if it had flown from a warlike engine. The air groaned and whistled as the mass flew through it. Down at length it came, and the iron head sunk a foot into the earth, a full yard beyond the cast of Norman.

The Highlander, defeated and mortified, went to the spot where the weapon lay, lifted it, poised it in his hand with great wonder, and examined it closely, as if he expected to discover more in it than a common hammer. He at length returned it to the owner with a melancholy smile, shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head, as the Smith asked him whether he would not mend his cast.

"Norman has lost too much at the sport already," he replied. "She has lost her own name of the Hammerer. But does her ownself, the *Gow Chrom*, work at the anvil with that horse's load of iron?"

"You shall see, brother," said Henry, leading the way to the smithy. "Dunter," he said, "rax me that bar from the furnace;" and uplifting Sampson, as he called the monstrous hammer, he plied the metal with a hundred strokes from right to left—now

with the right hand, now with the left, now with both, with so much strength at once and dexterity, that he worked off a small but beautifully proportioned horse-shoe in half the time that an ordinary smith would have taken for the same purpose with a more manageable implement.

"Oigh, oigh!" said the Highlander, "and what for would you be fighting with our young Chief, who is far above your standard, though you were the best smith ever wrought with wind and fire?"

"Hark you!" said Henry—"You seem a good fellow, and I'll tell you the truth. Your master has wronged me, and I give him this harness freely for the chance of fighting him myself."

"Nay, if he hath wronged you, he must meet you," said the life-guardsmen. "To do a man wrong takes the eagle's feather out of the Chief's bonnet; and were he the first in the Highlands, and to be sure so is Eachin, he must fight the man he has wronged, or else a rose falls from his chaplet."

"Will you move him to this," said Henry, "after the fight on Sunday?"

"Oh, her painsell will do her best, if the hawks have not got her bones to pick; for you must know, brother, that Clan Chattan's claws pierce rather deep."

"The armour is your Chief's on that condition," said Henry; "but I will disgrace him before King and Court if he does not pay me the price."

"Deil a fear, deil a fear; I will bring him in to the barrace myself," said Norman, "assuredly."

"You will do me a pleasure," replied Henry; "and that you may remember your promise, I will bestow on you this dirk. Look—If you hold it truly, and can strike between the mail-hood and the collar of your enemy, the surgeon will be needless."

The Highlander was lavish in his expressions of gratitude, and took his leave.

"I have given him the best mail harness I ever wrought," said the Smith to himself, rather repenting his liberality, "for the poor chance that he will bring his Chief into a fair field with me; and then let Catharine be his who can win her fairly. But much I dread the youth will find some evasion, unless he have such luck on Palm Sunday as may induce him to try another combat. That is some hope, however; for I have often, ere now, seen a raw young fellow, shoot up after his first fight, from a dwarf into a giant-queller."

Thus, with little hope, but with the most determined resolution, Henry Smith awaited the time that should decide his fate. What made him augur the worst, was the silence both of the Glover and of his daughter. They are ashamed, he said, to confess the truth to me, and therefore they are silent.

Upon the Friday at noon, the two bands representing the contending Clans, arrived at the several points where they were to halt for refreshments.

The Clan Quhele was entertained hospitably at the rich Abbey of Scone, while the Provost regaled their rivals at his Castle of Kinfauns; the utmost care being taken to treat both parties with the most punctilious attention, and to afford neither an opportunity of complaining of partiality. All points of etiquette were, in the meanwhile, discussed and settled by the Lord High Constable Errol, and the young Earl

of Crawford; the former acting on the part of the Clan Chattan, and the latter patronising the Clan Quhele. Messengers were passing continually from the one Earl to the other, and they held more than six meetings within thirty hours, before the ceremonial of the field could be exactly arranged.

Meanwhile, in case of revival of ancient quarrel, many seeds of which existed betwixt the burghers and their mountain neighbours, a proclamation commanded the citizens not to approach within half a mile of the place where the Highlanders were quartered; while on their part the intended combatants were prohibited from approaching Perth without special license. Troops were stationed to enforce this order, who did their charge so scrupulously, as to prevent Simon Glover himself, burgess and citizen of Perth, from approaching the town, because he owned having come thither at the same time with the champions of Eachin MacIain, and wore a plaid around him of their check or pattern. This interruption prevented Simon from seeking out Henry Wynd, and possessing him with a true knowledge of all that had happened since their separation, which intercourse, had it taken place, must have materially altered the catastrophe of our narrative.

On Saturday afternoon another arrival took place, which interested the city almost as much as the preparations for the expected combat. This was the approach of the Earl Douglas, who rode through the town with a troop of only thirty horse, but all of whom were knights and gentlemen of the first consequence. Men's eyes followed this dreaded peer as they pursue the flight of an eagle through the clouds, unable to ken the course of the bird of Jove, yet silent, attentive, and as earnest in observing him, as if they could guess the object for which he sweeps through the firmament. He rode slowly through the city, and passed out at the northern gate. He next alighted at the Dominican Convent, and desired to see the Duke of Albany. The Earl was introduced instantly, and received by the Duke with a manner which was meant to be graceful and conciliatory, but which could not conceal both art and inquietude. When the first greetings were over, the Earl said with great gravity, "I bring you melancholy news. Your Grace's royal nephew, the Duke of Rothsay, is no more, and I fear hath perished by some foul practices."

"Practices!" said the Duke, in confusion, "what practice?—who dared practise on the heir of the Scottish throne?"

"'T is not for me to state how these doubts arise," said Douglas—"but men say the eagle was killed with an arrow fledged from his own wing, and the oak trunk rent by a wedge of the same wood."

"Earl of Douglas," said the Duke of Albany, "I am no reader of riddles."

"Nor am I a propounder of them," said Douglas, haughtily. "Your Grace will find particulars in these papers worthy of perusal. I will go for half an hour to the cloister garden, and then rejoin you."

"You go not to the King, my lord?" said Albany.

"No," answered Douglas; "I trust your Grace will agree with me that we should conceal this great family misfortune from our sovereign till the business of to-morrow be decided."

"I willingly agree," said Albany. "If the King heard of this loss, he could not witness the combat; and if he appear not in person, these men are likely to refuse to fight, and the whole work is cast loose. But I pray you sit down, my lord, while I read these melancholy papers respecting poor Rothsay."

He passed the papers through his hands, turning some over with a hasty glance, and dwelling on others as if their contents had been of the last importance. When he had spent nearly a quarter of an hour in this manner, he raised his eyes, and said very gravely, "My lord, in these most melancholy documents, it is yet a comfort to see nothing which can renew the divisions in the King's councils, which were settled by the last solemn agreement between your lordship and myself. My unhappy nephew was by that agreement to be set aside, until time should send him a graver judgment. He is now removed by fate, and our purpose in that matter is anticipated and rendered unnecessary."

"If your Grace," replied the Earl, "sees nothing to disturb the good understanding which the tranquillity and safety of Scotland require should exist between us, I am not so ill a friend of my country as to look closely for such."

"I understand you, my Lord of Douglas," said Albany, eagerly. "You hastily judged that I would be offended with your lordship for exercising your powers of Lieutenancy, and punishing the detestable murderers within my territory of Falkland. Credit me, on the contrary, I am obliged to your lordship for taking out of my hands the punishment of these wretches, as it would have broken my heart even to have looked on them. The Scottish Parliament will inquire, doubtless, into this sacrilegious deed; and happy am I that the avenging sword has been in the hand of a man so important as your lordship. Our communication together, as your lordship must well recollect, bore only concerning a proposed restraint of my unfortunate nephew, until the advance of a year or two had taught him discretion?"

"Such was certainly your Grace's purpose, as expressed to me," said the Earl; "I can safely avouch it."

"Why, then, noble Earl, we cannot be censured, because villains, for their own revengeful purposes, appear to have engrafted a bloody termination on our honest purpose?"

"The Parliament will judge it after their wisdom," said Douglas. "For my part, my conscience acquits me."

"And mine assoilzies me," said the Duke, with solemnity. "Now, my lord, touching the custody of the boy James,* who succeeds to his father's claims of inheritance?"

"The King must decide it," said Douglas, impatient of the conference. "I will consent to his residence anywhere save at Stirling, Doune, or Falkland."

With that he left the apartment abruptly.

"He is gone," muttered the crafty Albany, "and he must be my ally—yet feels himself disposed to be my mortal foe. No matter—Rothsay sleeps with

his fathers—James may follow in time, and then—a crown is the recompense of my perplexities."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PALM SUNDAY now dawned. At an earlier period of the Christian Church, the use of any of the days of Passion Week for the purpose of combat, would have been accounted a profanity worthy of excommunication. The Church of Rome, to her infinite honour, had decided, that during the holy season of Easter, when the redemption of man from his fallen state was accomplished, the sword of war should be sheathed, and angry monarchs should respect the season termed the Truce of God. The ferocious violence of the latter wars betwixt Scotland and England had destroyed all observance of this decent and religious ordinance. Very often the most solemn occasions were chosen by one party for an attack, because they hoped to find the other engaged in religious duties, and unprovided for defence. Thus the truce, once considered as proper to the season, had been discontinued; and it became not unusual even to select the sacred festivals of the church for decision of the trial by combat, to which this intended contest bore a considerable resemblance.

On the present occasion, however, the duties of the day were observed with the usual solemnity, and the combatants themselves took share in them. Bearing branches of yew in their hands, as the readiest substitute for palm boughs, they marched respectively to the Dominican and Carthusian convents, to hear High Mass, and, by a show at least of devotion, to prepare themselves for the bloody strife of the day. Great care had of course been taken, that, during this march, they should not even come within the sound of each other's bag-pipes; for it was certain that, like game-cocks exchanging mutual notes of defiance, they would have sought out and attacked each other before they arrived at the place of combat.

The citizens of Perth crowded to see the unusual procession on the streets, and thronged the churches where the two clans attended their devotions, to witness their behaviour, and to form a judgment from their appearance which was most likely to obtain the advantage in the approaching conflict. Their demeanour in the church, although not habitual frequenters of places of devotion, was perfectly decorous; and, notwithstanding their wild and untamed dispositions, there were few of the mountaineers who seemed affected either with curiosity or wonder. They appeared to think it beneath their dignity of character to testify either curiosity or surprise at many things which were probably then presented to them for the first time.

On the issue of the combat, few even of the most competent judges dared venture a prediction; although the great size of Torquil and his eight stalwart sons, induced some who professed themselves judges of the thews and sinews of men, to incline to ascribe the advantage to the party of the Clan Quhele. The opinion of the female sex was much decided by the handsome form, noble countenance, and gallant demeanour of Eachin MacIan. There were more than one who imagined they had recollection of his

* Second son of Robert III, brother of the unfortunate Duke of Rothsay, and afterwards King James I of Scotland.

features; but his splendid military attire rendered the humble Glover's apprentice unrecognisable in the young Highland Chief, saving by one person.

That person, as may well be supposed, was the Smith of the Wynd, who had been the foremost in the crowd that thronged to see the gallant champions of Clan Quhele. It was with mingled feelings of dislike, jealousy, and something approaching to admiration, that he saw the Glover's apprentice stripped of his mean slough, and blazing forth as a chieftain, who, by his quick eye and gallant demeanour, the noble shape of his brow and throat, his splendid arms and well-proportioned limbs, seemed well worthy to hold the foremost rank among men selected to live or die for the honour of their race. The Smith could hardly think that he looked upon the same passionate boy, whom he had brushed off as he might a wasp that stung him, and, in mere compassion, forbore to dispatch by treading on him.

"He looks it gallantly with my noble hauberk," thus muttered Henry to himself, "the best I ever wrought. Yet if he and I stood together where there was neither hand to help nor eye to see, by all that is blessed in this holy church, the good harness should return to its owner! All that I am worth would I give for three fair blows on his shoulders to undo my own best work; but such happiness will never be mine. If he escape from the conflict, it will be with so high a character for courage, that he may well disdain to put his fortune, in its freshness, to the risk of an encounter with a poor burgess like myself. He will fight by his champion, and turn me over to my fellow-craftsman the Hammerer, when all I can reap will be the knocking a Highland bullock on the head. If I could but see Simon Glover!—I will to the other church in quest of him, since for sure he must have come down from the Highlands."

The congregation was moving from the church of the Dominicans, when the Smith formed this determination, which he endeavoured to carry into speedy execution, by thrusting through the crowd as hastily as the solemnity of the place and occasion would permit. In making his way through the press, he was at one instant carried so close to Eachin that their eyes encountered. The Smith's hardy and embrowned countenance coloured up like the heated iron on which he wrought, and retained its dark red hue for several minutes. Eachin's features glowed with a brighter blush of indignation, and a glance of fiery hatred was shot from his eyes. But the sudden flash died away in ashy paleness, and his gaze instantly avoided the unfriendly and steady look with which it was encountered.

Torquil, whose eye never quitted his foster-son, saw his emotion, and looked anxiously around to discover the cause. But Henry was already at a distance, and hastening on his way to the Carthusian convent. Here also the religious service of the day was ended; and those who had so lately borne palms in honour of the great event which brought peace on earth, and good-will to the children of men, were now streaming to the place of combat; some prepared to take the lives of their fellow-creatures, or to lose their own; others to view the deadly strife, with the savage delight which the heathens took in the contests of their gladiators.

The crowd was so great, that any other person might well have despaired of making way through it. But the general deference entertained for Henry of the Wynd, as the Champion of Perth, and the universal sense of his ability to force a passage, induced all to unite in yielding room for him, so that he was presently quite close to the warriors of the Clan Chattan. Their pipers marched at the head of their column. Next followed the well-known banner, displaying a mountain-cat rampant, with the appropriate caution,—*"Touch not the cat but (i. e. without) the glove."* The Chief followed with his two-handed sword advanced, as if to protect the emblem of the tribe. He was a man of middle stature, more than fifty years old, but betraying, neither in features nor form, any decay of strength, or symptoms of age. His dark-red close curled locks were in part chequered by a few grizzled hairs, but his step and gesture were as light in the dance, in the chase, or in the battle, as if he had not passed his thirtieth year. His grey eye gleamed with a wild light expressive of valour and ferocity mingled; but wisdom and experience dwelt on the expression of his forehead, eyebrows, and lips. The chosen champions followed by two and two. There was a cast of anxiety on several of their faces, for they had that morning discovered the absence of one of their appointed number; and, in a contest so desperate as was expected, the loss seemed a matter of importance to all save to their high-mettled Chief, MacGillie Chattanach.

"Say nothing to the Saxons of his absence," said this bold leader, when the diminution of his force was reported to him. "The false Lowland tongues might say that one of Clan Chattan was a coward, and perhaps that the rest favoured his escape, in order to have a pretence to avoid the battle. I am sure that Ferquhard Day will be found in the ranks ere we are ready for battle; or, if he should not, am I not man enough for two of the Clan Quhele? or would we not fight them fifteen to thirty, rather than lose the renown that this day will bring us?"

The tribe received the brave speech of their leader with applause, yet there were anxious looks thrown out in hopes of espying the return of the deserter; and perhaps the Chief himself was the only one of the determined band who was totally indifferent on the subject.

They marched on through the streets without seeing anything of Ferquhard Day, who, many a mile beyond the mountains, was busied in receiving such indemnification as successful love could bestow for the loss of honour. MacGillie Chattanach marched on without seeming to observe the absence of the deserter, and entered upon the North Inch, a beautiful and level plain, closely adjacent to the city, and appropriated to the martial exercise of the inhabitants.

The plain is washed on one side by the deep and swelling Tay. There was erected within it a strong palisade, inclosing on three sides a space of one hundred and fifty yards in length, and seventy-four yards in width. The fourth side of the lists was considered as sufficiently fenced by the river. An amphitheatre for the accommodation of spectators surrounded the palisade, leaving a large space free to be occupied by armed men on foot and horseback,

and for the more ordinary class of spectators. At the extremity of the lists, which was nearest to the city, there was a range of elevated balconies for the King and his courtiers, so highly decorated with rustic treillage, intermingled with gilded ornaments, that the spot retains to this day the name of the Golden, or Gilded Arbour.

The mountain minstrelsy, which sounded the appropriate pibrochs or battle-tunes of the rival confederacies, was silent when they entered on the Inch, for such was the order which had been given. Two stately, but aged warriors, each bearing the banner of his tribe, advanced to the opposite extremities of the lists, and pitching their standards into the earth, prepared to be spectators of a fight in which they were not to join. The pipers who were also to be neutral in the strife, took their places by their respective *brattachs*.

The multitude received both bands with the same general shout, with which on similar occasions they welcome those from whose exertion they expect amusement, or what they term sport. The destined combatants returned no answer to this greeting, but each party advanced to the opposite extremities of the lists, where were entrances by which they were to be admitted to the interior. A strong body of men-at-arms guarded either access; and the Earl Marshal at the one, and the Lord High Constable at the other, carefully examined each individual, to see whether he had the appropriate arms, being steel-cap, mail-shirt, two-handed sword, and dagger. They also examined the numbers of each party; and great was the alarm among the multitude, when the Earl of Errol held up his hand and cried,—“Ho!—The combat cannot proceed, for the Clan Chattan lack one of their number.”

“What reck of that?” said the young Earl of Crawford; “they should have counted better ere they left home.”

The Earl Marshal, however, agreed with the Constable, that the fight could not proceed until the inequality should be removed; and a general apprehension was excited in the assembled multitude, that after all the preparation there would be no battle.

Of all present, there were only two perhaps who rejoiced at the prospect of the combat being adjourned; and these were, the Captain of the Clan Quhele, and the tender-hearted King Robert. Meanwhile the two Chiefs, each attended by a special friend and adviser, met in the midst of the lists, having, to assist them in determining what was to be done, the Earl Marshal, the Lord High Constable, the Earl of Crawford, and Sir Patrick Charteris. The Chief of the Clan Chattan declared himself willing and desirous of fighting upon the spot, without regard to the disparity of numbers.

“That,” said Torquil of the Oak, “Clan Quhele will never consent to. You can never win honour from us with the sword, and you seek but a subterfuge, that you may say when you are defeated, as you know you will be, that it was for want of the number of your band fully counted out. But I make a proposal—Ferquhard Day was the youngest of your band, Eachin MacIain is the youngest of ours—we will set him aside in place of the man who has fled from the combat.”

“A most unjust and unequal proposal,” exclaimed Toshach Beg, the second, as he might be termed, of MacGillie Chattanach. “The life of the Chief is to the clan the breath of our nostrils, nor will we ever consent that our Chief shall be exposed to dangers which the Captain of Clan Quhele does not share.”

Torquil saw with deep anxiety that his plan was about to fail, when the objection was made to Hector’s being withdrawn from the battle; and he was meditating how to support his proposal, when Eachin himself interfered. His timidity, it must be observed, was not of that sordid and selfish nature which induces those who are infected by it calmly to submit to dishonour rather than risk danger. On the contrary, he was morally brave, though constitutionally timid, and the shame of avoiding the combat became at the moment more powerful than the fear of facing it.

“I will not hear,” he said, “of a scheme which will leave my sword sheathed during this day’s glorious combat. If I am young in arms, there are enough of brave men around me, whom I may imitate if I cannot equal.”

He spoke these words in a spirit which imposed on Torquil, and perhaps on the young Chief himself.

“Now, God bless his noble heart!” said the foster-father to himself. “I was sure the foul spell would be broken through, and that the tardy spirit which besieged him would fly at the sound of the pipe, and the first flutter of the Brattach!”

“Hear me, Lord Marshal,” said the Constable. “The hour of combat may not be much longer postponed, for the day approaches to high noon. Let the Chief of Clan Chattan take the half hour which remains, to find, if he can, a substitute for this deserter; if he cannot, let them fight as they stand.”

“Content I am,” said the Marshal, “though, as none of his own clan are nearer than fifty miles, I see not how MacGillie Chattanach is to find an auxiliary.”

“That is his business,” said the High Constable; “but if he offers a high reward, there are enough of stout yeomen surrounding the lists, who will be glad enough to stretch their limbs in such a game as is expected. I myself, did my quality and charge permit, would blithely take a turn of work amongst these wild fellows, and think it fame won.”

They communicated their decision to the Highlanders, and the Chief of the Clan Chattan replied,—“You have judged impartially and nobly, my lords, and I deem myself obliged to follow your direction.—So make proclamation, heralds, that if any one will take his share with Clan Chattan of the honours and chances of this day, he shall have present payment of a gold crown, and liberty to fight to the death in my ranks.”

“You are something chary of your treasure, Chief,” said the Earl Marshal; “a gold crown is poor payment for such a campaign as is before you.”

“If there be any man willing to fight for honour,” replied MacGillie Chattanach, “the price will be enough; and I want not the service of a fellow who draws his sword for gold alone.”

The heralds had made their progress, moving half way round the lists, stopping from time to time, to

make proclamation as they had been directed, without the least apparent disposition on the part of any one to accept of the proffered enlistment. Some sneered at the poverty of the Highlanders, who set so mean a price upon such a desperate service. Others affected resentment, that they should esteem the blood of citizens so lightly. None showed the slightest intention to undertake the task proposed, until the sound of the proclamation reached Henry of the Wynd, as he stood without the barrier, speaking from time to time with Bailie Craigdallie, or rather listening vaguely to what the magistrate was saying to him.

"Ha! what proclaim they?" he cried out.

"A liberal offer on the part of MacGillie Chattanach," said the Host of the Griffin, "who proposes a gold crown to any one who will turn wild cat for the day, and be killed a little in his service. That's all."

"How!" exclaimed the Smith, eagerly, "do they make proclamation for a man to fight against the Clan Quhele?"

"Ay, marry do they," said Griffin; "but I think they will find no such fools in Perth."

He had hardly said the word, when he beheld the Smith clear the barriers at a single bound, and alight in the lists, saying, "Here am I, Sir Herald, Henry of the Wynd, willing to do battle with the Clan Quhele."

A cry of admiration ran through the multitude, while the grave burghers, not being able to conceive the slightest reason for Henry's behaviour, concluded that his head must be absolutely turned with the love of fighting. The Provost was especially shocked.

"Thou art mad," he said, "Henry! Thou hast neither two-handed sword nor shirt of mail."

"Truly, no," said Henry, "for I parted with a mail-shirt, which I had made for myself, to yonder gay Chief of the Clan Quhele, who will soon find on his shoulders with what sort of blows I clink my rivets! As for two-handed sword, why this boy's brand will serve my turn till I can master a heavier one."

"This must not be," said Errol. "Hark thee, armourer, by Saint Mary, thou shalt have my Milan hauberk and good Spanish sword."

"I thank your noble earlship, Sir Gilbert Hay; but the yoke with which your brave ancestor turned the battle at Loncarty, would serve my turn well enough. I am little used to sword or harness that I have not wrought myself, because I do not well know what blows the one will bear out without being cracked, or the other lay on without snapping."

The cry had in the meanwhile run through the multitude, and passed into the town, that the dauntless Smith was about to fight without armour, when, just as the fated hour was approaching, the shrill voice of a female was heard screaming for passage through the crowd. The multitude gave place to her importunity, and she advanced, breathless with haste, under the burden of a mail hauberk and a large two-handed sword. The widow of Oliver Proudfoot was soon recognised, and the arms which she bore were those of the Smith himself, which, occupied by her husband on the fatal evening when he was mur-

dered, had been naturally conveyed to his house with the dead body, and were now, by the exertions of his grateful widow, brought to the lists at a moment when such proved weapons were of the last consequence to their owner. Henry joyfully received the well-known arms, and the widow with trembling haste assisted in putting them on, and then took leave of him, saying, "God for the orphans' champion, and ill luck to all who come before him!"

Confident at feeling himself in his well-proved armour, Henry shook himself as if to settle the steel shirt around him, and, unsheathing the two-handed sword, made it flourish over his head, cutting the air through which it whistled in the form of the figure eight, with an ease and sleight of hand, that proved how powerfully and skilfully he could wield the ponderous weapon. The champions were now ordered to march in their turns around the lists, crossing so as to avoid meeting each other, and making obeisance as they passed the Golden Arbour where the King was seated.

While this course was performing, most of the spectators were again curiously comparing the stature, limbs, and sinews of the two parties, and endeavouring to form a conjecture as to the probable issue of the combat. The feud of a hundred years, with all its acts of aggression and retaliation, was concentrated in the bosom of each combatant. Their countenances seemed fiercely writhen into the wildest expression of pride, hate, and a desperate purpose of fighting to the very last.

The spectators murmured a joyful applause, in high-wrought expectation of the bloody game. Wagers were offered and accepted both on the general issue of the conflict, and on the feats of particular champions. The clear, frank, and elated look of Henry Smith, rendered him a general favourite among the spectators, and odds, to use the modern expression, were taken, that he would kill three of his opponents before he himself fell. Scarcely was the Smith equipped for the combat, when the commands of the Chiefs ordered the champions into their places; and at the same moment Henry heard the voice of Simon Glover issuing from the crowd, who were now silent with expectation, and calling on him, "Harry Smith, Harry Smith, what madness hath possessed thee?"

"Ay, he wishes to save his hopeful son-in-law, that is, or is to be, from the Smith's handling," was Henry's first thought—his second, was to turn and speak with him—and his third, that he could on no pretext desert the band which he had joined, or even seem desirous to delay the fight, consistently with honour.

He turned himself, therefore, to the business of the hour. Both parties were disposed by the respective Chiefs in three lines, each containing ten men. They were arranged with such intervals between each individual, as offered him scope to wield his sword, the blade of which was five feet long, not including the handle. The second and third lines were to come up as reserves, in case the first experienced disaster. On the right of the array of Clan Quhele, the Chief, Eachin MacIain, placed himself in the second line betwixt two of his foster-brothers. Four of them occupied the right of the first line, whilst the father and two others protected the rear of the beloved chief-

tain. Torquil, in particular, kept close behind, for the purpose of covering him. Thus Eachin stood in the centre of nine of the strongest men of his band, having four especial defenders in front, one on each hand, and three in his rear.

The line of the Clan Chattan was arranged in precisely the same order, only that the Chief occupied the centre of the middle rank, instead of being on the extreme right. This induced Henry Smith, who saw in the opposing bands only one enemy, and that was the unhappy Eachin, to propose placing himself on the left of the front rank of the Clan Chattan. But the leader disapproved of this arrangement; and having reminded Henry that he owed him obedience, as having taken wages at his hand, he commanded him to occupy the space in the third line, immediately behind himself,—a post of honour, certainly, which Henry could not decline, though he accepted of it with reluctance.

When the clans were thus drawn up opposed to each other, they intimated their feudal animosity, and their eagerness to engage, by a wild scream, which, uttered by the Clan Quhele, was answered and echoed back by the Clan Chattan, the whole at the same time shaking their swords, and menacing each other, as if they meant to conquer the imagination of their opponents ere they mingled in the actual strife.

At this trying moment, Torquil, who had never feared for himself, was agitated with alarm on the part of his Dault, yet consoled by observing that he kept a determined posture; and that the few words which he spoke to his clan were delivered boldly, and well calculated to animate them to combat, as expressing his resolution to partake their fate in death or victory. But there was no time for further observation. The trumpets of the King sounded a charge, the bagpipes blew up their screaming and maddening notes, and the combatants, starting forward in regular order, and increasing their pace till they came to a smart run, met together in the centre of the ground, as a furious torrent encounters an advancing tide.

For an instant or two the front lines, hewing at each other with their long swords, seemed engaged in a succession of single combats; but the second and third ranks soon came up on either side, actuated alike by the eagerness of hatred and the thirst of honour, pressed through the intervals, and rendered the scene a tumultuous chaos, over which the huge swords rose and sunk, some still glittering, others streaming with blood, appearing, from the wild rapidity with which they were swayed, rather to be put in motion by some complicated machinery, than to be wielded by human hands. Some of the combatants, too much crowded together to use those long weapons, had already betaken themselves to their poniards, and endeavoured to get within the sword-sweep of those opposed to them. In the meantime, blood flowed fast, and the groans of those who fell began to mingle with the cries of those who fought; for, according to the manner of the Highlanders at all times, they could hardly be said to shout, but to yell. Those of the spectators, whose eyes were best accustomed to such scenes of blood and confusion, could nevertheless discover no advantage yet acquir-

ed by either party. The conflict swayed, indeed, at different intervals forwards or backwards, but it was only in momentary superiority, which the party who acquired it almost instantly lost by a corresponding exertion on the other side. The wild notes of the pipers were still heard above the tumult, and stimulated to farther exertions the fury of the combatants.

At once, however, and as if by mutual agreement, the instruments sounded a retreat; it was expressed in wailing notes, which seemed to imply a dirge for the fallen. The two parties disengaged themselves from each other, to take breath for a few minutes. The eyes of the spectators greedily surveyed the shattered array of the combatants as they drew off from the contest, but found it still impossible to decide which had sustained the greater loss. It seemed as if the Clan Chattan had lost rather fewer men than their antagonists; but in compensation, the bloody plaids and shirts of their party (for several on both sides had thrown their mantles away) showed more wounded men than the Clan Quhele. About twenty of both sides lay on the field dead or dying; and arms and legs lopped off, heads cleft to the chine, slashes deep through the shoulder into the breast, showed at once the fury of the combat, the ghastly character of the weapons used, and the fatal strength of the arms which wielded them. The Chief of the Clan Chattan had behaved himself with the most determined courage, and was slightly wounded. Eachin also had fought with spirit, surrounded by his body-guard. His sword was bloody; his bearing bold and warlike; and he smiled when old Torquil, folding him in his arms, loaded him with praises and with blessings.

The two Chiefs, after allowing their followers to breathe for the space of about ten minutes, again drew up in their files, diminished by nearly one-third of their original number. They now chose their ground nearer to the river than that on which they had formerly encountered, which was encumbered with the wounded and the slain. Some of the former were observed, from time to time, to raise themselves to gain a glimpse of the field, and sink back, most of them to die from the effusion of blood which poured from terrific gashes inflicted by the claymore.

Harry Smith was easily distinguished by his Lowland habit, as well as his remaining on the spot where they had first encountered, where he stood, leaning on his sword beside a corpse, whose bonneted head, carried to ten yards' distance from the body by the force of the blow which had swept it off, exhibited the oak-leaf, the appropriate ornament of the body-guard of Eachin MacIain. Since he slew this man, Henry had not struck a blow, but had contented himself with warding off many that were dealt at himself, and some which were aimed at the Chief. MacGillie Chattanach became alarmed, when, having given the signal that his men should again draw together, he observed that his powerful recruit remained at a distance from the ranks, and showed little disposition to join them.

"What ails thee, man?" said the Chief. "Can so strong a body have a mean and cowardly spirit? Come, and make in to the combat."

"You as good as called me hireling but now,"

replied Henry—"If I am such," pointing to the headless corpse, "I have done enough for my day's wage."

"He that serves me without counting his hours," replied the Chief, "I reward him without reckoning wages."

"Then," said the Smith, "I fight as a volunteer, and in the post which best likes me."

"All that is at your own discretion," replied Mac-Gillie Chattanach, who saw the prudence of humouring an auxiliary of such promise.

"It is enough," said Henry; and shouldering his heavy weapon, he joined the rest of the combatants with alacrity, and placed himself opposite to the Chief of the Clan Quhele.

It was then, for the first time, that Eachin showed some uncertainty. He had long looked up to Henry as the best combatant which Perth and its neighbourhood could bring into the lists. His hatred to him as a rival was mingled with recollection of the ease with which he had once, though unarmed, foiled his own sudden and desperate attack; and when he beheld him with his eyes fixed in his direction, the dripping sword in his hand, and obviously meditating an attack on him individually, his courage fell, and he gave symptoms of wavering, which did not escape his foster-father.

It was lucky for Eachin, that Torquil was incapable, from the formation of his own temper, and that of those with whom he had lived, to conceive the idea of one of his own tribe, much less of his Chief and foster-son, being deficient in animal courage. Could he have imagined this, his grief and rage might have driven him to the fierce extremity of taking Eachin's life, to save him from staining his honour. But his mind rejected the idea that his Dault was a personal coward, as something which was monstrous and unnatural. That he was under the influence of enchantment, was a solution which superstition had suggested, and he now anxiously, but in a whisper, demanded of Hector, "Does the spell now darken thy spirit, Eachin?"

"Yes, wretch that I am," answered the unhappy youth; "and yonder stands the fell enchanter!"

"What!" exclaimed Torquil, "and you wear harness of his making?—Norman, miserable boy, why brought you that accursed mail!"

"If my arrow has flown astray, I can but shoot my life after it," answered Norman-nan-Ord. "Stand firm, you shall see me break the spell."

"Yes, stand firm," said Torquil. "He may be a fell enchanter; but my own ear has heard, and my own tongue has told, that Eachin shall leave the battle whole, free, and unwounded—let us see the Saxon wizard who can gainsay that. He may be a strong man, but the fair forest of the oak shall fall, stock and bough, ere he lay a finger on my Dault. Ring around him, my sons,—*Bas air son Eachin!*"

The sons of Torquil shouted back the words, which signify, "Death for Hector."

Encouraged by their devotion, Eachin renewed his spirit, and called boldly to the minstrels of his clan, "*Seid suas*," that is, Strike up.

The wild pibroch again sounded the onset; but the two parties approached each other more slowly

than at first, as men who knew and respected each other's valour. Henry Wynd, in his impatience to begin the contest, advanced before the Clan Chattan, and signed to Eachin to come on. Norman however, sprang forward to cover his foster-brother, and there was a general, though momentary pause, as if both parties were willing to obtain an omen of the fate of the day, from the event of this duel. The Highlander advanced, with his large sword uplifted, as in act to strike; but just as he came within sword's length, he dropt the long and cumbersome weapon, leapt lightly over the Smith's sword, as he fetched a cut at him, drew his dagger, and being thus within Henry's guard, struck him with the weapon (his own gift) on the side of the throat, directing the blow downwards into the chest, and calling aloud, at the same time, "You taught me the stab!"

But Henry Wynd wore his own good hauberk, doubly defended with a lining of tempered steel. Had he been less surely armed, his combats had been ended for ever. Even as it was, he was slightly wounded.

"Fool!" he replied, striking Norman a blow with the pommel of his long sword, which made him stagger backwards, "you were taught the thrust, but not the parry;" and, fetching a blow at his antagonist, which cleft his skull through the steel-cap, he strode over the lifeless body to engage the young Chief, who now stood open before him.

But the sonorous voice of Torquil thundered out, "*Far eil air son Eachin!*" (Another for Hector!) and the two brethren who flanked their Chief on each side, thrust forward upon Henry, and, striking both at once, compelled him to keep the defensive.

"Forward, race of the Tiger Cat!" cried Mac-Gillie Chattanach; "save the brave Saxon! let these kites feel your talons!"

Already much wounded, the Chief dragged himself up to the Smith's assistance, and cut down one of the *Leichtach*, by whom he was assailed. Henry's own good sword rid him of the other.

"*Reist air son Eachin!*" (Again for Hector), shouted the faithful foster-father

"*Bas an son Eachin!*" (Death for Hector), answered two more of his devoted sons, and opposed themselves to the fury of the Smith and those who had come to his aid; while Eachin, moving towards the left wing of the battle, sought less formidable adversaries, and again, by some show of valour, revived the sinking hopes of his followers. The two children of the Oak, who had covered this movement, shared the fate of their brethren; for the cry of the Clan Chattan Chief had drawn to that part of the field some of his bravest warriors. The sons of Torquil did not fall unavenged, but left dreadful marks of their swords on the persons of the dead and living. But the necessity of keeping their most distinguished soldiers around the person of their Chief told to disadvantage on the general event of the combat; and so few were now the number who remained fighting, that it was easy to see that the Clan Chattan had fifteen of their number left, though most of them wounded; and that of the Clan Quhele, only about ten remained, of whom there were four of the Chief's bodyguard, including Torquil himself.

They fought and struggled on, however, and as their strength decayed, their fury seemed to increase. Henry Wynd, now wounded in many places, was still bent on breaking through, or exterminating, the band of bold hearts who continued to fight around the object of his animosity. But still the father's shout of, "Another for Hector!" was cheerfully answered by the fatal countersign, "Death for Hector!" and though the Clan Quhele were now outnumbered, the combat seemed still dubious. It was bodily lassitude alone that again compelled them to another pause.

The Clan Chattan were then observed to be twelve in number, but two or three were scarce able to stand without leaning on their swords. Five were left of the Clan Quhele; Torquil and his youngest son were of the number, both slightly wounded. Eachin alone had, from the vigilance used to intercept all blows levelled against his person, escaped without injury. The rage of both parties had sunk, through exhaustion, into sullen desperation. They walked staggering, as if in their sleep, through the carcasses of the slain, and gazed on them, as if again to animate their hatred towards their surviving enemies, by viewing the friends they had lost.

The multitude soon after beheld the survivors of the desperate conflict drawing together to renew the exterminating feud on the banks of the river, as the spot least slippery with blood, and less encumbered with the bodies of the slain.

"For God's sake—for the sake of the mercy which we daily pray for," said the kind-hearted old King, to the Duke of Albany, "let this be ended! Wherefore should these wretched rags and remnants of humanity be suffered to complete their butchery?—Surely they will now be ruled, and accept of peace on moderate terms?"

"Compose yourself, my liege," said his brother. "These men are the pest of the Lowlands. Both Chiefs are still living—if they go back unharmed, the whole day's work is cast away. Remember your promise to the council, that you would not cry Hold!"

"You compel me to a great crime, Albany, both as a King, who should protect his subjects, and as a Christian man, who respects the brother of his faith."

"You judge wrong, my lord," said the Duke; "these are not loving subjects, but disobedient rebels, as my lord of Crawford can bear witness; and they are still less Christian men, for the Prior of the Dominicans will vouch for me, that they are more than half heathen."

The King sighed deeply. "You must work your pleasure, and are too wise for me to contend with. I can but turn away, and shut my eyes from the sights and sounds of a carnage which makes me sicken. But well I know that God will punish me even for witnessing this waste of human life."

"Sound, trumpets," said Albany; "their wounds will stiffen if they dally longer."

While this was passing, Torquil was embracing and encouraging his young Chief.

"Resist the witchcraft but a few minutes longer! Be of good cheer—you will come off without either scar or scratch, wem or wound. Be of good cheer!"

"How can I be of good cheer," said Eachin, "while

my brave kinsmen have one by one died at my feet? died all for me, who could never deserve the least of their kindness!"

"And for what were they born, save to die for their Chief?" said Torquil, composedly. "Why lament that the arrow returns not to the quiver, providing it hit the mark? Cheer up yet—Here are Tormot and I but little hurt, while the wild-cats drag themselves through the plain as if they were half throttled by the terriers—Yet one brave stand, and the day shall be your own, though it may well be that you alone remain alive.—Minstrels, sound the gathering!"

The pipers on both sides blew their charge, and the combatants again mingled in battle, not indeed with the same strength, but with unabated inveteracy. They were joined by those whose duty it was to have remained neuter, but who now found themselves unable to do so. The two old champions who bore the standards, had gradually advanced from the extremity of the lists, and now approached close to the immediate scene of action. When they beheld the carnage more nearly, they were mutually impelled by the desire to revenge their brethren, or not to survive them. They attacked each other furiously with the lances to which the standards were attached, closed after exchanging several deadly thrusts, then grappled in close strife, still holding their banners, until at length, in the eagerness of their conflict, they fell together into the Tay, and were found drowned after the combat, closely locked in each other's arms. The fury of battle, the frenzy of rage and despair, infected next the minstrels. The two pipers, who, during the conflict, had done their utmost to keep up the spirits of their brethren, now saw the dispute well-nigh terminated for want of men to support it. They threw down their instruments, rushed desperately upon each other with their daggers, and each being more intent on dispatching his opponent than in defending himself, the piper of Clan Quhele was almost instantly slain, and he of Clan Chattan mortally wounded. The last, nevertheless, again grasped his instrument, and the pibroch of the clan yet poured its expiring notes over the Clan Chattan, while the dying minstrel had breath to inspire it. The instrument which he used, or at least the part of it called the chanter, is preserved in the family of a Highland Chief to this day, and is much honoured under the name of the *Federan Dhu*, or Black Chanter.*

Meanwhile, in the final charge, young Tormot, devoted, like his brethren, by his father Torquil to the protection of his Chief, had been mortally wounded by the unsparing sword of the Smith. The other two remaining of the Clan Quhele had also fallen, and Torquil, with his foster-son, and the wounded Tormot, forced to retreat before eight or ten of the Clan Chattan, made a stand on the bank of the river,

* The present Clunie MacPherson, Chief of his Clan, is in possession of this ancient trophy of their presence at the North Inch. Another account of it is given by a tradition, which says, that an aerial minstrel appeared over the heads of the Clan Chattan, and having played some wild strains, let the instrument drop from his hand. Being made of glass, it was broken by the fall, excepting only the chanter, which, as usual, was of lignum vitæ. The MacPherson piper secured this enchanted pipe, and the possession of it is still considered as ensuring the prosperity of the clan.

while their enemies were making such exertions as their wounds would permit to come up with them. Torquil had just reached the spot where he had resolved to make the stand, when the youth Tormot dropped and expired. His death drew from his father the first and only sigh which he had breathed throughout the eventful day.

"My son Tormot!" he said, "my youngest and dearest! But if I save Hector, I save all.—Now, my darling Dault, I have done for thee all that man may, excepting the last. Let me undo the clasps of that ill-omened armour, and do thou put on that of Tormot; it is light, and will fit thee well. While you do so, I will rush on these crippled men, and make what play with them I can. I trust I shall have but little to do, for they are following each other like disabled steers. At least, darling of my soul, if I am unable to save thee, I can show thee how a man should die."

While Torquil thus spoke, he unloosed the clasps of the young Chief's hauberk, in the simple belief that he could thus break the meshes which fear and necromancy had twined about his heart.

"My father, my father, my more than parent!" said the unhappy Eachin—"Stay with me!—with you by my side, I feel I can fight to the last."

"It is impossible," said Torquil. "I will stop them coming up, while you put on the hauberk. God eternally bless thee, beloved of my soul!"

And then brandishing his sword, Torquil of the Oak rushed forward with the same fatal war cry, which had so often sounded over that bloody field, *Bas air son Eachin!*—The words rung three times in a voice of thunder; and each time that he cried his war-shout, he struck down one of the Clan Chattan, as he met them successively straggling towards him.—"Brave battle, hawk—well flown, falcon!" exclaimed the multitude, as they witnessed exertions which seemed, even at this last hour, to threaten a change of the fortunes of the day. Suddenly these cries were hushed into silence, and succeeded by a clashing of swords so dreadful, as if the whole conflict had recommenced in the person of Henry Wynd and Torquil of the Oak. They cut, foined, hewed, and thrust, as if they had drawn their blades for the first time that day; and their inveteracy was mutual, for Torquil recognised the foul wizard, who, as he supposed, had cast a spell over his child; and Henry saw before him the giant, who, during the whole conflict, had interrupted the purpose for which alone he had joined the combatants. They fought with an equality which, perhaps, would not have existed, had not Henry, more wounded than his antagonist, been somewhat deprived of his usual agility.

Meanwhile Eachin, finding himself alone, after a disorderly and vain attempt to put on his foster-brother's harness, became animated by an emotion of shame and despair, and hurried forward to support his foster-father in the terrible struggle, ere some other of the Clan Chattan should come up. When he was within five yards, and sternly determined to take his share in the death fight, his foster-father fell, cleft from the collar-bone well-nigh to the heart, and murmuring with his last breath, *Bas air son Eachin!*—The unfortunate youth saw the fall of his last friend, and at the same moment beheld the deadly enemy who had hunted him through the whole

field, standing within sword's point of him, and brandishing the huge weapon which had hewed its way to his life through so many obstacles. Perhaps this was enough to bring his constitutional timidity to its highest point; or perhaps he recollected at the same moment that he was without defensive armour, and that a line of enemies, halting indeed and crippled, but eager for revenge and blood, were hastily approaching. It is enough to say, that his heart sickened, his eyes darkened, his ear tingled, his brain turned giddy—all other considerations were lost in the apprehension of instant death; and drawing one ineffectual blow at the Smith, he avoided that which was aimed at him in return, by bounding backward; and ere the former could recover his weapon, Eachin had plunged into the stream. A roar of contumely pursued him as he swam across the river, although, perhaps, not a dozen of those who joined in it would have behaved otherwise in the like circumstances. Henry looked after the fugitive in silence and surprise, but could not speculate on the consequences of his flight, on account of the faintness which seemed to overpower him as soon as the animation of the contest had subsided. He sat down on the grassy bank, and endeavoured to stanch such of his wounds as were pouring fastest.

The victors had the general meed of gratulation. The Duke of Albany and others went down to survey the field; and Henry Wynd was honoured with particular notice.

"If thou wilt follow me, good fellow," said Douglas, "I will change thy leathern apron for a knight's girdle, and thy burgage tenement for an hundred-pound-land to maintain thy rank withal."

"I thank you humbly, my lord," said the Smith, dejectedly, "but I have shed blood enough already; and Heaven has punished me, by foiling the only purpose for which I entered the combat."

"How, friend?" said Douglas. "Didst thou not fight for the Clan Chattan, and have they not gained a glorious conquest?"

"*I fought for my own hand,*" said the Smith, indifferently; and the expression is still proverbial in Scotland.

The good King Robert now came up on an ambling palfrey, having entered the barriers for the purpose of causing the wounded to be looked after.

"My Lord of Douglas," he said, "you vex the poor man with temporal matters, when it seems he may have short time to consider those that are spiritual. Has he no friends here who will bear him where his bodily wounds, and the health of his soul, may be both cared for?"

"He hath as many friends as there are good men in Perth," said Sir Patrick Charteris; "and I esteem myself one of the closest."

"A churl will savour of churl's kind—" said the haughty Douglas, turning his horse aside; "the proffer of knighthood from the sword of Douglas had recalled him from death's door, had there been a drop of gentle blood in his body."

Disregarding the taunt of the mighty Earl, the Knight of Kinfauns dismounted to take Henry in his arms, as he now sunk back from very faintness. But he was prevented by Simon Glover, who, with other

burgesses of consideration, had now entered the bar-race.

"Henry, my beloved son Henry!" said the old man. "O, what tempted you to this fatal affray!—Dying—speechless?"

"No—not speechless," said Henry.—"Catharine—"

He could utter no more.

"Catharine is well, I trust: and shall be thine—that is, if——"

"If she be safe, thou wouldst say, old man," said the Douglas, who, though something affronted at Henry's rejection of his offer, was too magnanimous not to interest himself in what was passing.—"She is safe, if Douglas's banner can protect her—safe, and shall be rich. Douglas can give wealth to those who value it more than honour."

"For her safety, my lord, let the heartfelt thanks and blessings of a father go with the noble Douglas. For wealth, we are rich enough—Gold cannot restore my beloved son."

"A marvel!" said the Earl,—"*a churl refuses nobility—a citizen despises gold.*"

"Under your lordship's favour," said Sir Patrick, "I, who am knight and noble, take license to say, that such a brave man as Henry Wynd may reject honourable titles—such an honest man as this reverend citizen may dispense with gold."

"You do well, Sir Patrick, to speak for your town, and I take no offence," said the Douglas. "I force my bounty on no one.—But," he added, in a whisper to Albany, "your Grace must withdraw the King from this bloody sight, for he must know *that* to-night which will be known over broad Scotland when to-morrow dawns. This feud is ended. Yet even I grieve that so many brave Scottish men lie here slain, whose brands might have decided a pitched field in their country's cause."

With difficulty King Robert was withdrawn from the field; the tears running down his aged cheeks and white beard, as he conjured all around him, nobles and priests, that care should be taken for the bodies and souls of the few wounded survivors, and honourable burial rendered to the slain. The priests who were present answered zealously for both services, and redeemed their pledge faithfully and nobly.

Thus ended this celebrated conflict. Of sixty-four brave men (the minstrels and standard-bearers included) who strode manfully to the fatal field, seven alone survived, who were conveyed from thence in litters, in a case little different from the dead and dying around them, and mingled with them in the sad procession which carried them from the scene of their strife. Eachin alone had left it void of wounds, and void of honour.

It remains but to say, that not a man of the Clan Quhele survived the bloody combat, except the fugitive Chief; and the consequence of the defeat was the dissolution of their confederacy. The clans of which it consisted are now only matter of conjecture to the antiquary, for, after this eventful contest, they never assembled under the same banner. The Clan Chattan, on the other hand, continued to increase and flourish; and the best families of the Northern Highlands boast their descent from the race of the Cat-a-Mountain.

VOL. VII.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHILE the King rode slowly back to the convent which he then occupied, Albany, with a discomposed aspect and faltering voice, asked the Earl of Douglas, "Will not your lordship, who saw this most melancholy scene at Falkland, communicate the tidings to my unhappy brother?"

"Not for broad Scotland," said the Douglas. "I would sooner bare my breast, within flight-shot, as a butt to an hundred Tynedale bowmen. No, by St Bride of Douglas! I could but say I saw the ill-fated youth dead. How he came by his death, your Grace can perhaps better explain. Were it not for the rebellion of March, and the English war, I would speak my own mind of it." So saying, and making his obeisance to the King, the Earl rode off to his own lodgings, leaving Albany to tell his tale as he best could.

"The rebellion and the English war?" said the Duke to himself,—"*Ay, and thine own interest, haughty Earl, which, imperious as thou art, thou darest not separate from mine. Well, since the task falls on me, I must and will discharge it.*"

He followed the King into his apartment. The King looked at him with surprise after he had assumed his usual seat.

"Thy countenance is ghastly, Robin," said the King. "I would thou wouldst think more deeply when blood is to be spilled, since its consequences affect thee so powerfully. And yet, Robin, I love thee the better that thy kind nature will sometimes show itself, even through thy reflecting policy."

"I would to Heaven, my royal brother," said Albany, with a voice half choked, "that the bloody field we have seen were the worst we had to see or hear of this day. I should waste little sorrow on the wild kerne who lie piled on it like carrion. But—" he paused.

"How!" exclaimed the King, in terror,—"*What new evil?—Rothsay?—It must be—it is Rothsay!—Speak out!—What new folly has been done?—What fresh mischance?*"

"My lord—my liege—folly and mischance are now ended with my hapless nephew."

"He is dead!—he is dead!" screamed the agonized parent. "Albany, as thy brother, I conjure thee—But no—I am thy brother no longer! As thy King, dark and subtle man, I charge thee to tell the worst!"

Albany faltered out,—"*The details are but imperfectly known to me—but the certainty is, that my unhappy nephew was found dead in his apartment last night from sudden illness—as I have heard.*"

"O, Rothsay!—O, my beloved Robert!—Would to God I had died for thee, my son—my son!"

So spoke, in the emphatic words of Scripture, the helpless and bereft father, tearing his grey beard and hoary hair, while Albany, speechless and conscience-struck, did not venture to interrupt the tempest of his grief. But the agony of the King's sorrow almost instantly changed to fury,—a mood so contrary to the gentleness and timidity of his nature, that the remorse of Albany was drowned in his fear.

"And this is the end," said the King, "of thy moral saws and religious punishments!—But the

besotted father, who gave the son into thy hands, who gave the innocent lamb to the butcher, is a King! and thou shalt know it to thy cost. Shall the murderer stand in presence of his brother—stained with the blood of that brother's son? No!—What ho, without there!—MacLouis!—Brandanes!—Treachery! Murder!—Take arms, if you love the Stewart!”

MacLouis, with several of the guards, rushed into the apartment.

“Murder and treason!” exclaimed the miserable King. “Brandanes—your noble Prince—” here his grief and agitation interrupted for a moment the fatal information it was his object to convey. At length he resumed his broken speech,—“An axe and a block instantly into the court-yard!—Arrest—” The word choked his utterance.

“Arrest whom, my noble liege?” said MacLouis, who, observing the King influenced by a tide of passion so different from the gentleness of his ordinary demeanour, almost conjectured that his brain had been disturbed by the unusual horrors of the combat he had witnessed,—“Whom shall I arrest, my liege?” he replied. “Here is none but your Grace’s royal brother of Albany?”

“Most true,” said the King, his brief fit of vindictive passion soon dying away. “Most true—none but Albany—none but my parents’ child—none but my brother. O God! enable me to quell the sinful passion which glows in this bosom—*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis!*”

MacLouis cast a look of wonder towards the Duke of Albany, who endeavoured to hide his confusion under an affectation of deep sympathy, and muttered to the officer,—

“The great misfortune has been too much for his understanding.”

“What misfortune, please your Grace?” replied MacLouis. “I have heard of none.”

“How!—Not heard of the death of my nephew Rothsay?”

“The Duke of Rothsay dead, my Lord of Albany!” exclaimed the faithful Brandane, with the utmost horror and astonishment,—“When, how, and where?”

“Two days since—the manner as yet unknown—at Falkland.”

MacLouis gazed at the Duke for an instant; then, with a kindling eye and determined look, said to the King, who seemed deeply engaged in his mental devotion,—“My liege! a minute or two since you left a word—one word—unspoken. Let it pass your lips, and your pleasure is law to your Brandanes!”

“I was praying against temptation, MacLouis,” said the heart-broken King, “and you bring it to me. Would you arm a madman with a drawn weapon?—But oh, Albany! my friend, my brother, my bosom counsellor!—how—how camest thou by the heart to do this!”

Albany, seeing that the King’s mood was softening, replied with more firmness than before,—“My castle is no barrier against the power of death—I have not deserved the foul suspicions which your Majesty’s words imply. I pardon them from the distraction of a bereaved father. But I am willing to swear by cross and altar—by my share in salvation—by the souls of our royal parents—”

“Be silent, Robert!” said the King; “add not perjury to murder.—And was this all done to gain a step nearer to a crown and sceptre? Take them to thee at once, man; and mayst thou feel, as I have done, that they are both of red-hot iron!—Oh Rothsay, Rothsay! thou hast at least escaped being a king!”

“My liege,” said MacLouis, “let me remind you, that the crown and sceptre of Scotland are, when your Majesty ceases to bear them, the right of Prince James, who succeeds to his brother’s rights.”

“True, MacLouis,” said the King, eagerly, “and will succeed, poor child, to his brother’s perils! Thanks, MacLouis, thanks—You have reminded me that I have still work upon earth. Get thy Brandanes under arms with what speed thou canst. Let no man go with us whose truth is not known to thee. None in especial who has trafficked with the Duke of Albany—that man, I mean, who calls himself my brother!—and order my litter to be instantly prepared. We will to Dunbarton, MacLouis, or to Bute. Precipices, and tides, and my Brandanes’ hearts, shall defend the child till we can put oceans betwixt him and his cruel uncle’s ambition.—Farewell, Robert of Albany—farewell for ever, thou hard-hearted bloody man! Enjoy such share of power as the Douglas may permit thee—But seek not to see my face again, far less to approach my remaining child! for, that hour thou dost, my guards shall have orders to stab thee down with their partizans!—MacLouis, look it be so directed.”

The Duke of Albany left the presence without attempting further justification or reply

What followed is matter of history. In the ensuing Parliament, the Duke of Albany prevailed on that body to declare him innocent of the death of Rothsay, while, at the same time, he showed his own sense of guilt by taking out a remission or pardon for the offence. The unhappy and aged monarch secluded himself in his Castle of Rothsay, in Bute, to mourn over the son he had lost, and watch with feverish anxiety over the life of him who remained. As the best step for the youthful James’s security, he sent him to France to receive his education at the court of the reigning sovereign. But the vessel in which the Prince of Scotland sailed, was taken by an English cruizer, and although there was a truce for the moment betwixt the kingdoms, Henry IV ungenerously detained him a prisoner. This last blow completely broke the heart of the unhappy King Robert III. Vengeance followed, though with a slow pace, the treachery and cruelty of his brother. Robert of Albany’s own grey hairs went, indeed, in peace to the grave, and he transferred the regency which he had so foully acquired, to his son Murdoch. But, nineteen years after the death of the old King, James I returned to Scotland, and Duke Murdoch of Albany, with his sons, was brought to the scaffold, in expiation of his father’s guilt and his own.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WE now return to the Fair Maid of Perth, who had been sent from the horrible scene at Falkland, by order of the Douglas, to be placed under the protection of his daughter, the now widowed Duchess of Rothsay. That lady’s temporary residence was a re-

ligious house called Campsie, the ruins of which still occupy a striking situation on the Tay. It arose on the summit of a precipitous rock, which descends on the princely river, there rendered peculiarly remarkable by the cataract called Campsie Linn, where its waters rush tumultuously over a range of basaltic rock which intercepts the current, like a dike erected by human hands. Delighted with a site so romantic, the monks of the Abbey of Cupar reared a structure there, dedicated to an obscure Saint, named St Hunnand, and hither they were wont themselves to retire for pleasure or devotion. It had readily opened its gates to admit the noble lady who was its present inmate, as the country was under the influence of the powerful Lord Drummond the ally of the Douglas. There the Earl's letters were presented to the Duchess by the leader of the escort which conducted Catharine and the glee-maiden to Campsie. Whatever reason she might have to complain of Rothsay, his horrible and unexpected end greatly shocked the noble lady, and she spent the greater part of the night in indulging her grief, and in devotional exercises.

On the next morning, which was that of the memorable Palm Sunday, she ordered Catharine Glover and the minstrel into her presence. The spirits of both the young women had been much sunk and shaken by the dreadful scenes in which they had so lately been engaged; and the outward appearance of the Duchess Marjory was, like that of her father, more calculated to inspire awe than confidence. She spoke with kindness, however, though apparently in deep affliction, and learned from them all which they had to tell concerning the fate of her erring and inconsiderate husband. She appeared grateful for the efforts which Catharine and the glee-maiden had made, at their own extreme peril, to save Rothsay from his horrible fate. She invited them to join in her devotions; and at the hour of dinner gave them her hand to kiss, and dismissed them to their own refectory, assuring both, and Catharine in particular, of her efficient protection, which should include, she said, her father's, and be a wall around them both, so long as she herself lived.

They retired from the presence of the widowed Princess, and partook of a repast with her duennas and ladies, all of whom, amid their profound sorrow, showed a character of stateliness, which chilled the light heart of the Frenchwoman, and imposed constraint even on the more serious character of Catharine Glover. The friends, for so we may term them, were fain, therefore, to escape from the society of these persons, all of them born gentlewomen, who thought themselves but ill-assorted with a burgher's daughter and a strolling glee-maiden, and saw them with pleasure go out to walk in the neighbourhood of the convent. A little garden, with its bushes and fruit-trees, advanced on one side of the convent, so as to skirt the precipice, from which it was only separated by a parapet built on the ledge of the rock, so low that the eye might easily measure the depth of the crag, and gaze on the conflicting waters which foamed, struggled, and chafed over the reef below.

The fair Maiden of Perth and her companion walked slowly on a path that ran within this parapet, looked at the romantic prospect, and judged what it

must be when the advancing summer should clothe the grove with leaves. They observed for some time a deep silence. At length the gay and bold spirit of the glee-maiden rose above the circumstances in which she had been and was now placed.

"Do the horrors of Falkland, fair May, still weigh down your spirits? Strive to forget them as I do; we cannot tread life's path lightly, if we shake not from our mantles the rain-drops as they fall."

"These horrors are not to be forgotten," answered Catharine. "Yet my mind is at present anxious respecting my father's safety; and I cannot but think how many brave men may be at this instant leaving the world, even within six miles of us, or little farther."

"You mean the combat betwixt sixty champions, of which the Douglas's equerry told us yesterday? It were a sight for a minstrel to witness. But out upon these womanish eyes of mine—they could never see swords cross each other, without being dazzled. But see,—look yonder, May Catharine, look yonder! That flying messenger certainly brings news of the battle."

"Methinks I should know him who runs so wildly," said Catharine—"But if it be he I think of, some wild thoughts are urging his speed."

As she spoke, the runner directed his course to the garden. Louise's little dog ran to meet him, barking furiously, but came back, to cower, creep, and growl behind its mistress; for even dumb animals can distinguish when men are driven on by the furious energy of irresistible passion, and dread to cross or encounter them in their career. The fugitive rushed into the garden at the same reckless pace. His head was bare, his hair dishevelled; his rich acton, and all his other vestments, looked as if they had been lately drenched in water. His leathern buskins were cut and torn, and his feet marked the sod with blood. His countenance was wild, haggard, and highly excited, or as the Scottish phrase expresses it, much *raised*.

"Conachar!" said Catharine, as he advanced, apparently without seeing what was before him, as hares are said to do when severely pressed by the greyhounds. But he stopped short when he heard his own name.

"Conachar," said Catharine, "or rather Eachin MacIan—what means all this?—Have the Clan Quhele sustained a defeat?"

"I *have* borne such names as this maiden gives me," said the fugitive, after a moment's recollection. "Yes, I was called Conachar when I was happy, and Eachin when I was powerful. But now I have no name, and there is no such clan as thou speakest of; and thou art a foolish maid to speak of that which is not, to one who has no existence."

"Alas! unfortunate——"

"And why unfortunate, I pray you?" exclaimed the youth. "If I am coward and villain, have not villany and cowardice command over the elements?—Have I not braved the water without its choking me, and trod the firm earth without its opening to devour me? And shall a mortal oppose my purpose?"

"He raves, alas!" said Catharine, "Haste to call some help. He will not harm me; but I fear he will

do evil to himself. See how he stares down on the roaring waterfall!"

The glee-woman hastened to do as she was ordered; and Conachar's half-frenzied spirit seemed relieved by her absence. "Catharine," he said, "now she is gone, I will say I know thee—I know thy love of peace and hatred of war. But hearken—I have, rather than strike a blow at my enemy, given up all that a man calls dearest—I have lost honour, fame, and friends; and such friends! (he placed his hands before his face),—Oh! their love surpassed the love of woman! Why should I hide my tears?—All know my shame—all should see my sorrow. Yes, all might see, but who would pity it?—Catharine, as I ran like a madman down the strath, man and woman called shame on me!—The beggar to whom I flung an alms that I might purchase one blessing, threw it back in disgust, and with a curse upon the coward! Each bell that tolled rung out, Shame on the recreant caitiff! The brute beasts in their lowing and bleating—the wild winds in their rustling and howling—the hoarse waters in their dash and roar, cried, Out upon the dastard!—The faithful nine are still pursuing me; they cry with feeble voice, "Strike but one blow in our revenge, we all died for you!"

While the unhappy youth thus raved, a rustling was heard in the bushes. "There is but one way," he exclaimed, springing upon the parapet, but with a terrified glance towards the thicket, through which one or two attendants were stealing, with the purpose of surprising him. But the instant he saw a human form emerge from the cover of the thicket, he waved his hands wildly over his head, and shrieking out, "*Bas an air Eachin!*" plunged down the precipice into the raging cataract beneath.

It is needless to say, that aught save thistledown must have been dashed to pieces in such a fall. But the river was swelled, and the remains of the unhappy youth were never seen. A varying tradition has assigned more than one supplement to the history. It is said by one account, that the young Captain of Clan Quhele swam safe to shore, far below the Linn of Campsie; and that, wandering disconsolately in the deserts of Rannoch, he met with Father Clement, who had taken up his abode in the wilderness as a hermit, on the principle of the old Culdees. He converted, it is said, the heart-broken and penitent Conachar, who lived with him in his cell, sharing his devotion and privations, till death removed them in succession.

Another wilder legend supposes that he was snatched from death by the *Daione-Shie*, or fairie-folk; and that he continues to wander through wood and wild, armed like an ancient Highlander, but carrying his sword in his left hand. The phantom appears always in deep grief. Sometimes he seems about to attack the traveller, but, when resisted with courage, always flies. These legends are founded on two peculiar points in his story—his evincing timidity, and his committing suicide; both of them circumstances unexampled in the history of a Mountain Chief.

When Simon Glover, having seen his friend Henry duly taken care of in his own house in Curfew-street, arrived that evening at the Place of Campsie, he found his daughter extremely ill of a fever, in consequence of the scenes to which she had lately been a

witness, and particularly the catastrophe of her late playmate. The affection of the glee-maiden rendered her so attentive and careful a nurse, that the Glover said it should not be his fault if she ever touched lute again, save for her own amusement.

It was some time ere Simon ventured to tell his daughter of Henry's late exploits, and his severe wounds; and he took care to make the most of the encouraging circumstance, that her faithful lover had refused both honour and wealth, rather than become a professed soldier and follow the Douglas. Catharine sighed deeply, and shook her head at the history of bloody Palm Sunday on the North Inch. But apparently she had reflected that men rarely advance in civilization or refinement beyond the ideas of their own age, and that a headlong and exuberant courage, like that of Henry Smith, was, in the iron days in which they lived, preferable to the deficiency which had led to Conachar's catastrophe. If she had any doubts on the subject, they were removed in due time by Henry's protestations, so soon as restored health enabled him to plead his own cause.

"I should blush to say, Catharine, that I am even sick of the thoughts of doing battle. Yonder last field showed carnage enough to glut a tiger. I am therefore resolved to hang up my broad-sword, never to be drawn more unless against the enemies of Scotland."

"And should Scotland call for it," said Catharine, "I will buckle it round you."

"And, Catharine," said the joyful Glover, "we will pay largely for soul-masses for those who have fallen by Henry's sword; and that will not only cure spiritual flaws, but make us friends with the Church again."

"For that purpose, father," said Catharine, "the hoards of the wretched Dwining may be applied. He bequeathed them to me, but I think you would not mix his base blood-money with your honest gains!"

"I would bring the plague into my house as soon," said the resolute Glover.

The treasures of the wicked apothecary were distributed accordingly among the four monasteries; nor was there ever after a breath of suspicion concerning the orthodoxy of old Simon or his daughter.

Henry and Catharine were married within four months after the battle of the North Inch, and never did the corporations of the glovers and hammermen trip their sword-dance so featly as at the wedding of the boldest burgess and brightest maiden in Perth. Ten months after, a gallant infant filled the well spread cradle, and was rocked by Louise to the tune of

Bold and True,
In bonnet blue.

The names of the boy's sponsors are recorded, as, "Ane Hie and Michty Lord, Archibald Erl of Douglas, ane Honorabil and gude Knicht, Schir Patrick Charteris of Kinfauns, and ane Gracious Princess, Marjory Dowaire of his Serene Highness Robert, umquhile Duke of Rothsay." Under such patronage a family rises fast; and several of the most respected houses in Scotland, but especially in Perthshire, and many individuals, distinguished both in arts and arms, record with pride their descent from the *Gow Chrom* and the Fair Maid of Perth.

Anne of Geierstein;

OR THE MAIDEN OF THE MIST.

What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground?

SHAKSPEARE.

CHAPTER I.

The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphurous,
Like foam from the roused ocean. —

— I am giddy.

Manfred.

THE course of four centuries has well nigh elapsed since the series of events which are related in the following chapters, took place on the Continent. The records which contained the outlines of the history, and might be referred to as proof of its veracity, were long preserved in the superb library of the Monastery of Saint Gall, but perished, with many of the literary treasures of that establishment, when the convent was plundered by the French revolutionary armies. The events are fixed, by historical date, to the middle of the fifteenth century,—that important period, when chivalry still shone with a setting ray, soon about to be totally obscured; in some countries, by the establishment of free institutions, in others, by that of arbitrary power, which alike rendered useless the interference of those redressers of wrongs, whose only warrant of authority was the sword.

Amid the general light which had recently shone upon Europe, France, Burgundy, and Italy, but more especially Austria, had been made acquainted with the character of a people, of whose very existence they had before been scarcely conscious. It is true, that the inhabitants of those countries which lie in the vicinity of the Alps, that immense barrier, were not ignorant, that notwithstanding their rugged and desolate appearance, the secluded valleys which winded among those gigantic mountains nourished a race of hunters and shepherds; men, who, living in a state of primeval simplicity, compelled from the soil a subsistence gained by severe labour, followed the chase over the most savage precipices and through the darkest pine forests, or drove their cattle to spots which afforded them a scanty pasturage, even in the vicinage of eternal snows. But the existence of such a people, or rather of a number of small communities who followed nearly the same poor and hardy course of life, had seemed to the rich and powerful princes in the neighbourhood a matter of as little consequence, as it is to the stately herds which repose in a fertile meadow, that a few half-starved goats find their scanty food among the rocks which overlook their rich domain.

But wonder and attention began to be attracted towards these mountaineers, about the middle of the fourteenth century, when reports were spread abroad of severe contests, in which the German chivalry, endeavouring to suppress insurrections among their Alpine vassals, had sustained repeated and bloody defeats, although having on their side numbers and discipline, and the advantage of the most perfect

military equipment. Great was the wonder that cavalry, which made the only efficient part of the feudal armies, should be routed by men on foot; that warriors sheathed in complete steel should be overpowered by men who wore no defensive armour, and were irregularly provided with pikes, halberts, and clubs, for the purpose of attack; above all, it seemed a species of miracle, that knights and nobles should be defeated by peasants and shepherds. But the repeated victories of the Swiss at Laupen, Sempach, and on other less distinguished occasions, plainly intimated that a new principle of civil organization, as well as of military movements, had arisen amid the stormy regions of Helvetia.

Still, although the decisive victories which obtained liberty for the Swiss cantons, as well as the spirit of resolution and wisdom with which the members of the little confederation had maintained themselves against the utmost exertions of Austria, had spread their fame abroad through all the neighbouring countries; and although they themselves were conscious of the power which repeated victories had acquired, yet down to the middle of the fifteenth century, and at a later date, they retained in a great measure the wisdom, moderation, and simplicity of their ancient manners; so much so, that those who were intrusted with the command of the troops of the Republic in battle, were wont to resume the shepherd's staff when they laid down the truncheon, and, like the Roman dictators, to retire to complete equality with their fellow-citizens, from the eminence to which their talents, and the call of their country, had raised them.

It is, then, in the Forest Cantons of Switzerland, in the autumn of 1474, that our tale opens.

Two travellers, one considerably past the prime of life, the other probably two or three-and-twenty years old, had passed the night at the little town of Lucerne, the capital of the state of the same name, and beautifully situated on the Lake of the Four Cantons. Their dress and character seemed those of merchants of a higher class, and while they themselves journeyed on foot, the character of the country rendering that by far the most easy mode of pursuing their route, a young peasant lad, from the Italian side of the Alps, followed them with a sumpter-mule, which he sometimes mounted, but more frequently led by the bridle.

The travellers were uncommonly fine-looking men, and seemed connected by some very near relationship,—probably that of father and son; for at the little inn where they lodged on the preceding evening, the great deference and respect paid by the younger to the elder, had not escaped the observation of the

natives, who, like other sequestered beings, were curious in proportion to the limited means of information which they possessed. They observed also, that the merchants, under pretence of haste, declined opening their bales, or proposing traffic to the inhabitants of Lucerne, alleging in excuse, that they had no commodities fitted for the market. The females of the town were the more displeased with the reserve of the mercantile travellers, because they were given to understand, that it was occasioned by the wares in which they dealt being too costly to find customers among the Helvetian mountains; for it had transpired, by means of their attendant, that the strangers had visited Venice, and had there made many purchases of rich commodities, which were brought from India and Egypt to that celebrated emporium, as to the common mart of the Western World, and thence dispersed into all quarters of Europe. Now the Swiss maidens had of late made the discovery that gauds and gems were fair to look upon, and though without the hope of being able to possess themselves of such ornaments, they felt a natural desire to review and handle the rich stores of the merchants, and some displeasure at being prevented from doing so.

It was also observed, that though the strangers were sufficiently courteous in their demeanour, they did not evince that studious anxiety to please, displayed by the travelling pedlars or merchants of Lombardy or Savoy, by whom the inhabitants of the mountains were occasionally visited; and who had been more frequent in their rounds of late years, since the spoils of victory had invested the Swiss with some wealth, and had taught many of them new wants. Those peripatetic traders were civil and assiduous, as their calling required; but the new visitors seemed men who were indifferent to traffic, or at least to the gains which could be gathered in Switzerland.

Curiosity was further excited by the circumstance, that they spoke to each other in a language which was certainly neither German, Italian, nor French, but from which an old man serving in the cabaret, who had once been as far as Paris, supposed they might be English; a people of whom it was only known that they were a fierce insular race, at war with the French for many years, and a large body of whom had invaded the Forest Cantons, and sustained such a defeat in the valley of Russwyl, as was well remembered by the grey-haired men of Lucerne, who received the tale from their fathers.

The lad who attended the strangers, was soon ascertained to be a youth from the Grison country, who acted as their guide, so far as his knowledge of the mountains permitted. He said they designed to go to Bâle, but seemed desirous to travel by circuitous and unfrequented routes. The circumstances just mentioned increased the general desire to know more of the travellers and of their merchandize. Not a bale, however, was unpacked, and the merchants, leaving Lucerne next morning, resumed their toilsome journey, preferring a circuitous route and bad roads, through the peaceful cantons of Switzerland, to encountering the exactions and rapine of the robber chivalry of Germany, who, like so many sovereigns, made war each at his own pleasure, and levied tolls and taxes on all who passed their domains of a mile's breadth, with all the insolence of petty tyranny.

For several hours after leaving Lucerne, the journey of our travellers was successfully prosecuted. The road, though precipitous and difficult, was rendered interesting by those splendid phenomena, which no country exhibits in a more astonishing manner than the mountains of Switzerland, where the rocky pass, the verdant valley, the broad lake, and the rushing torrent, the attributes of other hills as well as these, are interspersed with the magnificent and yet fearful horrors of the glaciers, a feature peculiar to themselves.

It was not an age in which the beauties or grandeur of a landscape made much impression either on the minds of those who travelled through the country, or who resided in it. To the latter, the objects, however dignified, were familiar, and associated with daily habits and with daily toil; and the former saw, perhaps, more terror than beauty in the wild region through which they passed, and were rather solicitous to get safe to their night's quarters, than to comment on the grandeur of the scenes which lay between them and their place of rest. Yet our merchants, as they proceeded on their journey, could not help being strongly impressed by the character of the scenery around them. Their road lay along the side of the lake, at times level and close on its very margin, at times rising to a great height on the side of the mountain, and winding along the verge of precipices which sunk down to the water as sharp and sheer as the wall of a castle descends upon the ditch which defends it. At other times it traversed spots of a milder character, —delightful green slopes, and lowly retired valleys, affording both pasturage and arable ground, sometimes watered by small streams, which winded by the hamlet of wooden huts with their fantastic little church and steeple, meandered round the orchard and the mount of vines, and murmuring gently as they flowed, found a quiet passage into the lake.

"That stream, Arthur," said the elder traveller, as with one consent they stopped to gaze on such a scene as I have described, "resembles the life of a good and a happy man."

"And the brook, which hurries itself headlong down yon distant hill, marking its course by a streak of white foam," answered Arthur,—"what does that resemble?"

"That of a brave and unfortunate one," replied his father.

"The torrent for me," said Arthur; "a headlong course which no human force can oppose, and then let it be as brief as it is glorious."

"It is a young man's thought," replied his father; "but I am well aware that it is so rooted in thy heart, that nothing but the rude hand of adversity can pluck it up."

"As yet the root clings fast to my heart's strings," said the young man; "and methinks adversity's hand hath had a fair grasp of it."

"You speak, my son, of what you little understand," said his father. "Know, that till the middle of life be passed, men scarce distinguish true prosperity from adversity, or rather they court as the favours of fortune what they should more justly regard as the marks of her displeasure. Look at yonder mountain, which wears on its shaggy brow a diadem of clouds, now raised and now depressed, while the

sun glances upon, but is unable to dispel it; a child might believe it to be a crown of glory—a man knows it to be the signal of tempest."

Arthur followed the direction of his father's eye to the dark and shadowy eminence of Mount Pilatre.

"Is the mist on yonder wild mountain so ominous then?" asked the young man.

"Demand of Antonio," said his father; "he will tell you the legend."

The young merchant addressed himself to the Swiss lad who acted as their attendant, desiring to know the name of the gloomy height, which in that quarter, seems the leviathan of the huge congregation of mountains assembled about Lucerne.

The lad crossed himself devoutly, as he recounted the popular legend, that the wicked Proconsul of Judæa had here found the termination of his impious life; having, after spending years in the recesses of that mountain which bears his name, at length, in remorse and despair rather than in penitence, plunged into the dismal lake which occupies the summit. Whether water refused to do the executioner's duty upon such a wretch, or whether, his body being drowned, his vexed spirit continued to haunt the place where he committed suicide, Antonio did not pretend to explain. But a form was often, he said, seen to emerge from the gloomy waters, and go through the action of one washing his hands; and when he did so, dark clouds of mist gathered first round the bosom of the Infernal lake (such it had been styled of old), and then wrapping the whole upper part of the mountain in darkness, presaged a tempest or hurricane, which was sure to follow in a short space. He added, that the evil spirit was peculiarly exasperated at the audacity of such strangers as ascended the mountain to gaze at his place of punishment; and that, in consequence, the magistrates of Lucerne had prohibited any one from approaching Mount Pilatre, under severe penalties. Antonio once more crossed himself as he finished his legend; in which act of devotion he was imitated by his hearers, too good Catholics to entertain any doubt of the truth of the story.

"How the accursed heathen scowls upon us!" said the younger of the merchants, while the cloud darkened and seemed to settle on the brow of Mount Pilatre. "*Vade retro*;—be thou defied, sinner!"

A rising wind, rather heard than felt, seemed to groan forth, in the tone of a dying lion, the acceptance of the suffering spirit to the rash challenge of the young Englishman. The mountain was seen to send down its rugged sides thick wreaths of heaving mist, which, rolling through the rugged chasms that seamed the grisly hill, resembled torrents of rushing lava pouring down from a volcano. The ridgy precipices, which formed the sides of these huge ravines, showed their splintery and rugged edges over the vapour, as if dividing from each other the descending streams of mist which rolled around them. As a strong contrast to this gloomy and threatening scene, the more distant mountain range of Righi shone brilliant with all the hues of an autumnal sun.

While the travellers watched this striking and varied contrast, which resembled an approaching combat betwixt the powers of Light and Darkness, their guide, in his mixed jargon of Italian and Ger-

man, exhorted them to make haste on their journey. The village to which he proposed to conduct them, he said, was yet distant, the road bad, and difficult to find, and if the Evil One (looking to Mount Pilatre, and crossing himself) should send his darkness upon the valley, the path would be both doubtful and dangerous. The travellers, thus admonished, gathered the capes of their cloaks close round their throats, pulled their bonnets resolutely over their brows, drew the buckle of the broad belts which fastened their mantles, and each with a mountain staff in his hand, well shod with an iron spike, they pursued their journey, with unabated strength and undaunted spirit.

With every step the scenes around them appeared to change. Each mountain, as if its firm and immutable form were flexible and varying, altered in appearance, like that of a shadowy apparition, as the position of the strangers relative to them changed with their motions, and as the mist, which continued slowly, though constantly to descend, influenced the rugged aspect of the hills and valleys which it shrouded with its vapoury mantle. The nature of their progress, too, never direct, but winding by a narrow path along the sinuosities of the valley, and making many a circuit round precipices and other obstacles which it was impossible to surmount, added to the wild variety of a journey, in which, at last, the travellers totally lost any vague idea which they had previously entertained concerning the direction in which the road led them.

"I would," said the elder, "we had that mystical needle which mariners talk of, that points ever to the north, and enables them to keep their way on the waters, when there is neither cape nor headland, sun, moon, nor stars, nor any mark in heaven or earth, to tell them how to steer."

"It would scarce avail us among these mountains," answered the youth; "for though that wonderful needle may keep its point to the northern Pole-star, when it is on a flat surface like the sea, it is not to be thought it would do so when these huge mountains arise like walls, betwixt the steel and the object of its sympathy."

"I fear me," replied the father, "we shall find our guide, who has been growing hourly more stupid since he left his own valley, as useless as you suppose the compass would be among the hills of this wild country.—Canst tell, my boy," said he, addressing Antonio in bad Italian, "if we be in the road we purposed?"

"If it please Saint Antonio—" said the guide, who was obviously too much confused to answer the question directly.

"And that water, half covered with mist, which glimmers through the fog, at the foot of this huge black precipice—is it still a part of the Lake of Lucerne, or have we lighted upon another since we ascended that last hill?"

Antonio could only answer that they ought to be on the Lake of Lucerne still, and that he hoped that what they saw below them was only a winding branch of the same sheet of water. But he could say nothing with certainty.

"Dog of an Italian!" exclaimed the younger traveller, "thou deservest to have thy bones broken,

for undertaking a charge which thou art as incapable to perform, as thou art to guide us to heaven!"

"Peace, Arthur," said his father; "if you frighten the lad, he runs off, and we lose the small advantage we might have by his knowledge; if you use your baton, he rewards you with the stab of a knife,—for such is the humour of a revengeful Lombard. Either way, you are marred instead of helped.—Hark thee hither, my boy," he continued, in his indifferent Italian, "be not afraid of that hot youngster, whom I will not permit to injure thee; but tell me, if thou canst, the names of the villages by which we are to make our journey to day?"

The gentle mode in which the elder traveller spoke reassured the lad, who had been somewhat alarmed at the harsh tone and menacing expressions of his younger companion; and he poured forth, in his patois, a flood of names, in which the German guttural sounds were strangely intermixed with the soft accents of the Italian, but which carried to the hearer no intelligible information concerning the object of his question; so that, at length, he was forced to conclude, "Even lead on, in Our Lady's name, or in Saint Antonio's, if you like it better; we shall but lose time, I see, in trying to understand each other."

They moved on as before, with this difference, that the guide, leading the mule, now went first, and was followed by the other two, whose motions he had formerly directed by calling to them from behind. The clouds meantime became thicker and thicker, and the mist, which had at first been a thin vapour, began now to descend in the form of a small thick rain, which gathered like dew upon the *capotes* of the travellers. Distant rustling and groaning sounds were heard among the remote mountains, similar to those by which the evil spirit of Mount Pilatre had seemed to announce the storm. The boy again pressed his companions to advance, but at the same time threw impediments in the way of their doing so, by the slowness and indecision which he showed in leading them on.

Having proceeded in this manner for three or four miles, which uncertainty rendered doubly tedious, the travellers were at length engaged in a narrow path, running along the verge of a precipice. Beneath was water, but of what description they could not ascertain. The wind, indeed, which began to be felt in sudden gusts, sometimes swept aside the mist so completely as to show waves glimmering below; but whether they were those of the same lake on which their morning journey had commenced, whether it was another or separate sheet of water of a similar character, or whether it was a river or large brook, the view afforded was too indistinct to determine. Thus far was certain, that they were not on the shores of the Lake of Lucerne, where it displays its usual expanse of waters; for the same hurricane-gusts which showed them water in the bottom of the glen, gave them a transient view of the opposite side, at what exact distance they could not well discern, but near enough to show tall abrupt rocks and shaggy pine trees, here united in groups, and there singly anchored among the cliffs which overhung the water.

Hitherto the path, though steep and rugged, was plainly enough indicated, and showed traces of having been used both by riders and foot-passengers. But suddenly, as Antonio with the mule had reached

a projecting eminence, around the peak of which the path made a sharp turn, he stopped short, with his usual exclamation, addressed to his patron saint. It appeared to Arthur that the mule shared the terrors of the guide; for it started back, put forward its fore-feet separate from each other, and seemed, by the attitude which it assumed, to intimate a determination to resist every proposal to advance, at the same time expressing horror and fear at the prospect which lay before it.

Arthur pressed forward, not only from curiosity, but that he might if possible bear the brunt of any danger before his father came up to share it. In less time than we have taken to tell the story, the young man stood beside Antonio and the mule, upon a platform of rock on which the road seemed absolutely to terminate, and from the further side of which a precipice sunk sheer down, to what depth the mist did not permit him to discern, but certainly to more than three hundred feet.

The blank expression which overcast the visages of the travellers, and traces of which might be discerned in the physiognomy of their beast of burden, announced alarm and mortification at this unexpected, and, as it seemed, insurmountable obstacle. Nor did the looks of the father, who presently after came up to the same spot, convey either hope or comfort. He stood with the others gazing on the misty gulf beneath them, and looking all around, but in vain, for some continuation of the path, which certainly had never been originally designed to terminate in this manner. As they stood uncertain what to do next, the son in vain attempting to discover some mode of passing onward, and the father about to propose that they should return by the road which had brought them hither, a loud howl of the wind, more wild than they had yet heard, swept down the valley. All being aware of the danger of being hurled from the precarious station which they occupied, snatched at bushes and rocks by which to secure themselves, and even the poor mule seemed to steady itself, in order to withstand the approaching hurricane. The gust came with such unexpected fury that it appeared to the travellers to shake the very rock on which they stood, and would have swept them from its surface like so many dry leaves, had it not been for the precaution which they had taken to secure themselves. But as the wind rushed down the glen, it completely removed for the space of three or four minutes the veil of mist which former gusts had only served to agitate or discompose, and showed them the nature and cause of the interruption which they had met with so unexpectedly.

The rapid but correct eye of Arthur was then able to ascertain that the path, after leaving the platform of rock on which they stood, had originally passed upwards in the same direction along a steep bank of earth, which had then formed the upper covering of a stratum of precipitous rocks. But it had chanced, in some of the convulsions of nature which take place in those wild regions, where she works upon a scale so formidable, that the earth had made a slip, or almost a precipitous descent, from the rock, and been hurled downwards with the path, which was traced along the top, and with bushes, trees, or whatever grew upon it, into the channel of the stream; for such

they could now discern the water beneath them to be, and not a lake, or an arm of a lake, as they had hitherto supposed.

The immediate cause of this phenomenon might probably have been an earthquake, not unfrequent in that country. The bank of earth, now a confused mass of ruins inverted in its fall, showed some trees growing in a horizontal position; and others, which, having pitched on their heads in their descent, were at once inverted and shattered to pieces, and lay a sport to the streams of the river which they had heretofore covered with gloomy shadow. The gaunt precipice which remained behind, like the skeleton of some huge monster divested of its flesh, formed the wall of a fearful abyss, resembling the face of a newly wrought quarry more dismal of aspect from the rawness of its recent formation, and from its being as yet uncovered with any of the vegetation with which nature speedily mantles over the bare surface even of her sternest crags and precipices.

Besides remarking these appearances, which tended to show that this interruption of the road had been of recent occurrence, Arthur was able to observe, on the further side of the river higher up the valley, and rising out of the pine forests, interspersed with rocks, a square building of considerable height, like the ruins of a Gothic tower. He pointed out this remarkable object to Antonio, and demanded if he knew it; justly conjecturing that, from the peculiarity of the site, it was a land-mark not easily to be forgotten by any who had seen it before. Accordingly, it was gladly and promptly recognised by the lad, who called cheerfully out, that the place was Geierstein, that is, as he explained it, the Rock of the Vultures. He knew it, he said, by the tower, as well as by a huge pinnacle of rock which arose near it, almost in the form of a steeple, to the top of which the lammergeier, one of the largest birds of prey known to exist) had in former days transported the child of an ancient lord of the castle. He proceeded to recount the vow which was made by the Knight of Geierstein to Our Lady of Einsiedlen; and, while he spoke, the castle, rocks, woods, and precipices, again faded in mist. But as he concluded his wonderful narrative with the miracle which restored the infant again to its father's arms, he cried out suddenly, "Look to yourselves—the storm!—the storm!" It came accordingly, and, sweeping the mist before it, again bestowed on the travellers a view of the horrors around them.

"Ay!" quoth Antonio, triumphantly, as the gust abated, "old Pontius loves little to hear of Our Lady of Einsiedlen; but she will keep her own with him—Ave Maria!"

"That tower," said the young traveller, "seems uninhabited. I can descry no smoke, and the battlement appears ruinous."

"It has not been inhabited for many a day," answered the guide. "But I would I were at it, for all that. Honest Arnold Biederman, the Landamman (chief magistrate) of the Canton of Unterwalden, dwells near, and I warrant you, strangers will not want the best that cupboard and cellar can find them, wherever he holds rule."

"I have heard of him," said the elder traveller, whom Antonio had been taught to call Signor Philip-

son; "a good and hospitable man, and one who enjoys deserved weight with his countrymen."

"You have spoken him right, Signor," answered the guide; "and I would we could reach his house, where you should be sure of hospitable treatment, and a good direction for your next day's journey. But how we are to get to the Vulture's Castle, unless we had wings like the vulture, is a question hard to answer."

Arthur replied by a daring proposal, which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

— Away with me.

The clouds grow thicker—there—now lean on me.
Place your foot here—here, take this staff, and cling
A moment to that shrub—now, give me your hand.

The chalet will be gained in half an hour.

AFTER surveying the desolate scene as accurately as the stormy state of the atmosphere would permit, the younger of the travellers observed. "In any other country, I should say the tempest begins to abate; but what to expect in this land of desolation, it were rash to decide. If the apostate spirit of Pilate be actually on the blast, these lingering and more distant howls seem to intimate that he is returning to his place of punishment. The pathway has sunk with the ground on which it was traced—I can see part of it lying down in the abyss, marking, as with a streak of clay, yonder mass of earth and stone. But I think it possible, with your permission, my father, that I could still scramble forward along the edge of the precipice, till I come in sight of the habitation which the lad tells us of. If there be actually such a one, there must be an access to it somewhere; and if I cannot find the path out, I can at least make a signal to those who dwell near the Vulture's Nest yonder, and obtain some friendly guidance."

"I cannot consent to your incurring such a risk," said his father; "let the lad go forward, if he can and will. He is mountain-bred, and I will reward him richly."

But Antonio declined the proposal absolutely and decidedly. "I am mountain-bred," he said, but I am no goat-hunter; and I have no wings to transport me from cliff to cliff, like a raven—gold is not worth life."

"And God forbid," said Signor Philipson, "that I should tempt thee to weigh them against each other!—Go on, then, my son—I follow thee."

"Under your favour, dearest sir, no," replied the young man; "it is enough to endanger the life of one—and mine, far the most worthless, should, by all the rules of wisdom as well as nature, be put first in hazard."

"No, Arthur," replied his father, in a determined voice; "no, my son—I have survived much, but I will not survive thee."

"I fear not for the issue, father, if you permit me to go alone; but I cannot—dare not—undertake a task so perilous, if you persist in attempting to share it, with no better aid than mine. While I endeavoured to make a new advance, I should be ever looking back to see how you should attain the station which I was about to leave—And bethink you,

dearest father, that if I fall, I fall an unregarded thing, of as little moment as the rock or tree which has toppled headlong down before me. But you—should your foot slip, or your hand fail, bethink you what and how much must needs fall with you?"

"Thou art right, my child," said the father. "I still have that which binds me to life, even though I were to lose in thee all that is dear to me.—Our Lady and our Lady's Knight bless thee and prosper thee, my child! Thy foot is young, thy hand is strong—thou hast not climbed Plynlimmon in vain. Be bold, but be wary—remember there is a man who, failing thee, has but one act of duty to bind him to the earth, and, that discharged, he will soon follow thee."

The young man accordingly prepared for his journey, and, stripping himself of his cumbrous cloak, showed his well-proportioned limbs in a jerkin of grey cloth, which sat close to his person. The father's resolution gave way when his son turned round to bid him farewell. He recalled his permission, and in a peremptory tone forbade him to proceed. But without listening to the prohibition, Arthur had commenced his perilous adventure. Descending from the platform on which he stood, by the boughs of an old ash-tree, which thrust itself out of the cleft of a rock, the youth was enabled to gain, though at great risk, a narrow ledge, the very brink of the precipice, by creeping along which he hoped to pass on till he made himself heard or seen from the habitation, of whose existence the guide had informed him. His situation, as he pursued this bold purpose, appeared so precarious, that even the hired attendant hardly dared to draw breath as he gazed on him. The ledge which supported him seemed to grow so narrow as he passed along it, as to become altogether invisible, while sometimes with his face to the precipice, sometimes looking forward, sometimes glancing his eyes upward, but never venturing to cast a look below, lest his brain should grow giddy at a sight so appalling, he wound his way onward. To his father and the attendant, who beheld his progress, it was less that of a man advancing in the ordinary manner, and resting by night connected with the firm earth, than that of an insect crawling along the face of a perpendicular wall, of whose progressive movement we are indeed sensible, but cannot perceive the means of its support. And bitterly, most bitterly did the miserable parent now lament, that he had not persisted in his purpose to encounter the baffling and even perilous measure of retracing his steps to the habitation of the preceding night. He should then, at least, have partaken the fate of the son of his love.

Meanwhile, the young man's spirits were strongly braced for the performance of his perilous task. He laid a powerful restraint on his imagination, which in general was sufficiently active, and refused to listen, even for an instant, to any of the horrible insinuations by which fancy augments actual danger. He endeavoured manfully to reduce all around him to the scale of right reason, as the best support of true courage. "This ledge of rock," he urged to himself, "is but narrow, yet it has breadth enough to support me; these cliffs and crevices in the surface are small and distant, but the one affords as secure a resting-place to my feet, the other as available a grasp to my hands, as if I stood on a platform of a cubit broad,

and rested my arm on a balustrade of marble. My safety, therefore, depends on myself. If I move with decision, step firmly, and hold fast, what signifies how near I am to the mouth of an abyss?"

Thus estimating the extent of his danger by the measure of sound sense and reality, and supported by some degree of practice in such exercise, the brave youth went forward on his awful journey, step by step, winning his way with a caution, and fortitude, and presence of mind, which alone could have saved him from instant destruction. At length he gained a point where a projecting rock formed the angle of the precipice, so far as it had been visible to him from the platform. This, therefore, was the critical point of his undertaking; but it was also the most perilous part of it. The rock projected more than six feet forward over the torrent, which he heard raging at the depth of a hundred yards beneath, with a noise like subterranean thunder. He examined the spot with the utmost care, and was led by the existence of shrubs, grass, and even stunted trees, to believe that this rock marked the farthest extent of the slip or slide of earth, and that, could he but round the angle of which it was the termination, he might hope to attain the continuation of the path which had been so strangely interrupted by this convulsion of nature. But the crag jutted out so much as to afford no possibility of passing either under or around it; and as it rose several feet above the position which Arthur had attained, it was no easy matter to climb over it. This was, however, the course which he chose, as the only mode of surmounting what he hoped might prove the last obstacle to his voyage of discovery. A projecting tree afforded him the means of raising and swinging himself up to the top of the crag. But he had scarcely planted himself on it, had scarcely a moment to congratulate himself on seeing, amid a wild chaos of cliffs and wood, the gloomy ruins of Geierstein, with smoke arising, and indicating something like a human habitation beside them, when, to his extreme terror, he felt the huge cliff on which he stood, tremble, stoop slowly forward, and gradually sink from its position. Projecting as it was, and shaken as its equilibrium had been by the recent earthquake, it lay now so insecurely poised, that its balance was entirely destroyed, even by the addition of the young man's weight.

Aroused by the imminence of the danger, Arthur, by an instinctive attempt at self-preservation, drew cautiously back from the falling crag into the tree by which he had ascended, and turned his head back as if spell-bound, to watch the descent of the fatal rock from which he had just retreated. It tottered for two or three seconds, as if uncertain which way to fall; and had it taken a sidelong direction, must have dashed the adventurer from his place of refuge, or borne both the tree and him headlong down into the river. After a moment of horrible uncertainty, the power of gravitation determined a direct and forward descent. Down went the huge fragment, which must have weighed at least twenty ton, rending and splintering in its precipitate course the trees and bushes which it encountered, and settling at length in the channel of the torrent, with a din equal to the discharge of a hundred pieces of artillery. The sound was re-echoed from bank to bank, from precipice to precipice, with enu-

lative thunders; nor was the tumult silent till it rose into the region of eternal snows, which, equally insensible to terrestrial sounds, and unfavourable to animal life, heard the roar in their majestic solitude, but suffered it to die away without a responsive voice.

What, in the meanwhile, were the thoughts of the distracted father, who saw the ponderous rock descend, but could not mark whether his only son had borne it company in its dreadful fall! His first impulse was to rush forward along the face of the precipice, which he had seen Arthur so lately traverse; and when the lad Antonio withheld him, by throwing his arms around him, he turned on the guide with the fury of a bear which has been robbed of her cubs.

"Unhand me, base peasant," he exclaimed, "or thou diest on the spot!"

"Alas!" said the poor boy, dropping on his knees before him, "I too have a father!"

The appeal went to the heart of the traveller, who instantly let the lad go, and holding up his hands, and lifting his eyes towards heaven, said, in accents of the deepest agony, mingled with devout resignation, "*Fiat voluntas tua!*—he was my last, and loveliest, and best beloved, and most worthy of my love; and yonder," he added, "yonder over the glen soar the birds of prey, who are to feast on his young blood.—But I will see him once more," exclaimed the miserable parent, as the huge carrion vulture floated past him on the thick air,—“I will see my Arthur once more, ere the wolf and the eagle mangle him—I will see all of him that earth still holds. Detain me not—but abide here, and watch me as I advance. If I fall, as is most likely, I charge you to take the sealed papers, which you will find in the vallise, and carry them to the person to whom they are addressed, with the least possible delay. There is money enough in the purse to bury me with my poor boy, and to cause masses be said for our souls, and yet leave you a rich recompense for your journey.”

The honest Swiss lad, obtuse in his understanding, but kind and faithful in his disposition, blubbered as his employer spoke, and, afraid to offer farther remonstrance or opposition, saw his temporary master prepare himself to traverse the same fatal precipice, over the verge of which his ill-fated son had seemed to pass to the fate which, with all the wildness of a parent's anguish, his father was hastening to share.

Suddenly there was heard from beyond the fatal angle from which the mass of stone had been displaced by Arthur's rash ascent, the loud hoarse sound of one of those huge horns made out of the spoils of the urus, or wild bull, of Switzerland, which in ancient times announced the terrors of the charge of these mountaineers, and, indeed, served them in war instead of all musical instruments.

"Hold, sir, hold!" exclaimed the Grison, "yonder is a signal from Geierstein. Some one will presently come to our assistance, and show us the safer way to seek for your son—And look you—at yon green bush that is glimmering through the mist, Saint Antonio preserve me, as I see a white cloth displayed there! it is just beyond the point where the rock fell."

The father endeavoured to fix his eyes on the spot,

but they filled so fast with tears, that they could not discern the object which the guide pointed out.—“It is all in vain,” he said, dashing the tears from his eyes—“I shall never see more of him than his lifeless remains.”

“You will—you will see him in life!” said the Grison, “Saint Antonio wills it so—See, the white cloth waves again!”

“Some remnant of his garments,” said the despairing father,—“some wretched memorial of his fate.—No, my eyes see it not—I have beheld the fall of my house—would that the vultures of these crags had rather torn them from their sockets!”

“Yet look again,” said the Grison; “the cloth hangs not loose upon a bough—I can see that it is raised on the end of a staff, and is distinctly waved to and fro. Your son makes a signal that he is safe.”

“And if it be so,” said the traveller, clasping his hands together, “blessed be the eyes that see it, and the tongue that tells it! If we find my son, and find him alive, this day shall be a lucky one for thee too.”

“Nay,” said the Grison, “I only ask that you will abide still, and act by counsel, and I will hold myself quit for my services. Only, it is not creditable to an honest lad to have people lose themselves by their own wilfulness; for the blame, after all, is sure to fall upon the guide, as if he could prevent old Pontius from shaking the mist from his brow, or banks of earth from slipping down into the valley at a time, or young hare-brained gallants from walking upon precipices as narrow as the edge of a knife, or madmen, whose grey hairs might make them wiser, from drawing daggers like bravos in Lombardy.”

Thus the guide ran on, and in that vein he might have long continued, for Signor Philipson heard him not. Each throb of his pulse, each thought of his heart, was directed towards the object which the lad referred to as a signal of his son's safety. He became at length satisfied that the signal was actually waved by a human hand; and, as eager in the glow of reviving hope, as he had of late been under the influence of desperate grief, he again prepared for the attempt of advancing towards his son, and assisting him, if possible, in regaining a place of safety. But the intreaties and reiterated assurances of his guide, induced him to pause.

“Are you fit,” he said, “to go on the crag? Can you repeat your Credo and Ave without missing or misplacing a word? for without that, our old men say your neck, had you a score of them, would be in danger.—Is your eye clear, and your feet firm—I trow the one streams like a fountain, and the other shakes like the aspen which overhangs it! Rest here till those arrive who are far more able to give your son help than either you or I are. I judge by the fashion of his blowing, that yonder is the horn of the Good-man of Geierstein, Arnold Biederman. He hath seen your son's danger, and is even now providing for his safety and ours. There are cases in which the aid of one stranger, well acquainted with the country, is worth that of three brothers, who know not the crags.”

"But if yonder horn really sounded a signal," said the traveller, "how chanced it that my son replied not?"

"And if he did so, as is most likely he did," rejoined the Grison, "how should we have heard him? The bugle of Uri itself sounded amid these horrible dins of water and tempest like the reed of a shepherd boy; and how think you we should hear the holloa of a man?"

"Yet, methinks," said Seignor Philipson, "I do hear something amid this roar of elements which is like a human voice—but it is not Arthur's."

"I wot well, no," answered the Grison, "that is a woman's voice. The maidens will converse with each other in that manner, from cliff to cliff, through storm and tempest, were there a mile between."

"Now, Heaven be praised for this providential relief," said Seignor Philipson; "I trust we shall yet see this dreadful day safely ended. I will holloa in answer."

He attempted to do so, but, inexperienced in the art of making himself heard in such a country, he pitched his voice in the same key with that of the roar of wave and wind; so that, even at twenty yards from the place where he was speaking, it must have been totally indistinguishable from that of the elemental war around them. The lad smiled at his patron's ineffectual attempts, and then raised his voice himself in a high, wild, and prolonged scream, which, while produced with apparently much less effort than that of the Englishman, was nevertheless a distinct sound, separated from others by the key to which it was pitched, and was probably audible to a very considerable distance. It was presently answered by distant cries of the same nature, which gradually approached the platform, bringing renovated hope to the anxious traveller.

If the distress of the father rendered his condition an object of deep compassion, that of the son, at the same moment, was sufficiently perilous. We have already stated that Arthur Philipson had commenced his precarious journey along the precipice, with all the coolness, resolution, and unshaken determination of mind, which was most essential to a task where all must depend upon firmness of nerve. But the formidable accident which checked his onward progress, was of a character so dreadful, as made him feel all the bitterness of a death, instant, horrible, and, as it seemed, inevitable. The solid rock had trembled and rent beneath his footsteps, and although, by an effort rather mechanical than voluntary, he had withdrawn himself from the instant ruin attending its descent, he felt as if the better part of him, his firmness of mind and strength of body, had been rent away with the descending rock, as it fell thundering, with clouds of dust and smoke, into the torrents and whirlpools of the vexed gulf beneath. In fact, the seaman swept from the deck of a wrecked vessel, drenched in the waves, and battered against the rocks on the shore, does not differ more from the same mariner, when, at the commencement of the gale, he stood upon the deck of his favourite ship, proud of her strength and his own dexterity, than Arthur, when commencing his journey, from the same Arthur, while clinging to the decayed trunk of an old tree, from which, suspended

between heaven and earth, he saw the fall of the crag which he had so nearly accompanied. The effects of his terror, indeed, were physical as well as moral, for a thousand colours played before his eyes; he was attacked by a sick dizziness, and deprived at once of the obedience of those limbs which had hitherto served him so admirably; his arms and hands, as if no longer at his own command, now clung to the branches of the tree, with a cramp-like tenacity over which he seemed to possess no power, and now trembled in a state of such complete nervous relaxation, as led him to fear that they were becoming unable to support him longer in his position.

An incident, in itself trifling, added to the distress occasioned by this alienation of his powers. All living things in the neighbourhood had, as might be supposed, been startled by the tremendous fall to which his progress had given occasion. Flights of owls, bats, and other birds of darkness, compelled to betake themselves to the air, had lost no time in returning into their bowers of ivy, or the harbour afforded them by the rifts and holes of the neighbouring rocks. One of this ill-omened flight chanced to be a *lammergeier*, or Alpine vulture, a bird larger and more voracious than the eagle himself, and which Arthur had not been accustomed to see, or at least to look upon closely. With the instinct of most birds of prey, it is the custom of this creature, when gorged with food, to assume some station of inaccessible security, and there remain stationary and motionless for days together, till the work of digestion has been accomplished, and activity returns with the pressure of appetite. Disturbed from such a state of repose, one of these terrific birds had risen from the ravine to which the species gives its name, and having circled unwillingly round, with a ghastly scream and a flagging wing, it had sunk down upon the pinnacle of a crag, not four yards from the tree in which Arthur held his precarious station. Although still in some degree stupified by torpor, it seemed encouraged by the motionless state of the young man to suppose him dead, or dying, and sat there and gazed at him, without displaying any of that apprehension which the fiercest animals usually entertain from the vicinity of man.

As Arthur, endeavouring to shake off the incapacitating effects of his panic fear, raised his eyes to look gradually and cautiously around, he encountered those of the voracious and obscene bird, whose head and neck denuded of feathers, her eyes surrounded by an iris of an orange tawny colour, and a position more horizontal than erect, distinguished her as much from the noble carriage and graceful proportion of the eagle, as those of the lion place him in the ranks of creation above the gaunt, ravenous, grisly, yet dastard wolf.

As if arrested by a charm, the eyes of young Philipson remained bent on this ill-omened and ill-favoured bird, without his having the power to remove them. The apprehension of dangers, ideal as well as real, weighed upon his weakened mind, disabled as it was by the circumstances of his situation. The near approach of a creature, not more loathsome to the human race, than averse to come within their reach, seemed as ominous as it was unusual. Why did it gaze on him with such glaring earnestness,

projecting its disgusting form, as if presently to alight upon his person? The foul bird, was she the demon of the place to which her name referred? and did she come to exult, that an intruder on her haunts seemed involved amid their perils, with little hope or chance of deliverance? Or was it a native vulture of the rocks, whose sagacity foresaw that the rash traveller was soon destined to become its victim? Could the creature, whose senses are said to be so acute, argue from circumstances the stranger's approaching death, and wait, like a raven or hooded crow by a dying sheep, for the earliest opportunity to commence her ravenous banquet? Was he doomed to feel its beak and talons before his heart's-blood should cease to beat? Had he already lost the dignity of humanity, the awe which the being formed in the image of his Maker inspires into all inferior creatures?

Apprehensions so painful served more than all that reason could suggest, to renew, in some degree the elasticity of the young man's mind. By waving his handkerchief, using, however, the greatest precaution in his movements, he succeeded in scaring the vulture from his vicinity. It rose from its resting-place, screaming harshly and dolefully, and sailed on its expanded pinions to seek a place of more undisturbed repose, while the adventurous traveller felt a sensible pleasure at being relieved of its disgusting presence.

With more collected ideas, the young man, who could obtain, from his position, a partial view of the platform he had left, endeavoured to testify his safety to his father, by displaying, as high as he could, the banner by which he had chased off the vulture. Like them, too, he heard, but at a less distance, the burst of the great Swiss horn, which seemed to announce some near succour. He replied by shouting and waving his flag, to direct assistance to the spot where it was so much required; and, recalling his faculties, which had almost deserted him, he laboured mentally to recover hope, and with hope the means and motive for exertion.

A faithful Catholic, he eagerly recommended himself in prayer to Our Lady of Einsiedlen, and, making vows of propitiation, besought her intercessions that he might be delivered from his dreadful condition. "Or, gracious Lady!" he concluded his orison, "if it is my doom to lose my life like a hunted fox amidst this savage wilderness of tottering crags, restore at least my natural sense of patience and courage, and let not one who has lived like a man, though a sinful one, meet death like a timid hare!"

Having devoutly recommended himself to that Protectress, of whom the legends of the Catholic Church form a picture so amiable, Arthur, though every nerve still shook with his late agitation, and his heart throbbled with a violence that threatened to suffocate him, turned his thoughts and observation to the means of effecting his escape. But as he looked around him, he became more and more sensible how much he was enervated by the bodily injuries and the mental agony which he had sustained during his late peril. He could not, by any effort of which he was capable, fix his giddy and bewildered eyes on the scene around him;—they seemed to reel till the landscape danced along with them, and a motley chaos of thickets and tall cliffs, which interposed between him and the

ruinous Castle of Geierstein, mixed and whirled round in such confusion, that nothing, save the consciousness that such an idea was the suggestion of partial insanity, prevented him from throwing himself from the tree, as if to join the wild dance to which his disturbed brain had given motion.

"Heaven be my protection!" said the unfortunate young man, closing his eyes, in hopes, by abstracting himself from the terrors of his situation, to compose his too active imagination, "my senses are abandoning me!"

He became still more convinced that this was the case, when a female voice, in a high pitched but eminently musical accent, was heard at no great distance, as if calling to him. He opened his eyes once more, raised his head, and looked towards the place from whence the sounds seemed to come, though far from being certain that they existed saving in his own disordered imagination. The vision which appeared had almost confirmed him in the opinion that his mind was unsettled, and his senses in no state to serve him accurately.

Upon the very summit of a pyramidal rock that rose out of the depth of the valley, was seen a female figure, so obscured by mist, that only the outline could be traced. The form, reflected against the sky, appeared rather the undefined lineaments of a spirit than of a mortal maiden; for her person seemed as light, and scarcely more opaque, than the thin cloud that surrounded her pedestal. Arthur's first belief was, that the Virgin had heard his vows, and had descended in person to his rescue; and he was about to recite his Ave Maria, when the voice again called to him with the singular shrill modulation of the mountain halloo, by which the natives of the Alps can hold conference with each other from one mountain ridge to another, across ravines of great depth and width.

While he debated how to address this unexpected apparition, it disappeared from the point which it at first occupied, and presently after became again visible, perched on the cliff out of which projected the tree in which Arthur had taken refuge. Her personal appearance, as well as her dress, made it then apparent that she was a maiden of these mountains, familiar with their dangerous paths. He saw that a beautiful young woman stood before him, who regarded him with a mixture of pity and wonder.

"Stranger," she at length said, "who are you, and whence come you?"

"I am a stranger, maiden, as you justly term me," answered the young man, raising himself as well as he could. "I left Lucerne this morning, with my father, and a guide. I parted with them not three furlongs from hence. May it please you, gentle maiden, to warn them of my safety, for I know my father will be in despair upon my account?"

"Willingly," said the maiden; "but I think my uncle, or some one of my kinsmen, must have already found them, and will prove faithful guides. Can I not aid you?—are you wounded—are you hurt? We were alarmed by the fall of a rock—ay, and yonder it lies, a mass of no ordinary size."

As the Swiss maiden spoke thus, she approached so close to the verge of the precipice, and looked with such indifference into the gulf, that the sympathy

which connects the actor and spectator upon such occasions brought back the sickness and vertigo from which Arthur had just recovered, and he sunk back into his former more recumbent posture, with something like a faint groan.

"You are then ill?" said the maiden, who observed him turn pale—"Where and what is the harm you have received?"

"None, gentle maiden, saving some bruises of little import; but my head turns, and my heart grows sick, when I see you so near the verge of the cliff."

"Is that all?" replied the Swiss maiden. "Know, stranger, that I do not stand on my uncle's hearth with more security than I have stood upon precipices, compared to which this is a child's leap. You, too, stranger, if, as I judge from the traces, you have come along the edge of the precipice which the earth-slide hath laid bare, ought to be far beyond such weakness, since surely you must be well entitled to call yourself a cragsman."

"I might have called myself so half an hour since," answered Arthur; "but I think I shall hardly venture to assume the name in future."

"Be not downcast," said his kind adviser, "for a passing qualm, which will at times cloud the spirit and dazzle the eye-sight of the bravest and most experienced. Raise yourself upon the trunk of the tree, and advance closer to the rock out of which it grows. Observe the place well. It is easy for you, when you have attained the lower part of the projecting stem, to gain by one bold step the solid rock upon which I stand, after which there is no danger or difficulty worthy of mention to a young man, whose limbs are whole, and whose courage is active."

"My limbs are indeed sound," replied the youth; "but I am ashamed to think how much my courage is broken. Yet I will not disgrace the interest you have taken in an unhappy wanderer, by listening longer to the dastardly suggestions of a feeling, which till to-day has been a stranger to my bosom."

The maiden looked on him anxiously, and with much interest, as, raising himself cautiously, and moving along the trunk of the tree, which lay nearly horizontal from the rock, and seemed to bend as he changed his posture, the youth at length stood upright, within what, on level ground, had been but an extended stride to the cliff on which the Swiss maiden stood. But instead of being a step to be taken on the level and firm ground, it was one which must cross a dark abyss, at the bottom of which a torrent surged and boiled with incredible fury. Arthur's knees knocked against each other, his feet became of lead, and seemed no longer at his command; and he experienced, in a stronger degree than ever, that unnerving influence, which those who have been overwhelmed by it in a situation of like peril never can forget, and which others, happily strangers to its power, may have difficulty even in comprehending.

The young woman discerned his emotion, and foresaw its probable consequences. As the only mode in her power to restore his confidence she sprang lightly from the rock to the stem of the tree, on which she alighted with the ease and security of a bird, and in the same instant back to the cliff; and extending her hand to the stranger, "My arm," she

said, "is but a slight balustrade; yet do but step forward with resolution, and you will find it as secure as the battlement of Berne." But shame now overcame terror so much, that Arthur, declining assistance which he could not have accepted without feeling lowered in his own eyes, took heart of grace, and successfully achieved the formidable step which placed him upon the same cliff with his kind assistant.

To seize her hand and raise it to his lips, in affectionate token of gratitude and respect, was naturally the youth's first action; nor was it possible for the maiden to have prevented him from doing so, without assuming a degree of prudery foreign to her character, and occasion a ceremonious debate upon a matter of no great consequence, where the scene of action was a rock scarce five feet long by three in width.

CHAPTER III.

Cursed be the gold and silver, which persuade
Weak man to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outshines the silver store;
And life is dearer than the golden ore.
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.

Hassan, or the Camel driver,

ARTHUR PHILIPSON and Anne of Geierstein, thus placed together in a situation which brought them into the closest possible contiguity, felt a slight degree of embarrassment; the young man, doubtless, from the fear of being judged a poltroon in the eyes of the maiden by whom he had been rescued, and the young woman, perhaps, in consequence of the exertion she had made, or a sense of being placed suddenly in a situation of such proximity to the youth whose life she had probably saved.

"And now, maiden," said Arthur, "I must repair to my father. The life which I owe to your assistance, can scarce be called welcome to me, unless I am permitted to hasten to his rescue."

He was here interrupted by another bugle-blast, which seemed to come from the quarter in which the elder Philipson and his guide had been left by their young and daring companion. Arthur looked in that direction; but the platform, which he had seen but imperfectly from the tree, when he was perched in that place of refuge, was invisible from the rock on which they now stood.

"It would cost me nothing to step back on yonder rook," said the young woman, "to spy from thence whether I could see aught of your friends. But I am convinced they are under safer guidance than either yours or mine; for the horn announces that my uncle, or some of my young kinsmen, have reached them. They are by this time on their way to the Geierstein, to which, with your permission, I will become your guide; for you may be assured that my uncle Arnold will not allow you to pass farther to-day; and we shall but lose time by endeavouring to find your friends, who, situated where you say you left them, will reach the Geierstein sooner than we shall. Follow me, then, or I must suppose you weary of my guidance."

"Sooner suppose me weary of the life which your guidance has in all probability saved," replied Ar-

thur, and prepared to attend her; at the same time taking a view of her dress and person, which confirmed the satisfaction he had in following such a conductor, and which we shall take the liberty to detail somewhat more minutely than he could do at that time.

An upper vest, neither so close as to display the person, a habit forbidden by the sumptuary laws of the canton, nor so loose as to be an incumbrance in walking or climbing, covered a close tunic of a different colour, and came down beneath the middle of the leg, but suffered the ankle, in all its fine proportions, to be completely visible. The foot was defended by a sandal, the point of which was turned upwards, and the crossings and knots of the strings, which secured it on the front of the leg, were garnished with silver rings. The upper vest was gathered round the middle by a sash of party-coloured silk, ornamented with twisted threads of gold, while the tunic, open at the throat, permitted the shape and exquisite whiteness of a well-formed neck to be visible at the collar, and for an inch or two beneath. The small portion of the throat and bosom thus exposed, was even more brilliantly fair than was promised by the countenance, which last bore some marks of having been freely exposed to the sun and air, by no means in a degree to diminish its beauty, but just so far as to show that the maiden possessed the health which is purchased by the habits of rural exercise. Her long fair hair fell down in a profusion of curls on each side of a face, whose blue eyes, lovely features, and dignified simplicity of expression, implied at once a character of gentleness, and of self-relying resolution of a mind too virtuous to suspect evil, and too noble to fear it. Above these locks, beauty's natural and most beseeching ornament—or rather, I should say, amongst them—was placed the small bonnet which, from its size, little answered the purpose of protecting the head, but served to exercise the ingenuity of the fair wearer, who had not failed, according to the prevailing custom of the mountain maidens, to decorate the tiny cap with a heron's feather, and the then unusual luxury of a small and thin chain of gold, long enough to encircle the cap four or five times, and having the ends secured under a broad medal of the same costly metal.

I have only to add, that the stature of the young person was something above the common size, and that the whole contour of her form, without being in the slightest degree masculine, resembled that of Minerva, rather than the proud beauties of Juno, or the yielding graces of Venus. The noble brow, the well-formed and active limbs, the firm and yet light step—above all, the total absence of any thing resembling the consciousness of personal beauty, and the open and candid look, which seemed desirous of knowing nothing that was hidden, and conscious that she herself had nothing to hide, were traits not unworthy of the goddess of wisdom and of chastity.

The road which the young Englishman pursued, under the guidance of this beautiful young woman, was difficult and unequal, but could not be termed dangerous, at least in comparison to those precipices over which Arthur had recently passed. It was, in fact, a continuation of the path which the slip or slide of earth, so often mentioned, had interrupted;

and although it had sustained damage in several places at the period of the same earthquake, yet there were marks of these having been already repaired in such a rude manner as made the way sufficient for the necessary intercourse of a people so indifferent as the Swiss to smooth or level paths. The maiden also gave Arthur to understand, that the present road took a circuit for the purpose of gaining that on which he was lately travelling, and that if he and his companions had turned off at the place where this new track united with the old pathway, they would have escaped the danger which had attended their keeping the road by the verge of the precipice.

The path which they now pursued was rather averted from the torrent, though still within hearing of its sullen thunders, which seemed to increase as they ascended parallel to its course, till suddenly the road, turning short, and directing itself straight upon the old castle, brought them within sight of one of the most splendid and awful scenes of that mountainous region.

The ancient tower of Geierstein, though neither extensive nor distinguished by architectural ornament, possessed an air of terrible dignity by its position on the very verge of the opposite bank of the torrent, which, just at the angle of the rock on which the ruins are situated, falls sheer over a cascade of nearly a hundred feet in height, and then rushes down the defile, through a trough of living rock, which perhaps its waves have been deepening since time itself had a commencement. Facing, and at the same time looking down upon this eternal roar of waters, stood the old tower, built so close to the verge of the precipice, that the buttresses with which the architect had strengthened the foundation, seemed a part of the solid rock itself, and a continuation of its perpendicular ascent. As usual throughout Europe in the feudal times, the principal part of the building was a massive square pile, the decayed summit of which was rendered picturesque, by flanking turrets of different sizes and heights, some round, some angular, some ruinous, some tolerably entire, varying the outline of the building as seen against the stormy sky.

A projecting sally-port, descending by a flight of steps from the tower, had in former times given access to a bridge connecting the castle with that side of the stream on which Arthur Philipson and his fair guide now stood. A single arch, or rather one rib of an arch, consisting of single stones, still remained, and spanned the river immediately in front of the waterfall. In former times this arch had served for the support of a wooden drawbridge, of more convenient breadth, and of such length and weight as must have been rather unmanageable, had it not been lowered on some solid resting-place. It is true, the device was attended with this inconvenience, that even when the drawbridge was up, there remained a possibility of approaching the castle-gate by means of this narrow rib of stone. But as it was not above eighteen inches broad, and could only admit the daring foe who should traverse it, to a door-way, regularly defended by gate and portcullis, and having flanking turrets and projections, from which stones, darts, melted lead, and scalding water, might be poured down on an enemy who should venture to

approach Geierstein by this precarious access, the possibility of such an attempt was not considered as diminishing the security of the garrison.

In the time we treat of, the castle being entirely ruined and dismantled, and the door, drawbridge, and portcullis gone, the dilapidated gateway, and the slender arch which connected the two sides of the stream, were used as a means of communication between the banks of the river, by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, whom habit had familiarized with the dangerous nature of the passage.

Arthur Philipson had, in the meantime, like a good bow when new strung, regained the elasticity of feeling and character which was natural to him. It was not indeed with perfect composure that he followed his guide, as she tripped lightly over the narrow arch, composed of rugged stones, and rendered wet and slippery with the perpetual drizzle of the mist issuing from the neighbouring cascade. Nor was it without apprehension that he found himself performing this perilous feat in the neighbourhood of the waterfall itself, whose deafening roar he could not exclude from his ears, though he took care not to turn his head towards its terrors, lest his brain should again be dizzied by the tumult of the waters as they shot forward from the precipice above, and plunged themselves into what seemed the fathomless gulf below. But notwithstanding these feelings of agitation, the natural shame to show cowardice where a beautiful young female exhibited so much indifference, and the desire to regain his character in the eyes of his guide, prevented Arthur from again giving way to the appalling feelings by which he had been overwhelmed a short time before. Stepping firmly on, yet cautiously supporting himself with his piked staff, he traced the light footsteps of his guide along the bridge of dread, and followed her through the ruined sally-port, to which they ascended by stairs which were equally dilapidated.

The gateway admitted them into a mass of ruins, formerly a sort of court-yard to the donjon, which rose in gloomy dignity above the wreck of what had been works destined for external defence, or buildings for internal accommodation. They quickly passed through these ruins, over which vegetation had thrown a wild mantle of ivy, and other creeping shrubs, and issued from them through the main-gate of the castle into one of those spots in which Nature often embosoms her sweetest charms, in the midst of districts chiefly characterised by waste and desolation.

The Castle in this aspect also rose considerably above the neighbouring ground, but the elevation of the site, which towards the torrent was an abrupt rock, was on this side a steep eminence, which had been scarped like a modern glacis, to render the building more secure. It was now covered with young trees and bushes, out of which the tower itself seemed to rise in ruined dignity. Beyond this hanging thicket the view was of a very different character. A piece of ground, amounting to more than a hundred acres, seemed scooped out of the rocks and mountains, which, retaining the same savage character with the tract in which the travellers had been that morning bewildered, inclosed, and as it were defended, a limited space of a mild and fertile charac-

ter. The surface of this little domain was considerably varied, but its general aspect was a gentle slope to the south-west.

The principal object which it presented was a large house, composed of huge logs, without any pretence to form or symmetry, but indicating, by the smoke which arose from it, as well as the extent of the neighbouring offices, and the improved and cultivated character of the fields around, that it was the abode, not of splendour certainly, but of ease and competence. An orchard of thriving fruit-trees extended to the southward of the dwelling. Groves of walnut and chesnut grew in stately array, and even a vineyard, of three or four acres, showed that cultivation of the grape was understood and practised. It is now universal in Switzerland, but was, in those early days, almost exclusively confined to a few more fortunate proprietors, who had the rare advantage of uniting intelligence with opulent, or at least easy circumstances.

There were fair ranges of pasture fields, into which the fine race of cattle which constitute the pride and wealth of the Swiss mountaineers, had been brought down from the more Alpine grazings where they had fed during the summer, to be near shelter and protection when the autumnal storms might be expected. On some selected spots, the lambs of the last season fed in plenty and security; and in others, huge trees, the natural growth of the soil, were suffered to remain, from motives of convenience probably, that they might be at hand when timber was required for domestic use, but giving, at the same time, a woodland character to a scene otherwise agricultural. Through this mountain paradise the course of a small brook might be traced, now showing itself to the sun, which had by this time dispelled the fogs, now intimating its course, by its gently-sloping banks, clothed in some places with lofty trees, or concealing itself under thickets of hawthorn and nut-bushes. This stream, by a devious and gentle course, which seemed to indicate a reluctance to leave this quiet region, found its way at length out of the sequestered domain, and, like a youth hurrying from the gay and tranquil sports of boyhood into the wild career of active life, finally united itself with the boisterous torrent, which, breaking down tumultuously from the mountains, shook the ancient Tower of Geierstein as it rolled down the adjacent rock, and then rushed howling through the defile in which our youthful traveller had well nigh lost his life.

Eager as the younger Philipson was to rejoin his father, he could not help pausing for a moment to wonder how so much beauty should be found amid such scenes of horror, and to look back on the Tower of Geierstein, and on the huge cliff from which it derived its name, as if to ascertain, by the sight of these distinguished landmarks, that he was actually in the neighbourhood of the savage wild where he had encountered so much danger and terror. Yet so narrow were the limits of this cultivated farm, that it hardly required such a retrospect to satisfy the spectator that the spot susceptible of human industry, and on which it seemed that a considerable degree of labour had been bestowed, bore a very small proportion to the wilderness in which it was situated. It was on all sides surrounded by

lofty hills, in some places rising into walls of rock, in others clothed with dark and savage forests of the pine and the larch, of primeval antiquity. Above these, from the eminence on which the tower was situated, could be seen the almost rosy hue in which an immense glacier threw back the sun; and still higher over the frozen surface of that icy sea, arose, in silent dignity, the pale peaks of those countless mountains, on which the snow eternally rests.

What we have taken some time to describe, occupied young Philipson only for one or two hurried minutes; for on a sloping lawn, which was in front of the farm-house, as the mansion might be properly styled, he saw five or six persons, the foremost of whom from his gait, his dress, and the form of his cap, he could easily distinguish as the parent whom he hardly expected at one time to have again beheld.

He followed, therefore, his conductress with a glad step, as she led the way down the steep ascent on which the ruined tower was situated. They approached the group whom Arthur had noticed, the foremost of which was his father, who hastily came forward to meet him, in company with another person of advanced age, and stature well nigh gigantic, and who, from his simple yet majestic bearing, seemed the worthy countryman of William Tell, Stauffacher, Winkelried, and other Swiss worthies, whose stout hearts and hardy arms had, in the preceding age, vindicated against countless hosts their personal liberty, and the independence of their country.

With a natural courtesy, as if to spare the father and son many witnesses to a meeting which must be attended with emotion, the Landamman himself, in walking forward with the elder Philipson, signed to those by whom he was attended, all of whom seemed young men, to remain behind.—They remained accordingly, examining, as it seemed, the guide Antonio, upon the adventures of the strangers. Anne, the conductress of Arthur Philipson, had but time to say to him, "Yonder old man is my uncle, Arnold Biederman, and these young men are my kinsmen," when the former, with the elder traveller, were close before them. The Landamman, with the same propriety of feeling which he had before displayed, signed to his niece to move a little aside; yet, while requiring from her an account of her morning's expedition, he watched the interview of the father and son with as much curiosity as his natural sense of complaisance permitted him to testify. It was of a character different from what he had expected.

We have already described the elder Philipson as a father devotedly attached to his son, ready to rush on death when he had expected to lose him, and equally overjoyed at heart, doubtless, to see him again restored to his affections. It might have been therefore expected, that the father and son would have rushed into each other's arms, and such probably was the scene which Arnold Biederman expected to have witnessed.

But the English traveller, in common with many of his countrymen, covered keen and quick feelings with much appearance of coldness and reserve, and thought it a weakness to give unlimited sway even to the influence of the most amiable and most natural emotions. Eminently handsome in youth, his countenance, still fine in his more advanced years, had an

expression which intimated an unwillingness either to yield to passion or encourage confidence. His pace, when he first beheld his son, had been quickened, by the natural wish to meet him; but he slackened it as they drew near to each other, and when they met, said in a tone rather of censure and admonition, than affection,—“Arthur, may the Saints forgive the pain thou hast this day given me.”

“Amen,” said the youth. “I must need pardon since I have given you pain. Believe, however, that I acted for the best.”

“It is well, Arthur, that in acting for the best, according to your froward will, you have not encountered the worst.”

“That I have not,” answered the son, with the same devoted and patient submission, “is owing to this maiden,” pointing to Anne, who stood at a few paces’ distance, desirous perhaps of avoiding to witness the reproof of the father, which might seem to her rather ill-timed and unreasonable.

“To the maiden my thanks shall be rendered,” said his father, “when I can study how to pay them in an adequate manner; but is it well or comely, think you, that you should receive from a maiden the succour which it is your duty as a man to extend to the weaker sex?”

Arthur held down his head and blushed deeply, while Arnold Biederman, sympathizing with his feelings, stepped forward and mingled in the conversation.

“Never be abashed, my young guest, that you have been indebted for aught of counsel or assistance to a maiden of Unterwalden. Know that the freedom of their country owes no less to the firmness and wisdom of her daughters than to that of her sons.—And you, my elder guest, who have, I judge, seen many years, and various lands, must have often known examples how the strong are saved by the help of the weak, the proud by the aid of the humble.”

“I have at least learned,” said the Englishman, “to debate no point unnecessarily with the host who has kindly harboured me;” and after one glance at his son, which seemed to kindle with the fondest affection, he resumed, as the party turned back towards the house, a conversation which he had been maintaining with his new acquaintance before Arthur and the maiden had joined them.

Arthur had in the meantime an opportunity of observing the figure and features of their Swiss landlord, which, I have already hinted, exhibited a primeval simplicity mixed with a certain rude dignity, arising out of its masculine and unaffected character. The dress did not greatly differ in form from the habit of the female which we have described. It consisted of an upper frock, shaped like the modern shirt, and only open at the bosom, worn above a tunic or under-doublet. But the man's vest was considerably shorter in the skirts, which did not come lower down than the kilt of the Scottish Highlander; a species of boots or buskins rose above the knee, and the person was thus entirely clothed. A bonnet made of the fur of the marten, and garnished with a silver medal, was the only part of the dress which displayed anything like ornament; the broad belt which gathered the garment together, was of buff leather, secured by a large brass buckle.

But the figure of him who wore this homely attire, which seemed almost wholly composed of the fleeces of the mountain sheep, and the spoils of animals of the chase, would have commanded respect wherever the wearer had presented himself, especially in those warlike days, when men were judged of according to the promising or unpromising qualities of their thews and sinews. To those who looked at Arnold Biederman in this point of view, he displayed the size and form, the broad shoulders and prominent muscles of a Hercules. But to such as looked rather at his countenance, the steady sagacious features, open front, large blue eyes, and deliberate resolution which it expressed, more resembled the character of the fabled King of Gods and Men. He was attended by several sons and relatives, young men, among whom he walked, receiving, as his undeniable due, respect and obedience, similar to that which a herd of deer are observed to render to the monarch stag.

While Arnold Biederman walked and spoke with the elder stranger, the young men seemed closely to scrutinize Arthur, and occasionally interrogated in whispers their relation Anne, receiving from her brief and impatient answers, which rather excited than appeased the vein of merriment in which the mountaineers indulged, very much, as it seemed to the young Englishman, at the expense of their guest. To feel himself exposed to derision was not softened by the reflection, that in such a society, it would probably be attached to all who could not tread on the edge of a precipice with a step as firm and undismayed as if they walked the street of a city. However unreasonable ridicule may be, it is always unpleasing to be subjected to it, but more particularly is it distressing to a young man, where beauty is a listener. It was some consolation to Arthur that he thought the maiden certainly did not enjoy the jest, and seemed by word and look to reprove the rudeness of her companions; but this he feared was only from a sense of humanity.

She, too, must despise me, he thought, though civility, unknown to these ill-taught boors, has enabled her to conceal contempt under the guise of pity. She can but judge of me from that which she has seen—if she could know me better (such was his proud thought), she might perhaps rank me more highly.

As the travellers entered the habitation of Arnold Biederman, they found preparations made in a large apartment, which served the purpose of general accommodation, for a homely but plentiful meal. A glance round the walls showed the implements of agriculture and the chase; but the eyes of the elder Philipson rested upon a leathern corselet, a long heavy halbert, and a two-handed sword, which were displayed as a sort of trophy. Near these, but covered with dust, unfurnished and neglected, hung a helmet, with a visor, such as was used by knights and men-at-arms. The golden garland, or coronal twisted around it, though sorely tarnished, indicated noble birth and rank; and the crest, which was a vulture of the species which gave name to the old castle and its adjacent cliff, suggested various conjectures to the English guest, who, acquainted in a great measure with the history of the Swiss revolution, made little doubt that in this relic he saw some trophy of the ancient warfare between the inhabitants of these moun-

tains, and the feudal lord to whom they had of yore appertained.

A summons to the hospitable board disturbed the train of the English merchant's reflections; and a large company, comprising the whole inhabitants of every description that lived under Biederman's roof, sate down to a plentiful repast of goat's flesh, fish, preparations of milk of various kinds, cheese, and, for the upper mess, the venison of a young chamois. The Landamman himself did the honours of the table with great kindness and simplicity, and urged the strangers to show, by their appetite, that they thought themselves as welcome as he desired to make them. During the repast, he carried on a conversation with his elder guest, while the younger people at table, as well as the menials, ate in modesty and silence. Ere the dinner was finished, a figure crossed on the outside of the large window which lighted the eating-hall, the sight of which seemed to occasion a lively sensation amongst such as observed it.

"Who passed?" said old Biederman to those seated opposite to the window.

"It is our cousin, Rudolph of Donnerhugel," answered one of Arnold's sons eagerly.

The annunciation seemed to give great pleasure to the younger part of the company, especially the sons of the Landamman; while the head of the family only said with a grave, calm voice,—“Your kinsman is welcome—tell him so, and let him come hither.”

Two or three arose for this purpose, as if there had been a contention among them who should do the honours of the house to the new guest. He entered presently; a young man, unusually tall, well-proportioned and active, with a quantity of dark-brown locks curling around his face, together with mustachios of the same, or rather a still darker hue. His cap was small considering the quantity of his thickly clustering hair, and rather might be said to hang upon one side of his head than to cover it. His clothes were of the same form and general fashion as those of Arnold, but made of much finer cloth, the manufacture of the German loom, and ornamented in a rich and fanciful manner. One sleeve of his vest was dark green, curiously laced and embroidered with devices in silver, while the rest of the garment was scarlet. His sash was twisted and netted with gold, and besides answering the purpose of a belt, by securing the upper garment round his waist, sustained a silver-hilted poniard. His finery was completed by boots, the tips of which were so long as to turn upwards with a peak, after a prevailing fashion in the Middle Ages. A golden chain hung round his neck, and sustained a large medallion of the same metal.

This young gallant was instantly surrounded by the race of Biederman, among whom he appeared to be considered as the model upon which the Swiss youth ought to build themselves, and whose gait, opinions, dress, and manners, all ought to follow, who would keep pace with the fashion of the day, in which he reigned an acknowledged and unrivalled example.

By two persons in the company, however, it seemed to Arthur Philipson, that this young man was received with less distinguished marks of regard than those with which he was hailed by the general voice of the youths present. Arnold Biederman himself was at least no way warm in welcoming the young Bernese,

for such was Rudolph's country. The young man drew from his bosom a sealed packet, which he delivered to the Landamman with demonstrations of great respect, and seemed to expect that Arnold, when he had broken the seal and perused the contents, would say something to him on the subject. But the patriarch only bade him be seated, and partake of their meal, and Rudolph found a place accordingly next to Anne of Geierstein, which was yielded to him by one of the sons of Arnold with ready courtesy.

It seemed also to the observant young Englishman, that the new-comer was received with marked coldness by the maiden, to whom he appeared eager and solicitous to pay his compliments, by whose side he had contrived to seat himself at the well-furnished board, and to whom he seemed more anxious to recommend himself, than to partake of the food which it offered. He observed the gallant whisper her, and look towards him. Anne gave a very brief reply, but one of the young Biedermans, who sat on his other hand, was probably more communicative, as the youths both laughed, and the maiden again seemed disconcerted, and blushed with displeasure.

Had I either of these sons of the mountains, thought young Philipson, upon six yards of level greensward, if there be so much flat ground in this country, methinks I were more likely to spoil their mirth, than to furnish food for it. It is as marvellous to see such conceited boors under the same roof with so courteous and amiable a damsel, as it would be to see one of their shaggy bears dance a rigadon with a maiden like the daughter of our host. Well, I need not concern myself more than I can help about her beauty or their breeding, since morning will separate me from them for ever.

As these reflections passed through the young guest's mind, the father of the family called for a cup of wine, and having required the two strangers to pledge him in a maple cup of considerable size, he sent a similar goblet to Rudolph Donnerhugel. "Yet you," he said, "kinsman, are used to more highly-flavoured wine than the half-ripened grapes of Geierstein can supply.—Would you think it, sir merchant," he continued, addressing Philipson, "there are burghers of Berne who send for wine for their own drinking both to France and Germany?"

"My kinsman disapproves of that," replied Rudolph; "yet every place is not blessed with vineyards like Geierstein, which produces all that heart and eye can desire." This was said with a glance at his fair companion, who did not appear to take the compliment, while the envoy of Berne proceeded: "But our wealthier burghers having some superfluous crowns, think it no extravagance to barter them for a goblet of better wine than our own mountains can produce. But we will be more frugal when we have at our disposal tuns of the wine of Burgundy for the mere trouble of transporting them."

"How mean you by that, cousin Rudolph?" said Arnold Biederman.

"Methinks, respected kinsman," answered the Bernese, "your letters must have told you that our Diet is likely to declare war against Burgundy."

"Ah! and you know then the contents of my letters?"

said Arnold; "another mark how times are changed at Berne and with the Diet of Switzerland. When did all her grey haired statesmen die, that our allies should have brought beardless boys into their councils?"

"The Senate of Berne, and the Diet of the Confederacy," said the young man, partly abashed, partly in vindication of what he had before spoken, "allow the young men to know their purposes, since it is they by whom they must be executed. The head which thinks, may well confide in the hand that strikes."

"Not till the moment of dealing the blow, young man," said Arnold Biederman, sternly. "What kind of counsellor is he who talks loosely the secrets of state affairs before women and strangers? Go, Rudolph, and all of ye, and try by manly exercises which is best fitted to serve your country, rather than give your judgment upon her measures.—Hold, young man," he continued, addressing Arthur, who had arisen, "this does not apply to you, who are unused to mountain travel, and require rest after it."

"Under your favour, sir, not so," said the elder stranger; "we hold in England, that the best refreshment after we have been exhausted by one species of exercise, is to betake ourselves to another; as riding, for example, affords more relief to one fatigued by walking, than a bed of down would. So, if your young men will permit, my son will join their exercises."

"He will find them rough playmates," answered the Switzer; "but be it at your pleasure."

The young men went out accordingly to the open lawn in front of the house. Anne of Geierstein, and some females of the household, sate down on a bank to judge which performed best, and shouts, loud laughing, and all that announces the riot of juvenile spirits occupied by manly sports, was soon after heard by the two seniors, as they sat together in the hall. The master of the house resumed the wine-flask, and having filled the cup of his guest, poured the remainder into his own.

"At an age, worthy stranger," he said, "when the blood grows colder, and the feelings heavier, a moderate cup of wine brings back light thoughts, and makes the limbs supple. Yet, I almost wish that Noah had never planted the grape, when of late years I have seen with my own eyes my countrymen swill wine like very Germans, till they were like gorged swine, incapable of sense, thought, or motion."

"It is a vice," said the Englishman, "which I have observed gains ground in your country, where within a century I have heard it was totally unknown."

"It was so," said the Swiss, "for wine was seldom made at home, and never imported from abroad; for indeed none possessed the means of purchasing that, or aught else, which our valleys produce not. But our wars and our victories have gained us wealth as well as fame; and in the poor thoughts of one Switzer at least, we had been better without both, had we not also gained liberty by the same exertion. It is something, however, that commerce may occasionally send into our remote mountains a sensible visitor like yourself, worthy guest, whose discourse shows him to be a man of sagacity and discernment; for though

I love not the increasing taste for trinkets and gewgaws which you merchants introduce, yet I acknowledge that we simple mountaineers learn from men like you more of the world around us, than we could acquire by our own exertions. You are bound, you say, to Bâle, and thence to the Duke of Burgundy's leaguer?"

"I am so, my worthy host—" said the merchant, "that is, providing I can perform my journey with safety."

"Your safety, good friend, may be assured, if you list to tarry for two or three days; for in that space I shall myself take the journey, and with such an escort as will prevent any risk of danger. You will find in me a sure and faithful guide, and I shall learn from you much of other countries, which it concerns me to know better than I do. Is it a bargain?"

"The proposal is too much to my advantage to be refused," said the Englishman; "but may I ask the purpose of your journey?"

"I chid yonder boy but now," answered Biederman, "for speaking on public affairs without reflection, and before the whole family; but our tidings and my errand need not be concealed from a considerate person like you, who must indeed soon learn it from public rumour. You know doubtless the mutual hatred which subsists between Louis XI of France, and Charles of Burgundy, whom men call the Bold; and having seen these countries, as I understood from your former discourse, you are probably well aware of the various contending interests, which, besides the personal hatred of the sovereigns, make them irreconcilable enemies. Now Louis, whom the world cannot match for craft and subtlety, is using all his influence, by distributions of large sums amongst some of the counsellors of our neighbours of Berne, by pouring treasures into the exchequer of that state itself, by holding out the bait of emolument to the old men, and encouraging the violence of the young, to urge the Bernese into a war with the Duke. Charles, on the other hand, is acting as he frequently does, exactly as Louis could have wished. Our neighbours and allies of Berne do not, like us of the Forest Cantons, confine themselves to pasture or agriculture, but carry on considerable commerce, which the Duke of Burgundy has in various instances interrupted, by the exactions and violence of his officers in the frontier towns, as is doubtless well known to you."

"Unquestionably," answered the merchant; "they are universally regarded as vexatious."

"You will not then be surprised, that, solicited by the one sovereign, and aggrieved by the other, proud of past victories, and ambitious of additional power, Berne and the City Cantons of our confederacy, whose representatives, from their superior wealth and better education, have more to say in our Diet than we of the Forests, should be bent upon war, from which it has hitherto happened that the Republic has always derived victory, wealth, and increase of territory."

"Ay, worthy host, and of glory," said Philipson, interrupting him with some enthusiasm; "I wonder not that the brave youths of your states are willing to thrust themselves upon new wars, since their past victories have been so brilliant and so far-famed."

"You are no wise merchant, kind guest," answered the host, "if you regard success in former desperate undertakings as an encouragement to future rashness. Let us make a better use of past victories. When we fought for our liberties, God blessed our arms; but will he do so if we fight either for aggrandizement or for the gold of France?"

"Your doubt is just," said the merchant, more sedately; "but suppose you draw the sword to put an end to the vexatious exactions of Burgundy?"

"Hear me, good friend," answered the Switzer; "it may be that we of the Forest Cantons think too little of those matters of trade, which so much engross the attention of the burghers of Berne. Yet we will not desert our neighbours and allies in a just quarrel; and it is well nigh settled that a deputation shall be sent to the Duke of Burgundy to request redress. In this embassy the General Diet now assembled at Berne have requested that I should take some share; and hence the journey in which I propose that you should accompany me."

"It will be much to my satisfaction to travel in your company, worthy host," said the Englishman. "But, as I am a true man, methinks your port and figure resemble an envoy of defiance rather than a messenger of peace."

"And I too might say," replied the Switzer, "that your language and sentiments, my honoured guest, rather belong to the sword than the measuring-wand."

"I was bred to the sword, worthy sir, before I took the cloth-yard in my hand," replied Philipson, smiling, "and it may be I am still more partial to my old trade than wisdom would altogether recommend."

"I thought so," said Arnold; "but then you fought most likely under your country's banners against a foreign and national enemy; and in that case I will admit that war has something in it which elevates the heart above the due sense it should entertain of the calamity inflicted and endured by God's creatures on each side. But the warfare in which I was engaged had no such gilding. It was the miserable war of Zurich, where Switzers levelled their pikes against the bosoms of their own countrymen; and quarter was asked and refused in the same kindly mountain language. From such remembrances, your warlike recollections are probably free."

The merchant hung down his head and pressed his forehead with his hand, as one to whom the most painful thoughts were suddenly recalled.

"Alas!" he said, "I deserve to feel the pain which your words inflict. What nation can know the woes of England, that has not felt them—what eye can estimate them which has not seen a land torn and bleeding with the strife of two desperate factions, battles fought in every province, plains heaped with slain, and scaffolds drenched in blood! Even in your quiet valleys, methinks, you may have heard of the Civil Wars of England?"

"I do indeed bethink me," said the Switzer, "that England had lost her possessions in France during many years of bloody internal wars concerning the colour of a rose—was it not?—But these are ended."

"For the present," answered Philipson, "it would seem so."

As he spoke, there was a knock at the door; the master of the house said, "Come in;" the door opened, and, with the reverence which was expected from young persons towards their elders in those pastoral regions, the fine form of Anne of Geierstein presented itself.

CHAPTER IV.

And now the well-known bow the master bore,
Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er;
Whilst some deriding, "How he turns the bow!
Some other like it sure the man must know;
Or else would copy—or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he steals."

POPE'S *Homer's Odyssey*.

THE fair maiden approached with the half-bashful half-important look which sits so well on a young housekeeper, when she is at once proud and ashamed of the matronly duties she is called upon to discharge, and whispered something in her uncle's ear.

"And could not the idle-pated boys have brought their own errand—what is it they want that they cannot ask themselves, but must send thee to beg it for them? Had it been any thing reasonable, I should have heard it din'd into my ears by forty voices, so modest are our Swiss youths become now-a-days." She stooped forward, and again whispered in his ear, as he fondly stroked her curling tresses with his ample hand, and replied, "The bow of Buttisholz, my dear? why the youths surely are not grown stronger since last year, when none of them could bend it? But yonder it hangs with its three arrows. Who is the wise champion that is challenger at a game where he is sure to be foiled?"

"It is this gentleman's son, sir," said the maiden, "who, not being able to contend with my cousins in running, leaping, hurling the bar, or pitching the stone, has challenged them to ride, or to shoot with the English long-bow."

"To ride," said the venerable Swiss, "were difficult, where there are no horses, and no level ground to career upon if there were. But an English bow he shall have, since we happen to possess one. Take it to the young men, my niece, with the three arrows, and say to them from me, that he who bends it will do more than William Tell, or the renowned Stauffacher, could have done."

As the maiden went to take the weapon from the place where it hung amid the group of arms which Philipson had formerly remarked, the English merchant observed, "that were the minstrels of his land to assign her occupation, so fair a maiden should be bow-bearer to none but the little blind god Cupid."

"I will have nothing of the blind god Cupid," said Arnold, hastily, yet half laughing at the same time; "we have been deafened with the foolery of minstrels and strolling minnesingers, ever since the wandering knaves have found there were pence to be gathered among us. A Swiss maiden should only sing Albert Ischudi's ballads, or the merry lay of the going out and return of the cows to and from the mountain pastures."

While he spoke, the damsel had selected from the arms a bow of extraordinary strength, considerably above six feet in length, with three shafts of a cloth-

yard long. Philipson asked to look at the weapons, and examined them closely. "It is a tough piece of yew," he said. "I should know it, since I have dealt in such commodities in my time; but when I was of Arthur's age, I could have bent it as easily as a boy bends a willow."

"We are too old to boast like boys," said Arnold Biederman, with something of a reproving glance at his companion. "Carry the bow to thy kinsmen, Anne, and let him who can bend it, say he beat Arnold Biederman." As he spoke, he turned his eyes on the spare, yet muscular figure of the Englishman, then again glanced down on his own stately person.

"You must remember, good my host," said Philipson, "that weapons are wielded not by strength, but by art and sleight of hand. What most I wonder at, is to see in this place a bow made by Matthew of Doncaster, a bowyer who lived at least a hundred years ago, remarkable for the great toughness and strength of the weapons which he made, and which are now become somewhat unmanageable, even by an English yeoman."

"How are you assured of the maker's name, worthy guest?" replied the Swiss.

"By old Matthew's mark," answered the Englishman, "and his initials cut upon the bow. I wonder not a little to find such a weapon here, and in such good preservation."

"It has been regularly waxed, oiled, and kept in good order," said the Landamman, "being preserved as a trophy of a memorable day. It would but grieve you to recount its early history, since it was taken in a day fatal to your country."

"My country," said the Englishman, composedly, "has gained so many victories, that her children may well afford to hear of a single defeat. But I knew not that the English ever warred in Switzerland."

"Not precisely as a nation," answered Biederman; "but it was in my grandsire's days, that a large body of roving soldiers, composed of men from almost all countries, but especially Englishmen, Normans, and Gascons, poured down on the Argau, and the districts adjacent. They were headed by a great warrior called Ingelram de Couci, who pretended some claims upon the Duke of Austria; to satisfy which he ravaged indifferently the Austrian territory, and that of our Confederacy. His soldiers were hired warriors,—Free Companions they called themselves,—that seemed to belong to no country, and were as brave in the fight as they were cruel in their depredations. Some pause in the constant wars betwixt France and England had deprived many of those bands of their ordinary employment, and battle being their element, they came to seek it among our valleys. The air seemed on fire with the blaze of their armour, and the very sun was darkened at the flight of their arrows. They did us much evil, and we sustained the loss of more than one battle. But we met them at Buttisholz, and mingled the blood of many a rider (noble, as they were called and esteemed) with that of their horses. The huge mound that covers the bones of man and steed, is still called the English barrow."

Philipson was silent for a minute or two, and then replied, "Then let them sleep in peace. If they did

wrong, they paid for it with their lives; and that is all the ransom that mortal man can render for his transgressions.—Heaven pardon their souls!”

“Amen,” replied the Landamman, “and those of all brave men. My grandsire was at the battle, and was held to have demeaned himself like a good soldier; and this bow has been ever since carefully preserved in our family. There is a prophecy about it, but I hold it not worthy of remark.”

Philipson was about to inquire further, but was interrupted by a loud cry of surprise and astonishment from without.

“I must out,” said Biederman, “and see what these wild lads are doing. It is not now as formerly in this land, when the young dared not judge for themselves, till the old man’s voice had been heard.”

He went forth from the lodge, followed by his guest. The company who had witnessed the games were all talking, shouting, and disputing in the same breath; while Arthur Philipson stood a little apart from the rest, leaning on the unbent bow with apparent indifference. At the sight of the Landamman all was silent.

“What means this unwonted clamour?” he said, raising a voice to which all were accustomed to listen with reverence.—“Rudiger,” addressing the eldest of his sons, “has the young stranger bent the bow?”

“He has, father,” said Rudiger; “and he has hit the mark. Three such shots were never shot by William Tell.”

“It was chance—pure chance,” said the young Swiss from Berne. “No human skill could have done it, much less a puny lad, baffled in all besides that he attempted among us.”

“But what *has* been done?” said the Landamman.—“Nay, speak not all at once!—Anne of Geierstein, thou hast more sense and breeding than these boys—tell me how the game has gone.”

The maiden seemed a little confused at this appeal; but answered with a composed and downcast look,—

“The mark was, as usual, a pigeon tied to a pole. All the young men, except the stranger, had practised at it with the cross-bow and long-bow, without hitting it. When I brought out the bow of Buttisholz, I offered it first to my kinsmen. None would accept of it, saying, respected uncle, that a task too great for you, must be far too difficult for them.”

“They said well,” answered Arnold Biederman; “and the stranger, did he string the bow?”

“He did, my uncle, but first he wrote something on a piece of paper, and placed it in my hands.”

“And did he shoot and hit the mark?” continued the surprised Switzer.

“He first,” said the maiden, “removed the pole a hundred yards farther than the post where it stood.”

“Singular!” said the Landamman; “that is double the usual distance.”

“He then drew the bow,” continued the maiden, “and shot off, one after another, with incredible rapidity, the three arrows which he had stuck into his belt. The first cleft the pole, the second cut the string, the third killed the poor bird as it rose into the air.”

“By Saint Mary of Einsiedlen!” said the old man, looking up in amaze, “if your eyes really saw this,

they saw such archery as was never before witnessed in the Forest States.”

“I say nay to that, my revered kinsman,” replied Rudolph Donnerhugel, whose vexation was apparent; “it was mere chance, if not illusion or witchery.”

“What sayst thou of it thyself, Arthur,” said his father, half smiling; “was thy success by chance or skill?”

“My father,” said the young man, “I need not tell you that I have done but an ordinary feat for an English bowman. Nor do I speak to gratify that misproud and ignorant young man. But to our worthy host and his family, I make answer. This youth charges me with having deluded men’s eyes, or hit the mark by chance. For illusion, yonder is the pierced pole, the severed string, and the slain bird; they will endure sight and handling; and, besides, if that fair maiden will open the note which I put into her hand, she will find evidence to assure you, that, even before I drew the bow, I had fixed upon the three marks which I designed to aim at.”

“Produce the scroll, good niece,” said her uncle, “and end the controversy.”

“Nay, under your favour, my worthy host,” said Arthur, “it is but some foolish rhymes addressed to the maiden’s own eye.”

“And under your favour, sir,” said the Landamman, “whatsoever is fit for my niece’s eyes may greet my ears.”

He took the scroll from the maiden, who blushed deeply when she resigned it. The character in which it was written was so fine, that the Landamman in surprise exclaimed, “No clerk of Saint Gall could have written more fairly.—Strange,” he again repeated, “that a hand which could draw so true a bow, should have the cunning to form characters so fair.” He then exclaimed anew, “Ha! verses, by Our Lady! What, have we minstrels disguised as traders?” He then opened the scroll, and read the following lines:

If I hit mast, and line, and bird,
An English archer keeps his word.
Ah! maiden, didst thou aim at me,
A single glance were worth the three.

“Here is rare rhyming, my worthy guest,” said the Landamman, shaking his head; “fine words to make foolish maidens fain. But do not excuse it; it is your country-fashion, and we know how to treat it as such.” And without further allusion to the concluding couplet, the reading of which threw the poet as well as the object of the verses into some discomposure, he added gravely, “You must now allow, Rudolph Donnerhugel, that the stranger has fairly attained the three marks which he proposed to himself.”

“That he has attained them is plain,” answered the party to whom the appeal was made; “but that he has done this fairly may be doubted, if there are such things as witchery and magic in this world.”

“Shame, shame, Rudolph!” said the Landamman; “can spleen and envy have weight with so brave a man as you, from whom my sons ought to learn temperance, forbearance, and candour, as well as manly courage and dexterity?”

The Bernese coloured high under this rebuke, to which he ventured not to attempt a reply.

"To your sports till sunset, my children," continued Arnold; "while I and my worthy friend occupy our time with a walk, for which the evening is now favourable."

"Methinks," said the English merchant, "I should like to visit the ruins of yonder castle, situated by the waterfall. There is something of melancholy dignity in such a scene which reconciles us to the misfortunes of our own time, by showing that our ancestors, who were perhaps more intelligent or more powerful, have nevertheless, in their days, encountered cares and distresses similar to those which we now groan under."

"Have with you, my worthy sir," replied his host; "there will be time also upon the road to talk of things that you should know."

The slow step of the two elderly men carried them by degrees from the limits of the lawn, where shout, and laugh, and halloo, were again revived. Young Philipson, whose success as an archer had obliterated all recollection of former failure, made other attempts to mingle in the manly pastimes of the country, and gained a considerable portion of applause. The young men who had but lately been so ready to join in ridiculing him, now began to consider him as a person to be looked up and appealed to; while Rudolph Donnerhugel saw with resentment that he was no longer without a rival in the opinion of his male cousins, perhaps of his kinswoman also. The proud young Swiss reflected with bitterness that he had fallen under the Landamman's displeasure, declined in reputation with his companions, of whom he had been hitherto the leader, and even hazarded a more mortifying disappointment, all, as his swelling heart expressed it, through the means of a stranger stripling, of neither blood nor fame, who could not step from one rock to another without the encouragement of a girl.

In this irritated mood, he drew near the young Englishman, and while he seemed to address him on the chances of the sports which were still proceeding, he conveyed, in a whisper, matter of a far different tendency. Striking Arthur's shoulder with the frank bluntness of a mountaineer, he said aloud: "Yonder bolt of Ernest whistled through the air like a falcon when she stoops down the wind!" And then proceeded in a deep low voice, "You merchants sell gloves—do you ever deal in single gauntlets, or only in pairs?"

"I sell no single glove," said Arthur, instantly apprehending him, and sufficiently disposed to resent the scornful looks of the Bernese champion during the time of their meal, and his having but lately imputed his successful shooting to chance or sorcery,— "I sell no single glove, sir, but never refuse to exchange one."

"You are apt, I see," said Rudolph; "look at the players while I speak, or our purpose will be suspected—You are quicker, I say, of apprehension than I expected. If we exchange our gloves, how shall each redeem his own?"

"With our good swords," said Arthur Philipson.

"In armour, or as we stand?"

"Even as we stand," said Arthur. "I have no

better garment of proof than this doublet—no other weapon than my sword; and these, Sir Switzer, I hold enough for the purpose.—Name time and place."

"The old castle-court at Geierstein," replied Rudolph; "the time sunrise;—but we are watched.—I have lost my wager, stranger," he added, speaking aloud, and in an indifferent tone of voice, "since Ulrick has made a cast beyond Ernest.—There is my glove, in token I will not forget the flask of wine."

"And there is mine," said Arthur, "in token I will drink it with you merrily."

Thus, amid the peaceful though rough sports of their companions, did these two hot-headed youths contrive to indulge their hostile inclinations towards each other, by settling a meeting of deadly purpose.

CHAPTER V.

— I was one

Who loved the greenwood bank and lowing herd,
The russet prize, the lowly peasant's life,
Season'd with sweet content, more than the halls
Where revellers feast to fever-height. Believe me,
There ne'er was poison mix'd in maple bowl.

Anonymous.

LEAVING the young persons engaged with their sports, the Landamman of Unterwalden and the elder Philipson walked on in company, conversing chiefly on the political relations of France, England, and Burgundy, until the conversation was changed as they entered the gate of the old castle-yard of Geierstein, where arose the lonely and dismantled keep, surrounded by the ruins of other buildings.

"This has been a proud and a strong habitation in its time," said Philipson.

"They were a proud and powerful race who held it," replied the Landamman. "The Counts of Geierstein have a history which runs back to the times of the old Helvetians, and their deeds are reported to have matched their antiquity. But all earthly grandeur has an end, and free men tread the ruins of their feudal castle, at the most distant sight of whose turrets serfs were formerly obliged to vail their bonnets, if they would escape the chastisement of contumacious rebels."

"I observe," said the merchant, "engraved on a stone under yonder turret, the crest, I conceive, of the last family, a vulture perched on a rock, descriptive, doubtless, of the word Geierstein."

"It is the ancient cognizance of the family," replied Arnold Biederman, "and, as you say, expresses the name of the castle, being the same with that of the knights who so long held it."

"I also remarked in your hall," continued the merchant, "a helmet bearing the same crest or cognizance. It is, I suppose, a trophy of the triumph of the Swiss peasants over the nobles of Geierstein, as the English bow is preserved in remembrance of the battle of Buttisholz?"

"And you, fair sir," replied the Landamman, "would, I perceive, from the prejudices of your education, regard the one victory with as unpleasant feelings as the other?—Strange, that the veneration for rank should be rooted even in the minds of those who have no claim to share it! But clear up your downcast brows, my worthy guest, and be assured,

that though many a proud baron's castle, when Switzerland threw off the bonds of feudal slavery, was plundered and destroyed by the just vengeance of an incensed people, such was not the lot of Geierstein. The blood of the old possessors of these towers still flows in the veins of him by whom these lands are occupied."

"What am I to understand by that, Sir Landamman?" said Philipson. "Are not you yourself the occupant of this place?"

"And you think, probably," answered Arnold, "because I live like the other shepherds, wear home-spun grey, and hold the plough with my own hands, I cannot be descended from a line of ancient nobility? This land holds many such gentle peasants, Sir Merchant; nor is there a more ancient nobility than that of which the remains are to be found in my native country. But they have voluntarily resigned the oppressive part of their feudal power, and are no longer regarded as wolves amongst the flock, but as sagacious mastiffs, who attend the sheep in time of peace, and are prompt in their defence when war threatens our community."

"But," repeated the merchant, who could not yet reconcile himself to the idea that his plain and peasant-seeming host was a man of distinguished birth, "you bear not the name, worthy sir, of your fathers—They were, you say, the Counts of Geierstein, and you are——"

"Arnold Biederman, at your command," answered the magistrate. "But know,—if the knowledge can make you sup with more sense of dignity or comfort, I need but put on yonder old helmet, or, if that were too much trouble, I have only to stick a falcon's feather into my cap, and call myself Arnold, Count of Geierstein. No man could gainsay me—though whether it would become my Lord Count to drive his bullocks to the pasture, and whether his Excellency the High and Wellborn could, without derogation, sow a field or reap it, are questions which should be settled beforehand. I see you are confounded, my respected guest, at my degeneracy; but the state of my family is very soon explained."

"My lordly fathers ruled this same domain of Geierstein, which in their time was very extensive, much after the mode of feudal barons—that is, they were sometimes the protectors and patrons, but oftener the oppressors of their subjects. But when my grandfather, Heinrich of Geierstein, flourished, he not only joined the Confederates to repel Ingelram de Couci and his roving bands, as I already told you, but, when the wars with Austria were renewed, and many of his degree joined with the host of the Emperor Leopold, my ancestor adopted the opposite side, fought in front of the Confederates, and contributed by his skill and valour to the decisive victory at Sempach, in which Leopold lost his life, and the flower of Austrian chivalry fell around him. My father Count Williewald followed the same course, both from inclination and policy. He united himself closely with the state of Unterwalden, became a citizen of the Confederacy, and distinguished himself so much that he was chosen Landamman of the Republic. He had two sons,—myself, and a younger brother, Albert; and possessed, as he felt himself, of a species of double character, he was desirous, per-

haps unwisely (if I may censure the purpose of a deceased parent), that one of his sons should succeed him in his lordship of Geierstein, and the other support the less ostentatious, though not in my thought less honourable condition, of a free citizen of Unterwalden, possessing such influence among his equals in the canton as might be acquired by his father's merits and his own. When Albert was twelve years old, our father took us on a short excursion to Germany, where the form, pomp, and magnificence which we witnessed, made a very different impression on the mind of my brother and on my own. What appeared to Albert the consummation of earthly splendour, seemed to me a weary display of tiresome and useless ceremonials. Our father explained his purpose, and offered to me, as his eldest son, the large estate belonging to Geierstein, reserving such a portion of the most fertile ground, as might make my brother one of the wealthiest citizens, in a district where competence is esteemed wealth. The tears gushed from Albert's eyes—'And must my brother,' he said, 'be a noble Count, honoured and followed by vassals and attendants, and I a home-spun peasant among the grey-bearded shepherds of Unterwalden?—No, father—I respect your will—but I will not sacrifice my own rights. Geierstein is a fief held of the empire, and the laws entitle me to my equal half of the lands. If my brother be Count of Geierstein, I am not the less Count Albert of Geierstein; and I will appeal to the Emperor, rather than that the arbitrary will of one ancestor, though he be my father, shall cancel in me the rank and rights which I have derived from a hundred.' My father was greatly incensed. 'Go,' he said, 'proud boy, give the enemy of thy country a pretext to interfere in her affairs—appeal to the will of a foreign prince from the pleasure of thy father. Go, but never again look me in the face, and dread my eternal malediction.' Albert was about to reply with vehemence, when I entreated him to be silent and hear me speak. I had, I said, all my life loved the mountain better than the plain; had been more pleased to walk than to ride; more proud to contend with shepherds in their sports, than with nobles in the lists; and happier in the village dance than among the feasts of the German nobles. 'Let me, therefore,' said I, 'be a citizen of the republic of Unterwalden; you will relieve me of a thousand cares; and let my brother Albert wear the coronet and bear the honours of Geierstein.' After some farther discussion, my father was at length contented to adopt my proposal, in order to attain the object which he had so much at heart. Albert was declared heir of his castle and his rank, by the title of Count Albert of Geierstein; and I was placed in possession of these fields and fertile meadows amidst which my house is situated, and my neighbours called me Arnold Biederman."

"And if Biederman," said the merchant, "means, as I understand the word, a man of worth, candour, and generosity, I know none on whom the epithet could be so justly conferred. Yet let me observe, that I praise the conduct, which, in your circumstances, I could not have bowed my spirit to practise. Proceed, I pray you, with the history of your house if the recital be not painful to you."

"I have little more to say," replied the Landamman.

"My father died soon after the settlement of his estate in the manner I have told you. My brother had other possessions in Swabia and Westphalia, and seldom visited his paternal castle, which was chiefly occupied by a seneschal, a man so obnoxious to the vassals of the family, that but for the protection afforded by my near residence, and relationship with his lord, he would have been plucked out of the Vulture's Nest, and treated with as little ceremony as if he had been the vulture himself. Neither, to say the truth, did my brother's occasional visits to Geierstein afford his vassals much relief, or acquire any popularity for himself. He heard with the ears and saw with the eyes of his cruel and interested steward, Ital Schreckenwald, and would not listen even to my interference and admonition. Indeed, though he always demeaned himself with personal kindness towards me, I believe he considered me as a dull and poor-spirited clown, who had disgraced my noble blood by my mean propensities. He showed contempt on every occasion for the prejudices of his countrymen, and particularly by wearing a peacock's feather in public, and causing his followers to display the same badge, though the cognizance of the House of Austria, and so unpopular in this country, that men have been put to death for no better reason than for carrying it in their caps. In the meantime I was married to my Bertha, now a saint in Heaven, by whom I had six stately sons, five of whom you saw surrounding my table this day. Albert also married. His wife was a lady of rank in Westphalia, but his bridal-bed was less fruitful; he had only one daughter, Anne of Geierstein. Then came on the wars between the city of Zurich and our Forest Cantons, in which so much blood was shed, and when our brethren of Zurich were so ill advised as to embrace the alliance of Austria. Their Emperor strained every nerve to avail himself of the favourable opportunity afforded by the disunion of the Swiss; and engaged all with whom he had influence to second his efforts. With my brother he was but too successful; for Albert not only took arms in the Emperor's cause, but admitted into the strong fortress of Geierstein a band of Austrian soldiers, with whom the wicked Ital Schreckenwald laid waste the whole country, excepting my little patrimony."

"It came to a severe pass with you, my worthy host," said the merchant, "since you were to decide against the cause of your country or that of your brother."

"I did not hesitate," continued Arnold Biederman. "My brother was in the Emperor's army, and I was not therefore reduced to act personally against him; but I denounced war against the robbers and thieves with whom Schreckenwald had filled my father's house. It was waged with various fortune. The seneschal, during my absence, burnt down my house, and slew my youngest son, who died, alas! in defence of his father's hearth. It is little to add, that my lands were wasted, and my flocks destroyed. On the other hand, I succeeded, with help of a body of the peasants of Unterwalden, in storming the castle of Geierstein. It was offered back to me by the Confederates; but I had no desire to sully the fair cause in which I had assumed arms, by enriching myself at the expense of my brother; and, besides,

VOL. VII.

to have dwelt in that guarded hold would have been a penance to one, the sole protectors of whose house of late years had been a latch and a shepherd's cur. The castle was therefore dismantled, as you see, by order of the elders of the Canton; and I even think, that considering the uses it was too often put to, I look with more pleasure on the rugged remains of Geierstein, than I ever did when it was entire, and apparently impregnable."

"I can understand your feelings," said the Englishman, "though I repeat, my virtue would not perhaps have extended so far beyond the circle of my family affections.—Your brother, what said he to your patriotic exertions?"

"He was, as I learnt," answered the Landamman, "dreadfully incensed, having no doubt been informed that I had taken his castle with a view to my own aggrandizement. He even swore he would renounce my kindred, seek me through the battle, and slay me with his own hand. We were, in fact, both at the battle of Freyenbach, but my brother was prevented from attempting the execution of his vindictive purpose by a wound from an arrow, which occasioned his being carried out of the *melée*. I was afterwards in the bloody and melancholy fight at Mount-Herzel, and that other onslaught at the Chapel of St Jacob, which brought our brethren of Zurich to terms, and reduced Austria once more to the necessity of making peace with us. After this war of thirteen years, the Diet passed sentence of banishment for life on my brother Albert, and would have deprived him of his possessions, but forbore in consideration of what they thought my good service. When the sentence was intimated to the Count of Geierstein, he returned an answer of defiance; yet a singular circumstance showed us not long afterwards that he retained an attachment to his country, and amidst his resentment against me his brother, did justice to my unaltered affection for him."

"I would pledge my credit," said the merchant, "that what follows relates to yonder fair maiden, your niece?"

"You guess rightly," said the Landamman. "For some time we heard, though indistinctly (for we have, as you know, but little communication with foreign countries), that my brother was high in favour at the court of the Emperor, but latterly that he had fallen under suspicion, and, in the course of some of those revolutions common at the courts of princes, had been driven into exile. It was shortly after this news, and, as I think more than seven years ago, that I was returning from hunting on the further side of the river, had passed the narrow bridge as usual, and was walking through the court-yard which we have lately left (for their walk was now turned homeward), when a voice said, in the German language, 'Uncle, have compassion upon me!' As I looked around, I beheld a girl of ten years old approach timidly from the shelter of the ruins, and kneel down at my feet. 'Uncle, spare my life,' she said, holding up her little hands in the act of supplication, while mortal terror was painted upon her countenance.—'Am I your uncle, little maiden?' said I; 'and if I am, why should you fear me?'—'Because you are the head of the wicked and base clowns who delight to spill noble blood,' replied the girl, with a courage which sur-

39

prised me.—‘What is your name, my little maiden?’ said I; ‘and who, having planted in your mind opinions so unfavourable to your kinsman, has brought you hither, to see if he resembles the picture you have received of him?’—‘It was Ital Schreckenwald that brought me hither,’ said the girl, only half comprehending the nature of my question.—‘Ital Schreckenwald?’ I repeated, shocked at the name of a wretch I have so much reason to hate. A voice from the ruins, like that of a sullen echo from the grave, answered, ‘Ital Schreckenwald!’ and the caitiff issued from his place of concealment, and stood before me, with that singular indifference to danger which he unites to his atrocity of character. I had my spiked mountain staff in my hand—What should I have done—or what would you have done, under like circumstances?”

“I would have laid him on the earth, with his skull shivered like an icicle!” said the Englishman, fiercely.

“I had well nigh done so,” replied the Swiss, “but he was unarmed, a messenger from my brother, and therefore no object of revenge. His own undismayed and audacious conduct contributed to save him. ‘Let the vassal of the noble and high-born Count of Geierstein hear the words of his master, and let him look that they are obeyed,’ said the insolent ruffian. ‘Doff thy cap, and listen; for though the voice is mine, the words are those of the noble count.’—‘God and man know,’ replied I, ‘if I owe my brother respect or homage—it is much if, in respect for him, I defer paying to his messenger the meed I dearly owe him. Proceed with thy tale, and rid me of thy hateful presence.’—‘Albert Count of Geierstein, thy lord and my lord,’ proceeded Schreckenwald, ‘having on his hand wars, and other affairs of weight, sends his daughter, the Countess Anne, to thy charge, and graces thee so far as to intrust to thee her support and nurture, until it shall suit his purposes to require her back from thee; and he desires that thou apply to her maintenance the rents and profits of the lands of Geierstein, which thou hast usurped from him.’—‘Ital Schreckenwald,’ I replied, ‘I will not stop to ask if this mode of addressing me be according to my brother’s directions, or to thine own insolent pleasure. If circumstances have, as thou sayest, deprived my niece of her natural protector, I will be to her as a father, nor shall she want aught which I have to give her. The lands of Geierstein are forfeited to the state, the castle is ruinous, as thou seest, and it is much of thy crimes that the house of my fathers is desolate. But where I dwell Anne of Geierstein shall dwell, as my children fare shall she fare, and she shall be to me as a daughter. And now thou hast thine errand—Go hence, if thou lovest thy life; for it is unsafe parleying with the father, when thy hands are stained with the blood of the son.’ The wretch retired as I spoke, but took his leave with his usual determined insolence of manner.—‘Farewell,’ he said, ‘Count of the Plough and Harrow—farewell, noble companion of paltry burghers!’ He disappeared, and released me from the strong temptation under which I laboured, and which urged me to stain with his blood the place which had witnessed his cruelty and his crimes. I conveyed my niece to my house, and soon convinced her that I was

her sincere friend. I inured her, as if she had been my daughter, to all our mountain exercises; and while she excels in these the maidens of the district, there burst from her such sparkles of sense and courage, mingled with delicacy, as belong not—I must needs own the truth—to the simple maidens of these wild hills, but relish of a nobler stem, and higher breeding. Yet they are so happily mixed with simplicity and courtesy, that Anne of Geierstein is justly considered as the pride of the district; nor do I doubt but that, if she should make a worthy choice of a husband, the state would assign her a large dower out of her father’s possessions, since it is not our maxim to punish the child for the faults of the parent.”

“It will naturally be your anxious desire, my worthy host,” replied the Englishman, “to secure to your niece, in whose praises I have deep cause to join with a grateful voice, such a suitable match as her birth and expectations, but above all her merit, demand.”

“It is, my good guest,” said the Landamman, “that which hath often occupied my thoughts. The over-near relationship prohibits what would have been my most earnest desire, the hope of seeing her wedded to one of my own sons. This young man, Rudolf Donnerhugel, is brave, and highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens; but more ambitious, and more desirous of distinction, than I would desire for my niece’s companion through life. His temper is violent, though his heart, I trust, is good. But I am like to be unpleasantly released from all care on this score, since my brother, having, as it seemed, forgotten Anne for seven years and upwards, has, by a letter which I have lately received, demanded that she shall be restored to him.—You can read, my worthy sir, for your profession requires it. See, here is the scroll, coldly worded, but far less unkindly than his unbrotherly message by Ital Schreckenwald—Read it I pray you, aloud.”

The merchant read accordingly.

“Brother—I thank you for the care you have taken of my daughter, for she has been in safety when she would otherwise have been in peril, and kindly used, when she would have been in hardship. I now intreat you to restore her to me, and trust that she will come with the virtues which become a woman in every station, and a disposition to lay aside the habits of a Swiss villager, for the graces of a high-born maiden.—Adieu. I thank you once more for your care, and would repay it were it in my power; but you need nothing I can give, having renounced the rank to which you were born, and made your nest on the ground where the storm passes over you. I rest your brother,

“GEIERSTEIN.”

“It is addressed ‘to Count Arnold of Geierstein, called Arnold Biederman.’ A postscript requires you to send the maiden to the court of the Duke of Burgundy.—This, good sir, appears to me the language of a haughty man, divided betwixt the recollection of old offence and recent obligation. The speech of his messenger was that of a malicious vassal, desirous of venting his own spite under pretence of doing his lord’s errand.”

“I so receive both,” replied Arnold Biederman.

“And do you intend,” continued the merchant

"to resign this beautiful and interesting creature to the conduct of her father, wilful as he seems to be, without knowing what his condition is, or what his power of protecting her?"

The Landamman hastened to reply. "The tie which unites the parent to the child, is the earliest and the most hallowed that binds the human race. The difficulty of her travelling in safety has hitherto prevented my attempting to carry my brother's instructions into execution. But as I am now likely to journey in person towards the court of Charles, I have determined that Anne shall accompany me; and as I will myself converse with my brother, whom I have not seen for many years, I shall learn his purpose respecting his daughter, and it may be I may prevail on Albert to suffer her to remain under my charge.—And now, sir, having told you of my family affairs at some greater length than was necessary, I must crave your attention, as a wise man, to what farther I have to say. You know the disposition which young men and women naturally have to talk, jest, and sport with each other, out of which practice arise often more serious attachments, which they call loving *par amours*. I trust, if we are to travel together, you will so school your young man as to make him aware that Anne of Geierstein cannot, with propriety on her part, be made the object of his thoughts or attentions."

The merchant coloured with resentment, or something like it. "I asked not to join your company, Sir Landamman—it was you who requested mine," he said; "if my son and I have since become in any respect the objects of your suspicion, we will gladly pursue our way separately."

"Nay, be not angry, worthy guest," said the Landamman; "we Switzers do not rashly harbour suspicions; and that we may not harbour them, we speak respecting the circumstances out of which they might arise, more plainly than is the wont of more civilized countries. When I proposed to you to be my companion on the journey, to speak the truth, though it may displease a father's ear, I regarded your son as a soft, faint-hearted youth, who was, as yet at least, too timid and milky-blooded to attract either respect or regard from the maidens. But a few hours have presented him to us in the character of such a one as is sure to interest them. He has accomplished the emprise of the bow, long thought unattainable, and with which a popular report attaches an idle prophecy. He has wit to make verses, and knows doubtless how to recommend himself by other accomplishments which bind young persons to each other, though they are lightly esteemed by men whose beards are mixed with grey, like yours, friend merchant, and mine own. Now, you must be aware, that since my brother broke terms with me, simply for preferring the freedom of a Swiss citizen to the tawdry and servile condition of a German courtier, he will not approve of any one looking towards his daughter who hath not the advantage of noble blood, or who hath, what he would call, debased himself by attention to merchandise, to the cultivation of land—in a word, to any art that is useful. Should your son love Anne of Geierstein, he prepares for himself danger and disappointment. And, now you know the

whole,—I ask you, Do we travel together or apart?"

"Even as ye list, my worthy host," said Philipson, in an indifferent tone; "for me, I can but say that such an attachment as you speak of would be as contrary to my wishes as to those of your brother, or what I suppose are your own. Arthur Philipson has duties to perform totally inconsistent with his playing the gentle bachelor to any maiden in Switzerland, take Germany to boot, whether of high or low degree. He is an obedient son, besides—hath never seriously disobeyed my commands, and I will have an eye upon his motions."

"Enough, my friend," said the Landamman; "we travel together, then, and I willingly keep my original purpose, being both pleased and instructed by your discourse."

Then changing the conversation, he began to ask whether his acquaintance thought that the league entered into by the King of England and the Duke of Burgundy would continue stable. "We hear much," continued the Swiss, "of the immense army with which King Edward proposes the recovery of the English dominions in France."

"I am well aware," said Philipson, "that nothing can be so popular in my country as the invasion of France, and the attempt to reconquer Normandy, Maine, and Gascony, the ancient appanages of our English crown. But I greatly doubt whether the voluptuous usurper, who now calls himself king, will be graced by Heaven with success in such an adventure. This Fourth Edward is brave indeed, and has gained every battle in which he drew his sword, and they have been many in number. But since he reached, through a bloody path, to the summit of his ambition, he has shown himself rather a sensual debauchee than a valiant knight; and it is my firm belief, that not even the chance of recovering all the fair dominions which were lost during the civil wars excited by his ambitious house, will tempt him to exchange the soft beds of London, with sheets of silk and pillows of down, and the music of a dying lute to lull him to rest, for the turf of France and the reveillée of an alarm trumpet."

"It is the better for us should it prove so," said the Landamman; "for if England and Burgundy were to dismember France, as in our fathers' days was nearly accomplished, Duke Charles would then have leisure to exhaust his long-hoarded vengeance against our confederacy."

As they conversed thus, they attained once more the lawn in front of Arnold Biederman's mansion, where the contention of the young men had given place to the dance performed by the young persons of both sexes. The dance was led by Anne of Geierstein, and the youthful stranger; which, although it was the most natural arrangement, where the one was a guest, and the other represented the mistress of the family, occasioned the Landamman's exchanging a glance with the elder Philipson, as if it had held some relation to the suspicions he had recently expressed.

But so soon as her uncle and his elder guest appeared, Anne of Geierstein took the earliest opportunity of a pause to break off the dance, and to enter into conversation with her kinsman, as if on the domestic affairs under her attendance. Philipson ob-

served, that his host listened seriously to his niece's communication; and nodding in his frank manner, seemed to intimate that her request should receive a favourable consideration.

The family were presently afterwards summoned to attend the evening meal, which consisted chiefly of the excellent fish afforded by the neighbouring streams and lakes. A large cup containing what was called the *schlaf-trunk*, or sleeping drink, then went round, which was first quaffed by the master of the household, then modestly tasted by the maiden, next pledged by the two strangers, and finally emptied by the rest of the company. Such were then the sober manners of the Swiss, afterwards much corrupted by their intercourse with more luxurious regions. The guests were conducted to the sleeping apartments, where Philipson and young Arthur occupied the same couch; and shortly after, the whole inhabitants of the household were locked in sound repose.

CHAPTER VI.

When we two meet we meet like rushing torrents;
Like warring winds, like flames from various points,
That mate each other's fury—there is nought
Of elemental strife, were fiends to guide it,
Can match the wrath of man.

FRENAUD.

THE elder of our two travellers, though a strong man and familiar with fatigue, slept sounder and longer than usual on the morning which was now beginning to dawn, but his son Arthur had that upon his mind which early interrupted his repose.

The encounter with the bold Switzer, a chosen man of a renowned race of warriors, was an engagement which, in the opinion of the period in which he lived, was not to be delayed or broken. He left his father's side, avoiding as much as possible the risk of disturbing him, though even in that case the circumstance would not have excited any attention, as he was in the habit of rising early, in order to make preparations for the day's journey, to see that the guide was on his duty, and that the mule had his provender, and to discharge similar offices which might otherwise have given trouble to his father. The old man, however, fatigued with the exertions of the preceding day, slept, as we have said, more soundly than his wont, and Arthur, arming himself with his good sword, sallied out to the lawn in front of the Landamman's dwelling, amid the magic dawn of a beautiful harvest morning in the Swiss mountains.

The sun was just about to kiss the top of the most gigantic of that race of Titans, though the long shadows still lay on the rough grass, which crisped under the young man's feet with a strong intimation of frost. But Arthur looked not round on the landscape, however lovely, which lay waiting one flash from the orb of day to start into brilliant existence. He drew the belt of his trusty sword, which he was in the act of fastening when he left the house, and ere he had secured the buckle, he was many paces on his way towards the place where he was to use it.

It was still the custom of that military period, to regard a summons to combat as a sacred engagement, preferable to all others which could be formed; and, stifling whatever inward feelings of reluctance Nature might oppose to the dictates of fashion, the step of a gallant to the place of encounter was required to be as free and ready, as if he had been going to a bridal. I do not know whether this alacrity was altogether real on the part of Arthur Philipson; but if it were otherwise, neither his look nor pace betrayed the secret.

Having hastily traversed the fields and groves which separated the Landamman's residence from the old castle of Geierstein, he entered the courtyard from the side where the castle overlooked the land; and nearly in the same instant his almost gigantic antagonist, who looked yet more tall and burly by the pale morning light than he had seemed the preceding evening, appeared ascending from the precarious bridge beside the torrent, having reached Geierstein by a different route from that pursued by the Englishman.

The young champion of Berne had hanging along his back one of those huge two-handed swords, the blade of which measured five feet, and which were wielded with both hands. These were almost universally used by the Swiss; for, besides the impression which such weapons were calculated to make upon the array of the German men-at-arms, whose armour was impenetrable to lighter swords, they were also well calculated to defend mountain passes, where the great bodily strength and agility of those who bore them, enabled the combatants, in spite of their weight and length, to use them with much address and effect. One of these gigantic swords hung around Rudolf Donnerhugel's neck, the point rattling against his heel, and the handle extending itself over his left shoulder, considerably above his head. He carried another in his hand.

"Thou art punctual," he called out to Arthur Philipson, in a voice which was distinctly heard above the roar of the waterfall, which it seemed to rival in sullen force. "But I judged thou wouldst come without a two-handed sword. There is my kinsman Ernest's," he said, throwing on the ground the weapon which he carried, with the hilt towards the young Englishman. "Look, stranger, that thou disgrace it not, for my kinsman will never forgive me if thou dost. Or thou mayst have mine if thou likest it better."

The Englishman looked at the weapon, with some surprise, to the use of which he was totally unaccustomed.

"The challenger," he said, "in all countries where honour is known, accepts the arms of the challenged."

"He who fights on a Swiss mountain, fights with a Swiss brand," answered Rudolf. "Think you our hands are made to handle penknives?"

"Nor are ours made to wield scythes," said Arthur; and muttered betwixt his teeth, as he looked at the sword, which the Swiss continued to offer him—"Usum non habeo, I have not proved the weapon."

"Do you repent the bargain you have made?" said the Swiss; "if so, cry craven, and return in safety."

Speak plainly, instead of prattling Latin like a clerk or a shaven monk."

"No, proud man," replied the Englishman, "I ask thee no forbearance. I thought but of a combat between a shepherd and a giant, in which God gave the victory to him who had worse odds of weapons than falls to my lot to-day. I will fight as I stand; my own good sword shall serve my need now, as it has done before."

"Content!—But blame not me who offered thee equality of weapons," said the mountaineer. "And now hear me. This is a fight for life or death—yon waterfall sounds the alarm for our conflict.—Yes, old bellower," he continued, looking back, "it is long since thou hast heard the noise of battle;—and look at it ere we begin, stranger, for if you fall, I will commit your body to its waters."

"And if thou fall'st, proud Swiss," answered Arthur, "as well I trust thy presumption leads to destruction, I will have thee buried in the church at Einsiedlen, where the priests shall sing masses for thy soul—thy two-handed sword shall be displayed above thy grave, and a scroll shall tell the passenger, Here lies a bear's cub of Berne, slain by Arthur the Englishman."

"The stone is not in Switzerland, rocky as it is," said Rudolf, scornfully, "that shall bear that inscription. Prepare thyself for battle."

The Englishman cast a calm and deliberate glance around the scene of action—a court-yard, partly open, partly encumbered with ruins, in less and larger masses.

Methinks, said he to himself, a master of his weapon, with the instructions of Bottaferra of Florence in his remembrance, a light heart, a good blade, a firm hand, and a just cause, might make up a worse odds than two feet of steel.

Thinking thus, and imprinting on his mind as much as the time would permit, every circumstance of the locality around him which promised advantage in the combat, and taking his station in the middle of the court-yard where the ground was entirely clear, he flung his cloak from him, and drew his sword.

Rudolph had at first believed that his foreign antagonist was an effeminate youth, who would be swept from before him at the first flourish of his tremendous weapon. But the firm and watchful attitude assumed by the young man, reminded the Swiss of the deficiencies of his own unwieldy implement, and made him determine to avoid any precipitation which might give advantage to an enemy who seemed both daring and vigilant. He unsheathed his huge sword, by drawing it over the left shoulder, an operation which required some little time, and might have offered formidable advantage to his antagonist, had Arthur's sense of honour permitted him to begin the attack ere it was completed. The Englishman remained firm, however, until the Swiss, displaying his bright brand to the morning sun, made three or four flourishes as if to prove its weight, and the facility with which he wielded it—then stood firm within sword-stroke of his adversary, grasping his weapon with both hands, and advancing it a little before his body, with the blade pointed straight upwards. The Englishman, on the contrary, carried his sword in one hand, holding it

across his face in a horizontal position, so as to be at once ready to strike, thrust, or parry.

"Strike, Englishman!" said the Switzer, after they had confronted each other in this manner for about a minute.

"The longest sword should strike first," said Arthur; and the words had not left his mouth when the Swiss sword rose, and descended with a rapidity which, the weight and size of the weapon considered, appeared portentous. No parry, however dexterously interposed, could have baffled the ruinous descent of that dreadful weapon, by which the champion of Berne had hoped at once to begin the battle and end it. But young Philipson had not overestimated the justice of his own eye, or the activity of his limbs. Ere the blade descended, a sudden spring to one side carried him from beneath its heavy sway, and before the Swiss could again raise his sword aloft, he received a wound, though a slight one, upon the left arm. Irritated at the failure and at the wound, the Switzer heaved up his sword once more, and availing himself of a strength corresponding to his size, he discharged towards his adversary a succession of blows, downright, athwart, horizontal, and from left to right, with such surprising strength and velocity, that it required all the address of the young Englishman, by parrying, shifting, eluding, or retreating, to evade a storm, of which every individual blow seemed sufficient to cleave a solid rock. The Englishman was compelled to give ground, now backwards, now swerving to the one side or the other, now availing himself of the fragments of the ruins, but watching all the while, with the utmost composure, the moment when the strength of his enraged enemy might become somewhat exhausted, or when by some improvident or furious blow he might again lay himself open to a close attack. The latter of these advantages had nearly occurred, for in the middle of his headlong charge, the Switzer stumbled over a large stone concealed among the long grass, and, ere he could recover himself, received a severe blow across the head from his antagonist. It lighted upon his bonnet, the lining of which enclosed a small steel cap, so that he escaped unwounded, and springing up, renewed the battle with unabated fury, though it seemed to the young Englishman with breath somewhat short, and blows dealt with more caution.

They were still contending with equal fortune, when a stern voice, rising over the clash of swords, as well as the roar of waters, called out in a commanding tone, "On your lives, forbear!"

The two combatants sunk the points of their swords, not very sorry perhaps for the interruption of a strife which must otherwise have had a deadly termination. They looked round, and the Landamman stood before them, with anger frowning on his broad and expressive forehead.

"How now, boys!" he said; "are you guests of Arnold Biederman, and do you dishonour his house by acts of violence more becoming the wolves of the mountains, than beings to whom the great Creator has given a form after his own likeness, and an immortal soul to be saved by penance and repentance?"

"Arthur," said the elder Philipson, who had come up at the same time with their host, "what frenzy

is this? Are your duties of so light and heedless a nature, as to give time and place for quarrels and combats with every idle boor who chances to be boastful at once and bull-headed?"

The young men, whose strife had ceased at the entrance of these unexpected spectators, stood looking at each other, and resting on their swords.

"Rudolph Donnerhugel," said the Landamman, "give thy sword to me—to me, the owner of this ground, the master of this family, and magistrate of the canton."

"And which is more," answered Rudolph, submissively, "to you who are Arnold Biederman, at whose command every native of these mountains draws his sword or sheathes it."

He gave his two-handed sword to the Landamman.

"Now, by my honest word," said Biederman, "it is the same with which thy father Stephen fought so gloriously at Sempach, abreast with the famous De Winkelried! Shame it is, that it should be drawn on a helpless stranger.—And you, young sir," continued the Swiss, addressing Arthur, while his father said at the same time, "Young man, yield up your sword to the Landamman."

"It shall not need, sir," replied the young Englishman, "since, for my part, I hold our strife at an end. This gallant gentleman called me hither on a trial, as I conceive, of courage: I can give my unqualified testimony to his gallantry and swordmanship; and as I trust he will say nothing to the shame of my manhood, I think our strife has lasted long enough for the purpose which gave rise to it."

"Too long for me," said Rudolph, frankly; "the green sleeve of my doublet, which I wore of that colour in love to the Forest Cantons, is now stained into as dirty a crimson as could have been done by any dyer in Ypres or Ghent. But I heartily forgive the brave stranger who has spoiled my jerkin, and given its master a lesson he will not soon forget. Had all Englishmen been like your guest, worthy kinsman, methinks the mound at Buttisholz had hardly risen so high."

"Cousin Rudolph," said the Landamman, smoothing his brow as his kinsman spoke, "I have ever thought thee as generous as thou art hare-brained and quarrelsome; and you, my young guest, may rely, that when a Swiss says the quarrel is over, there is no chance of its being renewed. We are not like the men of the valleys to the eastward, who nurse revenge as if it were a favourite child. And now, join hands, my children, and let us forget this foolish feud."

"Here is my hand, brave stranger," said Donnerhugel; "thou hast taught me a trick of fence, and when we have broken our fast, we will, by your leave, to the forest, where I will teach you a trick of woodcraft in return. When your foot hath half the experience of your hand, and your eye hath gained a portion of the steadiness of your heart, you will not find many hunters to match you."

Arthur, with all the ready confidence of youth, readily embraced a proposition so frankly made; and before they reached the house, various subjects of sport were eagerly discussed between them, with

as much cordiality as if no disturbance of their concord had taken place.

"Now this," said the Landamman, "is as it should be. I am ever ready to forgive the headlong impetuosity of our youth, if they will be but manly and open in their reconciliation, and bear their heart on their tongue, as a true Swiss should."

"These two youths had made but wild work of it, however," said Philipson, "had not your care, my worthy host, learned of their rendezvous, and called me to assist in breaking their purpose. May I ask how it came to your knowledge so opportunely?"

"It was e'en through means of my domestic fairy," answered Arnold Biederman, "who seems born for the good luck of my family,—I mean my niece, Anne, who had observed a glove exchanged betwixt the two young braggadocios, and heard them mention Geierstein and break of day. O, sir, it is much to see a woman's sharpness of wit! it would have been long enough ere any of my thick-headed sons had shown themselves so apprehensive."

"I think I see our propitious protectress peeping at us from yonder high ground," said Philipson; "but it seems as if she would willingly observe us without being seen in return."

"Ay," said the Landamman, "she has been looking out to see that there has been no hurt done; and now I warrant me, the foolish girl is ashamed of having shown such a laudable degree of interest in a matter of the kind."

"Methinks," said the Englishman, "I would willingly return my thanks, in your presence, to the fair maiden to whom I have been so highly indebted."

"There can be no better time than the present," said the Landamman; and he sent through the groves the maiden's name, in one of those shrilly accented tones which we have already noticed.

Anne of Geierstein, as Philipson had before observed, was stationed upon a knoll at some distance, and concealed, as she thought, from notice, by a screen of brushwood. She started at her uncle's summons, therefore, but presently obeyed it; and avoiding the young men, who passed on foremost, she joined the Landamman and Philipson, by a circuitous path through the woods.

"My worthy friend and guest would speak with you, Anne," said the Landamman, so soon as the morning greeting had been exchanged. The Swiss maiden coloured over brow as well as cheek, when Philipson, with a grace which seemed beyond his calling, addressed her in these words:—

"It happens sometimes to us merchants, my fair young friend, that we are unlucky enough not to possess means for the instant defraying of our debts; but he is justly held amongst us as the meanest of mankind who does not acknowledge them. Accept, therefore, the thanks of a father, whose son your courage, only yesterday, saved from destruction, and whom your prudence has, this very morning, rescued from a great danger. And grieve me not, by refusing to wear these ear-rings," he added, producing a small jewel-case, which he opened as he spoke; "they are, it is true, only of pearls, but they have not been thought unworthy the ears of a countess—"

"And must, therefore," said the old Landamman

"show misplaced on the person of a Swiss maiden of Unterwalden; for such and no more is my niece Anne while she resides in my solitude. Methinks, good Master Philipson, you display less than your usual judgment in matching the quality of your gifts with the rank of her on whom they are bestowed—as a merchant, too, you should remember that large guerdons will lighten your gains."

"Let me crave your pardon, my good host," answered the Englishman, "while I reply, that at least I have consulted my own sense of the obligation under which I labour, and have chosen, out of what I have at my free disposal, that which I thought might best express it. I trust the host whom I have found hitherto so kind, will not prevent this young maiden from accepting what is at least not unbecoming the rank she is born to; and you will judge me unjustly if you think me capable of doing either myself or you the wrong, of offering any token of a value beyond what I can well spare."

The Landamman took the jewel-case into his own hand.

"I have ever set my countenance," he said, "against gaudy gems, which are leading us daily further astray from the simplicity of our fathers and mothers.—And yet," he added, with a good-humoured smile, and holding one of the ear-rings close to his relation's face, "the ornaments do set off the wench rarely, and they say girls have more pleasure in wearing such toys than grey-haired men can comprehend. Wherefore, dear Anne, as thou hast deserved a dearer trust in a greater matter, I refer thee entirely to thine own wisdom, to accept of our good friend's costly present, and wear it or not as thou thinkest fit."

"Since such is your pleasure, my best friend and kinsman," said the young maiden, blushing as she spoke, "I will not give pain to our valued guest, by refusing what he desires so earnestly that I should accept; but, by his leave, good uncle, and yours, I will bestow these splendid ear-rings on the shrine of Our Lady of Einsiedlen, to express our general gratitude to her protecting favour, which has been around us in the terrors of yesterday's storm, and the alarms of this morning's discord."

"By Our Lady, the wench speaks sensibly," said the Landamman; "and her wisdom has applied thy bounty well, my good guest, to bespeak prayers for thy family and mine, and for the general peace of Unterwalden.—Go to, Anne, thou shalt have a necklace of jet at next shearing-feast, if our fleeces bear any price in the market."

CHAPTER VII.

Let him who will not proffer'd peace receive,
Be sated with the plagues which war can give;
And well thy hatred of the peace is known,
If now thy soul reject the friendship shown.

HOOLE'S *Tasso*.

THE confidence betwixt the Landamman and the English merchant appeared to increase during the course of a few busy days, which occurred before that appointed for the commencement of their journey to the court of Charles of Burgundy. The state of Europe, and of the Helvetian Confederacy, has been already alluded to; but, for the distinct explanation of our story, may be here briefly recapitulated.

In the interval of a week, whilst the English travellers remained at Geierstein, meetings or diets, were held, as well of the City Cantons of the confederacy, as of those of the Forest. The former, aggrieved by the taxes imposed on their commerce by the Duke of Burgundy, rendered yet more intolerable by the violence of the agents whom he employed in such oppression, were eager for war, in which they had hitherto uniformly found victory and wealth. Many of them were also privately instigated to arms by the largesses of Lewis XI, who spared neither in intrigues nor gold to effect a breach betwixt these dauntless confederates and his formidable enemy, Charles the Bold.

On the other hand, there were many reasons which appeared to render it impolitic for the Switzers to engage in war with one of the most wealthy, most obstinate, and most powerful princes in Europe,—for such unquestionably was Charles of Burgundy,—without the existence of some strong reason affecting their own honour and independence. Every day brought fresh intelligence from the interior, that Edward the Fourth of England had entered into a strict and intimate alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Duke of Burgundy, and that it was the purpose of the English King, renowned for his numerous victories over the rival House of Lancaster, by which, after various reverses, he had obtained undisputed possession of the throne, to re-assert his claims to those provinces of France, so long held by his ancestors. It seemed as if this alone were wanting to his fame, and that, having subdued his internal enemies, he now turned his eyes to the regaining of those rich and valuable foreign possessions which had been lost during the administration of the feeble Henry VI, and the civil discords so dreadfully prosecuted in the wars of the White and Red Roses. It was universally known, that throughout England generally, the loss of the French provinces was felt as a national degradation; and that not only the nobility, who had in consequence been deprived of the large fiefs which they had held in Normandy, Gascony, Maine and Anjou, but the warlike gentry, accustomed to gain both fame and wealth at the expense of France, and the fiery yeomanry, whose bows had decided so many fatal battles, were as eager to renew the conflict, as their ancestors, of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, had been to follow their sovereign to the fields of victory, on which their deeds had conferred deathless renown.

The latest and most authentic intelligence bore, that the King of England was on the point of passing to France in person (an invasion rendered easy by his possession of Calais), with an army superior in numbers and discipline to any with which an English monarch had ever before entered that kingdom; that all the hostile preparations were completed, and that the arrival of Edward might instantly be expected; whilst the powerful co-operation of the Duke of Burgundy, and the assistance of numerous disaffected French noblemen in the provinces which had been so long under the English dominion, threatened a fearful issue of the war to Lewis XI, sagacious, wise, and powerful as that prince unquestionably was.

It would no doubt have been the wisest policy of

Charles of Burgundy, when thus engaging in an alliance against his most formidable neighbour, and hereditary as well as personal enemy, to have avoided all cause of quarrel with the Helvetian Confederacy,—a poor but most warlike people, who already had been taught, by repeated success, to feel that their hardy infantry could, if necessary, engage on terms of equality, or even of advantage, the flower of that chivalry, which had hitherto been considered as forming the strength of European battle. But the measures of Charles, whom fortune had opposed to the most astucious and politic monarch of his time, were always dictated by passionate feeling and impulse, rather than by a judicious consideration of the circumstances in which he stood. Haughty, proud, and uncompromising, though neither destitute of honour or generosity, he despised and hated the paltry associations of herdsmen and shepherds, united with a few towns which subsisted chiefly by commerce; and instead of courting the Helvetian Cantons, like his crafty enemy, or at least affording them no ostensible pretence of quarrel, he omitted no opportunity of showing the disregard and contempt in which he held their upstart consequence, and of evincing the secret longing which he entertained to take vengeance upon them for the quantity of noble blood which they had shed, and to compensate the repeated successes they had gained over the feudal lords, of whom he imagined himself the destined avenger.

The Duke of Burgundy's possessions in the Alsatian territory afforded him many opportunities for wreaking his displeasure upon the Swiss League. The little castle and town of Ferette, lying within ten or eleven miles of Bâle, served as a thoroughfare to the traffic of Berne and Soleure, the two principal towns of the confederation. In this place the Duke posted a governor, or seneschal, who was also an administrator of the revenue, and seemed born on purpose to be the plague and scourge of his republican neighbours.

Archibald von Hagenbach was a German noble, whose possessions lay in Suabia, and was universally esteemed one of the fiercest and most lawless of that frontier nobility, known by the name of Robber-knights and Robber-counts. These dignitaries, because they held their fiefs of the Holy Roman Empire, claimed as complete sovereignty within their territories of a mile square, as any reigning prince of Germany in his more extended dominions. They levied tolls and taxes on strangers, and imprisoned, tried, and executed those who, they alleged, had committed offences within their petty domains. But especially, and in further exercise of their seignorial privileges, they made war on each other, and on the Free Cities of the Empire, attacking and plundering without mercy the caravans, or large trains of waggons, by which the internal commerce of Germany was carried on.

A succession of injuries done and received by Archibald of Hagenbach, who had been one of the fiercest sticklers for this privilege of *faustrecht*, or club-law, as it may be termed, had ended in his being obliged, though somewhat advanced in life, to leave a country where his tenure of existence was become extremely precarious, and to engage in the

service of the Duke of Burgundy, who willingly employed him, as he was a man of high descent and proved valour, and not the less, perhaps, that he was sure to find in a man of Hagenbach's fierce, rapacious, and haughty disposition, the unscrupulous executioner of whatsoever severities it might be his master's pleasure to enjoin.

The traders of Berne and Soleure, accordingly, made loud and violent complaints of Hagenbach's exactions. The impositions laid on commodities which passed through his district of La Ferette, to whatever place they might be ultimately bound, were arbitrarily increased, and the merchants and traders who hesitated to make instant payment of what was demanded, were exposed to imprisonment and personal punishment. The commercial towns of Germany appealed to the Duke against this iniquitous conduct on the part of the Governor of La Ferette, and requested of his Grace's goodness that he would withdraw Von Hagenbach; but the Duke treated their complaints with contempt. The Swiss League carried their remonstrances higher, and required that justice should be done on the Governor of La Ferette as having offended against the law of nations; but they were equally unable to attract attention or obtain redress.

At length the Diet of the Confederation determined to send the solemn deputation which has been repeatedly mentioned. One or two of these envoys joined with the calm and prudent Arnold Biederman, in the hope that so solemn a measure might open the eyes of the Duke to the wicked injustice of his representative; others among the deputies, having no such peaceful views, were determined, by this resolute remonstrance, to pave the way for war.

Arnold Biederman was an especial advocate for peace, while its preservation was compatible with national independence, and the honour of the confederacy; but the younger Philipson soon discovered that the Landamman alone, of all his family, cherished these moderate views. The opinion of his sons had been swayed and seduced by the impetuous eloquence and overbearing influence of Rudolph of Donnerhugel, who, by some feats of peculiar gallantry, and the consideration due to the merit of his ancestors, had acquired an influence in the councils of his native canton, and with the youth of the League in general, beyond what was usually yielded by these wise republicans to men of his early age. Arthur, who was now an acceptable and welcome companion of all their hunting-parties and other sports, heard nothing among the young men but anticipations of war, rendered delightful by the hopes of booty and of distinction, which were to be obtained by the Switzers. The feats of their ancestors against the Germans had been so wonderful as to realize the fabulous victories of romance; and while the present race possessed the same hardy limbs, and the same inflexible courage, they eagerly anticipated the same distinguished success. When the Governor of La Ferette was mentioned in the conversation, he was usually spoken of as the ban-dog of Burgundy, or the Alsatian mastiff; and intimations were openly given, that, if his course were not instantly checked by his master, and he himself withdrawn from the frontiers of Switzerland, Archibald of Hagenbach would find his fortress no

protection from the awakened indignation of the wronged inhabitants of Soleure, and particularly of those of Berne.

This general disposition to war among the young Switzers was reported to the elder Philipson by his son, and led him at one time to hesitate whether he ought not rather to resume all the inconveniences and dangers of a journey, accompanied only by Arthur, than run the risk of the quarrels in which he might be involved by the unruly conduct of these fierce mountain youths, after they should have left their own frontiers. Such an event would have had, in a peculiar degree, the effect of destroying every purpose of his journey; but, respected as Arnold Biederman was by his family and countrymen, the English merchant concluded, upon the whole, that his influence would be able to restrain his companions until the great question of peace or war should be determined, and especially until they should have discharged their commission by obtaining an audience of the Duke of Burgundy; and after this he should be separated from their society, and not liable to be engaged in any responsibility for their ulterior measures.

After a delay of about ten days, the deputation commissioned to remonstrate with the Duke on the aggressions and exactions of Archibald of Hagenbach, at length assembled at Geierstein, from whence the members were to journey forth together. They were three in number, besides the young Bernese, and the Landamman of Unterwalden. One was, like Arnold, a proprietor from the Forest Cantons, wearing a dress scarcely handsomer than that of a common herdsman, but distinguished by the beauty and size of his long silvery beard. His name was Nicholas Bonstetten. Melchior Sturmthal, banner-bearer of Berne, a man of middle age, and a soldier of distinguished courage, with Adam Zimmerman, a burgess of Soleure, who was considerably older, completed the number of the envoys.

Each was dressed after his best fashion; but, notwithstanding that the severe eye of Arnold Biederman censured one or two silver belt buckles, as well as a chain of the same metal, which decorated the portly person of the Burgess of Soleure, it seemed that a powerful and victorious people, for such the Swiss were now to be esteemed, were never represented by an embassy of such patriarchal simplicity. The deputies travelled on foot, with their piked staves in their hands, like pilgrims bound for some place of devotion. Two mules, which bore their little stock of baggage, were led by young lads, sons or cousins of members of the embassy, who had obtained permission in this manner to get such a glance of the world beyond the mountains, as this journey promised to afford.

But although their retinue was small, so far as respected either state or personal attendance and accommodation, the dangerous circumstances of the times, and the very unsettled state of the country beyond their own territories, did not permit men charged with affairs of such importance to travel without a guard. Even the danger arising from the wolves, which, when pinched by the approach of winter, have been known to descend from their mountain fastnesses into open villages, such as those the travellers might chuse to quarter in, rendered the

presence of some escort necessary; and the bands of deserters from various services, who formed parties of banditti on the frontiers of Alsatia and Germany, combined to recommend such a precaution.

Accordingly, about twenty of the selected youth from the various Swiss cantons, including Rudiger, Ernest, and Sigismond, Arnold's three eldest sons, attended upon the deputation; they did not, however, observe any military order, or march close or near to the patriarchal train. On the contrary, they formed hunting-parties of five or six together, who explored the rocks, woods, and passes of the mountains, through which the envoys journeyed. Their slower pace allowed the active young men, who were accompanied by their large shaggy dogs, full time to destroy wolves and bears, or occasionally to surprise a chamois among the cliffs; while the hunters, even while in pursuit of their sport, were careful to examine such places as might afford opportunity for ambush, and thus ascertained the safety of the party whom they escorted, more securely than if they had attended close on their train. A peculiar note on the huge Swiss bugle, before described, formed of the horn of the mountain-bull, was the signal agreed upon for collecting in a body should danger occur. Rudolf Donnerhugel, so much younger than his brethren in the same important commission, took the command of this mountain body-guard, whom he usually accompanied in their sportive excursions. In point of arms, they were well provided; bearing two-handed swords, long partizans and spears, as well as both cross and long-bows, short cutlasses, and huntsmen's knives. The heavier weapons, as impeding their activity, were carried with the baggage, but were ready to be assumed on the slightest alarm.

Arthur Philipson, like his late antagonist, naturally preferred the company and sports of the younger men, to the grave conversation and slow pace of the fathers of the mountain commonwealth. There was, however, one temptation to loiter with the baggage, which, had other circumstances permitted, might have reconciled the young Englishman to forego the opportunities of sport which the Swiss youth so eagerly sought after, and endure the slow pace and grave conversation of the elders of the party. In a word, Anne of Geierstein, accompanied by a Swiss girl, her attendant, travelled in the rear of the deputation.

The two females were mounted upon asses, whose slow step hardly kept pace with the baggage-mules, and it may be fairly suspected that Arthur Philipson, in requital of the important services which he had received from that beautiful and interesting young woman, would have deemed it no extreme hardship to have afforded her occasionally his assistance on the journey, and the advantage of his conversation to relieve the tediousness of the way. But he dared not presume to offer attentions which the customs of the country did not seem to permit, since they were not attempted by any of the maiden's cousins, or even by Rudolf Donnerhugel, who certainly had hitherto appeared to neglect no opportunity to recommend himself to his fair cousin. Besides, Arthur had reflection enough to be convinced, that in yielding to the feelings which impelled him to cul-

tivate the acquaintance of this amiable young person, he would certainly incur the serious displeasure of his father, and probably also that of her uncle, by whose hospitality they had profited, and whose safe-conduct they were in the act of enjoying.

The young Englishman, therefore, pursued the same amusements which interested the other young men of the party, managing only, as frequently as their halts permitted, to venture upon offering to the maiden such marks of courtesy as could afford no room for remark or censure. And his character as a sportsman being now well established, he sometimes permitted himself, even when the game was afoot, to loiter in the vicinity of the path on which he could at least mark the flutter of the grey wimple of Anne of Geierstein, and the outline of the form which it shrouded. This indolence, as it seemed, was not unfavourably construed by his companions, being only accounted an indifference to the less noble or less dangerous game; for when the object was a bear, wolf, or other animal of prey, no spear, cutlass, or bow of the party, not even those of Rudolf Donnerhugel, were so prompt in the chase as those of the young Englishman.

Meantime, the elder Philipson had other and more serious subjects of consideration. He was a man, as the reader must have already seen, of much acquaintance with the world, in which he had acted parts different from that which he now sustained. Former feelings were recalled and awakened, by the view of sports familiar to his early years. The clamour of the hounds, echoing from the wild hills and dark forests through which they travelled; the sight of the gallant young huntsmen, appearing, as they brought the object of their chase to bay, amid airy cliffs and profound precipices, which seemed impervious to the human foot; the sounds of halloo and horn reverberating from hill to hill, had more than once well nigh impelled him to take a share in the hazardous but animating amusement, which, next to war, was then in most parts of Europe the most serious occupation of life. But the feeling was transient, and he became yet more deeply interested in studying the manners and opinions of the persons with whom he was travelling.

They seemed to be all coloured with the same downright and blunt simplicity which characterised Arnold Biederman, although it was in none of them elevated by the same dignity of thought or profound sagacity. In speaking of the political state of their country, they affected no secrecy; and although, with the exception of Rudolf, their own young men were not admitted into their councils, the exclusion seemed only adopted with a view to the necessary subordination of youth to age, and not for the purpose of observing any mystery. In the presence of the elder Philipson, they freely discussed the pretensions of the Duke of Burgundy, the means which their country possessed of maintaining her independence, and the firm resolution of the Helvetian League to bid defiance to the utmost force the world could bring against it, rather than submit to the slightest insult. In other respects, their views appeared wise and moderate, although both the Banneret of Berne, and the consequential Burgher of Soleure, seemed to hold the consequences of war more lightly than they were

viewed by the cautious Landamman of Unterwalden, and his venerable companion, Nicholas Bonstetten, who subscribed to all his opinions.

It frequently happened, that, quitting these subjects, the conversation turned on such as were less attractive to their fellow-traveller. The signs of the weather, the comparative fertility of recent seasons, the most advantageous mode of managing their orchard and rearing their crops, though interesting to the mountaineers themselves, gave Philipson slender amusement; and notwithstanding that the excellent Meinherr Zimmerman of Soleure would fain have joined with him in conversation respecting trade and merchandise, yet the Englishman, who dealt in articles of small bulk and considerable value, and traversed sea and land to carry on his traffic, could find few mutual topics to discuss with the Swiss trader, whose commerce only extended into the neighbouring districts of Burgundy and Germany, and whose goods consisted of coarse woollen cloths, fustian, hides, peltry, and such ordinary articles.

But, ever and anon, while the Switzers were discussing some paltry interests of trade, or describing some process of rude cultivation, or speaking of blights in grain, and the murrain amongst cattle, with all the dull minuteness of petty farmers and traders met at a country-fair, a well-known spot would recall the name and story of a battle in which some of them had served (for there were none of the party who had not been repeatedly in arms), and the military details, which in other countries were only the theme of knights and squires who had acted their part in them, or of learned clerks who laboured to record them, were, in this singular region, the familiar and intimate subjects of discussion with men whose peaceful occupations seemed to place them at an immeasurable distance from the profession of a soldier. This led the Englishman to think of the ancient inhabitants of Rome, where the plough was so readily exchanged for the sword, and the cultivation of a rude farm for the management of public affairs. He hinted this resemblance to the Landamman, who was naturally gratified with the compliment to his country, but presently replied—"May Heaven continue among us the homebred virtues of the Romans, and preserve us from their lust of conquest and love of foreign luxuries!"

The slow pace of the travellers, with various causes of delay which it is unnecessary to dwell upon, occasioned the deputation spending two nights on the road before they reached Bâle. The small towns or villages in which they quartered, received them with such marks of respectful hospitality as they had the means to bestow, and their arrival was a signal for a little feast, with which the heads of the community uniformly regaled them.

On such occasions, while the elders of the village entertained the deputies of the Confederation, the young men of the escort were provided for by those of their own age, several of whom, usually aware of their approach, were accustomed to join in the chase of the day, and made the strangers acquainted with the spots where game was most plenty.

These feasts were never prolonged to excess, and the most special dainties which composed them were kids, lambs, and game, the produce of the mountains.

Yet it seemed both to Arthur Philipson and his father, that the advantages of good cheer were more prized by the Banneret of Berne and the Burgess of Soleure, than by their host the Landamman, and the Deputy of Schwitz. There was no excess committed, as we have already said; but the deputies first-mentioned obviously understood the art of selecting the choicest morsels, and were connoisseurs in the good wine, chiefly of foreign growth, with which they freely washed it down. Arnold was too wise to censure what he had no means of amending; he contented himself by observing in his own person a rigorous diet, living indeed almost entirely upon vegetables and fair water, in which he was closely imitated by the old grey-bearded Nicholas Bonstetten, who seemed to make it his principal object to follow the Landamman's example in every thing.

It was, as we have already said, the third day after the commencement of their journey, before the Swiss deputation reached the vicinity of Bâle, in which city, then one of the largest in the south-western extremity of Germany, they proposed taking up their abode for the evening, nothing doubting a friendly reception. The town, it is true, was not then, nor till about thirty years afterwards, a part of the Swiss Confederation, to which it was only joined in 1501; but it was a Free Imperial City, connected with Berne, Soleure, Lucerne, and other towns of Switzerland, by mutual interests and constant intercourse. It was the object of the deputation to negotiate, if possible, a peace, which could not be more useful to themselves than to the city of Bâle, considering the interruptions of commerce which must be occasioned by a rupture between the Duke of Burgundy and the Cantons, and the great advantage which that city would derive by preserving a neutrality, situated as it was betwixt these two hostile powers.

They anticipated, therefore, as welcome a reception from the authorities of Bâle, as they had received while in the bounds of their own Confederation, since the interests of that city were so deeply concerned in the objects of their mission. The next chapter will show how far these expectations were realized.

CHAPTER VIII.

They saw that city, welcoming the Rhine,
As from his mountain heritage he bursts,
As purposed proud Orgetorix of yore,
Leaving the desert region of the hills,
To lord it o'er the fertile plains of Gaul.

Helvetia.

THE eyes of the English travellers, wearied with a succession of wild mountainous scenery, now gazed with pleasure upon a country, still indeed irregular and hilly in its surface, but capable of high cultivation, and adorned with corn-fields and vineyards. The Rhine, a broad and large river, poured its grey stream in a huge sweep through the landscape, and divided into two portions the city of Bâle, which is situated on its banks. The southern part, to which their path conducted them, displayed the celebrated cathedral, and the lofty terrace which runs in front of it, and seemed to remind the travellers that they now approached a country in which the operations of man could make themselves distinguished even among

the works of nature, instead of being lost, as the fate of the most splendid efforts of human labour must have been, among those tremendous mountains which they had so lately traversed.

They were yet a mile from the entrance of the city, when the party was met by one of the magistrates, attended by two or three citizens mounted on mules, the velvet housings of which expressed wealth and quality. They greeted the Landamman of Unterwalden and his party in a respectful manner, and the latter prepared themselves to hear, and make a suitable reply to, the hospitable invitation which they naturally expected to receive.

The message of the community of Bâle was, however, diametrically opposite to what they had anticipated. It was delivered with a good deal of diffidence and hesitation by the functionary who met them, and who certainly, while discharging his commission, did not appear to consider it as the most respectable which he might have borne. There were many professions of the most profound and fraternal regard for the cities of the Helvetian League, with whom the orator of Bâle declared his own state to be united in friendship and interests. But he ended by intimating, that, on account of certain cogent and weighty reasons, which should be satisfactorily explained at more leisure, the Free City of Bâle could not, this evening, receive within its walls the highly respected deputies, who were travelling, at the command of the Helvetian Diet, to the court of the Duke of Burgundy.

Philipson marked with much interest the effect which this most unexpected intimation produced on the members of the embassy. Rudolf Donnerhugel, who had joined their company as they approached Bâle, appeared less surprised than his associates, and, while he remained perfectly silent, seemed rather anxious to penetrate their sentiments, than disposed to express his own. It was not the first time the sagacious merchant had observed, that this bold and fiery young man could, when his purposes required it, place a strong constraint upon the natural impetuosity of his temper. For the others, the Banneret's brow darkened; the face of the Burgess of Soleure became flushed like the moon when rising in the north-west; the grey-bearded Deputy of Schwitz looked anxiously on Arnold Biederman; and the Landamman himself seemed more moved than was usual in a person of his equanimity. At length, he replied to the functionary of Bâle, in a voice somewhat altered by his feelings:—

"This is a singular message to the deputies of the Swiss Confederacy, bound as we are upon amicable mission, from the citizens of Bâle, whom we have always treated as our good friends, and who still profess to be so. The shelter of their roofs, the protection of their walls, the wonted intercourse of hospitality, is what no friendly state hath a right to refuse to the inhabitants of another."

"Nor is it with their will that the community of Bâle refuse it, worthy Landamman," replied the magistrate. "Not you alone, and your worthy associates, but your escort, and your very beasts of burden, should be entertained with all the kindness which the citizens of Bâle could bestow—But we act under constraint."

"And by whom exercised?" said the Banneret,

bursting out into passion. "Has the Emperor Sigismund profited so little by the example of his predecessors—"

"The Emperor," replied the delegate of Bâle, interrupting the Banneret, "is a well-intentioned and peaceful monarch, as he has been ever; but—there are Burgundian troops, of late, marched into the Sundgau, and messages have been sent to our state from Count Archibald of Hagenbach."

"Enough said," replied the Landamman. "Draw not farther the veil from a weakness for which you blush. I comprehend you entirely. Bâle lies too near the citadel of La Ferette to permit its citizens to consult their own inclinations. Brother, we see where your difficulty lies—we pity you—and we forgive your inhospitality."

"Nay, but hear me to an end, worthy Landamman," answered the magistrate. "There is here in the vicinity, an old hunting-seat of the Counts of Falkenstein, called Graffs-lust, which, though ruinous, yet may afford better lodgings than the open air, and is capable of some defence,—though Heaven forbid that any one should dare to intrude upon your repose! And hark ye hither, my worthy friends;—if you find in the old place some refreshments, as wine, beer, and the like, use them without scruple, for they are there for your accommodation."

"I do not refuse to occupy a place of security," said the Landamman; "for although the causing us to be excluded from Bâle may be only done in the spirit of petty insolence and malice, yet it may also, for what we can tell, be connected with some purpose of violence. Your provisions we thank you for; but we will not, with my consent, feed at the cost of friends, who are ashamed to own us unless by stealth."

"One thing more, my worthy sir," said the official of Bâle—"You have a maiden in company, who, I presume to think, is your daughter. There is but rough accommodation where you are going, even for men;—for women there is little better, though what we could we have done to arrange matters as well as may be. But rather let your daughter go with us back to Bâle, where my dame will be a mother to her, till next morning, when I will bring her to your camp in safety. We promised to shut our gates against the men of the Confederacy, but the women were not mentioned."

"You are subtle casuists, you men of Bâle," answered the Landamman; "but know, that from the time in which the Helvetians sallied forth to encounter Cæsar down to the present hour, the women of Switzerland, in the press of danger, have had their abode in the camp of their fathers, brothers, and husbands, and sought no farther safety than they might find in the courage of their relations. We have enough of men to protect our women, and my niece shall remain with us, and take the fate which Heaven may send us."

"Adieu then, worthy friend," said the magistrate of Bâle; "it grieves me to part with you thus, but evil fate will have it so. Yonder grassy avenue will conduct you to the old hunting-seat, where Heaven send that you may pass a quiet night; for, apart from other risks, men say that these ruins have no good name. Will you yet permit your niece, since

such the young person is, to pass to Bâle for the night in my company?"

"If we are disturbed by beings like ourselves," said Arnold Biederman, "we have strong arms, and heavy partizans; if we should be visited, as your words would imply by those of a different description, we have, or should have, good consciences, and confidence in Heaven.—Good friends, my brethren on this embassy, have I spoken your sentiments as well as mine own?"

The other deputies intimated their assent to what their companion had said, and the citizens of Bâle took a courteous farewell of their guests, endeavouring, by the excess of civility, to atone for their deficiency in effective hospitality. After their departure, Rudolf was the first to express his sense of their pusillanimous behaviour, "Coward dogs!" he said; "may the Butcher of Burgundy flay the very skins from them with his exactions, to teach them to disown old friendships, rather than abide the lightest blast of a tyrant's anger!"

"And not even their own tyrant either," said another of the group,—for several of the young men had gathered round their seniors, to hear the welcome which they expected from the magistrates of Bâle.

"No," replied Ernest, one of Arnold Biederman's sons, "they do not pretend that the Emperor hath interfered with them; but a word of the Duke of Burgundy, which should be no more to them than a breath of wind from the west, is sufficient to stir them to such brutal inhospitality. It were well to march to the city, and compel them at the sword's point to give us shelter."

A murmur of applause arose amongst the youth around, which awakened the displeasure of Arnold Biederman.

"Did I hear," he said, "the tongue of a son of mine, or was it that of a brutish Lanknecht, who has no pleasure but in battle or violence? Where is the modesty of the youth of Switzerland, who were wont to wait the signal for action till it pleased the elders of the canton to give it, and were as gentle as maidens till the voice of their patriarchs bade them be bold as lions?"

"I meant no harm, father," said Ernest, abashed with this rebuke, "far less any slight towards you; but I must needs say——"

"Say not a word, my son," replied Arnold, "but leave our camp to-morrow by break of day; and as thou takest thy way back to Geierstein, to which I command thine instant return, remember, that he is not fit to visit strange countries, who cannot rule his tongue before his own countrymen, and to his own father."

The Banneret of Berne, the Burgess of Soleure, even the long-bearded Deputy from Schwitz, endeavoured to intercede for the offender, and obtain a remission of his banishment; but it was in vain.

"No, my good friends and brethren, no," replied Arnold. "These young men require an example; an though I am grieved in one sense that the offence has chanced within my own family, yet I am pleased in another light, that the delinquent should be one over whom I can exercise full authority, without suspicion of partiality.—Ernest, my son, thou hast heard my commands: Return to Geierstein with the morn-

ing's light, and let me find thee an altered man when I return thither."

The young Swiss, who was evidently much hurt and shocked at this public affront, placed one knee on the ground, and kissed his father's right hand, while Arnold, without the slightest sign of anger, bestowed his blessing upon him; and Ernest, without a word of remonstrance, fell into the rear of the party. The deputation then proceeded down the avenue which had been pointed out to them, and at the bottom of which arose the massy ruins of Graffslust; but there was not enough of daylight remaining to discern their exact form. They could observe as they drew nearer, and as the night became darker, that three or four windows were lighted up, while the rest of the front remained obscured in gloom. When they arrived at the place, they perceived it was surrounded by a large and deep moat, the sullen surface of which reflected, though faintly, the glimmer of the lights within.

CHAPTER IX.

Francisco. Give you good night.

Marcellus. O, farewell, honest soldier.

Who hath relieved you?

Francisco. Give you good night; Bernardo hath my place.
Hamlet.

THE first occupation of our travellers was to find the means of crossing the moat, and they were not long of discovering the *tête-du-pont* on which the drawbridge, when lowered, had formerly rested. The bridge itself had been long decayed, but a temporary passage of fir-trees and planks had been constructed, apparently very lately, which admitted them to the chief entrance of the castle. On entering it, they found a wicket opening under the archway, which, glimmering with light, served to guide them to a hall prepared evidently for their accommodation as well as circumstances had admitted of.

A large fire of well-seasoned wood burned blithely in the chimney, and had been maintained so long there, that the air of the hall, notwithstanding its great size and somewhat ruinous aspect, felt mild and genial. There was also at the end of the apartment a stack of wood, large enough to maintain the fire had they been to remain there a week. Two or three long tables in the hall stood covered and ready for their reception; and, on looking more closely, several large hampers were found in a corner, containing cold provisions of every kind, prepared with great care, for their immediate use. The eyes of the good Burgess of Soleure twinkled when he beheld the young men in the act of transferring the supper from the hampers, and arranging it on the table.

"Well," said he, "these poor men of Bâle have saved their character; since, if they have fallen short in welcome, they have abounded in good cheer."

"Ah, friend!" said Arnold Biederman, "the absence of the landlord is a great deduction from the entertainment. Better half an apple from the hand of your host, than a bridal feast without his company."

"We owe them the less for their banquet," said the Banneret. "But, from the doubtful language they held, I should judge it meet to keep a strong

guard to night, and even that some of our young men should, from time to time, patrol around the old ruins. The place is strong and defensible, and so far our thanks are due to those who have acted as our quarter-masters. We will, however, with your permission, my honoured brethren, examine the house within, and then arrange regular guards and patrols. —To your duty then, young men, and search these ruins carefully,—they may perchance contain more than ourselves; for we are now near one who, like a pilfering fox, moves more willingly by night than by day, and seeks his prey amidst ruins and wildernesses rather than in the open field."

All agreed to this proposal. The young men took torches, of which a good provision had been left for their use, and made a strict search through the ruins.

The greater part of the castle was much more wasted and ruinous than the portion which the citizens of Bâle seemed to have destined for the accommodation of the embassy. Some parts were roofless, and the whole desolate. The glare of light—the gleam of arms—the sound of the human voice, and echoes of mortal tread, startled from their dark recesses bats, owls, and other birds of ill omen, the usual inhabitants of such time-worn edifices, whose flight through the desolate chambers repeatedly occasioned alarm amongst those who heard the noise without seeing the cause, and shouts of laughter when it became known. They discovered that the deep moat surrounded their place of retreat on all sides, and of course that they were in safety against any attack which could be made from without, except it was attempted by the main entrance, which it was easy to barricade, and guard with sentinels. They also ascertained, by strict search, that though it was possible an individual might be concealed amid such a waste of ruins, yet it was altogether impossible that any number which might be formidable to so large a party as their own, could have remained there without a certainty of discovery. These particulars were reported to the Banneret, who directed Donnerhugel to take charge of a body of six of the young men, such as he should himself chuse, to patrol on the outside of the building till the first cock-crowing, and at that hour to return to the castle, when the same number were to take the duty till morning dawned, and then be relieved in their turn. Rudolf declared his own intention to remain on guard the whole night; and as he was equally remarkable for vigilance as for strength and courage, the external watch was considered as safely provided for, it being settled that, in case of any sudden rencounter, the deep and hoarse sound of the Swiss bugle should be the signal for sending support to the patrolling party.

Withinside the castle, the precautions were taken with equal vigilance. A sentinel, to be relieved every two hours, was appointed to take post at the principal gate, and other two kept watch on the other side of the castle, although the moat appeared to insure its safety in that quarter.

These precautions being taken, the remainder of the party sat down to refresh themselves, the deputies occupying the upper part of the hall, while those of their escort modestly arranged themselves in the lower end of the same large apartment. Quanti-

ties of hay and straw, which were left piled in the wide castle, were put to the purpose for which undoubtedly they had been destined by the citizens of Bâle, and, with the aid of cloaks and mantles, were judged excellent good bedding by a hardy race, who, in war or the chase, were often well satisfied with a much worse night's lair.

The attention of the Bâlese had even gone so far as to provide for Anne of Geierstein separate accommodation, more suitable to her use than that assigned to the men of the party. An apartment, which had probably been the buttery of the castle, entered from the hall, and had also a doorway leading out into a passage connected with the ruins; but this last had hastily, yet carefully, been built up with large hewn stones taken from the ruins; without mortar, indeed, or any other cement, but so well secured by their own weight, that an attempt to displace them must have alarmed not only any one who might be in the apartment itself, but also those who were in the hall adjacent, or indeed in any part of the castle. In the small room thus carefully arranged and secured there were two pallet-beds and a large fire, which blazed on the hearth, and gave warmth and comfort to the apartment. Even the means of devotion were not forgotten, a small crucifix of bronze being hung over a table, on which lay a breviary.

Those who first discovered this little place of retreat, came back loud in praise of the delicacy of the citizens of Bâle, who, while preparing for the general accommodation of the strangers, had not failed to provide separately and peculiarly for that of their female companion.

Arnold Biederman felt the kindness of this conduct. "We should pity our friends of Bâle, and not nourish resentment against them," he said. "They have stretched their kindness towards us as far as their personal apprehensions permitted; and that is saying no small matter for them, my masters, for no passion is so unutterably selfish as that of fear.—Anne, my love, thou art fatigued. Go to the retreat provided for you, and Lizette shall bring you from this abundant mass of provisions what will be fittest for your evening meal."

So saying, he led his niece into the little bed-room, and, looking round with an air of complacency, wished her good repose; but there was something on the maiden's brow which seemed to augur that her uncle's wishes would not be fulfilled. From the moment she had left Switzerland, her looks had become clouded; her intercourse with those who approached her had grown more brief and rare; her whole appearance was marked with secret anxiety or secret sorrow. This did not escape her uncle, who naturally imputed it to the pain of parting from him, which was probably soon to take place, and to her regret at leaving the tranquil spot in which so many years of her youth had been spent.

But Anne of Geierstein had no sooner entered the apartment, than her whole frame trembled violently, and the colour leaving her cheeks entirely, she sunk down on one of the pallets, where, resting her elbows on her knees, and pressing her hands on her forehead, she rather resembled a person borne down by mental distress, or oppressed by some severe illness, than one who, tired with a journey, was in haste to betake

herself to needful rest. Arnold was not quick-sighted as to the many sources of female passion. He saw that his niece suffered; but imputing it only to the causes already mentioned, augmented by the hysterical effects often produced by fatigue, he gently blamed her for having departed from her character of a Swiss maiden ere she was yet out of reach of a Swiss breeze of wind.

"Thou must not let the dames of Germany or Flanders think that our daughters have degenerated from their mothers; else must we fight the battles of Sempach and Laupen over again, to convince the Emperor, and this haughty Duke of Burgundy, that our men are of the same mettle with their forefathers. And as for our parting, I do not fear it. My brother is a Count of the Empire, indeed, and, therefore, he must needs satisfy himself that every thing over which he possesses any title shall be at his command, and sends for thee to prove his right of doing so. But I know him well: He will no sooner be satisfied that he may command thy attendance at pleasure, than he will concern himself about thee no more. Thee? alas! poor thing, in what couldst thou aid his courtly intrigues and ambitious plans? No, no—thou art not for the noble Count's purpose, and must be content to trudge back to rule the dairy at Geierstein, and be the darling of thine old peasantlike uncle."

"Would to God we were there even now!" said the maiden, in a tone of distress which she strove in vain to conceal or suppress.

"That may hardly be till we have executed the purpose which brought us hither," said the literal Landamman. "But lay thee on thy pallet, Anne—take a morsel of food, and three drops of wine, and thou wilt wake to-morrow as gay as on a Swiss holiday, when the pipe sounds the reveillie."

Anne was now able to plead a severe headach, and declining all refreshment, which she declared herself incapable of tasting, she bade her uncle good night. She then desired Lizette to get some food for herself, cautioning her, as she returned, to make as little noise as possible, and not to break her repose if she should have the good fortune to fall asleep. Arnold Biederman then kissed his niece, and returned to the hall, where his colleagues in office were impatient to commence an attack on the provisions which were in readiness; to which the escort of young men, diminished by the patrols and sentinels, were no less disposed than their seniors.

The signal of assault was given by the Deputy from Schwitz, the eldest of the party, pronouncing in patriarchal form a benediction over the meal. The travellers then commenced their operations with a vivacity, which showed that the uncertainty whether they should get any food, and the delays which had occurred in arranging themselves in their quarters, had infinitely increased their appetites. Even the Landamman, whose moderation sometimes approached to abstinence, seemed that night in a more genial humour than ordinary. His friend of Schwitz, after his example, ate, drank, and spoke more than usual; while the rest of the deputies pushed their meal to the verge of a carousal. The elder Philipson marked the scene with an attentive and anxious eye, confining his applications to the wine-cup to such pledges as the politeness of the times called upon him to reply

to. His son had left the hall just as the banquet began, in the manner which we are now to relate.

Arthur had proposed to himself to join the youths who were to perform the duty of sentinels within, or patrols on the outside of their place of repose, and had indeed made some arrangement for that purpose with Sigismund, the third of the Landamman's sons. But while about to steal a parting glance at Anne of Geierstein, before offering his service as he proposed, there appeared on her brow such a deep and solemn expression, as diverted his thoughts from every other subject, excepting the anxious doubts as to what could possibly have given rise to such a change. The placid openness of brow; the eye which expressed conscious and fearless innocence; the lips which, seconded by a look as frank as her words, seemed ever ready to speak, in kindness and in confidence, that which the heart dictated, were for the moment entirely changed in character and expression, and in a degree and manner for which no ordinary cause could satisfactorily account. Fatigue might have banished the rose from the maiden's beautiful complexion, and sickness or pain might have dimmed her eye and clouded her brow. But the look of deep dejection with which she fixed her eyes at times on the ground, and the startled and terrified glance which she cast around her at other intervals, must have had their rise in some different source. Neither could illness or weariness explain the manner in which her lips were contracted or compressed together, like one who makes up her mind to act or behold something that is fearful, or account for the tremor which seemed at times to steal over her insensibly, though by a strong effort she was able at intervals to throw it off. For this change of expression there must be in the heart some deeply melancholy and afflicting cause. What could that cause be?

It is dangerous for youth to behold beauty in the pomp of all her charms, with every look bent upon conquest—more dangerous to see her in the hour of unaffected and unapprehensive ease and simplicity, yielding herself to the graceful whim of the moment, and as willing to be pleased as desirous of pleasing. There are minds which may be still more affected by gazing on beauty in sorrow, and feeling that pity, that desire of comforting the lovely mourner, which the poet has described as so nearly akin to love. But to a spirit of that romantic and adventurous cast which the Middle Ages frequently produced, the sight of a young and amiable person evidently in a state of terror and suffering, which had no visible cause, was perhaps still more impressive than beauty in her pride, her tenderness, or her sorrow. Such sentiments, it must be remembered, were not confined to the highest ranks only, but might then be found in all classes of society which were raised above the mere peasant or artizan. Young Philipson gazed on Anne of Geierstein with such intense curiosity, mingled with pity and tenderness, that the bustling scene around him seemed to vanish from his eyes, and leave no one in the noisy hall save himself and the object of his interest.

What could it be that so evidently oppressed and almost quailed a spirit so well balanced, and a courage so well tempered, when, being guarded by the swords of the bravest men perhaps to be found in Eu-

rope, and lodged in a place of strength, even the most timid of her sex might have found confidence? Surely if an attack were to be made upon them, the clamour of a conflict in such circumstances could scarce be more terrific than the roar of those cataracts which he had seen her despise? At least, he thought, she ought to be aware that there is ONE, who is bound by friendship and gratitude to fight to the death in her defence. Would to heaven, he continued in the same reverie, it were possible to convey to her, without sign or speech, the assurance of my unalterable resolution to protect her in the worst of perils!—As such thoughts streamed through his mind, Anne raised her eyes in one of those fits of deep feeling which seemed to overwhelm her; and, while she cast them round the hall, with a look of apprehension, as if she expected to see amid the well-known companions of her journey some strange and unwelcome apparition, they encountered the fixed and anxious gaze of young Philipson. They were instantly bent on the ground, while a deep blush showed how much she was conscious of having attracted his attention by her previous deportment.

Arthur, on his part, with equal consciousness, blushed as deeply as the maiden herself, and drew himself back from her observation. But when Anne rose up, and was escorted by her uncle to her bed-chamber, in the manner we have already mentioned, it seemed to Philipson as if she had carried with her from the apartment the lights with which it was illuminated, and left it in the twilight melancholy of some funeral hall. His deep musings were pursuing the subject which occupied them thus anxiously, when the manly voice of Donnerhugel spoke close in his ear—

"What, comrade, has our journey to-day fatigued you so much that you go to sleep upon your feet?"

"Now Heaven forbid, Hauptman," said the Englishman, starting from his reverie, and addressing Rudolf by this name, (signifying Captain, or literally Head-man,) which the youth of the expedition had by unanimous consent bestowed on him,—“Heaven forbid I should sleep, if there be aught like action in the wind.”

"Where dost thou purpose to be at cock-crow?" said the Swiss.

"Where duty shall call me, or your experience, noble Hauptman, shall appoint," replied Arthur. "But, with your leave, I purposed to take Sigismund's guard on the bridge till midnight or morning dawn. He still feels the sprain which he received in his spring after yonder chamois, and I persuaded him to take some uninterrupted rest, as the best mode of restoring his strength."

"He will do well to keep his counsel, then," again whispered Donnerhugel; "the old Landamman is not a man to make allowances for mishaps, when they interfere with duty. Those who are under his orders should have as few brains as a bull, as strong limbs as a bear, and be as impassible as lead or iron to all the casualties of life, and all the weaknesses of humanity."

Arthur replied in the same tone;—"I have been the Landamman's guest for some time and have seen no specimens of any such rigid discipline."

"You are a stranger," said the Swiss, "and the

old man has too much hospitality to lay you under the least restraint. You are a volunteer, too, in whatever share you chuse to take in our sports or our military duty; and therefore, when I ask you to walk abroad with me at the first cock-crowing, it is only in the event that such exercise shall entirely consist with your own pleasure."

"I consider myself as under your command for the time," said Philipson; "but not to bandy courtesy, at cock-crow I shall be relieved from my watch on the draw-bridge, and will be by that time glad to exchange the post for a more extended walk."

"Do you not chuse more of this fatiguing, and probably unnecessary duty, than may befit your strength?" said Rudolf.

"I take no more than you do," said Arthur, "as you propose not to take rest till morning."

"True," answered Donnerhugel, "but I am a Swiss."

"And I," answered Philipson quickly, "am an Englishman."

"I did not mean what I said in the sense you take it," said Rudolf, laughing; "I only meant, that I am more interested in this matter than you can be, who are a stranger to the cause in which we are personally engaged."

"I am a stranger, no doubt," replied Arthur; "but a stranger who has enjoyed your hospitality, and who, therefore, claims a right, while with you, to a share in your labours and dangers."

"Be it so," said Rudolf Donnerhugel. "I shall have finished my first rounds at the hour when the sentinels at the castle are relieved, and shall be ready to recommence them in your good company."

"Content," said the Englishman. "And now I will to my post, for I suspect Sigismund is blaming me already, as oblivious of my promise."

They hastened together to the gate, where Sigismund willingly yielded up his weapon and his guard to young Philipson, confirming the idea sometimes entertained of him, that he was the most indolent and least spirited of the family of Geierstein. Rudolf could not suppress his displeasure.

"What would the Landamman say," he demanded, "if he saw thee thus quietly yield up post and partizan to a stranger?"

"He would say I did well," answered the young man, nothing daunted; "for he is for ever reminding us to let the stranger have his own way in every thing; and English Arthur stands on this bridge by his own wish, and no asking of mine.—Therefore, kind Arthur since thou wilt barter warm straw and a sound sleep for frosty air and a clear moon-light, I make thee welcome with all my heart. Hear your duty. You are to stop all who enter, or attempt to enter, till they give the pass-word. If they are strangers, you must give alarm. But you will suffer such of our friends, as are known to you to pass outwards, without challenge or alarm, because the deputation may find occasion to send messengers abroad."

"A murrain on thee, thou lazy losel!" said Rudolf—"Thou art the only sluggard of thy kin."

"Then am I the only wise man of them all," said the youth.—"Hark ye, brave Hauptman, ye have supped this evening,—have ye not?"

"It is a point of wisdom, ye owl," answered the Bernese, "not to go into the forest fasting."

"If it is wisdom to eat when we are hungry," answered Sigismund, "there can be no folly in sleeping when we are weary." So saying, and after a desperate yawn or two, the relieved sentinel halted off, giving full effect to the sprain of which he complained.

"Yet there is strength in those loitering limbs, and valour in that indolent and sluggish spirit," said Rudolf to the Englishman. "But it is time that I, who censure others, should betake me to my own task.—Hither, comrades of the watch, hither."

The Bernese accompanied these words with a whistle, which brought from within six young men, whom he had previously chosen for the duty, and who, after a hurried supper, now waited his summons. One or two of them had large bloodhounds or lyme-dogs, which, though more usually employed in the pursuit of animals of chase, were also excellent for discovering ambuscades, in which duty their services were now to be employed. One of these animals was held in a leash, by the person who, forming the advance of the party, went about twenty yards in front of them; a second was the property of Donnerhugel himself, who had the creature singularly under command. Three of his companions attended him closely, and the two others followed, one of whom bore a horn of the Bernese wild bull, by way of bugle. This little party crossed the moat by the temporary bridge, and moved on to the verge of the forest, which lay adjacent to the castle, and the skirts of which were most likely to conceal any ambuscade that could be apprehended. The moon was now up, and near the full, so that Arthur, from the elevation on which the castle stood, could trace their slow, cautious march, amid the broad silver light, until they were lost in the depths of the forest.

When this object had ceased to occupy his eyes, the thoughts of his lonely watch again returned to Anne of Geierstein, and to the singular expression of distress and apprehension which had that evening clouded her beautiful features. Then the blush which had chased, for the moment, paleness and terror from her countenance, at the instant his eyes encountered hers—was it anger—was it modesty—was it some softer feeling, more gentle than the one, more tender than the other? Young Philipson, who, like Chaucer's Squire, was "as modest as a maid," almost trembled to give to that look the favourable interpretation, which a more self-satisfied gallant would have applied to it without scruple. No hue of rising or setting day was ever so lovely in the eyes of the young man, as that blush was in his recollection; nor did ever enthusiastic visionary, or poetical dreamer, find out so many fanciful forms in the clouds, as Arthur divined various interpretations from the indications of interest which had passed over the beautiful countenance of the Swiss maiden.

In the meantime, the thought suddenly burst on his reverie, that it could little concern him what was the cause of the perturbation she had exhibited. They had met at no distant period for the first time,—they must soon part for ever. She could be nothing more to him than the remembrance of a beautiful vision, and he could have no other part in her memory save as a

stranger from a foreign land, who had been a sojourner for a season in her uncle's house, but whom she could never expect to see again. When this idea intruded on the train of romantic visions which agitated him, it was like the sharp stroke of the harpoon, which awakens the whale from torpidity into violent action. The gateway in which the young soldier kept his watch seemed suddenly too narrow for him. He rushed across the temporary bridge, and hastily traversed a short space of ground in front of the *tête-du-pont*, or defensive work, on which its outer extremity rested.

Here for a time he paced the narrow extent to which he was confined by his duty as a sentinel, with long and rapid strides, as if he had been engaged by vow to take the greatest possible quantity of exercise upon that limited space of ground. His exertion, however, produced the effect of in some degree composing his mind, recalling him to himself, and reminding him of the numerous reasons which prohibited his fixing his attention, much more his affections, upon this young person, however fascinating she was.

I have surely, he thought, as he slackened his pace, and shouldered his heavy partizan, sense enough left to recollect my condition and my duties—to think of my father, to whom I am all in all—and to think also on the dishonour which must accrue to me, were I capable of winning the affections of a frank-hearted and confiding girl, to whom I could never do justice by dedicating my life to return them. “No,” he said to himself, “she will soon forget me, and I will study to remember her no otherwise than I would a pleasing dream, which hath for a moment crossed a night of perils and dangers, such as my life seems doomed to be.”

As he spoke, he stopped short in his beat, and, as he rested on his weapon, a tear rose unbidden to his eye, and stole down his cheek without being wiped away. But he combated this gentler mood of passion, as he had formerly battled with that which was of a wilder and more desperate character. Shaking off the dejection and sinking of spirit which he felt creeping upon him, he resumed, at the same time, the air and attitude of an attentive sentinel, and recalled his mind to the duties of his watch, which, in the tumult of his feelings, he had almost forgotten. But what was his astonishment, when, as he looked out on the moonlight landscape, there passed from the bridge towards the forest, crossing him in the broad moonlight, the living and moving likeness of Anne of Geierstein!

CHAPTER X.

We know not when we sleep or when we wake.
Visions distinct and perfect cross our eye
Which to the slumberer seem realities;
And while they waked, some men have seen such sights
As set at nought the evidence of sense,
And left them well persuaded they were dreaming.

Anonymous.

THE apparition of Anne of Geierstein crossed her lover—her admirer, at least we must call him—within shorter time than we can tell the story. But it was distinct, perfect, and undoubted. In the very instant when the young Englishman, shaking off his fond des-

VOL. VII.

pondency, raised his head to look out upon the scene of his watch, she came from the nearer end of the bridge, crossing the path of the sentinel, upon whom she did not even cast a look, and passed with a rapid yet steady pace towards the verge of the woodland.

It would have been natural, though Arthur had been directed not to challenge persons who left the castle, but only such as might approach it, that he should nevertheless, had it only been in mere civility, have held some communication, however slight, with the maiden as she crossed his post. But the suddenness of her appearance took from him for the instant both speech and motion. It seemed as if his own imagination had raised up a phantom, presenting to his outward senses the form and features which engrossed his mind; and he was silent, partly at least from the idea, that what he gazed upon was immaterial and not of this world.

It would have been no less natural that Anne of Geierstein should have in some manner acknowledged the person who had spent a considerable time under the same roof with her, had been often her partner in the dance, and her companion in the field; but she did not evince the slightest token of recognition, nor even look towards him as she passed; her eye was on the wood, to which she advanced swiftly and steadily, and she was hidden by its boughs ere Arthur had recollected himself sufficiently to determine what to do.

His first feeling was anger at himself for suffering her to pass unquestioned, when it might well chance, that upon any errand which called her forth at so extraordinary a time and place, he might have been enabled to afford her assistance, or at least advice. This sentiment was for a short time so predominant, that he ran towards the place where he had seen the skirt of her dress disappear, and whispering her name as loud as the fear of alarming the castle permitted, conjured her to return, and hear him but for a few brief moments. No answer, however, was returned; and when the branches of the trees began to darken over his head and to intercept the moonlight, he recollected that he was leaving his post, and exposing his fellow-travellers, who were trusting in his vigilance, to the danger of surprise.

He hastened, therefore, back to the castle-gate, with matter for deeper and more inextricable doubt and anxiety, than had occupied him during the commencement of his watch. He asked himself in vain, with what purpose that modest young maiden, whose manners were frank, but whose conduct had always seemed so delicate and reserved, could sally forth at midnight like a damsel-errant in romance, when she was in a strange country and suspicious neighbourhood; yet he rejected, as he would have shrunk from blasphemy, any interpretation which could have thrown censure upon Anne of Geierstein. No, nothing was she capable of doing for which a friend could have to blush. But connecting her previous agitation with the extraordinary fact of her leaving the castle, alone and defenceless, at such an hour, Arthur necessarily concluded it must argue some cogent reason, and, as was most likely, of an unpleasant nature.—“I will watch her return,” he internally uttered, “and, if she will give me an opportunity, I will convey to her the assurance that there is one faithful bosom in her neighbourhood,

which is bound in honour and gratitude to pour out every drop of its blood, if by doing so it can protect her from the slightest inconvenience. This is no silly flight of romance, for which common sense has a right to reproach me; it is only what I ought to do, what I must do, or forego every claim to be termed a man of honesty or honour."

Yet scarce did the young man think himself anchored on a resolution which seemed unobjectionable, than his thoughts were again adrift. He reflected that Anne might have a desire to visit the neighbouring town of Bâle, to which she had been invited the day before, and where her uncle had friends. It was indeed an uncommon hour to select for such a purpose; but Arthur was aware, that the Swiss maidens feared neither solitary walks nor late hours, and that Anne would have walked among her own hills by moonlight much farther than the distance betwixt their place of encampment and Bâle, to see a sick friend, or for any similar purpose. To press himself on her confidence, then, might be impertinence, not kindness; and as she passed him without taking the slightest notice of his presence, it was evident she did not mean voluntarily to make him her confidant; and probably she was involved in no difficulties where his aid could be useful. In that case, the duty of a gentleman was to permit her to return as she had gone forth, unnoticed and unquestioned, leaving it with herself to hold communication with him or not as she should chuse.

Another idea proper to the age also passed through his mind, though it made no strong impression upon it. This form, so perfectly resembling Anne of Geierstein, might be a deception of the sight, or it might be one of those fantastic apparitions, concerning which there were so many tales told in all countries, and of which Switzerland and Germany had, as Arthur well knew, their full share. The internal and undefinable feelings which restrained him from accosting the maiden, as might have been natural for him to have done, are easily explained, on the supposition that his mortal frame shrunk from an encounter with a being of a different nature. There had also been some expressions of the magistrate of Bâle, which might apply to the castle's being liable to be haunted by beings from another world. But though the general belief in such ghostly apparitions prevented the Englishman from being positively incredulous on the subject, yet the instructions of his father, a man of great intrepidity and distinguished good sense, had taught him to be extremely unwilling to refer any thing to supernatural interferences, which was capable of explanation by ordinary rules; and he therefore shook off, without difficulty, any feelings of superstitious fear, which for an instant connected itself with his nocturnal adventure. He resolved finally to suppress all disquieting conjecture on the subject, and to await firmly, if not patiently, the return of the fair vision, which, if it should not fully explain the mystery, seemed at least to afford the only chance of throwing light upon it.

Fixed, therefore, in purpose, he traversed the walk which his duty permitted, with his eyes fixed on the part of the forest where he had seen the beloved form disappear, and forgetful for the moment that his watch had any other purpose than to observe

her return. But from this abstraction of mind he was roused by a distant sound in the forest, which seemed the clash of armour. Recalled at once to a sense of his duty, and its importance to his father and his fellow-travellers, Arthur planted himself on the temporary bridge, where a stand could best be made, and turned both eyes and ears to watch for approaching danger. The sound of arms and footsteps came nearer—spears and helmets advanced from the green-wood glade, and twinkled in the moonlight. But the stately form of Rudolf Donnerhugel, marching in front, was easily recognised, and announced to our sentinel the return of the patrol. Upon their approach to the bridge, the challenge, and interchange of sign and countersign, which is usual on such occasions, took place in due form; and as Rudolf's party filed off one after another into the castle, he commanded them to wake their companions, with whom he intended to renew the patrol, and at the same time to send a relief to Arthur Philipson, whose watch on the bridge was now ended. This last fact was confirmed by the deep and distant toll of the Minster clock from the town of Bâle, which, prolonging its sullen sound over field and forest, announced that midnight was past.

"And now, comrade," continued Rudolf to the Englishman, "have the cold air and long watch determined thee to retire to food and rest, or dost thou still hold the intention of partaking our rounds?"

In very truth it would have been Arthur's choice to have remained in the place where he was, for the purpose of watching Anne of Geierstein's return from her mysterious excursion. He could not easily have found an excuse for this, however, and he was unwilling to give the haughty Donnerhugel the least suspicion that he was inferior in hardihood, or in the power of enduring fatigue, to any of the tall mountaineers, whose companion he was for the present. He did not, therefore, indulge even a moment's hesitation; but while he restored the borrowed partizan to the sluggish Sigismund, who came from the castle yawning and stretching himself like one whose slumbers had been broken by no welcome summons, when they were deepest and sweetest, he acquainted Rudolf that he retained his purpose of partaking in his reconnoitring duty. They were speedily joined by the rest of the patrolling party, amongst whom was Rudiger, the eldest son of the Landamman of Unterwalden; and when, led by the Bernese champion, they had reached the skirts of the forest, Rudolf commanded three of them to attend Rudiger Biederman.

"Thou wilt make thy round to the left side," said the Bernese; "I will draw off to the right—see thou keepest a good look-out, and we will meet merrily at the place appointed. Take one of the hounds with you. I will keep Wolf-fanger, who will open on a Burgundian as readily as on a bear."

Rudiger moved off with his party to the left, according to the directions received; and Rudolf, having sent forward one of his number in front, and stationed another in the rear, commanded the third to follow himself and Arthur Philipson, who thus constituted the main body of the patrol. Having intimated to their immediate attendant to keep at such distance as to allow them freedom of conversation, Rudolf addressed the Englishman with the familiarity which

their recent friendship had created.—“And now, King Arthur, what thinks the Majesty of England of our Helvetian youth? Could they win guerdon in tilt or tourney, thinkest thou, noble prince? Or would they rank but amongst the coward knights of Cornouailles?”

“For tilt and tourney I cannot answer,” said Arthur, summoning up his spirits to reply, “because I never beheld one of you mounted on a steed, or having spear in rest. But if strong limbs and stout hearts are to be considered, I would match you Swiss gallants with those of any country in the universe, where manhood is to be looked for, whether it be in heart or hand.”

“Thou speakest us fair; and, young Englishman,” said Rudolf, “know that we think as highly of thee, of which I will presently afford thee a proof. Thou talked’st but now of horses. I know but little of them; yet I judge thou wouldst not buy a steed which thou hadst only seen covered with trappings, or encumbered with saddle and bridle, but wouldst desire to look at him when stripped, and in his natural state of freedom?”

“Ay, marry, would I,” said Arthur, “Thou hast spoken on that as if thou hadst been born in a district called Yorkshire, which men call the merriest part of Merry England.”

“Then I tell thee,” said Rudolf Donnerhugel, “that thou hast seen our Swiss youth but half, since thou hast seen them as yet only in their submissive attendance upon the elders of their Cantons, or, at most, in their mountain-sports, which, though they may show men’s outward strength and activity, can throw no light on the spirit and disposition by which that strength and activity are to be guided and directed in matters of high enterprise.”

The Swiss probably designed that these remarks should excite the curiosity of the stranger. But the Englishman had the image, look, and form of Anne of Geierstein, as she had passed him in the silent hours of his watch, too constantly before him, to enter willingly upon a subject of conversation totally foreign to what agitated his mind. He, therefore, only compelled himself to reply in civility, that he had no doubt his esteem for the Swiss, both aged and young, would increase in proportion with his more intimate knowledge of the nation.

He was then silent; and Donnerhugel, disappointed, perhaps, at having failed to excite his curiosity, walked also in silence by his side. Arthur, meanwhile, was considering with himself whether he should mention to his companion the circumstance which occupied his own mind, in the hope that the kinsman of Anne of Geierstein, and ancient friend of her house, might be able to throw some light on the subject.

But he felt within his mind an insurmountable objection to converse with the Swiss on a subject in which Anne was concerned. That Rudolf made pretensions to her favour, could hardly be doubted; and though Arthur, had the question been put to him, must in common consistency have resigned all competition on the subject, still he could not bear to think on the possibility of his rival’s success, and would not willingly have endured to hear him pronounce her name.

Perhaps it was owing to this secret irritability that Arthur, though he made every effort to conceal and to overcome the sensation, still felt a secret dislike to Rudolf Donnerhugel, whose frank, but somewhat coarse familiarity, was mingled with a certain air of protection and patronage, which the Englishman thought was by no means called for. He met the openness of the Bernese, indeed, with equal frankness, but he was ever and anon tempted to reject or repel the tone of superiority by which it was accompanied. The circumstances of their duel had given the Swiss no ground for such triumph; nor did Arthur feel himself included in the roll of the Swiss youth, over whom Rudolf exercised domination, by general consent. So little did Philipson relish this affectation of superiority, that the poor jest, that termed him King Arthur, although quite indifferent to him when applied by any of the Biedermans, was rather offensive when Rudolf took the same liberty; so that he often found himself in the awkward condition of one who is internally irritated, without having any outward manner of testifying it with propriety. Undoubtedly, the root of all this tacit dislike to the young Bernese was a feeling of rivalry; but it was a feeling which Arthur dared not avow even to himself. It was sufficiently powerful, however, to suppress the slight inclination he had felt to speak with Rudolf on the passage of the night, which had most interested him; and as the topic of conversation introduced by his companion had been suffered to drop, they walked on side by side in silence, “with the beard on the shoulder,” as the Spaniard says, looking around,—that is, on all hands; and thus performing the duty of a vigilant watch.

At length, after they had walked nearly a mile through forest and field, making a circuit around the ruins of Graffs-lust, of such an extent as to leave no room for an ambush betwixt them and the place, the old hound, led by the vidette who was foremost, stopped, and uttered a low growl.

“How, now, Wolf-fanger!” said Rudolf, advancing,—“What, old fellow! dost thou not know friends from foes? Come, what sayest thou, on better thoughts?—Thou must not lose character in thy old age—try it again.”

The dog raised his head, snuffed the air all around, as if he understood what his master had said, then shook his head and tail, as if answering to his voice.

“Why, there it is now,” said Donnerhugel, patting the animal’s shaggy back; “second thoughts are worth gold; thou seest it is a friend after all.”

The dog again shook his tail, and moved forward with the same unconcern as before; Rudolf fell back into his place, and his companion said to him—

“We are about to meet Rudiger and our companions, I suppose, and the dog hears their footsteps, though we cannot.”

“It can scarcely yet be Rudiger,” said the Bernese; “his walk around the castle is of a wider circumference than ours. Some one approaches, however, for Wolf-fanger is again dissatisfied—Look sharply out on all sides.”

As Rudolf gave his party the word to be on the alert, they reached an open glade, in which were scattered, at considerable distance from each other,

some old pine trees of gigantic size, which seemed yet huger and blacker than ordinary, from their broad sable tops and shattered branches being displayed against the clear and white moonlight. "We shall here, at least," said the Swiss, "have the advantage of seeing clearly whatever approaches. But I judge," said he, after looking around for a minute, "it is but some wolf or deer that has crossed our path, and the scent disturbs the hound—Hold—stop—yes, it must be so; he goes on."

The dog accordingly proceeded, after having given some signs of doubt, uncertainty, and even anxiety. Apparently, however, he became reconciled to what had disturbed him, and proceeded once more in the ordinary manner.

"This is singular!" said Arthur Philipson; "and, to my thinking, I saw an object close by yonder patch of thicket, where, as well as I can guess, a few thorn and hazle bushes surround the stems of four or five large trees."

"My eye has been on that very thicket for these five minutes past, and I saw nothing," said Rudolf.

"Nay, but," answered the young Englishman, "I saw the object, whatever it was, while you were engaged in attending to the dog. And by your permission, I will forward and examine the thicket."

"Were you properly under my command," said Donnerhugel, "I would command you to keep your place. If they be foes, it is essential that we should remain together. But you are a volunteer in our watch, and therefore may use your freedom."

"I thank you," answered Arthur, and sprung quickly forward.

He felt, indeed, at the moment, that he was not acting courteously as an individual, or perhaps correctly as a soldier; and that he ought to have rendered obedience, for the time, to the captain of the party in which he had enlisted himself. But, on the other hand, the object which he had seen, though at a distance and imperfectly, seemed to bear a resemblance to the retiring form of Anne of Geierstein, as she had vanished from his eyes, an hour or two before, under the cover of the forest; and his ungovernable curiosity to ascertain whether it might not be the maiden in person, allowed him to listen to no other consideration.

Ere Rudolf had spoken out his few words of reply, Arthur was half-way to the thicket. It was, as it had seemed at a distance, of small extent, and not fitted to hide any person who did not actually couch down amongst the dwarf bushes and underwood. Any thing white, also, which bore the human size and form, must, he thought, have been discovered among the dark red stems and swarthy bushes which were before him. These observations were mingled with other thoughts. If it was Anne of Geierstein whom he had a second time seen, she must have left the more open path, desirous probably of avoiding notice, and what right or title had he to direct upon her the observation of the patrol? He had, he thought, observed, that, in general, the maiden rather repelled than encouraged the attentions of Rudolf Donnerhugel; or, where it would have been discourteous to have rejected them entirely, that she endured without encouraging them. What, then, could be

the propriety of his intruding upon her private walk, singular, indeed, from time and place, but which, on that account, she might be more desirous to keep secret from the observation of one who was disagreeable to her? Nay, was it not possible that Rudolf might derive advantage to his otherwise unacceptable suit, by possessing the knowledge of something which the maiden desired to be concealed?

As these thoughts pressed upon him, Arthur made a pause, with his eyes fixed on the thicket, from which he was now scarce thirty yards distant; and although scrutinizing it with all the keen accuracy which his uncertainty and anxiety dictated, he was actuated by a strong feeling that it would be wisest to turn back to his companions, and report to Rudolf that his eyes had deceived him.

But while he was yet undecided whether to advance or return, the object which he had seen became again visible on the verge of the thicket, and advanced straight towards him, bearing, as on the former occasion, the exact dress and figure of Anne of Geierstein! This vision—for the time, place, and suddenness of the appearance, made it seem rather an illusion than a reality—struck Arthur with surprise, which amounted to terror. The figure passed within a spear's length, unchallenged by him, and giving not the slightest sign of recognition, and, directing its course to the right hand of Rudolf, and the two or three who were with him, was again lost among the broken ground and bushes.

Once more the young man was reduced to a state of the most inextricable doubt; nor was he roused from the stupor into which he was thrown, till the voice of the Bernese sounded in his ear,—“Why, how now, King Arthur—art thou asleep, or art thou wounded?”

“Neither,” said Philipson, collecting himself; “only much surprised.”

“Surprised! and at what, most royal——”

“Forbear foolery,” said Arthur, somewhat sternly, “and answer as thou art a man—Did she not meet thee?—didst thou not see her?”

“See her!—see whom?” said Donnerhugel. “I saw no one. And I could have sworn you had seen no one either, for I had you in my eye the whole time of your absence, excepting two or three moments. If you saw aught, why gave you not the alarm?”

“Because it was only a woman,” answered Arthur, faintly.

“Only a woman!” repeated Rudolf, in a tone of contempt. “By my honest word, King Arthur, if I had not seen pretty flashes of valour fly from thee at times, I should be apt to think that thou hadst only a woman’s courage thyself. Strange, that a shadow by night, or a precipice in the day, should quell so bold a spirit as thou hast often shown——”

“And as I will ever show, when occasion demands it,” interrupted the Englishman, with recovered spirit. “But I swear to you, that if I be now daunted, it is by no merely earthly fears that my mind hath been for a moment subdued.”

“Let us proceed on our walk,” said Rudolf; “we must not neglect the safety of our friends. This appearance, of which thou speakest, may be but a trick to interrupt our duty.”

They moved on through the moonlight glades. A

minute's reflection restored young Philipson to his full recollection, and with that to the painful consciousness that he had played a ridiculous and unworthy part in the presence of the person whom (of the male sex, at least) he would the very last have chosen as a witness of his weakness.

He ran hastily over the relations which stood betwixt himself, Donnerhugel, the Landamman, his niece, and the rest of that family; and, contrary to the opinion which he had entertained but a short while before, settled in his own mind that it was his duty to mention to the immediate leader under whom he had placed himself, the appearance which he had twice observed in the course of that night's duty. There might be family circumstances,—the payment of a vow, perhaps, or some such reason,—which might render intelligible to her connexions the behaviour of this young lady. Besides, he was for the present a soldier on duty, and these mysteries might be fraught with evils to be anticipated or guarded against; in either case, his companions were entitled to be made aware of what he had seen. It must be supposed that this resolution was adopted when the sense of duty, and of shame for the weakness which he had exhibited, had for the moment subdued Arthur's personal feelings towards Anne of Geierstein,—feelings, also, liable to be chilled by the mysterious uncertainty which the events of that evening had cast, like a thick mist, around the object of them.

While the Englishman's reflections were taking this turn, his captain or companion, after a silence of several minutes, at length addressed him.

"I believe," he said, "my dear comrade, that, as being at present your officer, I have some title to hear from you the report of what you have just now seen, since it must be something of importance which could so strongly agitate a mind so firm as yours. But if, in your own opinion, it consists with the general safety to delay your report of what you have seen until we return to the castle, and then to deliver it to the private ear of the Landamman, you have only to intimate your purpose; and, far from urging you to place confidence in me personally, though I hope I am not undeserving of it, I will authorize your leaving us, and returning instantly to the castle."

This proposal touched him to whom it was made exactly in the right place. An absolute demand of his confidence might perhaps have been declined; the tone of moderate request and conciliation fell presently in with the Englishman's own reflections.

"I am sensible," he said, "Hauptman, that I ought to mention to you that which I have seen to-night; but on the first occasion, it did not fall within my duty to do so; and now that I have a second time witnessed the same appearance, I have felt for these few seconds so much surprised at what I have seen, that even yet I can scarce find words to express it."

"As I cannot guess what you may have to say," replied the Bernese, "I must beseech you to be explicit. We are but poor readers of riddles, we thick-headed Switzers."

"Yet it is but a riddle which I have to place before you, Rudolf Donnerhugel," answered the Englishman, "and a riddle which is far beyond my own

guessing at." He then proceeded, though not without hesitation. "While you were performing your first patrol amongst the ruins, a female crossed the bridge from within the castle, walked by my post without saying a single word, and vanished under the shadows of the forest."

"Ha!" exclaimed Donnerhugel, and made no further answer.

Arthur proceeded. "Within these five minutes, the same female form passed me a second time, issuing from the little thicket and clump of firs, and disappeared without exchanging a word. Know further, this apparition bore the form, face, gait, and dress of your kinswoman, Anne of Geierstein."

"Singular enough," said Rudolf, in a tone of incredulity. "I must not, I suppose, dispute your word, for you would receive doubt on my part as a mortal injury—such is your northern chivalry. Yet, let me say, I have eyes as well as you, and I scarce think they quitted you for a minute. We were not fifty yards from the place where I found you standing in amazement. How, therefore, should not we also have seen that which you say and think you saw?"

"To that I can give no answer," said Arthur. "Perhaps your eyes were not exactly turned upon me during the short space in which I saw this form—Perhaps it might be visible—as they say fantastic appearances sometimes are—to only one person at a time."

"You suppose, then, that the appearance was imaginary, or fantastic?" said the Bernese.

"Can I tell you?" replied the Englishman. "The Church gives its warrant that there are such things; and surely it is more natural to believe this apparition to be an illusion, than to suppose that Anne of Geierstein, a gentle and well-nurtured maiden, should be traversing the woods at this wild hour, when safety and propriety so strongly recommend her being within doors."

"There is much in what you say," said Rudolf; "and yet there are stories afloat, though few care to mention them, which seem to allege that Anne of Geierstein is not altogether such as other maidens; and that she has been met with, in body and spirit, where she could hardly have come by her own unassisted efforts."

"Ha!" said Arthur; "so young, so beautiful, and already in league with the destroyer of mankind! It is impossible."

"I said not so," replied the Bernese; "nor have I leisure at present to explain my meaning more fully. As we return to the castle of Graffs-lust, I may have an opportunity to tell you more. But I chiefly brought you on this patrol to introduce you to some friends, whom you will be pleased to know, and who desire your acquaintance; and it is here I expect to meet them."

So saying, he turned round the projecting corner of a rock, and an unexpected scene was presented to the eyes of the young Englishman.

In a sort of nook, or corner, screened by the rocky projection, there burned a large fire of wood, and around it sat, reclined, or lay, twelve or fifteen young men in the Swiss garb, but decorated with ornaments and embroidery, which reflected back the light of the fire. The same red gleam was returned by sil-

ver wine-cups, which circulated from hand to hand with the flasks which filled them. Arthur could also observe the relics of a banquet, to which due honour seemed to have been lately rendered.

The revellers started joyfully up at the sight of Donnerhugel and his companion, and saluted him, easily distinguished as he was by his stature, by the title of Captain, warmly and exultingly uttered, while, at the same time, every tendency to noisy acclamation was cautiously suppressed. The zeal indicated that Rudolf came most welcome—the caution that he came in secret, and was to be received with mystery.

To the general greeting he answered,—“I thank you, my brave comrades. Has Rudiger yet reached you?”

“Thou see'st he has not,” said one of the party; “had it been so, we would have detained him here till your coming, brave Captain.”

“He has loitered on his patrol,” said the Bernese. “We too were delayed, yet we are here before him. I bring with me, comrades, the brave Englishman, whom I mentioned to you as a desirable associate in our daring purpose.”

“He is welcome, most welcome to us,” said a young man, whose richly embroidered dress of azure blue gave him an air of authority; “most welcome is he, if he brings with him a heart and a hand to serve our noble task.”

“For both I will be responsible,” said Rudolf. “Pass the wine-cup, then, to the success of our glorious enterprise, and the health of this our new associate!”

While they were replenishing the cups with wine of a quality far superior to any which Arthur had yet tasted in these regions, he thought it right, before engaging himself in the pledge, to learn the secret object of the association which seemed desirous of adopting him.

“Before I engage my poor services to you, fair sirs, since it pleases you to desire them, permit me,” he said, “to ask the purpose and character of the undertaking in which they are to be employed?”

“Shouldst thou have brought him hither,” said the cavalier in blue to Rudolf, “without satisfying him and thyself on that point?”

“Care not thou about it, Lawrenz,” replied the Bernese, “I know my man.—Be it known, then, to you, my good friend,” he continued, addressing the Englishman, “that my comrades and I are determined at once to declare the freedom of the Swiss commerce, and to resist to the death, if it be necessary, all unlawful and extortionate demands on the part of our neighbours.”

“I understand so much,” said the young Englishman, “and that the present deputation proceeds to the Duke of Burgundy with remonstrances to that effect.”

“Hear me,” replied Rudolf. “The question is like to be brought to a bloody determination long ere we see the Duke of Burgundy's most august and most gracious countenance. That his influence should be used to exclude us from Bâle, a neutral town, and pertaining to the empire, gives us cause to expect the worst reception when we enter his own dominions. We have even reason to think that we might have

suffered from his hatred already, but for the vigilance of the ward which we have kept. Horsemen, from the direction of La Ferette, have this night reconnoitred our posts; and had they not found us prepared, we had, without question, been attacked in our quarters. But since we have escaped to-night, we must take care for to-morrow. For this purpose, a number of the bravest youth of the city of Bâle, incensed at the pusillanimity of their magistrates, are determined to join us, in order to wipe away the disgrace which the cowardly inhospitality of their magistracy has brought on their native place.”

“That we will do ere the sun, that will rise two hours hence, shall sink into the western sky,” said the cavalier in blue; and those around joined him in stern assent.

“Gentle sirs,” replied Arthur, when there was a pause, “let me remind you that the embassy which you attend is a peaceful one, and that those who act as its escort ought to avoid any thing which can augment the differences which it comes to reconcile. You cannot expect to receive offence in the Duke's dominions, the privileges of envoys being respected in all civilized countries; and you will, I am sure, desire to offer none.”

“We may be subjected to insult, however,” replied the Bernese, “and that through your concerns, Arthur Philipson, and those of thy father.”

“I understand you not,” replied Philipson.

“Your father,” answered Donnerhugel, “is a merchant, and bears with him wares of small bulk but high value!”

“He does so,” answered Arthur; “and what of that?”

“Marry,” answered Rudolf, “that if it be not better looked to, the Bando of Burgundy is like to fall heir to a large proportion of your silks, satins, and jewellery work.”

“Silks, satins, and jewels!” exclaimed another of the revellers; “such wares will not pass toll-free where Archibald of Hagenbach hath authority.”

“Fair sirs,” resumed Arthur, after a moment's consideration, “these wares are my father's property, not mine; and it is for him, not me, to pronounce how much of them he might be content to part with in the way of toll, rather than give occasion to a fray in which his companions, who have received him into their society, must be exposed to injury as well as himself. I can only say, that he has weighty affairs at the court of Burgundy, which must render him desirous of reaching it in peace with all men; and it is my private belief, that rather than incur the loss and danger of a broil with the garrison of La Ferette, he would be contented to sacrifice all the property which he has at present with him. Therefore, I must request of you, gentlemen, a space to consult his pleasure on this occasion; assuring you, that if it be his will to resist the payment of these duties to Burgundy, you shall find in me one who is fully determined to fight to the last drop of his blood.”

“Good, King Arthur,” said Rudolf; “thou art a dutiful observer of the Fourth Commandment, and thy days shall be long in the land. Do not suppose us neglectful of the same duty, although, for the present, we conceive ourselves bound, in the first place, to attend to the weal of our country, the common pa-

rent of our fathers and ourselves. But as you know our deep respect for the Landamman, you need not fear that we shall willingly offer him offence, by rashly engaging in hostilities, or without some weighty reason; and an attempt to plunder his guest would have been met, on his part, with resistance to the death. I had hoped to find both you and your father prompt enough to resent such a gross injury. Nevertheless, if your father inclines to present his fleece to be shorn by Archibald of Hagenbach, whose scissors, he will find, clip pretty closely, it would be unnecessary and uncivil in us to interpose. Meantime, you have the advantage of knowing, that in case the governor of La Ferette should be disposed to strip you of skin as well as fleece, there are close at hand more men than you looked for, whom you will find both able and willing to render you prompt assistance."

"On these terms," said the Englishman, "I make my acknowledgments to these gentlemen of Bâle, or whatever other country hath sent them forth, and pledge them in a brotherly cup to our farther and more intimate acquaintance."

"Health and prosperity to the United Cantons, and their friends!" answered the Blue Cavalier. "And death and confusion to all besides!"

The cups were replenished; and instead of a shout of applause, the young men around testified their devoted determination to the cause which was thus announced, by grasping each other's hands, and then brandishing their weapons with a fierce yet noiseless gesture.

"Thus," said Rudolf Donnerhugel, "our illustrious ancestors, the fathers of Swiss independence, met in the immortal field of Rutli, between Uri and Unterwalden. Thus they swore, to each other, under the blue firmament of heaven, that they would restore the liberty of their oppressed country; and history can tell how well they kept their word."

"And she shall record," said the Blue Cavalier, "how well the present Switzers can preserve the freedom which their fathers won.—Proceed in your rounds, good Rudolf, and be assured, that at the signal of the Hauptman, the soldiers will not be far absent;—all is arranged as formerly, unless you have new orders to give us."

"Hark thee hither, Lawrenz," said Rudolf to the Blue Cavalier,—and Arthur could hear him say,— "Beware, my friend, that the Rhine wine be not abused;—if there is too much provision of it, manage to destroy the flasks;—a mule may stumble, thou knowest, or so. Give not way to Rudiger in this. He is grown a wine-bibber since he joined us. We must bring both heart and hand to what may be done to-morrow."—They then whispered so low, that Arthur could hear nothing of their farther conference, and bid each other adieu, after clasping hands, as if they were renewing some solemn pledge of union.

Rudolf and his party then moved forward, and were scarce out of sight of their new associates, when the *vidette*, or foremost of their patrol, gave the signal of alarm. Arthur's heart leaped to his lips—"It is Anne of Geierstein!" he said internally.

"The dogs are silent," said the Bernese. "Those who approach must be the companions of our watch."

They proved, accordingly, to be Rudiger and his party, who, halting on the appearance of their com-

rades, made and underwent a formal challenge; such advance had the Swiss already made in military discipline, which was but little studied by the infantry in other parts of Europe. Arthur could hear Rudolf take his friend Rudiger to task for not meeting him at the halting-place appointed. "It leads to new revelry, on your arrival," he said, "and to-morrow must find us cool and determined."

"Cool as an icicle, noble Hauptman," answered the son of the Landamman, "and determined as the rock it hangs upon."

Rudolf again recommended temperance, and the young Biederman promised compliance. The two parties passed each other with friendly though silent greeting; and there was soon a considerable distance between them.

The country was more open on the side of the castle, around which their duty now led them, than where it lay opposite to the principal gate. The glades were broad, the trees thinly scattered over pasture land, and there were no thickets, ravines, or similar places of ambush, so that the eye might, in the clear moonlight, well command the country.

"Here," said Rudolf, "we may judge ourselves secure enough for some conference; and therefore may I ask thee, Arthur of England, now thou hast seen us more closely, what thinkest thou of the Switzer youth? If thou hast learned less than I could have wished, thank thine own uncommunicative temper which retired in some degree from our confidence."

"Only in so far as I could not have answered, and therefore ought not to have received it," said Arthur. "The judgment I have been enabled to form amounts, in few words, to this: Your purposes are lofty and noble as your mountains; but the stranger from the low country is not accustomed to tread the circuitous path by which you ascend them. My foot has been always accustomed to move straight forward upon the greensward."

"You speak in riddles," answered the Bernese.

"Not so," returned the Englishman. "I think you ought plainly to mention to your seniors (the nominal leaders of young men who seem well disposed to take their own road), that you expect an attack in the neighbourhood of La Ferette, and hope for assistance from some of the townsmen of Bâle."

"Ay, truly," answered Donnerhugel; "and the Landamman would stop his journey till he dispatched a messenger for a safe-conduct to the Duke of Burgundy; and should he grant it, there were an end of all hope of war."

"True," replied Arthur; "but the Landamman would thereby obtain his own principal object, and the sole purpose of the mission—that is, the establishment of peace."

"Peace—peace!" answered the Bernese hastily: "Were my wishes alone to be opposed to those of Arnold Biederman, I know so much of his honour and faith, I respect so highly his valour and patriotism, that at his voice I would sheathe my sword, even if my most mortal enemy stood before me. But mine is not the single wish of a single man; the whole of my canton, and that of Soleure, are determined on war. It was by war, noble war, that our fathers came forth from the house of their captivity—it was

by war, successful and glorious war, that a race, who had been held scarce so much worth thinking on as the oxen which they goaded, emerged at once into liberty and consequence, and were honoured because they were feared, as much as they had been formerly despised because they were unresisting."

"This may be all very true," said the young Englishman: "but, in my opinion, the object of your mission has been determined by your Diet or House of Commons. They have resolved to send you with others as messengers of peace; but you are secretly blowing the coals of war; and while all, or most of your senior colleagues, are setting out to-morrow in expectation of a peaceful journey, you stand prepared for a combat, and look for the means of giving cause for it."

"And is it not well that I do stand so prepared?" answered Rudolf. "If our reception in Burgundy's dependencies be peaceful, as you say the rest of the deputation expect, my precautions will be needless; but at least they can do no harm. If it prove otherwise, I shall be the means of averting a great misfortune from my colleagues, my kinsman Arnold Biederman, my fair cousin Anne, your father, yourself—from all of us, in short, who are joyously travelling together."

Arthur shook his head. "There is something in all this," he said, "which I understand not, and will not seek to understand. I only pray that you will not make my father's concerns the subject of breaking truce; it may, as you hint, involve the Landamman in a quarrel, which he might otherwise have avoided. I am sure my father will never forgive it."

"I have pledged my word," said Rudolf, "already to that effect. But if he should like the usage of the Bandog of Burgundy less than you seem to apprehend he will, there is no harm in your knowing, that, in time of need, he may be well and actively supported."

"I am greatly obliged by the assurance," replied the Englishman.

"And thou mayst thyself, my friend," continued Rudolf, "take a warning from what thou hast heard: Men go not to a bridal in armour, nor to a brawl in a silken doublet."

"I will be clad to meet the worst," said Arthur; "and for that purpose I will don a light hauberk of well-tempered steel, proof against spear or arrow; and I thank you for your kindly counsel."

"Nay, thank not me," said Rudolf; "I were ill deserving to be a leader did I not make those who are to follow me—more especially so trusty a follower as thou art—aware of the time when they should buckle on their armour, and prepare for hard blows."

Here the conversation paused for a moment or two, neither of the speakers being entirely contented with his companion, although neither pressed any further remark.

The Bernese, judging from the feelings which he had seen predominate among the traders of his own country, had entertained little doubt that the Englishman, finding himself powerfully supported in point of force, would have caught at the opportunity to resist paying the exorbitant imposts with which he was threatened at the next town, which would probably, without any effort on Rudolf's part, have led to breaking off the truce on the part of Arnold Biederman

himself, and to an instant declaration of war. On the other hand, young Philipson could not understand or approve of Donnerhugel's conduct, who, himself a member of a peaceful deputation, seemed to be animated with the purpose of seizing an opportunity to kindle the flames of war.

Occupied by these various reflections, they walked side by side for some time without speaking together until Rudolf broke silence.

"Your curiosity is then ended, Sir Englishman," said he, "respecting the apparition of Anne of Geierstein?"

"Far from it," replied Philipson; "but I would unwillingly intrude any questions on you while you are busy with the duties of your patrol."

"That may be considered as over," said the Bernese, "for there is not a bush near us to cover a Burgundian knave, and a glance around us from time to time is all that is now needful to prevent surprise. And so, listen while I tell a tale, never sung or harped in hall or bower, and which, I begin to think, deserves as much credit, at least, as is due to the Tales of the Round Table, which ancient troubadours and minnesingers dole out to us as the authentic chronicles of your renowned namesake."

"Of Anne's ancestors on the male side of the house," continued Rudolf, "I dare say you have heard enough, and are well aware how they dwelt in the old walls at Geierstein beside the cascade, grinding their vassals, devouring the substance of their less powerful neighbours, and plundering the goods of the travellers whom ill luck sent within ken of the vulture's eyry, the one year; and in the next, wearying the shrines for mercy for their trespasses, overwhelming the priests with the wealth which they showered upon them, and, finally, vowing vows, and making pilgrimages, sometimes as palmers, sometimes as crusaders, as far as Jerusalem itself, to atone for the iniquities which they had committed without hesitation or struggle of conscience."

"Such, I have understood," replied the young Englishman, "was the history of the house of Geierstein, till Arnold, or his immediate ancestors, exchanged the lance for the sheep-hook."

"But it is said," replied the Bernese, "that the powerful and wealthy Barons of Arnheim, of Suabia, whose only female descendant became the wife to Count Albert of Geierstein, and the mother of this young person, whom Swiss call simply Anne, and Germans Countess Anne of Geierstein, were nobles of a different caste. They did not restrict their lives within the limits of sinning and repenting,—of plundering harmless peasants, and pampering fat monks; but were distinguished for something more than building castles with dungeons and torture-chambers, and founding monasteries with Galilees and Refectories."

"These same Barons of Arnheim were men who strove to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge, and converted their castle into a species of college, where there were more ancient volumes than the monks have piled together in the library of St Gall. Nor were their studies in books alone. Deep buried in their private laboratories, they attained secrets which were afterwards transmitted through the race from father to son, and were supposed to have ap-

proached nearly to the deepest recesses of alchemy. The report of their wisdom and their wealth was often brought to the Imperial footstool; and in the frequent disputes which the Emperors maintained with the Popes of old, it is said they were encouraged, if not instigated, by the counsels of the Barons of Arnheim, and supported by their treasures. It was, perhaps, such a course of politics, joined to the unusual and mysterious studies which the family of Arnheim so long pursued, that excited against them the generally received opinion, that they were assisted in their superhuman researches by supernatural influences. The priests were active in forwarding this cry against men, who, perhaps, had no other fault than that of being wiser than themselves.

" 'Look what guests,' they said, 'are received in the halls of Arnheim! Let a Christian knight, crippled in war with the Saracens, present himself on the drawbridge, he is guerdoned with a crust and a cup of wine, and required to pass on his way. If a palmer, redolent of the sanctity acquired by his recent visits to the most holy shrines, and by the sacred relics which attest and reward his toil, approach the unhallowed walls, the warder bends his crossbow, and the porter shuts the gate, as if the wandering saint brought the plague with him from Palestine. But comes there a grey-bearded, glib-tongued Greek, with his parchment scrolls, the very letters of which are painful to Christian eyes—comes there a Jewish Rabbin, with his Talmud and Cabala—comes there a swarthy sun-burnt Moor, who can boast of having read the language of the Stars in Chaldea, the cradle of astrological science—lo, the wandering impostor or sorcerer occupies the highest seat at the Baron of Arnheim's board, shares with him the labours of the alembic and the furnace, learns from him mystic knowledge, like that of which our first parents participated to the overthrow of their race, and requites it with lessons more dreadful than he receives, till the profane host has added to his hoard of unholy wisdom all that the pagan visitor can communicate. And these things are done in Almain, which is called the Holy Roman Empire, of which so many priests are princes!—they are done, and neither ban nor monition is issued against a race of sorcerers, who, from age to age, go on triumphing in their necromancy!'

"Such arguments, which were echoed from mitred Abbots to the cell of Anchorites, seem, nevertheless, to have made little impression on the Imperial council. But they served to excite the zeal of many a Baron and Free Count of the Empire, who were taught by them to esteem a war or feud with the Barons of Arnheim as partaking of the nature, and entitled to the immunities, of a crusade against the enemies of the Faith, and to regard an attack upon these obnoxious potentates, as a mode of clearing off their deep scores with the Christian church. But the Lords of Arnheim, though not seeking for quarrel, were by no means unwarlike, or averse to maintaining their own defence. Some, on the contrary, belonging to this obnoxious race, were not the less distinguished as gallant knights and good men-at-arms. They were besides wealthy, secured and strengthened by great alliances, and in an eminent degree wise and provident. This the parties who assailed them learned to their cost.

VOL. VII.

"The confederacies formed against the Lords of Arnheim were broken up; the attacks which their enemies meditated were anticipated and disconcerted; and those who employed actual violence were repelled with signal loss to the assailants: until at length an impression was produced in their neighbourhood, that by their accurate information concerning meditated violence, and their extraordinary powers of resisting and defeating it, the obnoxious Barons must have brought to their defence means, which merely human force was incapable of overthrowing; so that, becoming as much feared as hated, they were suffered for the last generation to remain unmolested. And this was the rather the case, that the numerous vassals of this great house were perfectly satisfied with their feudal superiors, abundantly ready to rise in their defence, and disposed to believe, that, whether their lords were sorcerers or no, their own condition would not be mended by exchanging their government, either for the rule of the crusaders in this holy warfare, or that of the churchmen by whom it was instigated. The race of these barons ended in Herman von Arnheim, the maternal grandfather of Anne of Geierstein. He was buried with his helmet, sword, and shield, as is the German custom with the last male of a noble family.

"But he left an only daughter, Sybilla of Arnheim, to inherit a considerable portion of his estate; and I never heard that the strong imputation of sorcery which attached to her house, prevented numerous applications, from persons of the highest distinction in the Empire, to her legal guardian, the Emperor, for the rich heiress's hand in marriage. Albert of Geierstein, however, though an exile, obtained the preference. He was gallant and handsome, which recommended him to Sybilla; and the Emperor, bent at the time on the vain idea of recovering his authority in the Swiss mountains, was desirous to show himself generous to Albert, whom he considered as a fugitive from his country for espousing the imperial cause. You may thus see, most noble King Arthur, that Anne of Geierstein, the only child of their marriage, descends from no ordinary stock; and that circumstances in which she may be concerned, are not to be explained or judged of so easily, or upon the same grounds of reasoning, as in the case of ordinary persons."

"By my honest word, Sir Rudolf of Donnerhugel," said Arthur, studiously labouring to keep a command upon his feelings, "I can see nothing in your narrative, and understand nothing from it, unless it be, that, because in Germany, as in other countries, there have been fools who have annexed the idea of witchcraft and sorcery to the possession of knowledge and wisdom, you are therefore disposed to stigmatize a young maiden, who has always been respected and beloved by those around her, as a disciple of arts which, I trust, are as uncommon as unlawful."

Rudolf paused ere he replied.

"I could have wished," he said, "that you had been satisfied with the general character of Anne of Geierstein's maternal family, as offering some circumstances which may account for what you have, according to your own report, this night witnessed, and I am really unwilling to go into more particular details. To no one can Anne of Geierstein's fame be

so dear as to me. I am, after her uncle's family, her nearest relative, and had she remained in Switzerland, or should she, as is most probable, return thither, perhaps our connexion might be drawn yet closer. This has, indeed, only been prevented by certain prejudices of her uncle's respecting her father's authority, and the nearness of our relationship, which, however, comes within reach of a license very frequently obtained. But I only mention these things, to show you how much more tender I must necessarily hold Anne of Geierstein's reputation, than it is possible for you to do, being a stranger, known to her but a short while since, and soon to part with her, as I understand your purpose, for ever."

The turn taken in this kind of apology irritated Arthur so highly, that it required all the reasons which recommended coolness, to enable him to answer with assumed composure.

"I can have no ground, Sir Hauptman," he said, "to challenge any opinion which you may entertain of a young person with whom you are so closely connected, as you appear to be with Anne of Geierstein. I only wonder, that, with such regard for her as your relationship implies, you should be disposed to receive, on popular and trivial traditions, a belief which must injuriously affect your kinswoman, more especially one with whom you intimate a wish to form a still more close connexion. Bethink you, sir, that in all Christian lands, the imputation of sorcery is the most foul which can be thrown on Christian man or woman."

"And I am so far from intimating such an imputation," said Rudolf, "that, by the good sword I wear, he that dared give breath to such a thought against Anne of Geierstein, must undergo my challenge, and take my life, or lose his own. But the question is not whether the maiden herself practises sorcery, which he who avers had better get ready his tomb, and provide for his soul's safety; the doubt lies here, whether, as the descendant of a family whose relations with the unseen world are reported to have been of the closest degree, elvish and fantastical beings may not have power to imitate her form, and to present her appearance where she is not personally present—in fine, whether they have permission to play at her expense fantastical tricks, which they cannot exercise over other mortals, whose forefathers have ever regulated their lives by the rules of the church, and died in regular communion with it. And as I sincerely desire to retain your esteem, I have no objection to communicate to you more particular circumstances respecting her genealogy, confirming the idea I have now expressed. But you will understand they are of the most private nature, and that I expect secrecy under the strictest personal penalty."

"I shall be silent, Sir," replied the young Englishman, still struggling with suppressed passion, "on every thing respecting the character of a maiden whom I am bound to respect so highly. But the fear of no man's displeasure can add a feather's weight to the guarantee of my own honour."

"Be it so," said Rudolf; "it is not my wish to awake angry feelings; but I am desirous, both for the sake of your good opinion, which I value, and also for the plainer explanation of what I have darkly intimated, to communicate to you what otherwise I would much rather have left untold."

"You must be guided by your own sense of what is necessary and proper in the case," answered Philipson; "but remember I press not on your confidence for the communication of any thing that ought to remain secret, far less where that young lady is the subject."

Rudolf answered, after a minute's pause,—"Thou hast seen and heard too much, Arthur, not to learn the whole, or at least all that I know, or apprehend, on the mysterious subject. It is impossible but the circumstances must at times recur to your recollection, and I am desirous that you should possess all the the information necessary to understand them as clearly as the nature of the facts will permit. We have yet, keeping leftward to view the bog, nearly a mile to make ere the circuit of the castle is accomplished. It will afford leisure enough for the tale I have to tell."

"Speak on—I listen!" answered the Englishman, divided between his desire to know all that it was possible to learn concerning Anne of Geierstein, his dislike to hear her name pronounced with such pretensions as those of Donnerhugel, and the revival of his original prejudices against the gigantic Swiss, whose manners, always blunt, nearly to coarseness, seemed now marked by assumed superiority and presumption. He listened, however, to his wild tale, and the interest which he took in it soon overpowered all other sensations.

CHAPTER XI.

DONNERHUGEL'S NARRATIVE.

These be the adept's doctrines—every element
Is peopled with its separate race of spirits;
The airy silphs on the blue ether float;
Deep in the earthy cavern skulks the gnome:
The sea-green Naiad skims the ocean-billow,
And the fierce fire is yet a friendly home
To its peculiar sprite—the Salamander.

Anonymous.

I TOLD you (said Rudolf), that the Lords of Arnheim, though from father to son they were notoriously addicted to secret studies, were, nevertheless, like the other German nobles, followers of war and the chase. This was peculiarly the case with Anne's maternal Grandfather, Herman of Arnheim, who prided himself on possessing a splendid stud of horses, and one steed in particular, the noblest ever known in these circles of Germany. I should make wild work were I to attempt the description of such an animal, so I will content myself with saying his colour was jet-black, without a hair of white either on his face or feet. For this reason, and the wildness of his disposition, his master had termed him Apollyon; a circumstance which was secretly considered as tending to sanction the evil reports which touched the house of Arnheim, being, it was said, the naming of a favourite animal after a foul fiend.

It chanced, one November day, that the Baron had been hunting in the forest, and did not reach home till nightfall. There were no guests with him, for, as I hinted to you before, the castle of Arnheim seldom received any other than those from whom its inhabitants hoped to gain augmentation of knowledge. The Baron was seated alone in his hall, illuminated

with cressets and torches. His one hand held a volume covered with characters unintelligible to all save himself. The other rested on the marble table, on which was placed a flask of Tokay wine. A page stood in respectful attendance near the bottom of the large and dim apartment, and no sound was heard save that of the night wind, when it sighed mournfully through the rusty coats of mail, and waved the tattered banners which were the tapestry of the feudal hall. At once the footstep of a person was heard ascending the stairs in haste and trepidation; the door of the hall was thrown violently open, and, terrified to a degree of ecstasy, Caspar, the head of the Baron's stable, or his master of horse, stumbled up almost to the foot of the table at which his lord was seated, with the exclamation in his mouth,—

"My lord, my lord, a fiend is in the stable!"

"What means this folly?" said the Baron, arising, surprised and displeased at an interruption so unusual.

"Let me endure your displeasure," said Caspar, "if I speak not truth! Apollyon——"

Here he paused.

"Speak out, thou frightened fool," said the Baron; "is my horse sick, or injured?"

The master of the stalls again gasped forth the word, "Apollyon!"

"Say on," said the Baron; "were Apollyon in presence personally, it were nothing to shake a brave man's mind."

"The devil," answered the master of the horse, "is in Apollyon's stall!"

"Fool!" exclaimed the nobleman, snatching a torch from the wall; "what is it that could have turned thy brain in such silly fashion? Things like thee, that are born to serve us, should hold their brains on a firmer tenure, for our sakes, if not for that of their worthless selves."

As he spoke, he crossed the court-yard of the castle, to visit the stately range of stables which occupied all the lower part of the quadrangle on one side. He entered, where fifty gallant steeds stood in rows, on each side of the ample hall. At the side of each stall hung the weapons of offence and defence of a man-at-arms, as bright as constant attention could make them, together with the buff-coat which formed the trooper's under garment. The Baron, followed by one or two of the domestics, who had assembled full of astonishment at the unusual alarm, hastened up betwixt the rows of steeds. As he approached the stall of his favourite horse, which was the uppermost of the right-hand row, the good steed neither neighed, nor shook his head, nor stamped with his foot, nor gave the usual signs of joy at his lord's approach; a faint moaning, as if he implored assistance, was the only acknowledgment of the Baron's presence.

Sir Herman held up the torch, and discovered that there was indeed a tall dark figure standing in the stall, resting his hand on the horse's shoulder. "Who art thou," said the Baron, "and what dost thou here?"

"I seek refuge and hospitality," replied the stranger; "and I conjure thee to grant it me, by the shoulder of the horse, and by the edge of thy sword, and so as they may never fail thee when thy need is at the utmost."

"Thou art, then, a brother of the Sacred Fire," said Baron Herman of Arnheim; "and I may not refuse thee the refuge which thou requirest of me, after the ritual of the Persian Magi. From whom, and for what length of time, dost thou crave my protection?"

"From those," replied the stranger, "who shall arrive in question of me before the morning cock shall crow, and for the full space of a year and a day from this period."

"I may not refuse thee," said the Baron, "consistently with my oath and my honour. For a year and a day I will be thy pledge, and thou shalt share with me roof and chamber, wine and food. But thou, too, must obey the law of Zoroaster, which, as it says, Let the Stronger protect the weaker brother, says also, let the Wiser instruct the brother who hath less knowledge. I am the stronger, and thou shalt be safe under my protection; but thou art the wiser, and must instruct me in the more secret mysteries."

"You mock your servant," said the strange visitor; "but if aught is known to Dannischemend which can avail Herman, his instructions shall be as those of a father to a son."

"Come forth, then, from thy place of refuge," said the Baron of Arnheim. "I swear to thee by the sacred fire which lives without terrestrial fuel, and by the fraternity which is betwixt us, and by the shoulder of my horse, and the edge of my good sword, I will be thy warrant for a year and a day, if so far my power shall extend."

The stranger came forth accordingly; and those who saw the singularity of his appearance, scarce wondered at the fears of Caspar, the stall-master, when he found such a person in the stable, by what mode of entrance he was unable to conceive. When he reached the lighted hall to which the Baron conducted him, as he would have done a welcome and honoured guest, the stranger appeared to be very tall, and of a dignified aspect. His dress was Asiatic, being a long black caftan, or gown, like that worn by Armenians, and a lofty square cap, covered with the wool of Astracan lambs. Every article of the dress was black, which gave relief to the long white beard, that flowed down over his bosom. His gown was fastened by a sash of black silk net-work, in which, instead of a poniard or sword, was stuck a silver case, containing writing materials, and a roll of parchment. The only ornament of his apparel consisted in a large ruby of uncommon brilliancy, which, when he approached the light, seemed to glow with such liveliness, as if the gem itself had emitted the rays which it only reflected back. To the offer of refreshment, the stranger replied, "Bread I may not eat; water shall not moisten my lips, until the avenger shall have passed by the threshold."

The Baron commanded the lamps to be trimmed, and fresh torches to be lighted, and sending his whole household to rest, remained seated in the hall along with the stranger, his suppliant. At the dead hour of midnight, the gates of the castle were shaken as by a whirlwind, and a voice, as if of a herald, was heard to demand his lawful prisoner, Dannischemend, the son of Hali. The warder then heard a lower window of the hall thrown open, and could distinguish his master's voice addressing the person who had thus

summoned the castle. But the night was so dark that he might not see the speakers; and the language which they used was either entirely foreign, or so largely interspersed with strange words, that he could not understand a syllable which they said. Scarce five minutes had elapsed, when he who was without again elevated his voice as before, and said in German, "For a year and a day, then, I forbear my forfeiture;—but coming for it when that time shall elapse, I come for my right, and will no longer be withstood."

From that period Dannischemend, the Persian, was a constant guest at the castle of Arnheim, and, indeed, never for any purpose crossed the drawbridge. His amusements, or studies, seemed centred in the library of the castle, and in the laboratory, where the Baron sometimes toiled in conjunction with him for many hours together. The inhabitants of the castle could find no fault in the Magus, or Persian, excepting his apparently dispensing with the ordinances of religion, since he neither went to mass nor confession, nor attended upon other religious ceremonies. The chaplain did indeed profess himself satisfied with the state of the stranger's conscience; but it had been long suspected, that the worthy ecclesiastic held his easy office on the very reasonable condition, of approving the principles, and asserting the orthodoxy, of all guests whom the Baron invited to share his hospitality.

It was observed that Dannischemend was rigid in paying his devotions, by prostrating himself in the first rays of the rising sun, and that he constructed a silver lamp of the most beautiful proportions, which he placed on a pedestal, representing a truncated column of marble, having its base sculptured with hieroglyphical imagery. With what essences he fed this flame was unknown to all, unless perhaps to the Baron; but the flame was more steady, pure, and lustrous, than any which was ever seen, excepting the sun of heaven itself, and it was generally believed that Dannischemend made it an object of worship in the absence of that blessed luminary. Nothing else was observed of him, unless that his morals seemed severe, his gravity extreme, his general mode of life very temperate, and his fasts and vigils of frequent recurrence. Except on particular occasions, he spoke to no one of the castle but the Baron; but, as he had money and was liberal, he was regarded by the domestics with awe indeed, but without fear or dislike.

Winter was succeeded by spring, summer brought her flowers, and autumn her fruits, which ripened and were fading, when a foot-page, who sometimes attended them in the laboratory to render manual assistance when required, heard the Persian say to the Baron of Arnheim, "You will do well, my son, to mark my words; for my lessons to you are drawing to an end, and there is no power on earth which can longer postpone my fate."

"Alas, my master!" said the Baron, "and must I then lose the benefit of your direction, just when your guiding hand becomes necessary to place me on the very pinnacle of the temple of wisdom?"

"Be not discouraged, my son," answered the sage; "I will bequeath the task of perfecting you in your studies to my daughter, who will come hither on purpose. But remember, if you value the perma-

nence of your family, look not upon her as aught else than a helpmate in your studies; for if you forget the instructress in the beauty of the maiden, you will be buried with your sword and your shield, as the last male of your house; and farther evil, believe me, will arise; for such alliances never come to happy issue, of which my own is an example.—But hush, we are observed."

The household of the castle of Arnheim having but few things to interest them, were the more eager observers of those which came under their notice; and when the termination of the period when the Persian was to receive shelter in the castle began to approach, some of the inmates, under various pretexts, but which resolved into very terror, absconded, while others held themselves in expectation of some striking and terrible catastrophe. None such, however, took place; and on the expected anniversary, long ere the witching hour of midnight, Dannischemend terminated his visit in the castle of Arnheim, by riding away from the gate in the guise of an ordinary traveller. The Baron had meantime taken leave of his tutor with many marks of regret, and some which amounted even to sorrow. The sage Persian comforted him by a long whisper, of which the last part only was heard,—*"By the first beam of sunshine she will be with you. Be kind to her, but not over kind."* He then departed, and was never again seen or heard of in the vicinity of Arnheim.

The Baron was observed during all the day after the departure of the stranger to be particularly melancholy. He remained, contrary to his custom, in the great hall, and neither visited the library nor the laboratory, where he could no longer enjoy the company of his departed instructor. At dawn of the ensuing morning, Sir Herman summoned his page, and, contrary to his habits, which used to be rather careless in respect of apparel, he dressed himself with great accuracy; and, as he was in the prime of life, and of a noble figure, he had reason to be satisfied with his appearance. Having performed his toilet, he waited till the sun had just appeared above the horizon, and, taking from the table the key of the laboratory, which the page believed must have lain there all night, he walked thither, followed by his attendant. At the door the Baron made a pause, and seemed at one time to doubt whether he should not send away the page, at another to hesitate whether he should open the door, as one might do who expected some strange sight within. He pulled up resolution, however, turned the key, threw the door open, and entered. The page followed close behind his master, and was astonished to the point of extreme terror at what he beheld, although the sight, however extraordinary, had in it nothing save what was agreeable and lovely.

The silver lamp was extinguished, or removed from its pedestal, where stood in place of it a most beautiful female figure in the Persian costume, in which the colour of pink predominated. But she wore no turban or head-dress of any kind, saving a blue riband drawn through her auburn hair, and secured by a gold clasp, the outer side of which was ornamented by a superb opal, which, amid the changing lights peculiar to that gem, displayed a slight tinge of red like a spark of fire.

The figure of this young person was rather under the middle size, but perfectly well formed; the Eastern dress, with the wide trowsers gathered round the ankles, made visible the smallest and most beautiful feet which had ever been seen, while hands and arms of the most perfect symmetry were partly seen from under the folds of the robe. The little lady's countenance was of a lively and expressive character, in which spirit and wit seemed to predominate; and the quick dark eye, with its beautifully formed eye-brow, seemed to presage the arch remark, to which the rosy and half-smiling lip appeared ready to give utterance.

The pedestal on which she stood, or rather was perched, would have appeared unsafe had any figure heavier than her own been placed there. But, however she had been transported thither, she seemed to rest on it as lightly and safely as a linnet, when it has dropped from the sky on the tendril of a rose-bud. The first beam of the rising sun, falling through a window directly opposite to the pedestal, increased the effect of this beautiful figure, which remained as motionless as if it had been carved in marble. She only expressed her sense of the Baron of Arnheim's presence by something of a quicker respiration, and a deep blush, accompanied by a slight smile.

Whatever reason the Baron of Arnheim might have for expecting to see some such object as now presented its actual presence, the degree of beauty which it exhibited was so much beyond his expectation, that for an instant he stood without breath or motion. At once, however, he seemed to recollect that it was his duty to welcome the fair stranger to his castle, and to relieve her from her precarious situation. He stepped forward accordingly with the words of welcome on his tongue, and was extending his arms to lift her from the pedestal, which was nearly six feet high; but the light and active stranger merely accepted the support of his hand, and descended on the floor as light and as safe as if she had been formed of gossamer. It was, indeed, only by the momentary pressure of her little hand, that the Baron of Arnheim was made sensible that he had to do with a being of flesh and blood.

"I am come as I have been commanded," she said, looking around her. "You must expect a strict and diligent mistress, and I hope for the credit of an attentive pupil."

After the arrival of this singular and interesting being in the castle of Arnheim, various alterations took place within the interior of the household. A lady of high rank and small fortune, the respectable widow of a Count of the Empire, who was the Baron's blood relation, received and accepted an invitation to preside over her kinsman's domestic affairs, and remove, by her countenance, any suspicions which might arise from the presence of Hermione, as the beautiful Persian was generally called.

The Countess Waldstetten carried her complaisance so far, as to be present on almost all occasions, whether in the laboratory or library, when the Baron of Arnheim received lessons from, or pursued studies with, the young and lovely tutor who had been thus strangely substituted for the aged Magus. If this lady's report was to be trusted, their pursuits were of a most extraordinary nature, and the results which

she sometimes witnessed, were such as to create fear as well as surprise. But she strongly vindicated them from practising unlawful arts, or overstepping the boundaries of natural science.

A better judge of such matters, the Bishop of Bamberg himself, made a visit to Arnheim, on purpose to witness the wisdom of which so much was reported through the whole Rhine-country. He conversed with Hermione, and found her deeply impressed with the truths of religion, and so perfectly acquainted with its doctrines, that he compared her to a doctor of theology in the dress of an Eastern dancing-girl. When asked regarding her knowledge of languages and science, he answered, that he had been attracted to Arnheim by the most extravagant reports on these points, but that he must return confessing "the half thereof had not been told unto him."

In consequence of this indisputable testimony, the sinister reports which had been occasioned by the singular appearance of the fair stranger, were in a great measure lulled to sleep, especially as her amiable manners won the involuntary good-will of every one that approached her.

Meantime a marked alteration began to take place in the interviews between the lovely tutor and her pupil. These were conducted with the same caution as before, and never, so far as could be observed, took place without the presence of the Countess of Waldstetten, or some other third person of respectability. But the scenes of these meetings were no longer the scholar's library, or the chemist's laboratory;—the gardens, the groves, were resorted to for amusement, and parties of hunting and fishing, with evening spent in the dance, seemed to announce that the studies of wisdom were for a time abandoned for the pursuits of pleasure. It was not difficult to guess the meaning of this; the Baron of Arnheim and his fair guest, speaking a language different from all others, could enjoy their private conversation, even amid all the tumult of gaiety around them; and no one was surprised to hear it formally announced, after a few weeks of gaiety, that the fair Persian was to be wedded to the Baron of Arnheim.

The manners of this fascinating young person were so pleasing, her conversation so animated, her wit so keen, yet so well tempered with good-nature and modesty, that, notwithstanding her unknown origin, her high fortune attracted less envy than might have been expected in a case so singular. Above all, her generosity amazed and won the hearts of all the young persons who approached her. Her wealth seemed to be measureless, for the jewels which she distributed among her fair friends would otherwise have left her without ornaments for herself. These good qualities, her liberality above all, together with a simplicity of thought and character, which formed a beautiful contrast to the depth of acquired knowledge which she was well known to possess,—these, and her total want of ostentation, made her superiority be pardoned among her companions. Still there was notice taken of some peculiarities, exaggerated perhaps by envy, which seemed to draw a mystical distinction between the beautiful Hermione and the mere mortals with whom she lived and conversed.

In the merry dance she was so unrivalled in light-

ness and agility, that her performance seemed that of an aerial being. She could without suffering from her exertion, continue the pleasure till she had tired out the most active revellers; and even the young Duke of Hochspringen, who was reckoned the most indefatigable at that exercise in Germany, having been her partner for half an hour, was compelled to break off the dance, and throw himself, totally exhausted, on a couch, exclaiming, he had been dancing not with a woman, but with an *ignis fatuus*.

Other whispers averred, that, while she played with her young companions in the labyrinth and mazes of the castle gardens at hide-and-seek, or similar games of activity, she became animated with the same supernatural alertness which was supposed to inspire her in the dance. She appeared amongst her companions and vanished from them, with a degree of rapidity which was inconceivable; and hedges, treillage, or such like obstructions, were surmounted by her in a manner which the most vigilant eye could not detect; for, after being observed on the other side of the barrier at one instant, in another she was beheld close beside the spectator.

In such moments, when her eyes sparkled, her cheeks reddened, and her whole frame became animated, it was pretended that the opal clasp amid her tresses, the ornament which she never laid aside, shot forth the little spark, or tongue of flame, which it always displayed, with an increased vivacity. In the same manner, if in the twilight hall the conversation of Hermione became unusually animated, it was believed that the jewel became brilliant, and even displayed a twinkling and flashing gleam which seemed to be emitted by the gem itself, and not produced in the usual manner, by the reflection of some external light. Her maidens were also heard to surmise, that when their mistress was agitated by any hasty or brief resentment (the only weakness of temper which she was ever observed to display), they could observe dark-red sparks flash from the mystic brooch, as if it sympathized with the wearer's emotions. The women who attended on her toilette farther reported, that this gem was never removed but for a few minutes when the Baroness's hair was combed out; that she was unusually pensive and silent during the time it was laid aside, and particularly apprehensive when any liquid was brought near it. Even in the use of holy water at the door of the church, she was observed to omit the sign of the cross on the forehead, for fear, it was supposed, of the water touching the valued jewel.

These singular reports did not prevent the marriage of the Baron of Arnheim from proceeding as had been arranged. It was celebrated in the usual form, and with the utmost splendour, and the young couple seemed to commence a life of happiness rarely to be found on earth. In the course of twelve months, the lovely Baroness presented her husband with a daughter, which was to be christened Sybilla, after the Count's mother. As the health of the child was excellent, the ceremony was postponed till the recovery of the mother from her confinement; many were invited to be present on the occasion, and the castle was thronged with company.

It happened, that amongst the guests was an old

lady, notorious for playing in private society the part of a malicious fairy in a minstrel's tale. This was the Baroness of Steinfeldt, famous in the neighbourhood for her insatiable curiosity and overweening pride. She had not been many days in the castle, ere, by the aid of a female attendant, who acted as an intelligencer, she had made herself mistress of all that was heard, said, or suspected concerning the peculiarities of the Baroness Hermione. It was on the morning of the day appointed for the christening, while the whole company were assembled in the hall, and waiting till the Baroness should appear, to pass with them to the chapel, that there arose between the censorious and haughty dame whom we have just mentioned, and the Countess Waldstetten, a violent discussion concerning some point of disputed precedence. It was referred to the Baron von Arnheim, who decided in favour of the Countess. Madame de Steinfeldt instantly ordered her palfrey to be prepared, and her attendants to mount.

"I leave this place," she said, "which a good Christian ought never to have entered; I leave a house of which the master is a sorcerer, the mistress a demon who dares not cross her brow with holy water, and their trencher companion one who, for a wretched pittance, is willing to act as match-maker between a wizard and an incarnate fiend!"

She then departed, with rage in her countenance and spite in her heart.

The Baron of Arnheim then stepped forward, and demanded of the knights and gentlemen around, if there were any among them who would dare to make good with his sword the infamous falsehoods thrown upon himself, his spouse, and his kinswoman.

There was a general answer, utterly refusing to defend the Baroness of Steinfeldt's words in so bad a cause, and universally testifying the belief of the company that she spoke in the spirit of calumny and falsehood.

"Then let that lie fall to the ground, which no man of courage will hold up," said the Baron of Arnheim; "only, all who are here this morning shall be satisfied whether the Baroness Hermione doth or doth not share the rites of Christianity."

The Countess of Waldstetten made anxious signs to him while he spoke thus; and when the crowd permitted her to approach near him, she was heard to whisper, "O, be not rash! try no experiment! there is something mysterious about that opal talisman; be prudent, and let the matter pass by."

The Baron, who was in a more towering passion than well became the wisdom to which he made pretence—although it will be perhaps allowed, that an affront so public, and in such a time and place, was enough to shake the prudence of the most staid, and the philosophy of the most wise—answered sternly and briefly, "Are you, too, such a fool?" and retained his purpose.

The Baroness of Arnheim at this moment entered the hall, looking just so pale from her late confinement, as to render her lovely countenance more interesting, if less animated, than usual. Having paid her compliments to the assembled company, with the most graceful and condescending attention, she was beginning to inquire why Madame de Steinfeldt was not present, when her husband made the

signal for the company to move forward to the chapel, and lent the Baroness his arm to bring up the rear. The chapel was nearly filled by the splendid company, and all eyes were bent on their host and hostess, as they entered the place of devotion immediately after four young ladies, who supported the infant babe in a light and beautiful litter.

As they passed the threshold, the Baron dipt his finger in the font-stone, and offered holy water to his lady, who accepted it, as usual, by touching his finger with her own. But then, as if to confute the calumnies of the malevolent lady of Steinfeldt, with an air of sportive familiarity which was rather unwarranted by the time and place, he flitted on her beautiful forehead a drop or two of the moisture which remained on his own hand. The opal, on which one of these drops had lighted, shot out a brilliant spark like a falling star, and became the instant afterwards lightless and colourless as a common pebble, while the beautiful Baroness sunk on the floor of the chapel with a deep sigh of pain. All crowded around her in dismay. The unfortunate Hermione was raised from the ground, and conveyed to her chamber; and so much did her countenance and pulse alter, within the short time necessary to do this, that those who looked upon her pronounced her a dying woman. She was no sooner in her own apartment than she requested to be left alone with her husband. He remained an hour in the room, and when he came out he locked and double-locked the door behind him. He then betook himself to the chapel, and remained there for an hour or more, prostrated before the altar.

In the meantime, most of the guests had dispersed in dismay; though some abode out of courtesy or curiosity. There was a general sense of impropriety in suffering the door of the sick lady's apartment to remain locked; but, alarmed at the whole circumstances of her illness, it was some time ere any one dared disturb the devotions of the Baron. At length medical aid arrived, and the Countess of Waldstetten took upon her to demand the key. She spoke more than once to a man, who seemed incapable of hearing, at least of understanding, what she said. At length he gave her the key, and added sternly, as he did so, that all aid was unavailing, and that it was his pleasure that all strangers should leave the castle. There were few who inclined to stay, when, upon opening the door of the chamber in which the Baroness had been deposited little more than two hours before, no traces of her could be discovered, unless that there was about a handful of light grey ashes, like such as might have been produced by burning fine paper, found on the bed where she had been laid. A solemn funeral was nevertheless performed, with masses, and all other spiritual rites, for the soul of the high and noble Lady Hermione of Arnheim; and it was exactly on that same day three years that the Baron himself was laid in the grave of the same chapel of Arnheim, with sword, shield, and helmet, as the last male of his family.

Here the Swiss paused, for they were approaching the bridge of the castle of Graffs-lust.

CHAPTER XII.

— Believe me, sir,
It carries a rare form—But 't is a spirit.
The Tempest.

THERE was a short silence after the Bernese had concluded his singular tale. Arthur Philipson's attention had been gradually and intensely attracted by a story, which was too much in unison with the received ideas of the age to be encountered by the unhesitating incredulity with which it must have been heard in later and more enlightened times.

He was also considerably struck by the manner in which it had been told by the narrator, whom he had hitherto only regarded in the light of a rude huntsman or soldier; whereas he now allowed Donnerhugel credit for a more extensive acquaintance with the general manners of the world than he had previously anticipated. This Swiss rose in his opinion as a man of talent, but without making the slightest progress in his affections. "The swashbuckler," he said to himself, "has brains, as well as brawn and bones, and is fitter for the office of commanding others than I formerly thought him." Then, turning to his companion, he thanked him for the tale, which had shortened the way in so interesting a manner.

"And it is from this singular marriage," he continued, "that Anne of Geierstein derives her origin?"

"Her mother," answered the Swiss, "was Sybilla of Arnheim, the infant at whose christening the mother died—disappeared—or whatever you may list to call it. The barony of Arnheim, being a male fief, reverted to the Emperor. The castle has never been inhabited since the death of the last lord; and has, as I have heard, become in some sort ruinous. The occupations of its ancient proprietors, and, above all, the catastrophe of its last inhabitant, have been thought to render it no eligible place of residence."

"Did there appear anything preternatural," said the Englishman, "about the young Baroness, who married the brother of the Landamman?"

"So far as I have heard," replied Rudolf, "there were strange stories. It was said that the nurses, at the dead of night, have seen Hermione, the last Baroness of Arnheim, stand weeping by the side of the child's cradle, and other things to the same purpose. But here I speak from less correct information than that from which I drew my former narrative."

"And since the credibility of a story, not very probable in itself, must needs be granted, or withheld, according to the evidence on which it is given, may I ask you," said Arthur, "to tell me what is the authority on which you have so much reliance?"

"Willingly," answered the Swiss. "Know that Theodore Donnerhugel, the favourite page of the last Baron of Arnheim, was my father's brother. Upon his master's death, he retired to his native town of Berne, and most of his time was employed in training me up to arms and martial exercises, as well according to the fashion of Germany as of Switzerland, for he was master of all. He witnessed with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears, great part of the melancholy and mysterious events which I have detailed to you. Should you ever visit Berne, you may see the good old man."

"You think, then," said Arthur, "that the appearance which I have this night seen, is connected with the mysterious marriage of Anne of Geierstein's grandfather?"

"Nay," replied Rudolf, "think not that I can lay down any positive explanation of a thing so strange. I can only say, that, unless I did you the injustice to disbelieve your testimony respecting the apparition of this evening, I know no way to account for it, except by remembering that there is a portion of the young lady's blood which is thought not to be derived from the race of Adam, but more or less directly from one of those elementary spirits, which have been talked of both in ancient and modern times. But I may be mistaken. We will see how she bears herself in the morning, and whether she carries in her looks the weariness and paleness of a midnight watcher. If she doth not, we may be authorized in thinking either that your eyes have strangely deceived you, or that they have been cheated by some spectral appearance, which is not of this world."

To this the young Englishman attempted no reply, nor was there time for any; for they were immediately afterwards challenged by the sentinel from the drawbridge.

The question, "who goes there?" was twice satisfactorily answered, before Sigismund would admit the patrol to cross the drawbridge.

"Ass and mule that thou art," said Rudolf, "what was the meaning of thy delay?"

"Ass and mule thyself, Hauptman!" said the Swiss, in answer to this objurgation. "I have been surprised by a goblin on my post once to-night already, and I have got so much experience upon that matter, that I will not easily be caught a second time."

"What goblin, thou fool," said Donnerhugel, "would be idle enough to play his gambols at the expense of so very poor an animal as thou art?"

"Thou art as cross as my father, Hauptman," replied Sigismund, "who cries fool and blockhead at every word I speak; and yet I have lips, teeth, and tongue to speak with, just like other folk."

"We will not contest the matter, Sigismund," said Rudolf. "It is clear, that if thou dost differ from other people, it is in a particular which thou canst be hardly expected to find out or acknowledge. But what, in the name of simplicity, is it which hath alarmed thee on thy post?"

"Marry, thus it was, Hauptman," returned Sigismund Biederman. "I was something tired, you see, with looking up at the broad moon, and thinking what in the universe it could be made of, and how we came to see it just as well here as at home, this place being so many miles from Geierstein. I was tired, I say, of this and other perplexing thoughts, so I drew my fur cap down over my ears, for I promise you the wind blew shrill; and then I planted myself firm on my feet, with one of my legs a little advanced and both my hands resting on my parizan, which I placed upright before me to rest upon; and so I shut mine eyes."

"Shut thine eyes, Sigismund, and upon thy watch!" exclaimed Donnerhugel.

"Care not thou for that," answered Sigismund; "I kept my ears open. And yet it was to little purpose,

for something came upon the bridge with a step as stealthy as that of a mouse. I looked up with a start at the moment it was opposite to me, and when I looked up—whom think you I saw?"

"Some fool like thyself," said Rudolf, at the same time pressing Philipson's foot to make him attend to the answer; a hint which was little necessary, since he waited for it in the utmost agitation. Out it came at last.

"By Saint Mark, it was our own Anne of Geierstein!"

"It is impossible!" replied the Bernese.

"I should have said so too," quoth Sigismund, "for I had peeped into her bed-room before she went thither, and it was so bedizened that a queen or a princess might have slept in it; and why should the wench get out of her good quarters, with all her friends about her to guard her, and go out to wander in the forest?"

"May be," said Rudolf, "she only looked from the bridge to see how the night waned."

"No," said Sigismund; "she was returning from the forest. I saw her when she reached the end of the bridge, and thought of striking at her, conceiving it to be the devil in her likeness. But I remembered my halbert is no birch switch to chastise boys and girls with; and had I done Anne any harm, you would all have been angry with me, and, to speak truth, I should have been ill-pleased with myself; for although she doth make a jest of me now and then, yet it were a dull house ours were we to lose Anne."

"Ass," answered the Bernese, "didst thou speak to this form, or goblin, as you call it?"

"Indeed I did not, Captain Wiseacre. My father is ever angry with me when I speak without thinking, and I could not at that particular moment think on any thing to the purpose. Neither was there time to think, for she passed me like a snow flake upon a whirlwind. I marched into the castle after her, however, calling on her by name; so the sleepers were awakened, and men flew to their arms, and there was as much confusion as if Archibald of Hagenbach had been amongst us with sword and pike. And who should come out of her little bedroom, as much startled and as much in a bustle as any of us, but Mistress Anne herself! And as she protested she had never left her room that night, why I, Sigismund Biederman, was made to stand the whole blame, as if I could prevent people's ghosts from walking. But I told her my mind when I saw them all so set against me. 'And Mistress Anne,' quoth I, 'it's well known the kindred you come of; and, after this fair notice, if you send any of your double-gangers to me, let them put iron skull-caps on their heads, for I will give them the length and weight of a Swiss halbert, come in what shape they list.' However, they all cried 'Shame on me!' and my father drove me out again, with as little remorse as if I had been the old house-dog, which had stolen in from his watch to the fireside."

The Bernese replied, with an air of coldness approaching to contempt, "You have slept on your watch, Sigismund, a high military offence, and you have dreamed while you slept. You were in good luck that the Landamman did not suspect your negligence, or, instead of being sent back to your duty

like a lazy watch-dog, you might have been scourged back like a faithless one to your kennel at Geierstein, as chanced to poor Ernest for a less matter."

"Ernest has not yet gone back though," said Sigismund, "and I think he may pass as far into Burgundy as we shall do in this journey. I pray you, however, Hauptman, to treat me not dog-like, but as a man, and send some one to relieve me, instead of prating here in the cold night air. If there be any thing to do to-morrow, as I well guess there may, a mouthful of food, and a minute of sleep, will be but a fitting preparative, and I have stood watch here these two mortal hours."

With that the young giant yawned portentously, as if to enforce the reasons of his appeal.

"A mouthful and a minute?" said Rudolf, "—a roasted ox, and a lethargy like that of the Seven Sleepers, would scarce restore you to the use of your refreshed and waking senses. But I am your friend, Sigismund, and you are secure in my favourable report; you shall be instantly relieved, that you may sleep, if it be possible, without disturbances from dreams.—Pass on, young men (addressing the others, who by this time had come up), and go to your rest; Arthur of England and I will report to the Landamman and the Banneret the account of our patrol."

The patrol accordingly entered the castle, and were soon heard joining their slumbering companions. Rudolf Donnerhugel seized Arthur's arm, and, while they went towards the hall, whispered in his ear,—

"These are strange passages!—How think you we should report them to the Deputation?"

"That I must refer to yourself," said Arthur; "you are the captain of our watch. I have done my duty in telling you what I saw—or thought I saw—it is for you to judge how far it is fitting to communicate it to the Landamman; only, as it concerns the honour of his family, to his ear alone I think it should be confided."

"I see no occasion for that," said the Bernese, hastily; "it cannot affect or interest our general safety. But I may take occasion hereafter to speak with Anne on this subject."

This latter hint gave as much pain to Arthur, as the general proposal of silence on an affair so delicate had afforded him satisfaction. But his uneasiness was of a kind which he felt it necessary to suppress, and he therefore replied with as much composure as he could assume:—

"You will act, Sir Hauptman, as your sense of duty and delicacy shall dictate. For me, I shall be silent on what you call the strange passages of the night, rendered doubly wonderful by the report of Sigismund Biederman."

"And also on what you have seen and heard concerning our auxiliaries of Berne?" said Rudolf.

"On that I shall certainly be silent," said Arthur; "unless thus far, that I mean to communicate to my father the risk of his baggage being liable to examination and seizure at La Ferette."

"It is needless," said Rudolf; "I will answer with head and hand for the safety of every thing belonging to him."

"I thank you in his name," said Arthur; "but we are peaceful travellers, to whom it must be much

VOL. VII.

more desirable to avoid a broil than to give occasion for one, even when secure of coming out of it triumphantly."

"These are the sentiments of a merchant, but not of a soldier," said Rudolf, in a cold and displeased tone; "but the matter is your own, and you must act in it as you think best. Only, remember if you go to La Ferette without us you hazard both goods and life."

They entered, as he spoke, the apartment of their fellow-travellers. The companions of their patrol had already laid themselves down amongst their sleeping comrades at the lower end of the room. The Landamman and the Bannerman of Berne heard Donnerhugel make a report that his patrol, both before and after midnight, had been made in safety, and without any encounter which expressed either danger or suspicion. The Bernese then wrapped him in his cloak, and, lying down on the straw, with that happy indifference to accommodation, and promptitude to seize the moment of repose, which is acquired by a life of vigilance and hardship, was in a few minutes fast asleep.

Arthur remained on foot but a little longer, to dart an earnest look on the door of Anne of Geierstein's apartment, and to reflect on the wonderful occurrences of the evening. But they formed a chaotic mystery, for which he could see no clew, and the necessity of holding instant communication with his father obliged him forcibly to turn his thoughts in that direction. He was obliged to observe caution and secrecy in accomplishing his purpose. For this he laid himself down beside his parent, whose couch, with the hospitality which he had experienced from the beginning of his intercourse with the kind-hearted Swiss, had been arranged in what was thought the most convenient place of the apartment, and somewhat apart from all others. He slept sound, but awoke at the touch of his son, who whispered to him in English, for the greater precaution, that he had important tidings for his private ear.

"An attack on our post?"—said the elder Philipson; "must we take to our weapons?"

"Not now," said Arthur; "and I pray of you not to rise or make alarm—This matter concerns us alone."

"Tell it instantly, my son," replied his father; "you speak to one too much used to danger to be startled at it."

"It is a case for your wisdom to consider," said Arthur. "I had information while upon the patrol that the Governor of La Ferette will unquestionably seize upon your baggage and merchandize, under pretext of levying dues claimed by the Duke of Burgundy. I have also been informed that our escort of Swiss youth are determined to resist this exaction, and conceive themselves possessed of the numbers and means sufficient to do so successfully."

"By St George, that must not be!" said the elder Philipson; "it would be an evil requital to the true-hearted Landamman, to give the fiery Duke a pretext for that war which the excellent old man is so anxiously desirous to avoid, if it be possible. Any exactions, however unreasonable, I will gladly pay. But to have my papers seized on were utter ruin. I partly feared this, and it made me unwilling to join

myself to the Landamman's party. We must now break off from it. This rapacious governor will not surely lay hands on the deputation, which seeks his master's court under protection of the law of nations; but I can easily see how he might make our presence with them a pretext for quarrel, which will equally suit his own avaricious spirit and the humour of these fiery young men, who are seeking for matter of offence. This shall not be taken for our sake. We will separate ourselves from the deputies, and remain behind till they are passed on. If this De Hagenbach be not the most unreasonable of men, I will find a way to content him so far as we are individually concerned. Meanwhile, I will instantly wake the Landamman," he said, "and acquaint him with our purpose."

This was immediately done, for Philipson was not slow in the execution of his resolutions. In a minute he was standing by the side of Arnold Biederman, who, raised on his elbow, was listening to his communication, while, over the shoulder of the Landamman, rose the head and long beard of the deputy from Schwitz, his large clear blue eyes gleaming from beneath a fur cap, bent on the Englishman's face, but stealing a glance aside now and then to mark the impression which what was said made upon his colleague.

"Good friend and host," said the elder Philipson, "we have heard for a certainty that our poor merchandize will be subjected to taxation or seizure on our passage through La Ferette, and I would gladly avoid all cause of quarrel, for your sake as well as our own."

"You do not doubt that we can and will protect you?" replied the Landamman. "I tell you, Englishman, that the guest of a Swiss is as safe by his side as an eaglet under the wing of its dam; and to leave us because danger approaches, is but a poor compliment to our courage or constancy. I am desirous of peace; but not the Duke of Burgundy himself should wrong a guest of mine, so far as my power might prevent it."

At this the deputy from Schwitz clenched a fist like a bull's knuckles, and showed it above the shoulders of his friend.

"It is even to avoid this, my worthy host," replied Philipson, "that I intend to separate from your friendly company sooner than I desire or purposed. Bethink you, my brave and worthy host, you are an ambassador seeking peace, I a trader seeking gain. War, or quarrels which may cause war, are alike ruinous to your purpose and mine. I confess to you frankly, that I am willing and able to pay a large ransom, and when you are departed I will negotiate for the amount. I will abide in the town of Bâle till I have made fair terms with Archibald de Hagenbach; and even if he is the avaricious extortioner you describe him, he will be somewhat moderate with me rather than run the risk of losing his booty entirely, by my turning back or taking another route."

"You speak wisely, Sir Englishman," said the Landamman; "and I thank you for recalling my duty to my remembrance. But you must not, nevertheless, be exposed to danger. So soon as we move forward, the country will be again open to the

dévastations of the Burgundian Riders and Lanzknechts, who will sweep the roads in every direction. The people of Bâle are unhappily too timorous to protect you; they would yield you up upon the Governor's first hint; and for justice or lenity, you might as well expect it in hell as from Hagenbach."

"There are conjurations, it is said, that can make hell itself tremble," said Philipson; "and I have means to propitiate even this De Hagenbach, providing I can get to private speech with him. But I own I can expect nothing from his wild riders, but to be put to death for the value of my cloak."

"If that be the case," said the Landamman, "and if you must needs separate from us, for which I deny not that you have alleged wise and worthy reasons, wherefore should you not leave Graffs-lust two hours before us? The roads will be safe, as our escort is expected; and you will probably, if you travel early, find De Hagenbach sober, and as capable as he ever is of hearing reason,—that is, of perceiving his own interest. But, after his breakfast is washed down with Rhine-wine, which he drinks every morning before he hears mass, his fury blinds even his avarice."

"All I want in order to execute this scheme," said Philipson, "is the loan of a mule to carry my valise, which is packed up with your baggage."

"Take the she-mule," said the Landamman; "she belongs to my brother here from Schwitz; he will gladly bestow her on thee."

"If she were worth twenty crowns, and my comrade Arnold desired me to do so," said the old white beard.

"I will accept her as a loan with gratitude," said the Englishman. "But how can you dispense with the use of the creature? You have only one left."

"We can easily supply our want from Bâle," said the Landamman. "Nay, we can make this little delay serve your purpose, Sir Englishman. I named for our hour of departure, the first hour after day-break; we will postpone it to the second hour, which will give us enough of time to get a horse or mule, and you, Sir Philipson, space to reach La Ferette, where I trust you will have achieved your business with De Hagenbach to your contentment, and will join company again with us as we travel through Burgundy."

"If our mutual objects will permit our travelling together, worthy Landamman," answered the merchant, "I shall esteem myself most happy in becoming the partner of your journey.—And now resume the repose which I have interrupted."

"God bless you, wise and true-hearted man," said the Landamman, rising and embracing the Englishman. "Should we never meet again, I will still remember the merchant who neglected thoughts of gain, that he might keep the path of wisdom and rectitude. I know not another who would not have risked the shedding a lake of blood to save five ounces of gold.—Farewell thou too, gallant young man. Thou hast learned among us to keep thy foot firm while on the edge of an Helvetian crag, but none can teach thee so well as thy father to keep an upright path among the morasses and precipices of human life."

He then embraced and took a kind farewell of his

friends, in which, as usual, he was imitated by his friend of Schwitz, who swept with his long beard the right and left cheeks of both the Englishmen, and again made them heartily welcome to the use of his mule. All then once more composed themselves to rest, for the space which remained before the appearance of the autumnal dawn.

CHAPTER XIII.

The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their blood.
Comedy of Errors.

THE dawn had scarce begun to touch the distant horizon, when Arthur Philipson was on foot to prepare for his father's departure and his own, which, as arranged on the preceding night, was to take place two hours before the Landamman and his attendants proposed to leave the ruinous castle of Graffs-lust. It was no difficult matter for him to separate the neatly-arranged packages which contained his father's effects, from the clumsy bundles in which the baggage of the Swiss was deposited. The one set of mails was made up with the neatness of men accustomed to long and perilous journeys; the other, with the rude carelessness of those who rarely left their home and who were altogether inexperienced travellers.

A servant of the Landamman assisted Arthur in this task, and in placing his father's baggage on the mule belonging to the bearded Deputy from Schwitz. From this man also he received instructions concerning the road from Graffs-lust to La Ferette, which was too plain and direct to render it likely that they should incur any risk of losing their way, as had befallen them when travelling on the Swiss mountains. Every thing being now prepared for their departure, the young Englishman awakened his father, and acquainted him that all was ready. He then retired towards the chimney, while his father, according to his daily custom, repeated the prayer of St Julian, the patron of travellers, and adjusted his dress for the journey.

It will not be wondered at, that, while the father went through his devotions, and equipped himself for travel, Arthur, with his heart full of what he had seen of Anne of Geierstein for some time before, and his brain dizzy with the recollection of the incidents of the preceding night, should have kept his eyes riveted on the door of the sleeping apartment at which he had last seen that young person disappear; that is, unless the pale, and seemingly fantastic form, which had twice crossed him so strangely, should prove no wandering spirit of the elements, but the living substance of the person whose appearance it bore. So eager was his curiosity on this subject, that he strained his eyes to the utmost, as if it had been possible for them to have penetrated through wood and walls into the chamber of the slumbering maiden, in order to discover whether her eye or cheek bore any mark that she had last night been a watcher or a wanderer.

"But that was the proof to which Rudolf appealed," he said, internally, "and Rudolf alone will have

the opportunity of remarking the result. Who knows what advantage my communication may give him in his suit with yonder lovely creature? And what must she think of me, save as one light of thought and loose of tongue, to whom nothing extraordinary can chance, but he must hasten to babble it into the ears of those who are nearest to him at the moment? I would my tongue had been palsied ere I said a syllable to yonder proud, yet wily prize-fighter! I shall never see her more—that is to be counted for certain. I shall never know the true interpretation of those mysteries which hang around her. But to think I may have prated something tending to throw her into the power of yonder ferocious boor, will be a subject of remorse to me while I live."

Here he was startled out of his reverie by the voice of his father. "Why, how now, boy; art thou waking, Arthur, or sleeping on thy feet from the fatigue of last night's service?"

"Not so, my father," answered Arthur, at once recollecting himself. "Somewhat drowsy, perhaps; but the fresh morning air will soon put that to flight."

Walking with precaution through the group of sleepers who lay around, the elder Philipson, when they had gained the door of the apartment, turned back, and, looking on the straw couch which the large form of the Landamman, and the silvery beard of his constant companion, touched by the earliest beams of light, distinguished as that of Arnold Biederman, he muttered between his lips an involuntary adieu.

"Farewell, mirror of ancient faith and integrity,—farewell, noble Arnold,—farewell, soul of truth and candour,—to whom cowardice, selfishness, and falsehood, are alike unknown!"

And farewell, thought his son, to the loveliest, and most candid, yet most mysterious of maidens.—But the adieu, as may well be believed, was not, like that of his father, expressed in words.

They were soon after on the outside of the gate. The Swiss domestic was liberally recompensed, and charged with a thousand kind words of farewell and of remembrance to the Landamman from his English guests, mingled with hopes and wishes that they might soon meet again in the Burgundian territory. The young man then took the bridle of the mule, and led the animal forward on their journey at an easy pace, his father walking by his side.

After a silence of some minutes, the elder Philipson addressed Arthur. "I fear me," he said, "we shall see the worthy Landamman no more. The youths who attend him are bent upon taking offence—the Duke of Burgundy will not fail, I fear, to give them ample occasion—and the peace which the excellent man desires for the land of his fathers, will be shipwrecked ere they reach the Duke's presence; though even were it otherwise, how the proudest prince in Europe will brook the moody looks of burgesses and peasants (so will Charles of Burgundy term the friends we have parted from), is a question too easily answered. A war, fatal to the interests of all concerned, save Louis of France, will certainly take place; and dreadful must be the contest if the ranks of the Burgundian chivalry shall encounter those iron sons of the mountains, before whom so many of the Austrian nobility have been repeatedly prostrated."

"I am so much convinced of the truth of what you say, my father," replied Arthur, "that I judge even this day will not pass over without a breach of truce. I have already put on my shirt of mail, in case we should meet bad company betwixt Graffs-lust and La Ferette; and I would to Heaven that you would observe the same precaution. It will not delay our journey; and I confess to you, that I, at least, will travel with much greater consciousness of safety should you do so."

"I understand you, my son," replied the elder Philipson. "But I am a peaceful traveller in the Duke of Burgundy's territories, and must not willingly suppose, that while under the shadow of his banner, I must guard myself against banditti, as if I were in the wilds of Palestine. As for the authority of his officers, and the extent of their exactions, I need not tell you that they are, in our circumstances, things to be submitted to without grief or grudging."

Leaving the two travellers to journey towards La Ferette at their leisure, I must transport my readers to the eastern gate of that small town, which, situated on an eminence, had a commanding prospect on every side, but especially towards Bale. It did not properly make a part of the dominions of the Duke of Burgundy, but had been placed in his hands in pawn, or in pledge, for the repayment of a considerable sum of money, due to Charles by the Emperor Sigismund of Austria, to whom the seigniorship of the place belonged in property. But the town lay so conveniently for distressing the commerce of the Swiss, and inflicting on that people, whom he at once hated and despised, similar marks of his malevolence, as to encourage a general opinion, that the Duke of Burgundy would never listen to any terms of redemption, however equitable or advantageous, which might have the effect of restoring to the Emperor an advanced post, of such consequence to the gratification of his dislike, as the village of La Ferette.

The situation of the little town was in itself strong, but the fortifications which surrounded it were barely sufficient to repel any sudden attack, and not adequate to resist for any length of time a formal siege. The morning beams had shone on the spire of the church for more than an hour, when a tall, thin, elderly man, wrapt in a morning gown, over which was buckled a broad belt, supporting on the left side a sword, on the right a dagger, approached the barbican of the eastern gate. His bonnet displayed a feather, which, or the tail of a fox in lieu of it, was the emblem of gentle blood throughout all Germany, and a badge highly prized by those who had a right to wear it.

The small party of soldiers who had kept watch there during the course of the preceding night, and supplied sentinels both for ward and out-look, took arms on the appearance of this individual, and drew themselves up in the form of a guard, which receives with military reverence an officer of importance. Archibald de Hagenbach's countenance, for it was the Governor himself, expressed that settled peevishness and ill temper which characterise the morning hours of a valetudinary debauchee. His head throbbed, his pulse was feverish, and his cheek was pale,—symptoms of his having spent the last night, as was his usual custom, amid wine-stoups and flagons.

Judging from the haste with which his soldiers fell into their ranks, and the awe and silence which reigned among them, it appeared that they were accustomed to expect and dread his ill humour on such occasions. He glanced at them, accordingly, an inquisitive and dissatisfied look, as if he sought something on which to vent his peevishness, and then asked for the "loitering dog Kilian."

Kilian presently made his appearance, a stout hard-favoured man-at-arms, a Bavarian by birth, and by rank the personal squire of the Governor.

"What news of the Swiss churls, Kilian?" demanded Archibald de Hagenbach. "They should, by their thrifty habits, have been on the road two hours since. Have the peasant-clods presumed to ape the manners of gentlemen, and stuck by the flask till cock-crow?"

"By my faith, it may well be," answered Kilian; "the burghers of Bale gave them full means of carousal."

"How, Kilian?—They dared not offer hospitality to the Swiss drove of bullocks, after the charge we sent them to the contrary?"

"Nay, the Bâlese received them not into the town," replied the squire; "but I learned, by sure espial, that they afforded them means of quartering at Graffs-lust, which was furnished with many a fair gammon and pasty, to speak nought of flasks of Rhine-wine, barrels of beer, and stoups of strong waters."

"The Bâlese shall answer this, Kilian," said the Governor; "do they think I am for ever to be thrusting myself between the Duke and his pleasure on their behalf?—The fat porkers have presumed too much since we accepted some paltry gifts at their hands, more for gracing of them, than for any advantage we could make of their paltry donations. Was it not the wine from Bale which we were obliged to drink out in pint goblets, lest it should become sour before morning?"

"It was drunk out, and in pint goblets too," said Kilian; "so much I can well remember."

"Why, go to then," said the Governor; "they shall know, these beasts of Bale, that I hold myself no way obliged by such donatives as these, and that my remembrance of the wines which I carouse, rests no longer than the headach which the mixtures they drug me with never fail of late years to leave behind, for the next morning's pastime."

"Your excellency," replied the squire, "will make it then a quarrel between the Duke of Burgundy and the city of Bale, that they gave this indirect degree of comfort and assistance to the Swiss deputation?"

"Ay, marry will I," said De Hagenbach, "unless there be wise men among them, who shall show me good reasons for protecting them. Oh, the Bâlese do not know our Noble Duke, nor the gift he hath for chastising the gutter-blooded citizens of a free town. Thou canst tell them, Kilian, as well as any man, how he dealt with the villains of Liege, when they would needs be pragmatical."

"I will apprise them of the matter," said Kilian, "when opportunity shall serve, and I trust I shall find them in a temper disposed to cultivate your honourable friendship."

"Nay, if it is the same to them, it is quite indifferent to me, Kilian," continued the Governor; "but

methinks whole and sound throats are worth some purchase, were it only to swallow black puddings and schwarz-beer, to say nothing of Westphalian hams and Nierensteiner—I say, a slashed throat is a useless thing, Kilian.”

“I will make the fat citizens to understand their danger, and the necessity of making interest,” answered Kilian. “Sure, I am not now to learn how to turn the ball into your excellency’s lap?”

“You speak well,” said Sir Archibald;—“but how chanced it thou hast so little to say to the Switzers’ leaguer? I should have thought an old trooper like thee would have made their pinions flutter amidst the good cheer thou tellest me of.”

“I might as well have annoyed an angry hedgehog with my bare finger,” said Kilian. “I surveyed Graffs-lust myself;—there were sentinels on the castle walls, a sentinel on the bridge, besides a regular patrol of these Swiss fellows who kept strict watch. So that there was nothing to be done, otherwise, knowing your excellency’s ancient quarrel, I would have had a hit at them, when they should never have known who hurt them.”

“Well, they will be the better worth the looking after when they arrive,” said De Hagenbach; “they come forth in state, doubtless, with all their finery, their wives’ chains of silver, their own medals, and rings of lead and copper.—Ah, the base hinds, they are unworthy that a man of noble blood should ease them of their trash!”

“There is better ware among them, if my intelligence hath not deceived me” replied Kilian; “there are merchants——”

“Pshaw! the pack-horses of Berne and Soleure,” said the Governor, “with their paltry lumber, cloth too coarse to make covers for horses of any breeding, and linen that is more like hair cloth than any composition of flax. I will strip them, however, were it but to vex the knaves. What! not content with claiming to be treated like an independent people, and sending forth deputies and embassies forsooth, they expect, I warrant, to make the indemnities of ambassadors cover the introduction of a cargo of their contraband commodities, and thus insult the noble Duke of Burgundy, and cheat him at the same time? But De Hagenbach is neither knight nor gentleman if he allow them to pass unchallenged.”

“And they are better worth being stopped,” said Kilian “than your excellency supposes; for they have English merchants along with them, and under their protection.”

“English merchants!” exclaimed De Hagenbach, his eyes sparkling with joy; “English merchants, Kilian! Men talk of Cathay and Ind, where there are mines of silver, and gold, and diamonds; but, on the faith of a gentleman, I believe these brutish islanders have the caves of treasure in their own foggy land! And then the variety of their rich merchandize,—ha, Kilian! is it a long train of mules—a jolly tinkling team?—By our Lady’s glove! the sound of it is already jingling in my ears, more musically than all the harps of all the minnesingers at Heilbron!”

“Nay, my lord, there is no great train,—only two men, as I am given to understand, with scarce so much baggage as loads a mule; but, it is said, of infinite value, silk and samite, lace and furs, pearls

and jewellery-work—perfumes from the East, and goldwork from Venice.”

“Raptures and paradise! say not a word more,” exclaimed the rapacious knight of Hagenbach; “they are all our own, Kilian! Why, these are the very men I have dreamed of twice a-week for this month past—ay, two men of middle stature, or somewhat under it—with smooth, round, fair, comely visages, having stomachs as plump as partridges, and purses as plump as their stomachs—Ha, what say’st thou to my dream, Kilian?”

“Only, that, to be quite soothfast,” answered the squire, “it should have included the presence of a score, or thereabouts, of sturdy young giants as ever climbed cliff, or let bolt whistle at a chamois—a lusty plump of clubs, bills, and partisans, such as make shields crack like oaten cakes, and helmets ring like church-bells.”

“The better, knave, the better!” exclaimed the Governor, rubbing his hands. “English pedlars to plunder! Swiss bullies to beat into submission! I wot well, we can have nothing of the Helvetian swine save their beastly bristles—it is lucky they bring these two island sheep along with them. But we must get ready our boar-spears, and clear the clipping-pens for exercise of our craft.—Here, Lieutenant Schonfeldt!”

An officer stepped forth.

“How many men are here on duty?”

“About sixty,” replied the officer. “Twenty out on parties in different directions, and there may be forty or fifty in their quarters.”

“Order them all under arms instantly;—hark ye, not by trumpet or bugle, but by warning them individually in their quarters, to draw to arms as quietly as possible, and rendezvous here at the eastern gate. Tell the villains there is booty to be gained, and they shall have their share.”

“On these terms,” said Schonfeldt, “they will walk over a spider’s web without startling the insect that wove it. I will collect them without loss of an instant.”

“I tell thee, Kilian,” continued the exulting commandant, again speaking apart with his confidential attendant, “nothing could come so luckily as the chance of this onslaught. Duke Charles desires to affront the Swiss,—not, look you, that he cares to act towards them by his own direct orders, in such a manner as might be termed a breach of public faith towards a peaceful embassy; but the gallant follower who shall save his prince the scandal of such an affair, and whose actions may be termed a mistake or misapprehension, shall, I warrant you, be accounted to have done knightly service. Perchance a frown may be passed upon him in public, but in private the Duke will know how to esteem him.—Why standest thou so silent, man, and what ails thy ugly ill-boding aspect? Thou art not afraid of twenty Switzer boys, and we at the head of such a band of spears!”

“The Swiss,” answered Kilian, “will give and take good blows, yet I have no fear of them. But I like not that we should trust too much to Duke Charles. That he would be, in the first instance, pleased with any dishonour done the Swiss is likely enough; but if, as your excellency hints, he finds it afterwards convenient to disown the action, he is a prince likely

to give a lively colour to his disavowal by hanging up the actors."

"Pshaw?" said the commandant, "I know where I stand. Such a trick were like enough to be played by Louis of France, but it is foreign to the blunt character of our Bold One of Burgundy.—Why the devil stand'st thou still, man, simpering like an ape at a roasted chestnut, which he thinks too warm for his fingers?"

"Your excellency is wise as well as warlike," said the esquire, "and it is not for me to contest your pleasure. But this peaceful embassy—these English merchants—if Charles goes to war with Louis, as the rumour is current, what he should most of all desire is the neutrality of Switzerland, and the assistance of England, whose King is crossing the sea with a great army. Now you, Sir Archibald of Hagenbach, may well do that in the course of this very morning, which will put the Confederated Cantons in arms against Charles, and turn the English from allies into enemies."

"I care not," said the commandant; "I know the Duke's humour well, and if he, the master of so many provinces, is willing to risk them in a self-willed frolic, what is it to Archibald de Hagenbach, who has not a foot of land to lose in the cause?"

"But you have life, my lord," said the esquire.

"Ay, life!" replied the knight; "a paltry right to exist, which I have been ready to stake every day of my life for dollars—ay, and for kreutzers—and think you I will hesitate to pledge it for broad-pieces, jewels of the East, and goldsmith's work of Venice? No, Kilian; these English must be eased of their bales, that Archibald de Hagenbach may drink a purer flask than their thin Moselle, and wear a brocade doublet instead of greasy velvet. Nor is it less necessary that Kilian should wear a seemly new jerkin, with a purse of ducats to jingle at his girdle."

"By my faith," said Kilian, "that last argument hath disarmed my scruples, and I give up the point, since it ill befits me to dispute with your excellency."

"To the work then," said his leader. "But stay—we must first take the church along with us. The priest of Saint Paul's hath been moody of late, and spread abroad strange things from the pulpit, as if we were little better than common pillagers and robbers. Nay, he hath had the insolence to warn me, as he termed it, twice, in strange form. It were well to break the growling mastiff's bald head; but since that might be ill taken by the Duke, the next point of wisdom is to fling him a bone."

"He may be a dangerous enemy," said the squire, dubiously; "his power is great with the people."

"Tush!" replied Hagenbach, "I know how to disarm the shaveling. Send to him, and tell him to come hither to speak with me. Meanwhile have all our force under arms; let the barbican and barrier be well manned with archers; station spearmen in the houses on each hand of the gateway; and let the street be barricaded with carts, well bound together, but placed as if they had been there by accident—place a body of determined fellows in these carts, and behind them. So soon as the merchants and their mules enter (for that is the main point), up with your drawbridge, down with the portcullis, send a

volley of arrows among those who are without, if they make any scuffle; disarm and secure those who have entered, and are cooped up between the barricade before, and the ambush behind and around them.—And then, Kilian—"

"And then," said his esquire, "shall we, like merry Free Companions, be knuckle-deep in the English budgets—"

"And, like jovial hunters," replied the knight, "elbow-deep in the Swiss blood."

"The game will stand at bay though," answered Kilian. "They are led by that Donnerhugel whom we have heard of, whom they call the Young Bear of Berne. They will turn to their defence."

"The better, man—wouldst thou kill sheep rather than hunt wolves? Besides, our toils are set, and the whole garrison shall assist. Shame on thee, Kilian, thou wert not wont to have so many scruples!"

"Nor have I now," said Kilian. "But these Swiss bills and two-handed swords are no child's play.—And then, if you call all our garrison to the attack, to whom will your excellency intrust the defence of the other gates, and the circuit of the walls?"

"Lock, bolt, and chain up the gates," replied the Governor, "and bring the keys hither. There shall no one leave the place till this affair is over. Let some score of the citizens take arms for the duty of guarding the walls; and look they discharge it well, or I will lay a fine on them which they shall discharge to purpose."

"They will grumble," said Kilian. "They say, that not being the Duke's subjects, though the place is impledged to his Grace, they are not liable to military service."

"They lie! the cowardly slaves," answered De Hagenbach. "If I have not employed them much hitherto, it is because I scorn their assistance; nor would I now use their help, were it for any thing save to keep a watch, by looking out straight before them. Let them obey, as they respect their property, persons, and families."

A deep voice behind them repeated the emphatic language of Scripture,—*"I have seen the wicked man flourish in his power even like unto a laurel, but I returned and he was not—yea, I sought him, but he was not to be found."*

Sir Archibald de Hagenbach turned sternly, and encountered the dark and ominous looks of the priest of Saint Paul's, dressed in the vestments of his order.

"We are busy, father," said the Governor, "and will hear your preachment another time."

"I come by your summons, Sir Governor," said the priest, "or I had not intruded myself where I well knew my preachments, if you term them so, will do no good."

"O, I crave your mercy, reverend father," said De Hagenbach. "Yes, it is true that I did send for you, to desire your prayers and kind intercession with Our Lady and Saint Paul, in some transactions which are likely to occur this morning, and in which, as the Lombard says, I do espy *roba di guadagno*."

"Sir Archibald," answered the priest calmly, "I well hope and trust that you do not forget the nature of the glorified Saints, so far as to ask them for their blessing upon such exploits as you have been too oft

engaged in since your arrival amongst us—an event which of itself gave token of the Divine anger. Nay, let me say, humble as I am, that decency to a servant of the altar should check you from proposing to me to put up prayers for the success of pillage and robbery.”

“I understand you, father,” said the rapacious Governor, “and you shall see I do. While you are the Duke’s subject, you must by your office put up your prayers for his success in matters that are fairly managed. You acknowledge this with a graceful bend of your reverend head? Well, then, I will be as reasonable as you are. Say we desire the intercession of the good Saints, and of you, their pious orator, in something a little out of the ordinary path, and, if you will, somewhat of a doubtful complexion,—are we entitled to ask you or them for their pains and trouble without a just consideration? Surely no. Therefore I vow and solemnly promise, that if I have good fortune in this morning’s adventure, Saint Paul shall have an altar-cloth and a basin of silver, large or little, as my booty will permit—Our Lady a web of satin for a full suit, with a necklace of pearl for holidays—and thou, priest, some twenty pieces of broad English gold, for acting as go-between betwixt ourselves and the holy Saints, whom we acknowledge ourselves unworthy to negotiate with in our own profane person. And now, Sir Priest, do we understand each other, for I have little time to lose? I know you have hard thoughts of me, but you see the devil is not quite so horrible as he is painted.”

“Do we understand each other?” answered the black priest of Saint Paul’s, repeating the Governor’s question—“Alas, no! and I fear me we never shall. Hast thou never heard the words spoken by the holy hermit, Berchtold of Offringen, to the implacable Queen Agnes, who had revenged with such dreadful severity the assassination of her father, the Emperor Albert?”

“Not I,” returned the knight; “I have neither studied the chronicles of emperors, nor the legends of hermits; and, therefore, Sir Priest, an you like not my proposal, let us have no farther words on the matter. I am unwont to press my favours, or to deal with priests who require entreaty, when gifts are held out to them.”

“Hear yet the words of the holy man,” said the priest. “The time may come, and that shortly, when you would gladly desire to hear what you scornfully reject.”

“Speak on, but be brief,” said Archibald de Hagenbach; “and know, though thou mayst terrify or cajole the multitude, thou now speakest to one whose resolution is fixed far beyond the power of thy eloquence to melt.”

“Know, then,” said the priest of Saint Paul’s, “that Agnes, daughter of the murdered Albert, after shedding oceans of blood in avenging his bloody death, founded at length the rich abbey of Kœnigsfeldt; and, that it might have a superior claim to renowned sanctity, made a pilgrimage in person to the cell of the holy hermit, and besought of him to honour her abbey by taking up his residence there. But what was his reply?—Mark it and tremble. ‘Begone, ruthless woman,’ said the holy man; ‘God will not be served with blood-guiltiness, and rejects

the gifts which are obtained by violence and robbery. The Almighty loves mercy, justice, and humanity, and by the lovers of these only will he be worshipped.’ And now, Archibald of Hagenbach, once, twice, thrice, hast thou had warning. Live as becomes a man on whom sentence is passed, and who must expect execution.”

Having spoken these words with a menacing tone and frowning aspect, the priest of Saint Paul’s turned away from the Governor, whose first impulse was to command him to be arrested. But when he recollected the serious consequences which attached to the laying violent hands on a priest, he suffered him to depart in peace, conscious that his own unpopularity might render any attempt to revenge himself an act of great rashness. He called, therefore, for a beaker of Burgundy, in which he swallowed down his displeasure, and had just returned to Kilian the cup, which he had drained to the bottom, when the warden winded a blast from the watch-tower, which betokened the arrival of some strangers at the gate of the city.

CHAPTER XIV.

I will resist such entertainment, till
My enemy has more power.

The Tempest.

“THAT blast was but feebly blown,” said De Hagenbach, ascending to the ramparts, from which he could see what passed on the outside of the gate; “who approaches, Kilian?”

The trusty squire was hastening to meet him with the news.

“Two men with a mule, an it please your excellency; and merchants, I presume them to be.”

“Merchants? ’sdeath, villain! pedlars you mean. Heard ever man of English merchants tramping it on foot, with no more baggage than one mule can manage to carry? They must be beggarly Bohemians, or those whom the French people call Escossais. The knaves! they shall pay with the pining of their paunches for the poverty of their purses.”

“Do not be too hasty, and please your excellency,” quoth the squire; “small budgets hold rich goods. But rich or poor, they are our men, at least they have all the marks—the elder, well-sized, and dark-visaged, may write fifty and five years, a beard somewhat grizzled;—the younger, some two-and-twenty, taller than the first, and a well-favoured lad, with a smooth chin and light-brown mustachios.”

“Let them be admitted,” said the Governor, turning back in order again to descend to the street, “and bring them into the folter-kammer of the toll-house.”

So saying, he betook himself to the place appointed, which was an apartment in the large tower that protected the eastern gate-way, in which were deposited the rack, with various other instruments of torture, which the cruel and rapacious Governor was in the habit of applying to such prisoners from whom he was desirous of extorting either booty or information. He entered the apartment, which was dimly lighted, and had a lofty Gothic roof which could be but imperfectly seen, while nooses and cords hanging down from thence, announced a fearful connexion

with various implements of rusted iron that hung round the walls, or lay scattered on the floor.

A faint stream of light through one of the numerous and narrow slits, or shot-holes, with which the walls were garnished, fell directly upon the person and visage of a tall swarthy man, seated in what, but for the partial illumination, would have been an obscure corner of this evil-boding apartment. His features were regular, and even handsome, but of a character peculiarly stern and sinister. This person's dress was a cloak of scarlet; his head was bare, and surrounded by shaggy locks of black, which time had partly grizzled. He was busily employed in refurbishing and burnishing a broad two-handed sword, of a peculiar shape, and considerably shorter than the weapons of that kind which we have described as used by the Swiss. He was so deeply engaged in his task, that he started as the heavy door opened with a jarring noise, and the sword, escaping from his hold, rolled on the stone floor with a heavy clash.

"Ha! Scharfrichter," said the knight, as he entered the folter-kammer, "thou art preparing for thy duty?"

"It would ill become your excellency's servant," answered the man, in a harsh deep tone, "to be found idle. But the prisoner is not far off, as I can judge by the fall of my sword, which infallibly announces the presence of him who shall feel its edge."

"The prisoners are at hand, Francis," replied the Governor; "but thy omen has deceived thee for once. They are fellows for whom a good rope will suffice, and thy sword drinks only noble blood."

"The worse for Francis Steinernherz," replied the official in scarlet; "I trusted that your excellency, who have ever been a bountiful patron, should this day have made me noble."

"Noble!" said the Governor; "thou art mad—Thou noble!"

"And wherefore not, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach? I think the name of Francis Steinernherz *von Blut-acker* will suit nobility, being fairly and legally won, as well as another. Nay, do not stare on me thus. If one of my profession shall do his grim office on nine men of noble birth, with the same weapon, and with a single blow to each patient, hath he not a right to his freedom from taxes, and his nobility by patent?"

"So says the law," said Sir Archibald,—"but rather more in scorn than seriously, I should judge, since no one was ever known to claim the benefit of it."

"The prouder boast for him," said the functionary, "that shall be the first to demand the honours due to a sharp sword and a clean stroke. I, Francis Steinernherz, will be the first noble of my profession, when I shall have dispatched one more knight of the Empire."

"Thou hast been ever in *my* service, hast thou not?" demanded De Hagenbach.

"Under what other master," replied the executioner, "could I have enjoyed such constant practice? I have executed your decrees on condemned sinners since I could swing a scourge, lift a crow-bar, or wield this trusty weapon; and who can say I ever failed of my first blow, or needed to deal a second? Tristrem of the Hospital, and his famous assistants, Petit André and Trois Eschelles, are novices com-

pared with me, in the use of the noble and knightly sword. Marry, I should be ashamed to match myself with them in the field practice with bowstring and dagger; these are no feats worthy of a Christian man who would rise to honour and nobility."

"Thou art a fellow of excellent address, and I do not deny it," replied De Hagenbach. "But it cannot be—I trust it cannot be—that when noble blood is becoming scarce in the land, and proud churls are lording it over knights and barons, I myself should have caused so much to be spilled."

"I will number the patients to your excellency by name and title," said Francis, drawing out a scroll of parchment, and reading with a commentary as he went on,—“There was Count William of Elvershoe—he was my assay-piece, a sweet youth, and died most like a Christian.”

"I remember—he courted my mistress," said Sir Archibald.

"He died on St Jude's, in the year of grace 1455," said the executioner.

"Go on—but name no dates," said the Governor.

"Sir Miles of Stockenborg—"

"He drove off my cattle," observed his excellency.

"Sir Louis of Riesenfeldt—" continued the executioner.

"He made love to my wife," commented the Governor.

"The three Jung-herrn of Lammerbourg—you made their father, the count, childless in one day."

"And he made me landless," said sir Archibald, "so that account is settled.—Thou needest read no farther," he continued, "I admit thy record, though it is written in letters somewhat of the reddest. I had counted these three young gentlemen as one execution."

"You did me the greater wrong," said Francis; "they cost three good blows of this good sword."

"Be it so, and God be with their souls," said Hagenbach. "But thy ambition must go to sleep for a while, Scharfrichter, for the stuff that came hither to-day is for dungeon and cord, or perhaps a touch of the rack or strappadoe—there is no honour to win on them."

"The worse luck mine," said the executioner. "I had dreamed so surely that your honour had made me noble;—and then the fall of my sword!"

"Take a bowl of wine, and forget your auguries."

"With your honour's permission, no," said the executioner; "to drink before noon were to endanger the nicety of my hand."

"Be silent then, and mind your duty," said De Hagenbach.

Francis took up his sheathless sword, wiped the dust reverently from it, and withdrew into a corner of the chamber, where he stood leaning with his hands on the pommel of the fatal weapon.

Almost immediately afterwards, Kilian entered at the head of five or six soldiers, conducting the two Philipsons, whose arms were tied down with cords.

"Approach me a chair," said the Governor, and took his place gravely beside a table, on which stood writing materials. "Who are these men, Kilian, and wherefore are they bound?"

"So please your excellency," said Kilian, with a deep respect of manner, which entirely differed from

the tone, approaching to familiarity, with which he communicated with his master in private, "we thought it well that these two strangers should not appear armed in your gracious presence, and when we required of them to surrender their weapons at the gate, as is the custom of the garrison, this young gallant must needs offer resistance. I admit he gave up his weapon at his father's command."

"It is false!" exclaimed young Philipson! but his father making a sign to him to be silent, he obeyed instantly.

"Noble sir," said the elder Philipson, "we are strangers, and unacquainted with the rules of this citadel; we are Englishmen, and unaccustomed to submit to personal mishandling; we trust you will have excuse for us, when we found ourselves, without any explanation of the cause, rudely seized on by we knew not whom. My son, who is young and unthinking, did partly draw his weapon, but desisted at my command, without having altogether unsheathed his sword, far less made a blow. For myself, I am a merchant, accustomed to submit to the laws and customs of the countries in which I traffic; I am in the territories of the Duke of Burgundy, and I know his laws and customs must be just and equitable. He is the powerful and faithful ally of England, and I fear nothing while under his banner."

"Hem! Hem!" replied De Hagenbach, a little disconcerted by the Englishman's composure, and perhaps recollecting, that, unless his passions were awakened (as in the case of the Swiss, whom he detested), Charles of Burgundy desired the character of a just though severe prince,—*"Fair words are well, but hardly make amends for foul actions. You have drawn swords in riot, and opposition to the Duke's soldiers, when obeying the mandates which regulate their watch."*

"Surely, sir," answered Philipson, "this is a severe construction of a most natural action. But, in a word, if you are disposed to be rigorous, the simple action of drawing, or attempting to draw a sword in a garrison town, is only punishable by a pecuniary fine, and such we must pay, if it be your will."

"Now, here is a silly sheep," said Kilian to the executioner, beside whom he had stationed himself, somewhat apart from the group, "who voluntarily offers his own fleece to the clipper."

"It will scarcely serve as a ransom for his throat, Sir Squire," answered Francis Steinernherz; "for, look you, I dreamed last night that our master made me noble, and I knew by the fall of my sword that this is the man by whom I am to mount to gentility. I must this very day deal on him with my good sword."

"Why, thou ambitious fool," said the esquire, "this is no noble, but an island pedlar—a mere English citizen."

"Thou art deceived," said the executioner, "and hast never looked on men when they are about to die."

"Have I not?" said the squire. "Have I not looked on five pitched fields, besides skirmishes and ambuscades innumerable?"

"That tries not the courage," said the Scharfgericht. "All men will fight when pitched against each other. So will the most paltry curs,—so will

the dunghill fowls. But he is brave and noble, who can look on a scaffold and a block, a priest to give him absolution, and the headsman and good sword which is to mow him down in his strength, as he would look upon things indifferent; and such a man is that whom we now behold."

"Yes," answered Kilian, "but that man looks not on such an apparatus—he only sees our illustrious patron, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach."

"And he who looks upon Sir Archibald," said the executioner, "being, as yonder man assuredly is, a person of sense and apprehension, looks he not upon sword and headsman? Assuredly that prisoner apprehends as much, and being so composed as he is under such conviction, it shows him to be a nobleman by blood, or may I myself never win nobility."

"Our master will come to compromise with him, I judge," replied Kilian; "he looks smilingly on him."

"Never trust to me then," said the man in scarlet; "there is a glance in Sir Archibald's eye which betokens blood, as surely as the dog-star bodes pestilence."

While these dependants of Sir Archibald de Hagenbach were thus conversing apart, their master had engaged the prisoners in a long train of captious interrogatories concerning their business in Switzerland, their connexion with the Landamman, and the cause of their travelling into Burgundy, to all which the senior Philipson gave direct and plain answers, excepting to the last. He was going, he said, into Burgundy, for the purpose of his traffic—his wares were at the disposal of the Governor, who might detain all, or any part of them, as he might be disposed to make himself answerable to his master. But his business with the Duke was of a private nature, respecting some particular matters of commerce, in which others as well as he himself were interested. To the Duke alone, he declared, would he communicate the affair; and he pressed it strongly on the Governor, that if he should sustain any damage in his own person or that of his son, the Duke's severe displeasure would be the inevitable consequence.

De Hagenbach was evidently much embarrassed by the steady tone of his prisoner, and more than once held council with the bottle, his never-failing oracle in cases of extreme difficulty. Philipson had readily surrendered to the Governor a list or invoice of his merchandise, which was of so inviting a character, that Sir Archibald absolutely gloated over it. After remaining in deep meditation for some time, he raised his head and spoke thus:—

"You must be well aware, Sir Merchant, that it is the Duke's pleasure that no Swiss merchandise shall pass through his territories; and that, nevertheless, you having been, by your own account, some time in that country, and having also accompanied a body of men calling themselves Swiss Deputies, I am authorized to believe that these valuable articles are rather the property of those persons, than of a single individual of so poor an appearance as yourself, and that should I demand pecuniary satisfaction, three hundred pieces of gold would not be an extravagant fine for so bold a practice; and you might wander where you will with the rest of your wares, so you bring them not into Burgundy."

"But it is to Burgundy, and to the Duke's presence, that I am expressly bound," said the Englishman. "If I go not thither my journey is wrecked, and the Duke's displeasure is certain to light on those who may molest me. For I make your excellency aware, that your gracious Prince already knows of my journey, and will make strict inquiry where and by whom I have been intercepted."

Again the Governor was silent, endeavouring to decide how he might best reconcile the gratification of his rapacity with precaution for his safety. After a few minutes' consideration he again addressed his prisoner.

"Thou art very positive in thy tale, my good friend; but my orders are equally so to exclude merchandise coming from Switzerland. What if I put thy mule and baggage under arrest?"

"I cannot withstand your power, my lord, to do what you will. I will in that case go to the Duke's footstool, and do my errand there."

"Ay, and my errand also," answered the Governor. "That is, thou wilt carry thy complaint to the Duke against the Governor of La Ferette, for executing his orders too strictly?"

"On my life and honest word," answered the Englishman, "I will make no complaint. Leave me but my ready money, without which I can hardly travel to the Duke's court, and I will look no more after these goods and wares than the stag looks after the antlers which he shed last year."

Again the Governor of La Ferette looked doubtful, and shook his head.

"Men in such a case as yours," he said, "cannot be trusted, nor, to say truth, is it reasonable to expect they should be trust-worthy. These same wares, designed for the Duke's private hand, in what do they consist?"

"They are under seal," replied the Englishman.

"They are of rare value, doubtless?" continued the Governor.

"I cannot tell," answered the elder Philipson; "I know the Duke sets great store by them. But your excellency knows, that great princes sometimes place a high value on trifles."

"Bear you them about you?" said the Governor. "Take heed how you answer—Look around you on these engines, which can bring a dumb man to speak, and consider I have the power to employ them!"

"And I the courage to support their worst infliction," answered Philipson, with the same impenetrable coolness which he had maintained throughout the whole conference.

"Remember, also," said Hagenbach, "that I can have your person searched as thoroughly as your mails and budgets."

"I do remember that I am wholly in thy power; and, that I may leave thee no excuse for employing force on a peaceful traveller, I will own to you," said Philipson, "that I have the Duke's packet in the bosom of my doublet."

"Bring it forth," answered the Governor.

"My hands are tied, both in honour, and literally," said the Englishman.

"Pluck it from his bosom, Kilian," said Sir Archibald; "let us see this gear he talks of."

"Could resistance avail," replied the stout merchant, "you should pluck forth my heart first. But I pray all who are present to observe, that the seals are every one whole and unbroken at this moment when it is forcibly taken from my person."

As he spoke thus he looked around on the soldiers, whose presence De Hagenbach had perhaps forgotten.

"How, dog!" said Sir Archibald, giving way to his passion, "would you stir up mutiny among my men-at-arms?—Kilian, let the soldiers wait without."

So saying, he hastily placed under cover of his own robe the small but remarkably well-secured packet, which Kilian had taken from the merchant's person. The soldiers withdrew, lingering, however, and looking back, like children brought away from a show before its final conclusion.

"So, fellow!" again began De Hagenbach, "we are now more private. Wilt thou deal more on the level with me, and tell me what this packet is, and whence it comes?"

"Could all your garrison be crowded into this room, I can only answer as before.—The contents I do not precisely know—the person by whom it was sent I am determined not to name."

"Perhaps your son," said the Governor, "may be more compliant."

"He cannot tell you that, of which he is himself ignorant," answered the merchant.

"Perchance the rack may make you both find your tongues; and we will try it on the young fellow first, Kilian, since thou knowest we have seen men shrink from beholding the wrenched joints of their children, that would have committed their own old sinews to the stretching with much endurance."

"You may make the trial," said Arthur, "and Heaven will give me strength to endure"—

"And me courage to behold," added his father.

All this while the Governor was turning and returning the little packet in his hand, curiously inspecting every fold, and regretting, doubtless, in secret, that a few patches of wax, placed under an envelope of crimson satin, and ligatures of twisted silk cord, should prevent his eager eyes from ascertaining the nature of the treasure which he doubted not it concealed. At length he again called in the soldiers, and delivered up the two prisoners to their charge, commanding that they should be kept safely, and in separate holds, and that the father, in particular, should be most carefully looked after.

"I take you all here to witness," exclaimed the elder Philipson, despising the menacing signs of De Hagenbach, "that the Governor detains from me a packet, addressed to his most gracious lord and master, the Duke of Burgundy."

De Hagenbach actually foamed at the mouth with passion.

"And should I *not* detain it?" he exclaimed, in a voice inarticulate with rage. "May there not be some foul practice against the life of our most gracious sovereign by poison or otherwise, in this suspicious packet, brought by a most suspicious bearer? Have we never heard of poisons which do their work by the smell? And shall we, who keep the gate, as I may say, of his Grace of Burgundy's dominions, give access to what may rob Europe of its pride of

chivalry, Burgundy of its prince, and Flanders of her father?—No! Away with these miscreants, soldiers—down to the lowest dungeons with them—keep them separate, and watch them carefully. This treasonable practice has been meditated with the connivance of Berne and Soleure.”

Thus Sir Archibald de Hagenbach raved, with a raised voice and inflamed countenance, lashing himself as it were into passion, until the steps of the soldiers, and the clash of their arms, as they retired with the prisoners, were no longer audible. His complexion, when these had ceased, waxed paler than was natural to him—his brow was furrowed with anxious wrinkles—and his voice became lower and more hesitating than ordinary, as, turning to his esquire, he said, “Kilian, we stand upon a slippery plank, with a raging torrent beneath us—What is to be done?”

“Marry, to move forward with a resolved yet prudent step,” answered the crafty Kilian. “It is unlucky that all these fellows should have seen the packet, and heard the appeal of yonder iron-nerved trader. But this ill luck has befallen us, and the packet having been in your excellency’s hands, you will have all the credit of having broken the seals; for, though you leave them as entire as the moment they were impressed, it will only be supposed they have been ingeniously replaced. Let us see what are the contents, before we determine what is to be done with them. They must be of rare value, since the churl merchant was well contented to leave behind all his rich mule’s-load of merchandise, so that this precious packet might pass unexamined.”

“They may be papers on some political matter. Many such, and of high importance, pass secretly between Edward of England and our bold Duke.” Such was the reply of De Hagenbach.

“If they be papers of consequence to the Duke,” answered Kilian, “we can forward them to Dijon.—Or they may be such as Louis of France would purchase with their weight of gold.”

“For shame, Kilian,” said the knight; “wouldst thou have me betray my master’s secrets to the King of France? Sooner would I lay my head on the block.”

“Indeed? And yet your excellency hesitates not to—”

Here the squire stopped, apparently for fear of giving offence, by affixing a name too broad and intelligible to the practices of his patron.

“To plunder the Duke, thou wouldst say, thou impudent slave! And, saying so, thou wouldst be as dull as thou art wont to be,” answered De Hagenbach. “I partake, indeed, in the plunder which the Duke takes from aliens; and reason good. Even so the hound and the hawk have their share of the quarry they bring down—ay, and the lion’s share, too, unless the huntsman or falconer be all the nearer to them. Such are the perquisites of my rank; and the Duke, who placed me here for the gratification of his resentment, and the bettering of my fortune, does not grudge them to a faithful servant. And, indeed, I may term myself, in so far as this territory of La Ferette extends, the Duke’s full representative, or, as it may be termed, *ALTER EGO*—and, thereupon, I will open this packet, which, being addressed to him, is thereby equally addressed to me.”

Having thus in a manner talked himself up to an idea of his own high authority, he cut the strings of the packet which he had all this while held in his hand, and, undoing the outer coverings, produced a very small case made of sandal-wood.

“The contents,” he said, “had need to be valuable, as they lie in so little compass.”

So saying he pressed the spring, and the casket, opening, displayed a necklace of diamonds distinguished by brilliancy and size, and apparently of extraordinary value. The eyes of the avaricious Governor, and his no less rapacious attendant, were so dazzled with the unusual splendour, that for some time they could express nothing save joy and surprise.

“Ay, marry, sir,” said Kilian, “the obstinate old knave had reasons for his hardihood. My own joints should have stood a strain or two ere I surrendered such sparklers as these.—And now, Sir Archibald, may your trusty follower ask you how this booty is to be divided between the Duke and his Governor, according to the most approved rules of garrison towns?”

“Faith, we will suppose the garrison stormed, Kilian; and in a storm, thou know’st, the first finder takes all—with due consideration always of his trusty followers.”

“As myself, for example,” said Kilian.

“Ay, and myself, for example,” answered a voice, which sounded like the echo of the esquire’s words, from the remote corner of the ancient apartment.

“’Sdeath! we are overheard,” exclaimed the Governor, starting and laying his hand on his dagger.

“Only by a faithful follower, as the worthy esquire observes,” said the executioner, moving slowly forward.

“Villain, how didst thou dare watch me?” said Sir Archibald de Hagenbach.

“Trouble not yourself for that, sir,” said Kilian. “Honest Steinernherz has no tongue to speak, or ear to hear, save according to your pleasure. Indeed, we must shortly have taken him into our counsels, seeing these men must be dealt upon, and that speedily.”

“Indeed!” said De Hagenbach; “I had thought they might be spared.”

“To tell the Duke of Burgundy how the Governor of La Ferette accounts to his treasurer for the duties and forfeitures at his custom-house?” demanded Kilian.

“’T is true,” said the knight; “dead men have neither teeth nor tongue—they bite not, and they tell no tales. Thou wilt take order with them, Scharfrichter.”

“I will, my lord,” answered the executioner, “on condition that, if this must be in the way of dungeon execution, which I call cellar practice, my privilege to claim nobility shall be saved and reserved to me, and the execution shall be declared to be as effectual to my claim, as it might have been if the blow had been dealt in broad daylight, with my honourable blade of office.”

De Hagenbach stared at the executioner, as not understanding what he meant; on which Kilian took occasion to explain, that the Scharfrichter was strongly impressed, from the free and dauntless on-

duct of the elder prisoner, that he was a man of noble blood, from whose decapitation he would himself derive all the advantages proposed to the headsman who should execute his function on nine men of illustrious extraction.

"He may be right," said Sir Archibald, "for here is a slip of parchment, commending the bearer of this carcanet to the Duke, desiring him to accept it as a true token from one well known to him, and to give the bearer full credence in all that he should say on the part of those by whom he is sent."

"By whom is the note signed, if I may make bold to ask?" said Kilian.

"There is no name—the Duke must be supposed to collect that information from the gems, or perhaps the handwriting."

"On neither of which he is likely to have a speedy opportunity of exercising his ingenuity," said Kilian.

De Hagenbach looked at the diamonds, and smiled darkly. The Scharfrichter, encouraged by the familiarity into which he had in a manner forced himself, returned to his plea and insisted on the nobility of the supposed merchant. Such a trust, and such a letter of unlimited credence, could never, he contended, be intrusted to a man meanly born.

"Thou art deceived, thou fool," said the knight; "Kings now use the lowest tools to do their dearest offices. Louis has set the example of putting his barber, and the valets of his chamber, to do the work formerly intrusted to dukes and peers; and other monarchs begin to think that it is better, in choosing their agents for important affairs, to judge rather by the quality of men's brains than that of their blood. And as for the stately look and bold bearing which distinguish yonder fellow in the eyes of cravens like thee, it belongs to his country, not his rank. Thou think'st it is in England as in Flanders, where a city-bred burgher of Ghent, Liege, or Ypres, is as distinct an animal from a knight of Hainault, as a Flanders waggon-horse from a Spanish jennet. But thou art deceived. England has many a merchant as haughty of heart, and as prompt of hand, as any noble born son of her rich bosom. But be not dejected, thou foolish man; do thy business well on this merchant, and we shall presently have on our hands the Landamman of Unterwalden, who, though a churl by his choice, is yet a nobleman by blood, and shall, by his well-deserved death, aid thee to get rid of the peasant slough which thou art so weary of."

"Were not your excellency better adjourn these men's fate," said Kilian, "till you hear something of them from the Swiss prisoners whom we shall presently have in our power?"

"Be it as you will," said Hagenbach, waving his hand, as if putting aside some disagreeable task. "But let all be finished ere I hear of it again."

The stern satellites bowed obedience, and the deadly conclave broke up; their chief carefully securing the valuable gems, which he was willing to purchase at the expense of treachery to the sovereign in whose employment he had enlisted himself, as well as the blood of two innocent men. Yet, with a weakness of mind not uncommon to great criminals, he shrunk from the thoughts of his own baseness and cruelty, and endeavoured to banish the feeling of

dishonour from his mind, by devolving the immediate execution of his villany upon his subordinate agents.

CHAPTER XV.

And this place our forefathers built for Man!

Old Play.

THE dungeon in which the younger Philipson was immured, was one of those gloomy caverns which cry shame on the inhumanity of our ancestors. They seem to have been almost insensible to the distinction betwixt innocence and guilt, as the consequences of mere accusation must have been far more severe in those days, than is in our own that species of imprisonment which is adjudged as an express punishment for crime.

The cell of Arthur Philipson was of considerable length, but dark and narrow, and dug out of the solid rock upon which the tower was founded. A small lamp was allowed him, not, however, without some grumbling, but his arms were still kept bound; and when he asked for a draught of water, one of the grim satellites, by whom he was thrust into this cell, answered surlily, that he might endure his thirst for all the time his life was likely to last—a gloomy response, which augured that his privations would continue as long as his life, yet neither be of long duration. By the dim lamp he had groped his way to a bench, or rough seat, cut in the rock; and, as his eyes got gradually accustomed to the obscurity of the region in which he was immured, he became aware of a ghastly cleft in the floor of his dungeon, somewhat resembling the opening of a draw-well, but irregular in its aperture, and apparently the mouth of a gulf of Nature's conformation, slightly assisted by the labour of human art.

"Here, then, is my death-bed," he said, "and that gulf perhaps the grave which yawns for my remains! Nay, I have heard of prisoners being plunged into such horrid abysses while they were yet alive, to die at leisure, crushed with wounds, their groans unheard, and their fate unpitied!"

He approached his head to the dismal cavity, and heard, as at a great depth, the sound of a sullen, and, as it seemed, subterranean stream. The sunless waves appeared murmuring for their victim. Death is dreadful at all ages; but in the first springtide of youth, with all the feelings of enjoyment afloat, and eager for gratification, to be snatched forcibly from the banquet to which the individual has but just sat down, is peculiarly appalling, even when the change comes in the ordinary course of nature. But to sit like young Philipson on the brink of the subterranean abyss, and ruminate in horrid doubt concerning the mode in which death was to be inflicted, was a situation which might break the spirit of the boldest; and the unfortunate captive was wholly unable to suppress the natural tears that flowed from his eyes in torrents, and which his bound arms did not permit him to wipe away. We have already noticed, that although a gallant young man in aught of danger which was to be faced and overcome by active exertion, the youth was strongly imaginative, and sensitive to a powerful extent to all those exaggerations, which, in a situation of helpless uncertainty, fancy lends to

distract the soul of him who must passively expect an approaching evil.

Yet the feelings of Arthur Philipson were not selfish. They reverted to his father, whose just and noble character was as much formed to attract veneration, as his unceasing paternal care and affection to excite love and gratitude. He, too, was in the hands of remorseless villains, who were determined to conceal robbery by secret murder—he, too, undaunted in so many dangers, resolute in so many encounters, lay bound and defenceless, exposed to the dagger of the meanest stabber. Arthur remembered, too, the giddy peak of the rock near Geierstein, and the grim vulture which claimed him as its prey. Here was no angel to burst through the mist, and marshal him on a path of safety—here the darkness was subterranean and eternal, saving when the captive should behold the knife of the ruffian flash against the lamp, which lent him light to aim the fatal blow. This agony of mind lasted until the feelings of the unhappy prisoner arose to ecstasy. He started up, and struggled so hard to free himself of his bonds, that it seemed they should have fallen from him as from the arms of the mighty Nazarene. But the cords were of too firm a texture; and, after a violent and unavailing struggle, in which the ligatures seemed to enter his flesh, the prisoner lost his balance, and, while the feeling thrilled through him that he was tumbling backward into the subterranean abyss, he fell to the ground with great force.

Fortunately he escaped the danger which in his agony he apprehended, but so narrowly, that his head struck against the low and broken fence with which the mouth of the horrible pit was partly surrounded. Here he lay stunned and motionless, and, as the lamp was extinguished in his fall, immersed in absolute and total darkness. He was recalled to sensation by a jarring noise.

"They come—they come—the murderers! Oh, Lady of Mercy! and oh, gracious Heaven, forgive my transgressions!"

He looked up, and observed with dazzled eyes, that a dark form approached him, with a knife in one hand, and a torch in the other. He might well have seemed the man who was to do the last deed upon the unhappy prisoner, if he had come alone. But he came not alone—his torch gleamed upon the white dress of a female, which was so much illuminated by it, that Arthur could discover a form, and had even a glimpse of features, never to be forgotten, though now seen under circumstances least of all to be expected. The prisoner's unutterable astonishment impressed him with a degree of awe which overcame even his personal fear.—"Can these things be?" was his muttered reflection; "has she really the power of an elementary spirit? has she conjured up this earthlike and dark demon to concur with her in my deliverance?"

It appeared as if his guess were real; for the figure in black, giving the light to Anne of Geierstein, or at least the form which bore her perfect resemblance, stooped over the prisoner, and cut the cord that bound his arms, with so much dispatch, that it seemed as if it fell from his person at a touch. Arthur's first attempt to arise was unsuccessful, and a second time it was the hand of Anne of Geierstein—a living hand, sensible to touch as to sight—which

aided to raise and to support him, as it had formerly done when the river thundered at their feet. Her touch produced an effect far beyond that of the slight personal aid which the maiden's strength could have rendered. Courage was restored to his heart, vigour and animation to his benumbed and bruised limbs; such influence does the human mind, when excited to energy, possess over the infirmities of the human body. He was about to address Anne in accents of the deepest gratitude. But the accents died away on his tongue, when the mysterious female, laying her finger on her lips, made him a sign to be silent, and at the same time beckoned him to follow her. He obeyed in silent amazement. They passed the entrance of the melancholy dungeon, and through one or two short but intricate passages, which, cut out of the rock in some places, and built in others with hewn stone of the same kind, probably led to holds similar to that in which Arthur was so lately a captive.

The recollection that his father might be immured in some such horrid cell as he himself had just quitted, induced Arthur to pause as they reached the bottom of a small winding staircase, which conducted apparently from this region of the building.

"Come," he said, "dearest Anne, lead me to his deliverance! I must not leave my father."

She shook her head impatiently and beckoned him on.

"If your power extends not to save my father's life, I will remain and save him or die!—Anne, dearest Anne"—

She answered not, but her companion replied, in a deep voice, not unsuitable to his appearance, "Speak, young man, to those who are permitted to answer you; or rather, be silent, and listen to my instructions, which direct to the only course which can bring thy father to freedom and safety."

They ascended the stair, Anne of Geierstein going first; while Arthur, who followed close behind, could not help thinking that her form gave existence to a part of the light which her garment reflected from the torch. This was probably the effect of the superstitious belief impressed on his mind by Rudolf's tale respecting her mother, and which was confirmed by her sudden appearance in a place and situation where she was so little to have been expected. He had not much time, however, to speculate upon her appearance or demeanour, for mounting the stair with a lighter pace than he was able at the time to follow closely, she was no longer to be seen when he reached the landing-place. But whether she had melted into the air, or turned aside into some other passage, he was not permitted a moment's leisure to examine.

"Here lies your way," said his sable guide; and at the same time dashing out the light, and seizing Philipson by the arm, he led him along a dark gallery of considerable length. The young man was not without some momentary misgivings, while he recollected the ominous looks of his conductor, and that he was armed with a dagger, or knife, which he could plunge of a sudden into his bosom. But he could not bring himself to dread treachery from any one whom he had seen in company with Anne of Geierstein; and in his heart he demanded her pardon for

the fear which had flashed across him, and resigned himself to the guidance of his companion, who advanced with hasty but light footsteps, and cautioned him by a whisper to do the same.

"Our journey," he at length said, "ends here."

As he spoke, a door gave way and admitted them into a gloomy Gothic apartment, furnished with large oaken presses, apparently filled with books and manuscripts. As Arthur looked round, with eyes dazzled with the sudden gleam of daylight from which he had been for some time excluded, the door by which they had entered disappeared. This, however, did not greatly surprise him, who judged that, being formed in appearance to correspond with the presses around the entrance which they had used, it could not when shut be distinguished from them; a device sometimes then practised as indeed it often is at the present day. He had now a full view of his deliverer, who, when seen by daylight, showed only the vestments and features of a clergyman, without any of that expression of supernatural horror, which the partial light and the melancholy appearance of all in the dungeon had combined to impress on him.

Young Philipson once more breathed with freedom, as one awakened from a hideous dream; and the supernatural qualities with which his imagination had invested Anne of Geierstein having begun to vanish, he addressed his deliverer thus:—"That I may testify my thanks, holy father, where they are so especially due, let me inquire of you if Anne of Geierstein"—

"Speak of that which pertains to your house and family," answered the priest, as briefly as before. "Hast thou so soon forgot thy father's danger?"

"By heavens, no!" replied the youth; "tell me but how to act for his deliverance, and thou shalt see how a son can fight for a parent!"

"It is well, for it is needful," said the priest. "Don thou this vestment, and follow me."

The vestment presented was the gown and hood of a novice.

"Draw the cowl over thy face," said the priest, "and return no answer to any man who meets thee. I will say thou art under a vow.—May Heaven forgive the unworthy tyrant who imposes on us the necessity of such profane dissimulation! Follow me close and near—beware that you speak not."

The business of disguise was soon accomplished, and the Priest of St Paul's, for such he was, moving on, Arthur followed him a pace or two behind, assuming as well as he could the modest step and humble demeanour of a spiritual novice. On leaving the library, or study, and descending a short stair, he found himself in the street of La Ferette. Irresistibly tempted to look back, he had only time, however, to see that the house he had left was a very small building of a Gothic character, on the one side of which rose the church of St Paul's and on the other the stern black gate-house, or entrance-tower.

"Follow me, Melchior," said the deep voice of the Priest; and his keen eyes were at the same time fixed upon the supposed novice, with a look which instantly recalled Arthur to a sense of his situation.

They passed along, nobody noticing them unless to greet the priest with a silent obeisance, or muttered phrase of salutation, until, having nearly gained the

middle of the village, the guide turned abruptly off from the street, and moving northward by a short lane, reached a flight of steps, which, as usual in fortified towns, led to the banquette, or walk behind the parapet, which was of the old Gothic fashion, flanked with towers from space to space, of different forms and various heights at different angles.

There were sentinels on the walls; but the watch, as it seemed, was kept not by regular soldiers, but by burghers, with spears, or swords, in their hands. The first whom they passed said to the priest, in a half whispered tone, "Holds our purpose?"

"It holds," replied the Priest of Saint Paul's.—"Benedicite!"

"*Deo gratias!*" replied the armed citizen, and continued his walk upon the battlements.

The other sentinels seemed to avoid them; for they disappeared when they came near, or passed them without looking, or seeming to observe them. At last their walk brought them to an ancient turret, which raised its head above the wall, and in which there was a small door opening from the battlement. It was in a corner, distinct from and uncommanded by any of the angles of the fortification. In a well-guarded fortress, such a point ought to have had a sentinel for its special protection, but no one was there upon duty.

"Now mark me," said the priest, "for your father's life, and, it may be, that of many a man besides, depends upon your attention, and no less upon your dispatch.—You can run?—you can leap?"—

"I feel no weariness, father, since you freed me," answered Arthur; "and the dun deer that I have often chased shall not beat me in such a wager."

"Observe then," replied the Black Priest of St Paul's, "this turret contains a staircase which descends to a small sally-port. I will give you entrance to it—The sally-port is barred on the inside, but not locked. It will give you access to the moat, which is almost entirely dry. On crossing it, you will find yourself in the circuit of the outer barriers. You may see sentinels, but they will not see you—speak not to them, but make your way over the palisade as you can. I trust you can climb over an undefended rampart?"

"I have surmounted a defended one," said Arthur. "What is my next charge?—All this is easy."

"You will see a species of thicket, or stretch of low bushes—make for it with all speed. When you are there, turn to the eastward; but beware, while holding that course, that you are not seen by the Burgundian Free Companions, who are on watch on that part of the walls. A volley of arrows, and the sally of a body of cavalry in pursuit, will be the consequence, if they get sight of you; and their eyes are those of the eagle, that spy the carnage afar off."

"I will be heedful," said the young Englishman.

"You will find," continued the priest, "upon the outer side of the thicket a path, or rather a sheep-track, which, sweeping at some distance from the walls, will conduct you at last into the road leading from La Ferette to Bâle. Hasten forward to meet the Swiss who are advancing. Tell them your father's hours are counted, and that they must press on if they would save him; and say to Rudolf Donnerhu-

gel, in especial, that the Black Priest of Saint Paul's waits to bestow upon him his blessing at the northern sally-port. Dost thou understand me?"

"Perfectly," answered the young man.

The Priest of Saint Paul's then pushed open the low-browed gate of the turret, and Arthur was about to precipitate himself down the stair which opened before him.

"Stay yet a moment," said the priest, "and doff the novice's habit, which can only encumber thee."

Arthur in a trice threw it from him, and was again about to start.

"Stay yet a moment longer," continued the Black Priest. "This gown may be a tell-tale—Stay, therefore and help me to pull off my upper garment."

Inwardly glowing with impatience, Arthur yet saw the necessity of obeying his guide; and when he had pulled the long and loose upper vestment from the old man, he stood before him in a cassock of black serge, befitting his order and profession, but begirt, not with a suitable sash such as clergymen wear, but with a most uncanonical buff-belt, supporting a short two-edged sword, calculated alike to stab and to smite.

"Give me now the novice's habit," said the venerable father, "and over that I will put the priestly vestment. Since for the present I have some tokens of the laity about me, it is fitting it should be covered with a double portion of the clerical habit."

As he spoke thus he smiled grimly; and his smile had something more frightful and withering than the stern frown, which suited better with his features, and was their usual expression.

"And now," said he, "what does the fool tarry for, when life and death are in his speed?"

The young messenger waited not a second hint, but at once descended the stairs, as if it had been by a single step, found the portal, as the priest had said, only secured by bars on the inside, offering little resistance save from their rusted state, which made it difficult to draw them. Arthur succeeded, however, and found himself at the side of the moat, which presented a green and marshy appearance. Without stopping to examine whether it was deep or shallow, and almost without being sensible of the tenacity of the morass, the young Englishman forced his way through it, and attained the opposite side, without attracting the attention of two worthy burghers of La Ferette, who were the guardians of the barriers. One of them indeed was deeply employed in the perusal of some profane chronicle, or religious legend; the other was as anxiously engaged in examining the margin of the moat, in search of eels, perhaps, or frogs, for he wore over his shoulder a scrip for securing some such booty.

Seeing, that as the priest foretold, he had nothing to apprehend from the vigilance of the sentinels, Arthur dashed at the palisade, in hope to catch hold of the top of the stockade, and so to clear it by one bold leap. He overrated his powers of activity, however, or they were diminished by his recent bonds and imprisonment. He fell lightly backward on the ground, and, as he got to his feet, became aware of the presence of a soldier, in yellow and blue, the livery of De Hagenbach, who came running towards him, crying to the slothful and unobservant sentinels, "Alarm!—

alarm!—you lazy swine! Stop the dog, or you are both dead men."

The fisherman, who was on the further side, laid down his eel-spear, drew his sword, and, flourishing it over his head, advanced towards Philipson with very moderate haste. The student was yet more unfortunate, for, in his hurry to fold up his book and attend to his duty, he contrived to throw himself (inadvertently, doubtless) full in the soldier's way. The latter, who was running at top speed, encountered the burgher with a severe shock which threw both down; but the citizen being a solid and substantial man, lay still where he fell, while the other, less weighty, and probably less prepared for the collision, lost his balance and the command of his limbs at once, and, rolling over the edge of the moat, was immersed in the mud and marsh. The fisher and the student went with deliberate speed to assist the unexpected and unwelcome partner of their watch; while Arthur, stimulated by the imminent sense of danger, sprung at the barrier with more address and vigour than before, and, succeeding in his leap, made, as he had been directed, with his utmost speed for the covert of the adjacent bushes. He reached them without hearing any alarm from the walls. But he was conscious that his situation had become extremely precarious, since his escape from the town was known to one man at least, who would not fail to give the alarm in case he was able to extricate himself from the marsh,—a feat, however, in which it seemed to Arthur that the armed citizens were likely to prove rather his apparent than actual assistants. While such thoughts shot across his mind, they served to augment his natural speed of foot, so that in less space than could have been thought possible, he reached the thinner extremity of the thicket, whence, as intimated by the Black Priest, he could see the eastern tower and the adjoining battlements of the town,—

With hostile faces throng'd, and fiery arms.

It required, at the same time, some address on the part of the fugitive to keep so much under shelter as to prevent himself from being seen in his turn by those whom he saw so plainly. He therefore expected every moment to hear a bugle wind, or to behold that bustle and commotion among the defenders, which might prognosticate a sally. Neither, however, took place, and heedfully observing the footpath, or track, which the priest had pointed out to him, young Philipson wheeled his course out of sight of the guarded towers, and soon falling into the public and frequented road, by which his father and he had approached the town in the morning, he had the happiness, by the dust and flash of arms, to see a small body of armed men advancing towards La Ferette, whom he justly concluded to be the van of the Swiss deputation.

He soon met the party, which consisted of about ten men, with Rudolf Donnerhugel at their head. The figure of Philipson covered with mud, and in some places stained with blood (for his fall in the dungeon had cost him a slight wound), attracted the wonder of every one, who crowded around to hear the news. Rudolf alone appeared unmoved. Like the visage on the ancient statues of Hercules, the physiognomy of the bulky Bernese was large and massive, having an air of indifferent and almost sullen

composure, which did not change but in moments of the fiercest agitation.

He listened without emotion to the breathless tale of Arthur Philipson, that his father was in prison, and adjudged to death.

"And what else did you expect?" said the Bernese, coldly. "Were you not warned? It had been easy to have foreseen the misfortune, but it may be impossible to prevent it."

"I own—I own," said Arthur, wringing his hands, "that you were wise, and that we were foolish.—But oh! do not think of our folly in the moment of our extremity! Be the gallant and generous champion which your Cantons proclaim you—give us your aid in this deadly strait!"

"But how, or in what manner?" said Rudolf, still hesitating. "We have dismissed the Bâlese, who were willing to have given assistance, so much did your dutiful example weigh with us. We are now scarce above a score of men—how can you ask us to attack a garrison town, secured by fortifications, and where there are six times our number?"

"You have friends within the fortifications," replied Arthur—"I am sure you have. Hark in your ear—The Black Priest sent to you—to you, Rudolf Donnerhugel of Berne—that he waits to give you his blessing at the northern sally-port."

"Ay, doubtless," said Rudolf, shaking himself free of Arthur's attempt to engage him in private conference, and speaking so that all around might hear him, "there is little doubt on't; I will find a priest at the northern sally-port to confess and absolve me, and a block, axe, and headsman, to strike my throat asunder when he has done. But I will scarce put the neck of my father's son into such risk. If they assassinate an English pedlar, who has never offended them, what will they do with the Bear of Berne, whose fangs and talons Archibald de Hagenbach has felt e'er now?"

Young Philipson at these words clasped his hands together, and held them up to Heaven, as one who abandons hope, excepting from thence. The tears started to his eyes, and, clenching his hands and setting his teeth, he turned his back abruptly upon the Swiss.

"What means this passion?" said Rudolf. "Whither would you now?"

"To rescue my father, or perish with him," said Arthur; and was about to run wildly back to La Ferette, when a strong but kindly grasp detained him.

"Tarry a little till I tie my garter," said Sigismund Biederman, "and I will go with you, King Arthur."

"You? oaf!" exclaimed Rudolf, "you?—and without orders?"

"Why, look you, cousin Rudolf," said the youth, continuing, with great composure, to fasten his garter, which, after the fashion of the time, was somewhat intricately secured—"you are always telling us that we are Swiss and freemen; and what is the advantage of being a freeman, if one is not free to do what he has a mind? You are my Hauptman, look you, so long as it pleases me, and no longer."

"And why shouldst thou desert me now, thou fool? Why at this minute, of all other minutes in the year?" demanded the Bernese.

"Look you," replied the insubordinate follower, "I have hunted with Arthur for this month past, and I love him—he never called me fool or idiot, because my thoughts came slower, maybe, than those of other folk. And I love his father—the old man gave me this baldrick and this horn, which I warrant cost many a kreutzer. He told me, too, not to be discouraged, for that it was better to think justly than to think fast, and that I had sense enough for the one if not for the other. And the kind old man is now in Hagenbach's butcher-shambles!—But we will free him, Arthur, if two men may. Thou shalt see me fight, while steel blade and ashen shaft will hold together."

So saying, he shook in the air his enormous partizan, which quivered in his grasp like a slip of willow. Indeed, if Iniquity was to be struck down like an ox, there was not one in that chosen band more likely to perform the feat than Sigismund; for though somewhat shorter in stature than his brethren, and of a less animated spirit, yet his breadth of shoulders and strength of muscles were enormous, and if thoroughly aroused and disposed for the contest, which was very rarely the case, perhaps Rudolf himself might, as far as sheer force went, have had difficulty in matching him.

Truth of sentiment, and energy of expression, always produce an effect on natural and generous characters. Several of the youths around began to exclaim, that Sigismund said well; that if the old man had put himself in danger, it was because he thought more of the success of their negotiation than his own safety, and had taken himself from under their protection, rather than involve them in quarrels on his account. "We are the more bound," they said, "to see him unscathed; and we will do so."

"Peace! all you wiseacres," said Rudolf, looking round with an air of superiority; "and you, Arthur of England, pass on to the Landamman, who is close behind; you know he is our chief commander, he is no less your father's sincere friend, and whatever he may determine in your father's favour, you will find most ready executors of his pleasure in all of us."

His companions appeared to concur in this advice, and young Philipson saw that his own compliance with the recommendation was indispensable. Indeed, although he still suspected that the Bernese, by his various intrigues, as well with the Swiss youth as with those of Bâle, and, as might be inferred from the Priest of Saint Paul's, by communication even within the town of La Ferette, possessed the greater power of assisting him at such a conjuncture; yet he trusted far more in the simple candour and perfect faith of Arnold Biederman, and pressed forward to tell to him his mournful tale, and crave his assistance.

From the top of a bank which he reached in a few minutes after he parted from Rudolf and the advanced guard, he saw beneath him the venerable Landamman and his associates, attended by a few of the youths, who no longer were dispersed upon the flanks of the party, but attended on them closely, and in military array, as men prepared to repel any sudden attack.

Behind came a mule or two with baggage, with the well-known animals which, in the ordinary course of

their march, supported Anne of Geierstein and her attendant. Both were occupied by female figures as usual, and, to the best of Arthur's ken, the foremost had the well-known dress of Anne, from the grey mantle to a small heron's plume, which, since entering Germany, she had worn in compliance with the custom of the country, and in evidence of her rank as a maiden of birth and distinction. Yet, if the youth's eyes brought him true tidings at present, what was the character of their former information, when, scarce more than half an hour since, they had beheld, in the subterranean dungeon of La Ferette, the same form which they now rested upon, in circumstances so very different! The feeling excited by this thought was powerful, but it was momentary, like the lightning which blazes through a midnight sky, which is but just seen ere it vanishes into darkness. Or rather, the wonder excited by this marvellous incident, only maintained its ground in his thoughts, by allying itself with the anxiety for his father's safety, which was their predominant occupation.

"If there be indeed a spirit," he said, "which wears that beautiful form, it must be beneficent as well as lovely, and will extend to my far more deserving father the protection which his son has twice experienced."

But ere he had time to prosecute such a thought farther, he had met the Landamman and his party. Here his appearance and his condition excited the same surprise as they had formerly occasioned to Rudolf and the vanguard. To the repeated interrogatories of the Landamman, he gave a brief account of his own imprisonment, and of his escape, of which he suffered the whole glory to rest with the Black Priest of St Paul's, without mentioning one word of the more interesting female apparition, by which he had been attended and assisted in his charitable task. On another point also Arthur was silent. He saw no propriety in communicating to Arnold Biederman the message which the priest had addressed to Rudolf's ear alone. Whether good should come of it or no, he held sacred the obligation of silence imposed upon him by a man from whom he had just received the most important assistance.

The Landamman was struck dumb for a moment, with sorrow and surprise, at the news which he heard. The elder Philipson had gained his respect, as well by the purity and steadiness of the principles which he expressed, as by the extent and depth of his information, which was peculiarly valuable and interesting to the Switzer, who felt his admirable judgment considerably fettered for want of that knowledge of countries, times, and manners, with which his English friend often supplied him.

"Let us press forward," he said to the Banneret of Berne and the other deputies; "let us offer our mediation betwixt the tyrant De Hagenbach and our friend, whose life is in danger. He must listen to us, for I know his master expects to see this Philipson at his court. The old man hinted to me so much. As we are possessed of such a secret, Archibald de Hagenbach will not dare to brave our vengeance, since we might easily send to Duke Charles information how the Governor of La Ferette abuses his power, in matters where not only the Swiss, but where the Duke himself is concerned."

VOL. VII.

"Under your reverend favour, my worthy sir," answered the Banneret of Berne, "we are Swiss Deputies, and go to represent the injuries of Switzerland alone. If we embroil ourselves with the quarrels of strangers, we shall find it more difficult to settle advantageously those of our own country; and if the Duke should, by this villany done upon English merchants, bring upon him the resentment of the English monarch, such breach will only render it more a matter of peremptory necessity for him to make a treaty advantageous to the Swiss Cantons."

There was so much worldly policy in this advice, that Adam Zimmerman of Soleure instantly expressed his assent, with the additional argument, that their brother Biederman had told them scarce two hours before, how these English merchants had, by his advice and their own free desire, parted company with them that morning, on purpose that they might not involve the Deputies in the quarrels which might be raised by the Governor's exactions on his merchandise.

"Now, what advantage," he said, "shall we derive from this same parting of company, supposing, as my brother seems to urge, we are still to consider this Englishman's interest as if he were our fellow-traveller, and under our especial protection?"

This personal reasoning pinched the Landamman somewhat closely, for he had but a short while before descanted on the generosity of the elder Philipson, who had freely exposed himself to danger, rather than that he should embarrass their negotiation by remaining one of their company; and it completely shook the fealty of the white-bearded Nicolas Bonstetten, whose eyes wandered from the face of Zimmerman, which expressed triumphant confidence in his argument, to that of his friend the Landamman, which was rather more embarrassed than usual.

"Brethren," said Arnold at length, with firmness and animation, "I erred in priding myself upon the worldly policy which I taught to you this morning. This man is not of our country, doubtless, but he is of our blood,—a copy of the common Creator's image,—and the more worthy of being called so, as he is a man of integrity and worth. We might not, without grievous sin, pass such a person, being in danger, without affording him relief, even if he lay accidentally by the side of our path; much less should we abandon him if the danger has been incurred in our own cause, and that we might escape the net in which he is himself caught. Be not, therefore, downcast—We do God's will in succouring an oppressed man. If we succeed by mild means, as I trust we shall, we do a good action at a cheap rate;—if not, God can assert the cause of humanity by the hands of few as well as of many."

"If such is your opinion," said the Bannerman of Berne, "not a man here will shrink from you. For me, I pleaded against my own inclinations when I advised you to avoid a breach with the Burgundian. But as a soldier, I must needs say, I would rather fight the garrison, were they double the number they talk of, in a fair field, than undertake to storm their defences."

"Nay," said the Landamman, "I sincerely hope we shall both enter and depart from the town of La

Ferette, without deviating from the pacific character with which our mission from the Diet invests us."

CHAPTER XVI.

*For Somerset off with his guilty head!
3d Part of Henry VI.*

THE Governor of La Ferette stood on the battlements of the eastern entrance-tower of that fortress, and looked out on the road to Bâle, when first the vanguard of the Swiss mission, then the centre and rear, appeared in the distance. At the same moment the van halting, the main-body closed with it, while the females and baggage, and mules in the rear, moved in their turn up to the main-body, and the whole were united in one group.

A messenger then stepped forth, and winded one of those tremendous horns, the spoils of the wild-bulls, so numerous in the Canton of Uri, that they are supposed to have given rise to its name.

"They demand admittance," said the esquire.

"They shall have it," answered Sir Archibald de Hagenbach. "Marry, how they may pass out again, is another and a deeper question."

"Think yet a moment, noble sir," continued the esquire. "Bethink you, these Switzers are very fiends in fight, and have, besides, no booty to repay the conquest,—some paltry chains of good copper, perchance, or adulterated silver. You have knocked out the marrow—do not damage your teeth by trying to grind the bone."

"Thou art a fool, Kilian," answered De Hagenbach, "and it may be a coward besides. The approach of some score, or at most some score and a half, of Swiss partisans, makes thee draw in thy horns like a snail at a child's finger! Mine are strong and inflexible as those of the Urus, of whom they talk so much, and on which they blow so boldly. Keep in mind, thou timid creature, that if the Swiss deputies, as they presume to call themselves, are permitted to pass free, they carry to the Duke stories of merchants bound to his court, and fraught with precious commodities, specially addressed to his Grace! Charles has then at once to endure the presence of the ambassadors, whom he contemns and hates, and learns by them that the Governor of La Ferette, permitting such to pass, has nevertheless presumed to stop those whom he would full gladly see; for what prince would not blithely welcome such a casket as that which we have taken from yonder strolling English pedlar?"

"I see not how the assault on these ambassadors will mend your excellency's plea for despoiling the Englishmen," said Kilian.

"Because thou art a blind mole, Kilian," answered his chief. "If Burgundy hears of a ruffle between my garrison and the mountain churls, whom he scorns and yet hates, it will drown all notice of the two pedlars who have perished in the fray. If after-inquiry should come, an hour's ride transports me with my confidants into the Imperial dominions, where, though the Emperor be a spiritless fool, the rich prize I have found on these islanders will ensure me a good reception."

"I will stick by your excellency to the last," re-

turned the esquire; "and you shall yourself witness, that if a fool, I am at least no coward."

"I never thought thee such when it came to hand-blows," said de Hagenbach; "but in policy, thou art timid and irresolute. Hand me mine armour, Kilian, and beware thou brace it well. The Swiss pikes and swords are no wasp stings."

"May your excellency wear it with honour and profit," said Kilian; and, according to the duty of his office, he buckled upon his principal the complete panoply of a knight of the empire. "Your purpose of assaulting the Swiss then holds firm," said Kilian. "But what pretext will your excellency assign?"

"Let me alone," said Archibald de Hagenbach, "to take one, or to make one. Do you only have Schonfeldt and the soldiers on their stations. And remember the words are—'Burgundy to the Rescue.' When these words are first spoken, let the soldiers show themselves,—when repeated, let them fall on. And now that I am accoutred, away to the churls and admit them."

Kilian bowed and withdrew.

The bugle of the Switzers had repeatedly emitted its angry roar, exasperated by the delay of nearly half an hour, without an answer from the guarded gate of La Ferette; and every blast declared, by the prolonged echoes which it awakened, the increased impatience of those who summoned the town. At length the portcullis arose, the gate opened, the drawbridge fell, and Kilian, in the equipage of a man-at-arms arrayed for fight, rode forth on an ambling palfrey.

"What bold men are ye, sirs, who are here in arms before the fortress of La Ferette, appertaining in right and seignorie to the thrice noble Duke of Burgundy and Lorraine, and garrisoned for his cause and interest by the excellent Sir Archibald, Lord of Hagenbach, Knight of the most holy Roman Empire?"

"So please you, Sir Esquire," said the Landamman, "for such I conjecture you to be by the feather in your bonnet, we are here with no hostile intentions; though armed, as you see to defend us in a perilous journey, where we are something unsafe by day, and cannot always repose by night in places of security. But our arms have no offensive purpose; if they had such, our numbers had not been so few as you see them."

"What then is your character and purpose?" said Kilian, who had learned to use, in his master's absence, the lordly and insolent tone of the Governor himself.

"We are Delegates," answered the Landamman, in a calm and even tone of voice, without appearing to take offence at, or to observe, the insolent demeanour of the esquire, "from the Free and Confederated Cantons of the Swiss states and provinces, and from the good town of Soleure, who are accredited from our Diet of Legislature to travel to the presence of his Grace the Duke of Burgundy, on an errand of high importance to both countries, and with the hope of establishing with your master's lord—I mean with the noble Duke of Burgundy—a sure and steadfast peace, upon such terms as shall be to the mutual honour and advantage of both countries, and to avert disputes, and the effusion of Christian blood, which

may otherwise be shed for want of timely and good understanding."

"Show me your letters of credence," said the esquire.

"Under your forgiveness, Sir Esquire," replied the Landamman, "it will be time enough to exhibit these, when we are admitted to the presence of your master the Governor."

"That is as much as to say, wilful will to it. It is well, my masters; and yet you may take this advice from Kilian of Kersberg, It is sometimes better to reel backwards than to run forwards—My master, and my master's master, are more ticklish persons than the dealers of Bâle, to whom you sell your cheeses. Home! honest men, home! your way lies before you, and you are fairly warned."

"We thank thee for thy counsel," said the Landamman, interrupting the Banneret of Berne, who had commenced an angry reply, "supposing it kindly meant; if not, an uncivil jest is like an overcharged gun, which recoils on the cannoneer. Our road lies onward through La Ferette, and onward we propose to go, and take such hap as that which we may find before us."

"Go onward then, in the devil's name," said the squire, who had entertained some hope of deterring them from pursuing their journey, but found himself effectually foiled.

The Switzers entered the town, and, stopped by the barricade of cars which the Governor had formed across the street, at about twenty yards from the gate, they drew themselves up in military order, with their little body formed into three lines, the two females and the fathers of the deputation being in the centre. The little phalanx presented a double front, one to each side of the street, while the centre line faced so as to move forward, and only waited for the removal of the barricade in order to do so. But while they stood thus inactive, a knight in complete armour appeared from a side door of the great tower, under the arch of which they had entered into the town. His visor was raised, and he walked along the front of the little line formed by the Swiss, with a stern and frowning aspect.

"Who are you," he said, "who have thus far intruded yourselves in arms into a Burgundian garrison?"

"With your excellency's leave," said the Landamman, "we are men who come on a peaceful errand, though we carry arms for our own defence. Deputies we are from the towns of Berne and Soleure, the Cantons of Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden, come to adjust matters of importance with the gracious Duke of Burgundy and Lorraine."

"What towns, what cantons?" said the Governor of La Ferette. "I have heard no such names among the Free Cities of Germany.—Berne, truly! when became Berne a free state?"

"Since the twenty-first day of June," said Arnold Biederman, "in the year of grace one thousand three hundred and thirty-nine, on which the battle of Laupen was fought."

"Away, vain old man," said the Knight; "thinkest thou that such idle boasts can avail thee here? We have heard, indeed, of some insurgent villages and communities among the Alps, and how they rebelled

against the Emperor, and by the advantage of fastnesses, ambuscades, and lurking-places, how they have murdered some knights and gentlemen sent against them by the Duke of Austria; but we little thought that such paltry townships and insignificant bands of mutineers had the insolence to term themselves Free States, and propose to enter into negotiation as such with a mighty prince like Charles of Burgundy."

"May it please your excellency," replied the Landamman, with perfect temper, "your own laws of chivalry declare, that if the stronger wrong the weaker, or the noble does injury to the less gentle, the very act levels distinctions between them, and the doer of an injury becomes bound to give condign satisfaction, of such kind as the wronged party shall demand."

"Hence to thy hills, churl!" exclaimed the haughty Knight; "there comb thy beard and roast thy chestnuts. What! because a few rats and mice find retreat among the walls and wainscoting of our dwelling-houses, shall we therefore allow them to intrude their disgusting presence, and their airs of freedom and independence, into our personal presence? No, we will rather crush them beneath the heel of our iron-shod boots."

"We are not men to be trodden on," said Arnold Biederman, calmly; "those who have attempted it have found us stumbling-blocks. Lay, Sir Knight, aside for an instant this haughty language, which can only lead to warfare, and listen to the words of peace. Dismiss our comrade, the English merchant Philipson, on whom you have this morning laid unlawful hands; let him pay a moderate sum for his ransom, and we, who are bound instantly to the Duke's presence, will bear a fair report to him of his Governor of La Ferette."

"You will be so generous, will you!" said Sir Archibald, in a tone of ridicule. "And what pledge shall I have that you will favour me so kindly as you propose?"

"The word of a man who never broke his promise," answered the stoical Landamman.

"Insolent hind!" replied the Knight, "dost thou stipulate? thou offer thy paltry word as a pledge betwixt the Duke of Burgundy and Archibald de Hagenbach? Know that ye go not to Burgundy at all, or you go thither with fetters on your hands and halters round your necks.—So ho, Burgundy to the Rescue!"

Instantly as he spoke, the soldiers showed themselves before, behind, and around the narrow space where the Swiss had drawn themselves up. The battlements of the town were lined with men, others presented themselves at the doors of each house in the street, prepared to sally, and, at the windows, prepared to shoot, as well with guns as with bows and cross-bows. The soldiers who defended the barricade also started up, and seemed ready to dispute the passage in front. The little band, encompassed and overmatched, but neither startled nor disheartened, stood to their arms. The centre rank under the Landamman prepared to force their way over the barricade. The two fronts stood back to back, ready to dispute the street with those that should issue from the houses. It could not fail to prove a

work of no small blood and toil to subdue this handful of determined men, even with five times their number. Some sense of this, perhaps, made Sir Archibald delay giving the signal for onset, when suddenly behind arose a cry of, "Treason, treason!"

A soldier, covered with mud, rushed before the Governor, and said, in hurried accents, that as he endeavoured to stop a prisoner who had made his escape some short time since, he had been seized by the burghers of the town, and well nigh drowned in the moat. He added, that the citizens were even now admitting the enemy into the place.

"Kilian," said the Knight, "take two score of men—hasten to the northern sally-port; stab, cut down, or throw from the battlements, whomsoever you meet in arms, townsmen or strangers. Leave me to settle with these peasants by fair means or foul."

But ere Kilian could obey his master's commands, a shout arose in the rear, where they cried, "Bâle! Bâle!—Freedom! freedom!—The day is our own!"

Onward came the youth of Bâle, who had not been at such a distance but that Rudolf had contrived to recall them—onward came many Swiss who had hovered around the embassy, holding themselves in readiness for such a piece of service; and onward came the armed citizens of La Ferette, who, compelled to take arms and mount guard by the tyranny of De Hagenbach, had availed themselves of the opportunity to admit the Bâlese at the sally-port through which Philipson had lately made his escape.

The garrison, somewhat discouraged before by the firm aspect of the Swiss, who had held their numbers at defiance, were totally disconcerted by this new and unexpected insurrection. Most of them prepared rather to fly than to fight, and they threw themselves in numbers from the walls, as the best chance of escaping. Kilian and some others, whom pride prevented from flying, and despair from asking quarter, fought with fury, and were killed on the spot. In the midst of this confusion the Landamman kept his own bands unmoved, permitting them to take no share in the action, save to repel such violence as was offered to them.

"Stand fast all!" sounded the deep voice of Arnold Biederman along their little body. "Where is Rudolf?—Save lives, but take none.—Why, how now, Arthur Philipson! stand fast, I say."

"I cannot stand fast," said Arthur, who was in the act of leaving the ranks. "I must seek my father in the dungeons; they may be slaying him in this confusion while I stand idle here."

"By Our Lady of Ensiedlein, you say well," answered the Landamman; "that I should have forgot my noble guest! I will help thee to search for him, Arthur—the affray seems well nigh ended.—Ho there, Sir Banneret, worthy Adam Zimmermann, my good friend Nicholas Bonstetten, keep our men standing firm—Have nothing to do with this affray, but leave the men of Bâle to answer their own deeds. I return in a few minutes."

So saying, he hurried after Arthur Philipson, whose recollection conducted him, with sufficient accuracy, to the head of the dungeon stairs. There they met an ill-looking man clad in a buff jerkin, who bore at his girdle a bunch of rusted keys, which intimated the nature of his calling.

"Show me the prison of the English merchant," said Arthur Philipson, "or thou diest by my hand."

"Which of them desire you to see?" answered the official;—"the old man, or the young one?"

"The old," said young Philipson. "His son has escaped thee."

"Enter here then, gentlemen," said the jailor, undoing the spring-bolt of a heavy door.

At the upper end of the apartment lay the man they came to seek for, who was instantly raised from the ground, and loaded with their embraces.

"My dear father!"—"My worthy guest!" said his son and friend at the same moment, "how fares it with you?"

"Well," answered the elder Philipson, "if you, my friend and son, come, as I judge from your arms and countenances, as conquerors, and at liberty—ill if you come to share my prison-house."

"Have no fear of that," said the Landamman; "we have been in danger, but are remarkably delivered.—Your evil lair has benumbed you. Lean on me, my noble guest, and let me assist you to better quarters."

Here he was interrupted by a heavy clash, as it seemed, of iron, and differing from the distant roar of the popular tumult, which they still heard from the open street, as men hear the deep voice of a remote and tempestuous ocean.

"By Saint Peter of the fetters!" said Arthur, who instantly discovered the cause of the sound, "the jailor has cast the door to the staple, or it has escaped his grasp. The spring-lock has closed upon us, and we cannot be liberated, saving from the outside.—Ho, jailor dog! villain! open the door or thou diest!"

"He is probably out of hearing of your threats," said the elder Philipson, "and your cries avail you nothing. But are you sure the Swiss are in possession of the town?"

"We are peaceful occupants of it," answered the Landamman, "though without a blow given on our side."

"Why, then," said the Englishman, "your followers will soon find you out. Arthur and I are paltry ciphers, and our absence might easily pass over unobserved; but you are too important a figure not to be missed and looked after, when the sum of your number is taken."

"I well hope it will prove so," said the Landamman, "though methinks I show but scurvily, shut up here like a cat in a cupboard when he has been stealing cream.—Arthur, my brave boy, dost thou see no means of shooting back the bolt?"

Arthur, who had been minutely examining the lock, replied in the negative; and added, that they must take patience perforce, and arm themselves to wait calmly their deliverance, which they could do nothing to accelerate.

Arnold Biederman, however, felt somewhat severely the neglect of his sons and companions.

"All my youths, uncertain whether I am alive or dead, are taking the opportunity of my absence, doubtless, for pillage and license—and the politic Rudolf, I presume, cares not if I should never reappear on the stage—the Banneret, and the white-bearded fool Bonstetten, who calls me his friend—every neigh-

bour has deserted me—and yet they know that I am anxious for the safety of the most insignificant of them all, as dearer to me than my own. By heavens! it looks like stratagem; and shows as if the rash young men desired to get rid of a rule too regular and peaceful, to be pleasing to those who are eager for war and conquest.”

The Landamman, fretted out of his usual serenity of temper, and afraid of the misbehaviour of his countrymen in his absence, thus reflected upon his friends and companions, while the distant noise soon died away into the most absolute and total silence.

“What is to do now?” said Arthur Philipson. “I trust they will take the opportunity of quiet to go through their roll-call, and inquire then who are amissing.”

It seemed as if the young man’s wish had some efficacy, for he had scarce uttered it before the lock was turned, and the door set a jar by some one who escaped up stairs from behind it, before those who were set at liberty could obtain a glance of their deliverer.

“It is the jailor, doubtless,” said the Landamman, “who may be apprehensive, as he has some reason, that we might prove more incensed at our detention in the dungeon, than grateful for our deliverance.”

As they spoke thus, they ascended the narrow stairs, and issued from the door of the Gate-house tower, where a singular spectacle awaited them. The Swiss Deputies, and their escort, still remained standing fast and firm on the very spot where Hagenbach had proposed to assail them. A few of the late Governor’s soldiers, disarmed, and cowering from the rage of a multitude of the citizens, who now filled the streets, stood with downcast looks behind the phalanx of the mountaineers, as their safest place of retreat. But this was not all.

The cars, so lately placed to obstruct the passage of the street, were now joined together, and served to support a platform, or scaffold, which had been hastily constructed of planks. On this was placed a chair, in which sat a tall man, with his head, neck, and shoulders bare, the rest of his body clothed in bright armour. His countenance was as pale as death, yet young Philipson recognised the hard-hearted Governor, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach. He appeared to be bound to the chair. On his right, and close beside him, stood the Priest of Saint Paul’s, muttering prayers, with his breviary in his hand; while on his left, and somewhat behind the captive, appeared a tall man, attired in red, and leaning with both hands on the naked sword, which has been described on a former occasion. The instant that Arnold Biederman appeared, and before the Landamman could open his lips to demand the meaning of what he saw, the priest drew back, the executioner stepped forward, the sword was brandished, the blow was struck, and the victim’s head rolled on the scaffold. A general acclamation and clapping of hands, like that by which a crowded theatre approves of some well-graced performer, followed this feat of dexterity. While the headless corpse shot streams from the arteries, which were drunk up by the saw-dust that strewed the scaffold, the executioner gracefully presented himself alternately at the four corners of the

stage, modestly bowing, as the multitude greeted him with cheers of approbation.

“Nobles, knights, gentlemen of free-born blood, and good citizens,” he said, “who have assisted at this act of high justice, I pray you to bear me witness that this judgment hath been executed after the form of the sentence, at one blow, and without stroke missed or repeated.”

The acclamations were reiterated.

“Long live our Scharfrichter Steinerherz, and many a tyrant may he do his duty on!”

“Noble friends,” said the executioner, with the deepest obeisance, “I have yet another word to say, and it must be a proud one.—God be gracious to the soul of this good and noble knight, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach. He was the patron of my youth, and my guide to the path of honour. Eight steps have I made towards freedom and nobility on the heads of free-born knights and nobles, who have fallen by his authority and command; and the ninth, by which I have attained it, is upon his own, in grateful memory of which I will expend this purse of gold, which but an hour since he bestowed on me, in masses for his soul. Gentlemen, noble friends, and now my equals, La Ferette has lost a nobleman and gained one. Our Lady be gracious to the departed knight, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach, and bless and prosper the progress of Stephen Steinerherz von Blutsacker, now free and noble of right!”

With that he took the feather out of the cap of the deceased, which, soiled with the blood of the wearer, lay near his body upon the scaffold, and, putting it into his official bonnet, received the homage of the crowd in loud huzzas, which were partly in earnest, partly in ridicule of such an unusual transformation.

Arnold Biederman at length found breath, which the extremity of surprise had at first denied him. Indeed, the whole execution had passed much too rapidly for the possibility of his interference.

“Who has dared to act this tragedy?” he said indignantly; “And by what right has it taken place?”

A cavalier, richly dressed in blue, replied to the question—

“The free citizens of Bâle have acted for themselves, as the fathers of Swiss liberty set them an example; and the tyrant, De Hagenbach, has fallen by the same right which put to death the tyrant Geysler. We bore with him till his cup was brimming over, and then we bear no longer.”

“I say not but that he deserved death,” replied the Landamman; “but for your own sake and for ours, you should have forborne him till the Duke’s pleasure was known.”

“What tell you us of the Duke?” answered Laurenz Neipperg, the same blue cavalier whom Arthur had seen at the secret rendezvous of the Bâlese youth, in company with Rudolf. “Why talk you of Burgundy to us, who are none of his subjects? The Emperor, our only rightful lord, had no title to pawn the town and fortifications of La Ferette, being as it is a dependency of Bâle, to the prejudice of our free city. He might have pledged the revenue, indeed; and supposing him to have done so, the debt has been paid twice over by the exactions levied by yonder oppressor, who has now received his due. But

pass on, Landamman of Unterwalden. If our actions displease you, adjure them at the footstool of the Duke of Burgundy; but, in doing so, adjure the memory of William Tell, and Stauffacher, of Furst, and Melchtal, the fathers of Swiss freedom."

"You speak truth," said the Landamman; "but it is in an ill-chosen and unhappy time. Patience would have remedied your evils, which none felt more deeply, or would have redressed more willingly, than I. But O, imprudent young man! you have thrown aside the modesty of your age, and the subjection you owe to your elders. William Tell and his brethren were men of years and judgment, husbands and fathers, having a right to be heard in council, and to be foremost in action. Enough—I leave it with the fathers and senators of your own city, to acknowledge or to reprove your actions.—But you, my friends,—you, Banneret of Berne,—you, Rudolf,—above all, you, Nicholas Bonstetten, my comrade and my friend, why did you not take this miserable man under your protection? The action would have shown Burgundy, that we were slandered by those who have declared us desirous of seeking a quarrel with him, or of inciting his subjects to revolt. Now, all these prejudices will be confirmed in the minds of men, naturally more tenacious of evil impressions than of those which are favourable."

"As I live by bread, good gossip and neighbour," answered Nicholas Bonstetten, "I thought to obey your injunctions to a tittle; so much so, that I once thought of breaking in and protecting the man, when Rudolf Donnerhugel reminded me, that your last orders were, to stand firm, and let the men of Bâle answer for their own actions; and surely, said I to myself, my gossip Arnold knows better than all of us what is fitting to be done."

"Ah, Rudolf, Rudolf," said the Landamman, looking on him with a displeased countenance, "wert thou not ashamed thus to deceive an old man?"

"To say I deceived him is a hard charge; but from you, Landamman," answered the Bernese, with his usual deference, "I can bear any thing. I will only say, that, being a member of this embassy, I am obliged to think, and to give my opinion as such, especially when he is not present who is wise enough to lead and direct us all."

"Thy words are always fair, Rudolf," replied Arnold Biederman, "and I trust so is thy meaning. Yet there are times when I somewhat doubt it.—But let disputes pass, and let me have your advice, my friends; and for that purpose go we where it may best profit us, even to the church, where we will first return our thanks for our deliverance from assassination, and then hold counsel what next is to be done."

The Landamman led the way, accordingly, to the church of St Paul's, while his companions and associates followed in their order. This gave Rudolf, who, as youngest, suffered the others to precede him, an opportunity to beckon to him the Landamman's eldest son, Rudiger, and whisper to him to get rid of the two English merchants.

"Away with them, my dear Rudiger, by fair means, if possible; but away with them directly. Thy father is besotted with these two English pedlars, and will listen to no other counsel; and thou and I know,

dearest Rudiger, that such men as these are unfit to give laws to free-born Switzers. Get the trumpery they have been robbed of, or as much of it as is extant, together as fast as thou canst, and send them a-travelling in Heaven's name."

Rudiger nodded intelligently, and went to offer his services to expedite the departure of the elder Philipson. He found the sagacious merchant as desirous to escape from the scene of confusion now presented in the town, as the young Swiss could be to urge his departure. He only waited to recover the casket of which De Hagenbach had possessed himself, and Rudiger Biederman set on foot a strict search after it, which was the more likely to be successful, that the simplicity of the Swiss prevented them from setting the true value upon its contents. A strict and hasty search was immediately instituted, both on the person of the dead De Hagenbach, on which the precious packet was not to be found, and on all who had approached him at his execution, or were supposed to enjoy his confidence.

Young Arthur Philipson would gladly have availed himself of a few moments to bid farewell to Anne of Geierstein. But the grey wimple was no longer seen in the ranks of the Switzers, and it was reasonable to think, that, in the confusion which followed the execution of De Hagenbach, and the retreat of the leaders of the little battalion, she had made her retreat into some of the adjacent houses, while the soldiers around her, no longer restrained by the presence of their chiefs had dispersed, some to search for the goods of which the Englishmen had been despoiled, others doubtless to mingle with and join in the rejoicings of the victorious youths of Bâle, and of those burghers of La Ferette by whom the fortifications of the town had been so gently surrendered.

The cry amongst them was universal, that La Ferette, so long considered as the curb of the Swiss confederates, and the barrier against their commerce, should henceforth be garrisoned, as their protection against the encroachments and exactions of the Duke of Burgundy and his officers. The whole town was in a wild but joyful jubilee, while the citizens vied with each other in offering to the Swiss every species of refreshment; and the youths who attended upon the mission hurried gaily, and in triumph, to profit by the circumstances which had so unexpectedly converted the ambuscade so treacherously laid for them, into a genial and joyous reception.

Amid this scene of confusion, it was impossible for Arthur to quit his father, even to satisfy the feelings which disposed him to wish for a few moments at his own disposal. Sad, thoughtful, and sorrowful, amid the general joy, he remained with the parent whom he had so much reason to love and honour, to assist him in securing and placing on their mule the various packages and bales which the honest Switzers had recovered after the death of De Hagenbach, and which they emulated each other in bringing to their rightful owner; while they were with difficulty prevailed on to accept the guerdon which the Englishman, from the means which he had still left upon his person, was disposed not merely to offer, but to force upon the restorers of his property, and which, in their rude and simple ideas, seemed greatly to exceed the value of what they had recovered for him.

This scene had scarcely lasted ten or fifteen minutes, when Rudolf Donnerhugel approached the elder Philipson, and in a tone of great courtesy invited him to join the council of the Chiefs of the Embassy of the Swiss Cantons, who, he said, were desirous of having the advantage of his experience upon some important questions respecting their conduct on these unexpected occurrences.

"See to our affairs, Arthur, and stir not from the spot on which I leave you," said Philipson to his son. "Look especially after the sealed packet of which I was so infamously and illegally robbed; its recovery is of the utmost consequence."

So speaking, he instantly prepared himself to attend the Bernese, who, in a confidential manner, whispered, as he went arm-in-arm with him towards the church of St Paul's,—

"I think a man of your wisdom will scarce advise us to trust ourselves to the mood of the Duke of Burgundy when he has received such an injury as the loss of this fortress, and the execution of his officer. You, at least, would be too judicious to afford us any farther the advantage of your company and society, since to do so would be wilfully to engage in our shipwreck."

"I will give my best advice," answered Philipson, "when I shall be more particularly acquainted with the circumstances under which it is asked of me."

Rudolf muttered an oath, or angry exclamation, and led Philipson to the church without farther argument.

In a small chapel adjoining to the church, and dedicated to St Magnus the Martyr, the four deputies were assembled in close conclave, around the shrine in which the sainted hero stood, armed as when he lived. The priest of St Paul's was also present, and seemed to interest himself deeply in the debate which was taking place. When Philipson entered, all were for a moment silent, until the Landamman addressed him thus:—"Signior Philipson, we esteem you a man far travelled, well versed in the manners of foreign lands and acquainted with the conditions of this Duke Charles of Burgundy; you are therefore fit to advise us in a matter of great weight. You know with what anxiety we go on this mission for peace with the Duke; you also know what has this day happened, which may probably be represented to Charles in the worst colours;—would you advise us, in such a case, to proceed to the Duke's presence, with the odium of this action attached to us; or should we do better to return home, and prepare for war with Burgundy?"

"How do your own opinions stand on the subject?" said the cautious Englishman.

"We are divided," answered the Banneret of Berne.—"I have borne the banner of Berne against her foes for thirty years; I am more willing to carry it against the lances of the knights of Hainault and Lorraine, than to undergo the rude treatment which we must look to meet at the footstool of the Duke."

"We put our heads in the lion's mouth if we go forward," said Zimmerman of Soleure;—"my opinion is, that we draw back."

"I would not advise retreat," said Rudolf Donnerhugel, "were my life alone concerned; but the Landamman of Unterwalden is the father of the United Cantons, and it would be parricide if I con-

sented to put his life in peril. My advice is, that we return, and that the confederacy stand on their defence."

"My opinion is different," said Arnold Biederman; "nor will I forgive any man, who, whether in sincere or feigned friendship, places my poor life in the scale with the advantage of the Cantons. If we go forward, we risk our heads—be it so. But if we turn back, we involve our country in war with a power of the first magnitude in Europe. Worthy citizens! you are brave in fight,—show your fortitude as boldly now; and let us not hesitate to incur such personal danger as may attend ourselves, if by doing so we can gain a chance of peace for our country."

"I think and vote with my neighbour and gossip, Arnold Biederman," said the laconic Deputy from Schwitz.

"You hear how we are divided in opinion," said the Landamman to Philipson; "what is your opinion?"

"I would first ask of you," said the Englishman, "what has been your part in this storming of a town occupied by the Duke's forces, and putting to death his Governor?"

"So help me, Heaven!" said the Landamman, "as I knew not of any purpose of storming the town until it unexpectedly took place."

"And for the execution of De Hagenbach," said the Black Priest, "I swear to you, stranger, by my holy order, that it took place under the direction of a competent court, whose sentence Charles of Burgundy himself is bound to respect, and whose proceedings the deputies of the Swiss mission could neither have advanced nor retarded."

"If such be the case, and if you can really prove yourselves free of these proceedings," answered Philipson, "which must needs be highly resented by the Duke of Burgundy, I would advise you by all means to proceed upon your journey; with the certainty that you will obtain from that prince a just and impartial hearing, and, it may be, a favourable answer. I know Charles of Burgundy; I may even say that, our different ranks and walks of life considered, I know him well. He will be deeply incensed by the first tidings of what has here chanced, which he will no doubt interpret to your disfavour. But if, in the course of investigation, you are able to clear yourselves of these foul imputations, a sense of his own injustice may perhaps turn the balance in your favour, and in that case, he will rush from the excess of censure into that of indulgence. But your cause must be firmly stated to the Duke, by some tongue better acquainted with the language of courts than yours; and such a friendly interpreter might I have proved to you, had I not been plundered of the valuable packet which I bore with me in order to present to the Duke, and in testimony of my commission to him."

"A paltry fetch," whispered Donnerhugel to the Banneret, "that the trader may obtain from us satisfaction for the goods of which he has been plundered."

The Landamman himself was perhaps for a moment of the same opinion.

"Merchant," he said, "we hold ourselves bound to make good to you,—that is, if our substance can effect it,—whatever loss you may have sustained trusting to our protection."

"Ay, that we will," said the old man of Schwitz, "should it cost us twenty zecchins to make it good."

"To your guarantee of immunity I can have no claim," said Philipson, "seeing I parted company with you before I sustained any loss. And I regret the loss, not so much for its value, although that is greater than you may fancy; but chiefly because, that the contents of the casket I bore being a token betwixt a person of considerable importance and the Duke of Burgundy, I shall not, I fear, now that I am deprived of them, receive from his grace that credence which I desire, both for my own sake and yours. Without them, and speaking only in the person of a private traveller, I may not take upon me as I might have done, when using the names of the persons whose mandates I carried."

"This important packet," said the Landamman, "shall be most rigorously sought for, and carefully redelivered to thee. For ourselves, not a Swiss of us knows the value of its contents; so that if they are in the hands of any of our men, they will be returned of course as baubles, upon which they set no value."

As he spoke, there was a knocking at the door of the chapel. Rudolf, who stood nearest to it, having held some communication with those without, observed with a smile, which he instantly repressed, lest it had given offence to Arnold Biederman,—"It is Sigismund, the good youth—Shall I admit him to council?"

"To what purpose, poor simple lad?" said his father, with a sorrowful smile.

"Yet let me undo the door," said Philipson; "he is anxious to enter, and perhaps he brings news. I have observed, Landamman, that the young man, though with slowness of ideas and expression, is strong in his principles, and sometimes happy in his conceptions."

He admitted Sigismund accordingly; while Arnold Biederman felt, on the one hand, the soothing compliment which Philipson had paid to a boy, certainly the dullest of his family, and, on the other, feared some public display of his son's infirmity, or lack of understanding. Sigismund, however, seemed all confidence; and he certainly had reason to be so, since, as the shortest mode of explanation, he presented to Philipson the necklace of diamonds, with the casket in which it had been deposited.

"This pretty thing is yours," he said. "I understand so much from your son Arthur, who tells me you will be glad to have it again."

"Most cordially do I thank you," said the merchant. "The necklace is certainly mine; that is, the packet of which it formed the contents was under my charge; and it is at this moment of greater additional value to me than even its actual worth, since it serves as my pledge and token for the performance of an important mission.—And how, my young friend," he continued, addressing Sigismund, "have you been so fortunate as to recover what we have sought for hitherto in vain? Let me return my best acknowledgments; and do not think me over-curious if I ask how it reached you?"

"For that matter," said Sigismund, "the story is soon told. I had planted myself as near the scaffold as I could, having never beheld an execution before; and I observed the executioner, who I thought did

his duty very cleverly, just in the moment that he spread a cloth over the body of de Hagenbach, snatch something from the dead man's bosom, and huddle it hastily into his own; so, when the rumour arose that an article of value was amissing, I hurried in quest of the fellow. I found he had bespoke masses to the extent of a hundred crowns at the high altar of St Paul's; and I traced him to the tavern of the village, where some ill-looking men were joyously drinking to him as a free citizen and a nobleman. So I stepped in amongst them with my partisan, and demanded of his lordship either to surrender to me what he had thus possessed himself of, or to try the weight of the weapon I carried. His lordship, my Lord Hangman, hesitated, and was about to make a brawl. But I was something peremptory, and so he judged it best to give me the parcel, which I trust you, Signior Philipson, will find safe and entire as it was taken from you. And—and—I left them to conclude their festivities—and that is the whole of the story."

"Thou art a brave lad," said Philipson; "and, with a heart always right, the head can seldom be far wrong. But the church shall not lose its dues, and I take it on myself, ere I leave La Ferette, to pay for the masses which the man had ordered for the sake of De Hagenbach's soul, snatched from the world so unexpectedly."

Sigismund was about to reply; but Philipson, fearing he might bring out some foolery to diminish the sense which his father had so joyously entertained of his late conduct, immediately added, "Hie away, my good youth, and give to my son Arthur this precious casket."

With simple exultation at receiving applause, to which he was little accustomed, Sigismund took his leave, and the council were once more left to their own privacy.

There was a moment's silence; for the Landamman could not overcome the feeling of exquisite pleasure at the sagacity which poor Sigismund, whose general conduct warranted no such expectations, had displayed on the present occasion. It was not, however, a feeling to which circumstances permitted him to give vent, and he reserved it for his own secret enjoyment, as a solace to the anxiety which he had hitherto entertained concerning the limited intellect of this simple-minded young man. When he spoke, it was to Philipson, with the usual candour and manliness of his character.

"Signior Philipson," he said, "we will hold you bound by no offer which you made while these glittering matters were out of your possession; because a man may often think, that if he were in such and such a situation, he would be able to achieve certain ends, which, that position being attained, he may find himself unable to accomplish. But I now ask you, whether, having thus fortunately and unexpectedly regained possession of what you say will give you certain credence with the Duke of Burgundy, you conceive yourself entitled to mediate with him on our behalf, as you formerly proposed?"

All bent forward to hear the merchant's answer.

"Landamman," he replied, "I never spoke the word in difficulty which I was not ready to redeem when that difficulty was removed. You say, and I

believe, that you had no concern with this storming of La Ferette. You say also, that the life of De Hagenbach was taken by a judicature over which you had no control, and exercised none—let a protocol be drawn up, averring these circumstances, and, as far as possible, proving them. Intrust it to me,—under seal if you will,—and if such points be established, I will pledge my word as a—as a—as an honest man and a true-born Englishman, that the Duke of Burgundy will neither detain nor offer you any personal injury. I also hope to show to Charles strong and weighty reasons why a league of friendship betwixt Burgundy and the United Cantons of Helvetia is, on his Grace's part, a wise and generous measure. But it is possible I may fail in this last point; and if I do, I shall deeply grieve for it. In warranting your safe passage to the Duke's court, and your safe return from it to your own country, I think I cannot fail. If I do, my own life, and that of my beloved and only child shall pay the ransom for my excess of confidence in the Duke's justice and honour."

The other deputies stood silent, and looked on the Landamman; but Rudolf Donnerhugel spoke.

"Are we then to trust our own lives, and, what is still dearer to us, that of our honoured associate Arnold Biederman, on the simple word of a foreign trader? We all know the temper of the Duke, and how vindictively and relentlessly he has ever felt towards our country and its interests. Methinks this English merchant should express the nature of his interest at the court of Burgundy more plainly, if he expects us to place such implicit reliance in it."

"That, Signior Rudolf Donnerhugel," replied the merchant, "I find myself not at liberty to do. I pry not into your secrets, whether they belong to you as a body or as individuals. My own are sacred. If I consulted my own safety merely, I should act most wisely to part company with you here. But the object of your mission is peace; and your sudden return, after what chanced at La Ferette, will make war inevitable. I think I can assure you of a safe and free audience from the Duke; and I am willing, for the chance of securing the peace of Christendom, to encounter any personal peril which may attach to myself."

"Say no more, worthy Philipson," said the Landamman; "thy good faith is undoubted on our part, and ill luck is his who cannot read it written on thy manly forehead. We go forward, then, prepared to risk our own safety at the hand of a despotic prince, rather than leave undischarged the mission which our country has intrusted us with. He is but half a brave man who will risk his life only in the field of battle. There are other dangers, to front which is equally honourable; and since the weal of Switzerland demands that we should encounter them, not one of us will hesitate to take the risk."

The other members of the mission bowed in assent, and the conclave broke up to prepare for their farther entrance into Burgundy.

CHAPTER XVII.

Upon the mountain's heathery side,
The day's last lustre shone,
And rich with many a radiant hue,
Gleam'd gaily on the Rhine.

SOUTHEY.

THE English merchant was now much consulted by the Swiss Commissioners in all their motions. He exhorted them to proceed with all dispatch on their journey, so as to carry to the Duke their own account of the affair of La Ferette, and thus anticipate all rumours less favourable to their conduct on the occasion. For this purpose Philipson recommended that the Deputies, dismissing their escort, whose arms and numbers might give umbrage and suspicion, while they were too few for defence, should themselves proceed by rapid journeys on horseback towards Dijon, or wherever the Duke might chance to be for the time.

This proposal was, however, formally resisted by the very person who had hitherto been the most ductile of the party, and the willing echo of the Landamman's pleasure. On the present occasion, notwithstanding that Arnold Biederman declared the advice of Philipson excellent, Nicholas Bonstetten stood in absolute and insurmountable opposition; because, having hitherto trusted to his own limbs for transporting himself to and fro on all occasions, he could by no means be persuaded to commit himself to the discretion of a horse. As he was found obstinately positive on this subject, it was finally determined that the two Englishmen should press forward on their journey, with such speed as they might, and that the elder of them should make the Duke acquainted with so much as to the capture of La Ferette, as he had himself witnessed of the matter. The particulars which had attended the death of De Hagenbach, the Landamman assured him, would be sent to the Duke by a person of confidence, whose attestation on the subject could not be doubted.

This course was adopted, as Philipson expressed his confidence of getting an early and private audience with the Duke.

"My best intercession," he said, "you have a good right to reckon upon; and no one can bear more direct testimony than I can, to the ungovernable cruelty and rapacity of De Hagenbach, of which I had so nearly been the victim. But of his trial and execution, I neither know nor can tell any thing; and as Duke Charles is sure to demand why execution was done upon his officer without an appeal to his own tribunal, it will be well that you either provide me with such facts as you have to state, or send forward, at least, as speedily as possible, the evidence which you have to lay before him on that most weighty branch of the subject."

The proposal of the merchant created some visible embarrassment on the countenance of the Swiss, and it was with obvious hesitation that Arnold Biederman, having led him aside, addressed him in a whisper—

"My good friend," he said, "mysteries are in general like the hateful mists which disfigure the noblest features of nature; yet, like mists, they will sometimes intervene when we most desire their absence, when

we most desire to be plain and explicit. The manner of De Hagenbach's death, you saw—we will take care that the Duke is informed of the authority by which it was inflicted. This is all that I can at present tell you on the subject; and let me add, that the less you speak of it with any one, you will be the more likely to escape inconvenience."

"Worthy Landamman," said the Englishman, "I also am by nature, and from the habits of my country, a hater of mysteries. Yet, such is my firm confidence in your truth and honour, that you shall be my guide in these dark and secret transactions, even as amongst the mists and precipices of your native land, and I rest contented in either case to place unlimited confidence in your sagacity. Let me only recommend that your explanation with Charles be instant, as well as clear and candid. Such being the case, I trust my poor interest with the Duke may be reckoned for something in your favour. Here then we part, but, as I trust, soon to meet again."

The elder Philipson now rejoined his son, whom he directed to hire horses, together with a guide, to conduct them with all speed to the presence of the Duke of Burgundy. By various inquiries in the town, and especially among the soldiers of the slain De Hagenbach, they at length learned that Charles had been of late occupied in taking possession of Lorraine, and, being now suspicious of unfriendly dispositions on the part of the Emperor of Germany, as well as of Sigismund Duke of Austria, had drawn a considerable part of his army together near Strasburg, in order to be prepared against any attempt of these princes, or of the Free Imperial Cities, which might interfere with his course of conquest. The Duke of Burgundy, at this period, well deserved his peculiar epithet of the Bold, since, surrounded by enemies, like one of the nobler animals of the chase, he yet astounded, by his stern and daring countenance, not only the princes and states we have mentioned, but even the King of France, equally powerful, and far more politic, than himself.

To his camp, therefore, the English travellers bent their way, each full of such deep and melancholy reflection, as, perhaps, prevented his bestowing much attention on the other's state of mind. They rode as men deeply immersed in their own thoughts, and with less intercourse than had been usual betwixt them on their former journeys. The nobleness of the elder Philipson's nature, and his respect for the Landamman's probity, joined with gratitude for his hospitality, had prevented him from separating his cause from that of the Swiss deputies, nor did he now repent his generosity in adhering to them. But when he recollected the nature and importance of the personal affairs, which he himself had to dispatch with a proud, imperious, and irritable prince, he could not but regret the circumstances which had involved his own particular mission, of so much consequence to himself and his friends, with that of persons likely to be so highly obnoxious to the Duke as Arnold Biederman and his companions; and, however grateful for the hospitality of Geierstein, he regretted, nevertheless, the circumstances which had obliged him to accept of it.

The thoughts of Arthur were no less anxious. He found himself anew separated from the object to

which his thoughts were, almost against his own will, constantly returning. And this second separation had taken place after he had incurred an additional load of gratitude, and found new, as well as more mysterious food for his ardent imagination. How was he to reconcile the character and attributes of Anne of Geierstein, whom he had known so gentle, candid, pure, and simple, with those of the daughter of a sage, and of an elementary spirit, to whom night was as day, and an impervious dungeon the same as the open portico of a temple? Could they be identified as the same being? or, while strictly alike in shape and lineament, was the one a tenant of the earth, the other only a phantom, permitted to show itself among those of a nature in which she did not partake? Above all, must he never see her more, or receive from her own lips an explanation of the mysteries which were so awfully entwined with his recollections of her? Such were the questions which occupied the mind of the younger traveller, and prevented him from interrupting, or even observing, the reverie in which his father was plunged.

Had either of the travellers been disposed to derive amusement from the country through which their road lay, the vicinity of the Rhine was well qualified to afford it. The ground on the left bank of that noble river is indeed rather flat and tame; and the mountains of Alsace, a ridge of which sweeps along its course, do not approach so near as greatly to vary the level surface of the valley which divides them from its shores. But the broad stream itself, hurrying forward with dizzy rapidity, and rushing around the islets by which its course is interrupted, is one of the most majestic spectacles in nature. The right bank is dignified at once, and adorned, by the numerous eminences covered with wood, and interspersed with valleys, which constitute the district so well known by the name of the Black Forest, to which superstition attached so many terrors, and credulity such a variety of legends. Terrors, indeed, it had, of a real and existing character. The old castles, seen from time to time on the banks of the river itself, or on the ravines and large brooks which flow into it, were then no picturesque ruins, rendered interesting by the stories which were told about their former inhabitants, but constituted the real and apparently impregnable strongholds of that robber-chivalry whom we have already frequently mentioned, and of whom, since Goethe, an author born to arouse the slumbering fame of his country, has dramatized the story of Goetz of Berlichingen, we have had so many spirit-rousing tales. The danger attending the vicinity of these fortresses was only known on the right, or German bank of the Rhine, for the breadth and depth of that noble stream effectually prevented any foray of their inhabitants from reaching Alsace. The former was in possession of the Cities or Free Towns of the Empire; and thus the feudal tyranny of the German lords was chiefly exerted at the expense of their own countrymen, who, irritated and exhausted with their rapine and oppression, were compelled to erect barriers against it, of a nature as interesting and extraordinary, as were the wrongs from which they endeavoured to protect themselves.

But the left bank of the river, over great part of which Charles of Burgundy exercised his authority,

under various characters, was under the regular protection of the ordinary magistrates, who were supported in the discharge of their duty by large bands of mercenary soldiers. These were maintained by Charles out of his private revenue; he, as well as his rival Louis, and other princes of the period, having discovered that the feudal system gave an inconvenient degree of independence to their vassals, and thinking, of course, that it was better to substitute in its place a standing army, consisting of Free Companies, or soldiers by profession. Italy furnished most of these bands, which composed the strength of Charles's army, at least the part of it in which he most trusted.

Our travellers, therefore, pursued their way by the banks of the river, in as great a degree of security as could well be enjoyed in that violent and distracted time, until at length, the father, after having eyed for some time the person whom Arthur had hired to be their guide, suddenly asked of his son, who or what the man was. Arthur replied, that he had been too eager to get a person who knew the road, and was willing to show it, to be very particular in inquiring into his station or occupation; but that he thought, from the man's appearance, he must be one of those itinerant ecclesiastics, who travel through the country with relics, pardons, and other religious trinkets, and were in general but slightly respected, excepting by the lower orders, on whom these vendors of superstitious wares were often accused of practising gross deceptions.

The man's appearance was rather that of a lay devotee, or palmer, bound on his pilgrimage to different shrines, than of a mendicant friar, or questionary. He wore the hat, scrip, staff, and coarse dalmatic, somewhat like the military cloak of the modern hussar, which were used by such persons on their religious peregrinations. Saint Peter's keys, rudely shaped out of some scarlet rag of cloth, appeared on the back of his mantle, placed, as heralds say, saltire wise. This devotee seemed a man of fifty and upwards, well-made, and stout for his age, with a cast of countenance which, though not positively ugly, was far from being well-favoured. There was shrewdness, and an alert expression in his eye and actions, which made some occasional contrast with the sanctimonious demeanour of the character he now bore. This difference betwixt his dress and physiognomy was by no means uncommon among persons of his description, many of whom embraced this mode of life, rather to indulge roving and idle habits, than from any religious call.

"Who art thou, good fellow?" said the elder Philipson; "and by what name am I to call thee while we are fellow-travellers?"

"Bartholomew, sir" said the man; "Brother Bartholomew—I might say Bartholomæus, but it does not become a poor lay brother like me to aspire to the honour of a learned termination."

"And whither does thy journey tend, good Brother Bartholomew?"

"In whichever direction your worship chuses to travel, and to require my services as guide," answered the palmer; "always premising you allow me leisure for my devotions at such holy stations as we pass on our route."

"That is, thine own journey hath no professed or pressing object or end," said the Englishman.

"None, as your worship says, peculiar," said the itinerant; "or I might rather say, that my journey, good sir, embraces so many objects, that it is matter of indifference to me which of them I accomplish first. My vow binds me for four years to travel from one shrine, or holy place, to another; but I am not directly tied to visit them by any precise rule of rotation."

"That is to say, thy vow of pilgrimage does not prevent thee from hiring thyself to wait upon travellers as their guide," replied Philipson.

"If I can unite the devotion I owe to the blessed saints whose shrines I visit, with a service rendered to a wandering fellow-creature who desires to be directed upon his journey, I do maintain," replied Bartholomew, "that the objects are easily to be reconciled to each other."

"Especially as a little worldly profit may tend to cement the two duties together, if otherwise incompatible," said Philipson.

"It pleases your honour to say so," replied the pilgrim; "but you yourself may, if you will, derive from my good company something more than the mere knowledge of the road in which you propose to travel. I can make your journey more edifying by legends of the blessed saints whose holy relics I have visited, and pleasing, by the story of the wonderful things which I have seen and heard in my travels. I can impart to you an opportunity of providing yourself with his Holiness's pardon, not only for the sins which you have committed, but also granting you indulgence for future errors."

"These things are highly available, doubtless," replied the merchant; "but, good Bartholomew, when I desire to speak of them, I apply to my father confessor, to whom I have been uniformly regular in committing the charge of my conscience, and who must be, therefore, well acquainted with my state of mind, and best accustomed to prescribe what its case may require."

"Nevertheless," said Bartholomew, "I trust your worship is too religious a man, and too sound a Catholic, to pass any hallowed station without endeavouring to obtain some share of the benefits which it is the means of dispensing to those who are ready and willing to deserve them. More especially as all men, of whatever trade and degree, hold respect to the holy saint who patroniseth his own mystery; so I hope you, being a merchant, will not pass the Chapel of Our Lady of the Ferry, without making some fitting orison."

"Friend Bartholomew," said Philipson, "I have not heard of the shrine which you recommend to me; and as my business is pressing, it were better worth my while to make a pilgrimage hither on purpose to make mine homage at a fitter season, than to delay my journey at present. This, God willing, I will not fail to do, so that I may be held excused for delaying my reverence till I can pay it more respectfully, and at greater leisure."

"May it please you not to be wroth," said the guide, "if I say that your behaviour in this matter is like that of a fool, who, finding a treasure by the road-side, omits to put it in his bosom and carry it

along with him, proposing to return from a distance on a future day, of express purpose to fetch it."

Philipson, something astonished at the man's pertinacity, was about to answer hastily and angrily, but was prevented by the arrival of three strangers, who rode hastily up from behind them.

The foremost of these was a young female, most elegantly attired, and mounted upon a Spanish jennet, which she reined with singular grace and dexterity. She wore on her right hand such a glove as that which was used to carry hawks, and had a merlin perched upon it. Her head was covered with a montero cap, and, as was frequently the custom at the period, she wore on her face a kind of black silk vizard, which effectually concealed her features. Notwithstanding this disguise, Arthur Philipson's heart sprung high at the appearance of these strangers, for he was at once certain he recognised the matchless form of the Swiss maiden, by whom his mind was so anxiously occupied. Her attendants were a falconer with his hunting-pole, and a female, both apparently her domestics. The elder Philipson, who had no such accuracy of recollection as his son manifested upon the occasion, saw in the fair stranger only some dame or damsel of eminence engaged in the amusement of hawking, and, in return to a brief salutation, merely asked her, with suitable courtesy, as the case demanded, whether she had spent the morning in good sport.

"Indifferent, good friend," said the lady. "I dare not fly my hawk so near the broad river, lest he should soar to the other side, and so I might lose my companion. But I reckon on finding better game when I have crossed to the other side of the ferry, which we are now approaching."

"Then your ladyship," said Bartholomew, "will hear mass in Hans's Chapel, and pray for your success."

"I were a heathen to pass the holy place without doing so," replied the damsel.

"That, noble damsel, touches the point we were but now talking of," said the guide Bartholomew; "for know, fair mistress, that I cannot persuade this worthy gentleman how deeply the success of his enterprise is dependent upon his obtaining the blessing of Our Lady of the Ferry."

"The good man," said the young maiden, seriously, and even severely, "must know little of the Rhine. I will explain to the gentlemen the propriety of following your advice."

She then rode close to young Philipson, and spoke in Swiss, for she had hitherto used the German language, "Do not start, but hear me!" and the voice was that of Anne of Geierstein. "Do not, I say, be surprised—or at least show not your wonder—you are beset by dangers. On this road, especially, your business is known—your lives are laid in wait for. Cross over the river at the Ferry of the Chapel, or Hans's Ferry, as it is usually termed."

Here the guide drew so near to them, that it was impossible for her to continue the conversation without being overheard. At that same moment a woodcock sprung from some bushes, and the young lady threw off her merlin in pursuit.

"Sa ho—sa ho—wo ha!" hollowed the falconer, in a note which made the thicket ring again; and

away he rode in pursuit. The elder Philipson and the guide himself followed the chase eagerly with their eyes, so attractive was the love of that brave sport to men of all ranks. But the voice of the maiden was a lure, which would have summoned Arthur's attention from matters more deeply interesting.

"Cross the Rhine," she again repeated, "at the Ferry to Kirch-hoff, on the other side of the river. Take your lodgings at the Golden Fleece, where you will find a guide to Strasburg. I must stay here no longer."

So saying, the damsel raised herself in her saddle, struck her horse lightly with the loose reins, and the mettled animal, already impatient at her delay, and the eager burst of its companions, flew forward at such a pace, as if he had meant to emulate the flight of the hawk, and of the prey he pursued. The lady and her attendants soon vanished from the sight of the travellers.

A deep silence for some time ensued, during which Arthur studied how to communicate the warning he had received, without awakening the suspicions of their guide. But the old man broke silence himself, saying to their guide, "Put your horse into more motion, I pray you, and ride onward a few yards; I would have some private conference with my son."

The guide obeyed, and, as if with the purpose of showing a mind too profoundly occupied by heavenly matters, to admit a thought concerning those of this transitory world, he thundered forth a hymn in praise of Saint Wendelin the Shepherd, in a strain so discordant, as startled every bird from every bush by which they passed. There was never a more unmelodious melody, whether sacred or profane, than that under protection of which the elder Philipson thus conferred with his son.

"Arthur," he said, "I am much convinced that this howling hypocritical vagrant has some plot upon us; and I had well nigh determined, that the best mode to baffle it would be to consult my own opinion, and not his, as to our places of repose, and the direction of our journey."

"Your judgment is correct, as usual," said his son. "I am well convinced of yonder man's treachery, from a whisper in which that maiden informed me that we ought to take the road to Strasburg by the eastern side of the river, and for that purpose cross over to a place called Kirch-hoff, on the opposite bank."

"Do you advise this, Arthur?" replied his father.

"I will pledge my life for the faith of this young person," replied his son.

"What!" said his father, "because she sits her palfrey fairly, and shows a faultless shape? Such is the reasoning of a boy—and yet my own old and cautious heart feels inclined to trust her. If our secret is known in this land, there are doubtless many who may be disposed to think they have an interest in barring my access to the Duke of Burgundy, even by the most violent means; and well you know that I should on my side hold my life equally cheap, could I discharge mine errand at the price of laying it down. I tell thee, Arthur, that my mind reproaches me for taking hitherto over little care of insuring the discharge of my commission, owing to the natural desire I had to keep thee in my company. There now lie

before us two ways, both perilous and uncertain, by which we may reach the Duke's court. We may follow this guide, and take the chance of his fidelity, or we may adopt the hint of yonder damsel-errant, and cross over to the other side of the Rhine, and again repossess the river at Strasburg. Both roads are perhaps equally perilous. I feel it my duty to diminish the risk of the miscarriage of my commission, by sending thee across to the right bank, while I pursue my proposed course upon the left. Thus, if one of us be intercepted, the other may escape, and the important commission which he bears may be duly executed."

"Alas, my father!" said Arthur, "how is it possible for me to obey you, when by doing so I must leave you alone, to incur so many dangers, to struggle with so many difficulties, in which my aid might be at least willing, though it could only be weak? Whatever befall us in these delicate and dangerous circumstances, let us at least meet it in company."

"Arthur, my beloved son," said his father, "in parting from thee I am splitting mine own heart in twain; but the same duty which commands us to expose our bodies to death, as peremptorily orders us not to spare our most tender affections. We must part."

"Oh, then," replied his son eagerly, "let me at least prevail in one point. Do thou, my father, cross the Rhine, and let me prosecute the journey by the route originally proposed."

"And why, I pray you," answered the merchant, "should I go one of these roads in preference to the other?"

"Because," said Arthur eagerly, "I would warrant yonder maiden's faith with my life."

"Again, young man?" said his father; "and wherefore so confident in that young maiden's faith? Is it merely from the confidence which youth reposes in that which is fair and pleasing, or have you had farther acquaintance with her than the late brief conversation with her admitted?"

"Can I give you an answer?"—replied his son. "We have been long absent from lands of knights and ladies, and is it not natural that we should give to those who remind us of the honoured ties of chivalry and gentle blood, the instinctive credence which we refuse to such a poor wretch as this itinerant mountebank, who gains his existence by cheating, with false relics and forged legends, the poor peasants amongst whom he travels?"

"It is a vain imagination, Arthur," said his father; "not unbefitting, indeed, an aspirant to the honours of chivalry, who draws his ideas of life and its occurrences, from the romances of the minstrels, but too visionary for a youth who has seen, as thou hast, how the business of this world is conducted. I tell thee, and thou wilt learn to know I say truth, that around the homely board of our host the Landamman, were ranged truer tongues, and more faithful hearts, than the *Cour plénière* of a monarch has to boast. Alas! the manly spirit of ancient faith and honour has fled even from the breast of kings and knights, where, as John of France said, it ought to continue to reside a constant inhabitant, if banished from all the rest of the world."

"Be that as it may, dearest father," replied the

younger Philipson, "I pray you to be persuaded by me; and if we must part company, let it be by your taking the right bank of the Rhine, since I am persuaded it is the safest route."

"And if it be the safest," said his father, with a voice of tender reproach, "is that a reason why I should spare my own almost exhausted thread of life, and expose thine, my dear son, which has but begun its course?"

"Nay, father," answered the son with animation, "in speaking thus you do not consider the difference of our importance to the execution of the purpose which you have so long entertained, and which seems now so nigh being accomplished. Think how imperfectly I might be able to discharge it, without knowledge of the Duke's person, or credentials to gain his confidence. I might indeed repeat your words, but the circumstances would be wanting to attract the necessary faith, and of consequence, your scheme, for the success of which you have lived, and now are willing to run the risk of death, would miscarry along with me."

"You cannot shake my resolution," said the elder Philipson, "or persuade me that my life is of more importance than yours. You only remind me, that it is you, and not I, who ought to be the bearer of this token to the Duke of Burgundy. Should you be successful in reaching his court or camp, your possession of these gems will be necessary to attach credit to your mission; a purpose for which they would be less necessary to me, who can refer to other circumstances under which I might claim credence, if it should please Heaven to leave me alone to acquit myself of this important commission, which, may Our Lady, in her mercy, forefend! Understand, therefore, that, should an opportunity occur by which you can make your way to the opposite side of the Rhine, you are to direct your journey so as again to cross to this bank at Strasburg, where you will inquire for news of me at the Flying Stag, a hostelry in that city, which you will easily discover. If you hear no tidings of me at that place, you will proceed to the Duke, and deliver to him this important packet."

Here he put into his son's hand, with as much privacy as possible, the case containing the diamond necklace.

"What else your duty calls on you to do," continued the elder Philipson, "you well know; only I conjure you, let no vain inquiries after my fate interfere with the great duty you have there to discharge. In the meantime, prepare to bid me a sudden farewell, with a heart as bold and confident as when you went before me, and courageously led the way amid the rocks and storms of Switzerland. Heaven was above us then, as it is over us now. Adieu, my beloved Arthur! Should I wait till the moment of separation, there may be but short time to speak the fatal word, and no eye save thine own must see the tear which I now wipe away."

The painful feeling which accompanied this anticipation of their parting, was so sincere on Arthur's part, as well as that of his father, that it did not at first occur to the former, as a source of consolation, that it seemed likely he might be placed under the guidance of the singular female, the memory of whom haunted him. True it was, that the beauty of Anne

of Geierstein, as well as the striking circumstances in which she had exhibited herself, had on that very morning been the principal occupation of his mind; but they were now chased from it by the predominant recollection, that he was about to be separated in a moment of danger from a father, so well deserving of his highest esteem and his fondest affection.

Meanwhile, that father dashed from his eye the tear which his devoted stoicism could not suppress, and, as if afraid of softening his resolution, by indulging his parental fondness, he recalled the pious Bartholomew, to demand of him how far they were from the Chapel of the Ferry.

"Little more than a mile," was the reply; and when the Englishman required further information concerning the cause of its erection, he was informed, that an old boatman and fisherman, named Hans, had long dwelt at the place, who gained a precarious livelihood by transporting travellers and merchants from one bank of the river to the other. The misfortune, however, of losing first one boat and then a second, in the deep and mighty stream, with the dread inspired in travellers by the repetition of such accidents, began to render his profession an uncertain one. Being a good Catholic, the old man's distress took a devotional turn. He began to look back on his former life, and consider by what crimes he had deserved the misfortunes which darkened the evening of his days. His remorse was chiefly excited by the recollection that he had, on one occasion, when the passage was peculiarly stormy, refused to discharge his duty as a ferryman, in order to transport to the other shore a priest, who bore along with him an image of the Virgin, destined for the village of Kirchhoff, on the opposite or right bank of the Rhine. For this fault, Hans submitted to severe penance, as he was now disposed to consider as culpable his doubt of the Virgin's power of protecting herself, her priest, and the bark employed in her service; besides which, the offering of a large share of his worldly goods to the church of Kirchhoff, expressed the truth of the old man's repentance. Neither did he ever again permit himself to interpose any delay in the journey of men of holy church; but all ranks of the clergy, from the mitred prelate to the barefooted friar, might at any time of day or night have commanded the services of him and his boat.

While prosecuting so laudable a course of life, it became at length the lot of Hans to find, on the banks of the Rhine, a small image of the Virgin thrown by the waves, which appeared to him exactly to resemble that which he had formerly ungraciously refused to carry across, when under charge of the sacristan of Kirchhoff. He placed it in the most conspicuous part of his hut, and poured out his soul before it in devotion, anxiously inquiring for some signal by which he might discover whether he was to consider the arrival of her holy image as a pledge that his offences were forgiven. In the visions of the night, his prayers were answered, and Our Lady, assuming the form of the image, stood by his bedside, for the purpose of telling him wherefore she had come hither.

"My trusty servant," she said, "men of Belial have burned my dwelling at Kirchhoff, spoiled my

chapel, and thrown the sacred image which represents me into the swollen Rhine, which swept me downward. Now, I have resolved to dwell no longer in the neighbourhood of the profane doers of this deed, or of the cowardly vassals who dared not prevent it. I am, therefore, compelled to remove my habitation, and, in despite of the opposing current, I determined to take the shore on this side, being resolved to fix my abode with thee, my faithful servant, that the land in which thou dwellest may be blessed, as well as thou and thy household."

As the vision spoke, she seemed to wring from her tresses the water in which they had been steeped, while her disordered dress and fatigued appearance was that of one who has been buffeting with the waves.

Next morning brought intelligence, that, in one of the numerous feuds of that fierce period, Kirchhoff had been sacked, the church destroyed, and the church treasury plundered.

In consequence of the fisherman's vision being thus remarkably confirmed, Hans entirely renounced his profession; and, leaving it to younger men to supply his place as ferryman, he converted his hut into a rustic chapel, and he himself, taking orders, attended upon the shrine as a hermit, or daily chaplain. The figure was supposed to work miracles, and the ferry became renowned from its being under the protection of the Holy Image of Our Lady, and her no less holy servant.

When Bartholomew had concluded his account of the Ferry and its Chapel, the travellers had arrived at the place itself.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Upon the Rhine, upon the Rhine they cluster,
The grapes of juice divine,
Which make the soldier's jovial courage muster;
O, blessed be the Rhine!

Drinking Song.

A COTTAGE or two on the side of the river, beside which were moored one or two fishing-boats, showed the pious Hans had successors in his profession as a boatman. The river, which at a point a little lower was restrained by a chain of islets, expanded more widely, and moved less rapidly, than when it passed these cottages, affording to the ferryman a smoother surface, and a less heavy stream to contend with, although the current was even there too strong to be borne up against, unless the river was in a tranquil state.

On the opposite bank, but a good deal lower than the hamlet which gave name to the ferry, was seated on a small eminence, screened by trees and bushes, the little town of Kirchhoff. A skiff departing from the left bank was, even on favourable occasions, carried considerably to leeward ere it could attain the opposite side of the deep and full stream of the Rhine, so that its course was oblique towards Kirchhoff. On the other hand, a boat departing from Kirchhoff must have great advantage both of wind and oars, in order to land its loading or crew at the Chapel of the Ferry, unless it were under the miraculous influence which carried the image of the Virgin in that direction. The communication, therefore, from

the east to the west bank, was only maintained by towing boats up the stream, to such a height on the eastern side, that the lee-way which they made during the voyage across might correspond with the point at which they desired to arrive, and enable them to attain it with ease. Hence, it naturally happened, that the passage from Alsace into Suabia being the most easy, the ferry was more used by those who were desirous of entering Germany than by travellers who came in an opposite direction.

When the elder Philipson had by a glance around him ascertained the situation of the ferry, he said firmly to his son,—“Begone, my dear Arthur, and do what I have commanded thee.”

With a heart rent with filial anxiety, the young man obeyed, and took his solitary course towards the cottages, near which the barks were moored, which were occasionally used for fishing, as well as for the purposes of the ferry.

“Your son leaves us?” said Bartholomew to the elder Philipson.

“He does for the present,” said his father, “as he has certain inquiries to make in yonder hamlet.”

“If they be,” answered the guide, “any matters connected with your honour’s road, I laud the Saints that I can better answer your inquiries than those ignorant boors, who hardly understand your language.”

“If we find that their information needs thy commentary,” said Philipson, “we will request it—meanwhile, lead on to the chapel, where my son will join us.”

They moved towards the chapel, but with slow steps, each turning his looks aside to the fishing hamlet; the guide as if striving to see whether the younger traveller was returning towards them, the father anxious to descry, on the broad bosom of the Rhine, a sail unloosed, to waft his son across to that which might be considered as the safer side. But though the looks of both guide and traveller were turned in the direction of the river, their steps carried them towards the chapel, to which the inhabitants, in memory of the founder, had given the title of Hans-Chapelle.

A few trees scattered around gave an agreeable and sylvan air to the place; and the chapel, that appeared on a rising ground at some distance from the hamlet, was constructed in a style of pleasing simplicity, which corresponded with the whole scene. Its small size confirmed the tradition, that it had originally been merely the hut of a peasant; and the cross of fir-trees, covered with bark, attested the purpose to which it was now dedicated. The Chapel and all around it breathed peace and solemn tranquillity, and the deep sound of the mighty river seemed to impose silence on each human voice which might presume to mingle with its awful murmur.

When Philipson arrived in the vicinity, Bartholomew took the advantage afforded by his silence to thunder forth two stanzas to the praise of the Lady of the Ferry, and her faithful worshipper Hans, after which he broke forth into the rapturous exclamation,—“Come hither ye who fear wreck, here is your safe haven!—Come hither ye who die of thirst, here is a well of mercy open to you!—Come those who are weary and far-travelled, this is your place of refresh-

ment!”—And more to the same purpose he might have said, but Philipson sternly imposed silence on him.

“If thy devotion were altogether true,” he said, “it would be less clamorous; but it is well to do what is good in itself, even if it is a hypocrite who recommends it.—Let us enter this holy chapel, and pray for a fortunate issue to our precarious travels.”

The pardoner caught up the last words.

“Sure was I,” he said, “that your worship is too well advised to pass this holy place without imploring the protection and influence of Our Lady of the Ferry. Tarry but a moment until I find the priest who serves the altar, that he may say a mass on your behalf.”

Here he was interrupted by the door of the chapel suddenly opening, when an ecclesiastic appeared on the threshold. Philipson instantly knew the Priest of Saint Paul’s, whom he had seen that morning at La Ferette. Bartholomew also knew him, as it would seem; for his officious hypocritical eloquence failed him in an instant, and he stood before the priest with his arms folded on his breast, like a man who waits for the sentence of condemnation.

“Villain,” said the ecclesiastic, regarding the guide with a severe countenance, “dost thou lead a stranger into the houses of the Holy Saints, that thou mayst slay him, and possess thyself of his spoils? But Heaven will no longer bear with thy perfidy. Back, thou wretch, to meet thy brother miscreants, who are hastening hitherward. Tell them thy arts were unavailing, and that the innocent stranger is under MY protection—under my protection, which those who presume to violate will meet with the reward of Archibald de Hagenbach!”

The guide stood quite motionless, while addressed by the priest in a manner equally menacing and authoritative; and no sooner did the latter cease speaking, than, without offering a word either in justification or reply, Bartholomew turned round, and retreated at a hasty pace by the same road which had conducted the traveller to the chapel.

“And do you, worthy Englishman,” continued the priest, “enter into this chapel, and perform in safety those devotions, by means of which yonder hypocrite designed to detain you until his brethren in iniquity came up.—But first, wherefore are you alone? I trust nought evil hath befallen your young companion?”

“My son,” said Philipson, “crosses the Rhine at yonder ferry, as we had important business to transact on the other side.”

As he spoke thus, a light boat, about which two or three peasants had been for some time busy, was seen to push from the shore, and shoot into the stream, to which it was partly compelled to give way, until a sail stretched along the slender yard, and, supporting the bark against the current, enabled her to stand obliquely across the river.

“Now, praise be to God!” said Philipson, who was aware that the bark he looked upon must be in the act of carrying his son beyond the reach of the dangers by which he was himself surrounded. —

“Amen!” answered the priest, echoing the pious ejaculation of the traveller. “Great reason have you to return thanks to Heaven.”

"Of that I am convinced," replied Philipson; "but yet from you I hope to learn the special cause of danger from which I have escaped?"

"This is neither time nor place for such an investigation," answered the Priest of Saint Paul's. "It is enough to say, that yonder fellow, well-known for his hypocrisy and his crimes, was present when the young Switzer, Sigismund, reclaimed from the executioner the treasure of which you were robbed by Hagenbach. Thus Bartholomew's avarice was awakened. He undertook to be your guide to Strasburg, with the criminal intent of detaining you by the way till a party came up, against whose numbers resistance would have been in vain. But his purpose has been anticipated.—And now, ere giving vent to other worldly thoughts, whether of hope or fear,—to the chapel, sir, and join in orisons to Him who hath been your aid, and to those who have interceded with him in your behalf."

Philipson entered the chapel with his guide, and joined in returning thanks to Heaven, and the tutelary power of the spot, for the escape which had been vouchsafed to him.

When this duty had been performed, Philipson intimated his purpose of resuming his journey, to which the Black Priest replied, "That far from delaying him in a place so dangerous, he would himself accompany him for some part of the journey, since he also was bound to the presence of the Duke of Burgundy."

"You, my father!—you!" said the merchant, with some astonishment.

"And wherefore surprised?" answered the priest. "Is it so strange that one of my order should visit a prince's court? Believe me, there are but too many of them to be found there."

"I do not speak with reference to your order," answered Philipson, "but in regard of the part which you have this day acted, in abetting the execution of Archibald de Hagenbach. Know you so little of the fiery Duke of Burgundy, as to imagine you can dally with his resentment with more safety than you would pull the mane of a sleeping lion?"

"I know his mood well," said the priest; "and it is not to excuse, but to defend the death of De Hagenbach, that I go to his presence. The Duke may execute his serfs and bondsmen at his pleasure, but there is a spell upon my life which is proof to all his power. But let me retort the question—You, Sir Englishman, knowing the conditions of the Duke so well—you, so lately the guest and travelling companion of the most unwelcome visitors who could approach him—you, implicated, in appearance at least, in the uproar at La Ferette—what chance is there of your escaping his vengeance? and wherefore will you throw yourself wantonly within his power?"

"Worthy father," said the merchant, "let each of us, without offence to the other, keep his own secret. I have, indeed, no spell to secure me from the Duke's resentment—I have limbs to suffer torture and imprisonment, and property which may be seized and confiscated. But I have had in former days many dealings with the Duke; I may even say I have laid him under obligations, and hope my interest with him may in consequence be sufficient, not only to save me from the consequences of this day's procedure, but be of some avail to my friend the Landamman."

"But if you are in reality bound to the court of Burgundy as a merchant," said the priest, "where are the wares in which you traffic? Have you no merchandise save that which you carry on your person? I heard of a sumpter-horse with baggage. Has yonder villain deprived you of it?"

This was a trying question to Philipson, who, anxious about the separation from his son, had given no direction whether the baggage should remain with himself, or should be transported to the other side of the Rhine. He was, therefore, taken at advantage by the priest's inquiry, to which he answered with some incoherence,—“I believe my baggage is in the hamlet—that is, unless my son has taken it across the Rhine with him.”

"That we will soon learn," answered the priest.

Here a novice appeared from the vestuary of the chapel at his call, and received commands to inquire at the hamlet whether Philipson's bales, with the horse which transported them, had been left there, or ferried over along with his son.

The novice being absent a few minutes, presently returned with the baggage-horse, which, with its burden, Arthur, from regard to his father's accommodation, had left on the western side of the river. The priest looked on attentively, while the elder Philipson, mounting his own horse, and taking the rein of the other in his hand, bade the Black Priest adieu in these words,—“And now, father, farewell! I must pass on with my bales, since there is little wisdom in travelling with them after nightfall, else would I gladly suit my pace, with your permission, so as to share the way with you.”

"If it is your obliging purpose to do so, as indeed I was about to propose," said the priest, "know I will be no stay to your journey. I have here a good horse; and Melchior, who must otherwise have gone on foot, may ride upon your sumpter-horse. I the rather propose this course, as it will be rash for you to travel by night. I can conduct you to an hostelrie, about five miles off, which we may reach with sufficient daylight, and where you will be lodged safely for your reckoning."

The English merchant hesitated a moment. He had no fancy for any new companion on the road, and although the countenance of the priest was rather handsome, considering his years, yet the expression was such as by no means invited confidence. On the contrary, there was something mysterious and gloomy which clouded his brow, though it was a lofty one, and a similar expression gleamed in his cold grey eye, and intimated severity, and even harshness of disposition. But notwithstanding this repulsive circumstance, the priest had lately rendered Philipson a considerable service, by detecting the treachery of his hypocritical guide, and the merchant was not a man to be startled from his course by any imaginary prepossessions against the looks or the manners of his guide, or apprehensions of machinations against himself. He only revolved in his mind the singularity attending his destiny, which, while it was necessary for him to appear before the Duke of Burgundy in the most conciliatory manner, seemed to force upon him the adoption of companions who must needs be obnoxious to that prince; and such, he was too well aware, must be the case with the Priest of St Paul's.

Having reflected for an instant, he courteously accepted the offer of the priest to guide him to some place of rest and entertainment, which must be absolutely necessary for his horse before he reached Strasburg, even if he himself could have dispensed with it.

The party being thus arranged, the novice brought forth the priest's steed, which he mounted with grace and agility, and the neophyte, being probably the same whom Arthur had represented during his escape from La Ferette, took charge, at his master's command, of the baggage-horse of the Englishman; and crossing himself, with a humble inclination of his head, as the priest passed him, he fell into the rear, and seemed to pass the time, like the false brother Bartholomew, in telling his beads, with an earnestness which had perhaps more of affected than of real piety. The Black Priest of St Paul's, to judge by the glance which he cast upon his novice, seemed to disdain the formality of the young man's devotion. He rode upon a strong black horse, more like a warrior's charger than the ambling palfrey of a priest, and the manner in which he managed him was entirely devoid of awkwardness and timidity. His pride, whatever was its character, was not certainly of a kind altogether professional, but had its origin in other swelling thoughts which arose in his mind, to mingle with and enhance the self consequence of a powerful ecclesiastic.

As Philipson looked on his companion from time to time, his scrutinizing glance was returned by a haughty smile, which seemed to say, "You may gaze on my form and features, but you cannot penetrate my mystery."

The looks of Philipson, which were never known to sink before mortal man, seemed to retort, with equal haughtiness, "Nor shall you, proud priest, know that you are now in company with one whose secret is far more important than thine own can be."

At length the priest made some advance towards conversation, by allusion to the footing upon which, by a mutual understanding, they seemed to have placed their intercourse.

"We travel then," he said, "like two powerful enchanters, each conscious of his own high and secret purpose; each in his own chariot of clouds, and neither imparting to his companion the direction or purpose of his journey."

"Excuse me, father," answered Philipson; "I have neither asked your purposes, nor concealed my own, so far as it concerns you. I repeat, I am bound to the presence of the Duke of Burgundy, and my object, like that of any other merchant, is to dispose of my wares to advantage."

"Doubtless, it would seem so," said the Black Priest, "from the extreme attention to your merchandise, which you showed not above half an hour since, when you knew not whether your bales had crossed the river with your son, or were remaining in your own charge. Are English merchants usually so indifferent to the sources of their traffic?"

"When their lives are in danger," said Philipson, "they are sometimes negligent of their fortune."

"It is well," replied the priest, and again resumed his solitary musings; until another half-hour's travelling brought them to a dorf, or village, which the

VOL. VII.

Black Priest informed Philipson was that where he proposed to stop for the night.

"The novice," he said, "will show you the inn, which is of good reputation, and where you may lodge with safety. For me, I have to visit a penitent in this village, who desires my ghostly offices;—perhaps I may see you again this evening, perhaps not till the next morning;—at any rate, adieu for the present."

So saying, the priest stopped his horse, while the novice, coming close up to Philipson's side, conducted him onward through the narrow street of the village, whilst the windows exhibited here and there a twinkling gleam, announcing that the hour of darkness was arrived. Finally, he led the Englishman through an archway into a sort of court-yard, where there stood a car or two of a particular shape, used occasionally by women when they travel, and some other vehicles of the same kind. Here the young man threw himself from the sumpter-horse, and placing the rein in Philipson's hand, disappeared in the increasing darkness, after pointing to a large but dilapidated building, along the front of which not a spark of light was to be discovered from any of the narrow and numerous windows, which were dimly visible in the twilight.

CHAPTER XIX.

1st Carrier. What, ostler!—plague on thee, hast never an eye in thy head? Canst thou not hear? An 't were not as good a deed as drink to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain—Come, and be hanged—Hast thou no faith in thee?

Gadshill. I pray thee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

2d Carrier. Nay, soft, I pray you—I know a trick worth two of that.

Gadshill. I prithee lend me thine.

3d Carrier. Ay, when? Canst tell?—Lend thee my lantern, quotha? Marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Henry IV.

THE social spirit peculiar to the French nation had already introduced into the inns of that country the gay and cheerful character of welcome, upon which Erasmus, at a later period, dwells with strong emphasis, as a contrast to the saturnine and sullen reception which strangers were apt to meet with at a German caravansera. Philipson was, therefore, in expectation of being received by the busy, civil, and talkative host—by the hostess and her daughter, all softness, coquetry, and glee—the smiling and supple waiter—the officious and dimpled chambermaid. The better inns in France boasted also separate rooms, where strangers could change or put in order their dress, where they might sleep without company in their bedroom, and where they could deposit their baggage in privacy and safety. But all these luxuries were as yet unknown in Germany; and in Alsace, where the scene now lies, as well as in the other dependencies of the Empire, they regarded as effeminacy every thing beyond such provisions as were absolutely necessary for the supply of the wants of travellers; and even these were coarse and indifferent, and, excepting in the article of wine, sparingly ministered.

The Englishman, finding that no one appeared at the gate, began to make his presence known by calling aloud, and finally by alighting, and smiting with all

his might on the doors of the hostelry for a long time, without attracting the least attention. At length the head of a grizzled servitor was thrust out at a small window, who, in a voice which sounded like that of one displeased at the interruption, rather than hopeful of advantage from the arrival of a guest, demanded what he wanted.

"Is this an inn?" replied Philipson.

"Yes," bluntly replied the domestic, and was about to withdraw from the window, when the traveller added,—

"And if it be, can I have lodgings?"

"You may come in," was the short and dry answer.

"Send some one to take the horses," replied Philipson.

"No one is at leisure," replied this most repulsive of waiters; "you must litter down your horses yourself, in the way that likes you best."

"Where is the stable?" said the merchant, whose prudence and temper were scarce proof against this Dutch phlegm.

The fellow, who seemed as sparing of his words, as if, like the Princess in the fairy tale, he had dropped ducats with each of them, only pointed to a door in an outer building, more resembling that of a cellar than of a stable, and, as if weary of the conference, drew in his head, and shut the window sharply against the guest, as he would against an importunate beggar.

Cursing the spirit of independence which left a traveller to his own resources and exertions, Philipson, making a virtue of necessity, led the two nags towards the door pointed out as that of the stable, and was rejoiced at heart to see light glimmering through its chinks. He entered with his charge into a place very like the dungeon vault of an ancient castle, rudely fitted up with some racks and mangers. It was of considerable extent in point of length, and at the lower end two or three persons were engaged in tying up their horses, dressing them, and dispensing them their provender.

This last article was delivered by the ostler, a very old lame man, who neither put his hand to wisp or curry-comb, but sate weighing forth hay by the pound, and counting out corn, as it seemed, by the grain, so anxiously did he bend over his task, by the aid of a blinking light enclosed within a horn lantern. He did not even turn his head at the noise which the Englishman made on entering the place with two additional horses, far less did he seem disposed to give himself the least trouble, or the stranger the smallest assistance.

In respect of cleanliness, the stable of Augeas bore no small resemblance to that of this Alsatian dorff, and it would have been an exploit worthy of Hercules to have restored it to such a state of cleanliness, as would have made it barely decent in the eyes, and tolerable to the nostrils, of the punctilious Englishman. But this was a matter which disgusted Philipson himself much more than those of his party which were principally concerned. They, *videlicet* the two horses, seeming perfectly to understand that the rule of the place was, "first come first served," hastened to occupy the empty stalls which happened to be nearest to them. In this one of them at least was

disappointed, being received by a groom with a blow across the face with a switch.

"Take that," said the fellow, "for forcing thyself into the place taken up for the horses of the Baron of Randelsheim."

Never in the course of his life had the English merchant more pain to retain possession of his temper than at that moment. Reflecting, however, on the discredit of quarrelling with such a man in such a cause, he contented himself with placing the animal, thus repulsed from the stall he had chosen, into one next to that of his companion, to which no one seemed to lay claim.

The merchant then proceeded, notwithstanding the fatigue of the day, to pay all that attention to the mute companions of his journey, which they deserve from every traveller who has any share of prudence, to say nothing of humanity. The unusual degree of trouble which Philipson took to arrange his horses, although his dress, and much more his demeanour, seemed to place him above this species of servile labour, appeared to make an impression even upon the iron insensibility of the old ostler himself. He showed some alacrity in furnishing the traveller, who knew the business of a groom so well, with corn, straw, and hay, though in small quantity, and at exorbitant rates, which were instantly to be paid; nay, he even went as far as the door of the stable, that he might point across the court to the well, from which Philipson was obliged to fetch water with his own hands. The duties of the stable being finished, the merchant concluded that he had gained such an interest with the grim master of the horse, as to learn of him whether he might leave his bales safely in the stable.

"You may leave them if you will," said the ostler; "but touching their safety, you will do much more wisely if you take them with you, and give no temptation to any one by suffering them to pass from under your own eyes."

So saying, the man of oats closed his oracular jaws, nor could he be prevailed upon to unlock them again by any inquiry which his customer could devise.

In the course of this cold and comfortless reception, Philipson recollected the necessity of supporting the character of a prudent and wary trader, which he had forgotten once before in the course of the day; and, imitating what he saw the others do, who had been, like himself, engaged in taking charge of their horses, he took up his baggage, and removed himself and his property to the inn. Here he was suffered to enter, rather than admitted, into the general or public *stubé*, or room of entertainment, which, like the ark of the patriarch, received all ranks without distinction, whether clean or unclean.

The *stubé*, or *steve*, of a German inn, derived its name from the great hypocaust, which is always strongly heated to secure the warmth of the apartment in which it is placed. There travellers of every age and description assembled—there their upper garments were indiscriminately hung up around the stove to dry or to air—and the guests themselves were seen employed in various acts of ablution or personal arrangement, which are generally, in modern times, referred to the privacy of the dressing-room.

The more refined feelings of the Englishman were disgusted with this scene, and he was reluctant to mingle in it. For this reason he inquired for the private retreat of the landlord himself, trusting that, by some of the arguments powerful among his tribe, he might obtain separate quarters from the crowd, and a morsel of food, to be eaten in private. A grey-haired Ganymede, to whom he put the question where the landlord was, indicated a recess behind the huge stove, where, veiling his glory in a very dark and extremely hot corner, it pleased the great man to obscure himself from vulgar gaze. There was something remarkable about this person. Short, stout, bandy-legged, and consequential, he was in these respects like many brethren of the profession in all countries. But the countenance of the host, and still more his manners, differed more from the merry host of France or England, than even the experienced Philipson was prepared to expect. He knew German customs too well to expect the suppliant and serviceable qualities of the master of a French inn, or even the more blunt and frank manners of an English landlord. But such German innkeepers as he had yet seen, though indeed arbitrary and peremptory in their country fashions, yet being humoured in these, they, like tyrants in their hours of relaxation, dealt kindly with the guests over whom their sway extended, and mitigated, by jest and jollity, the harshness of their absolute power. But this man's brow was like a tragic volume, in which you were as unlikely to find any thing of jest or amusement, as in a hermit's breviary. His answers were short, sudden, and repulsive, and the air and manner with which they were delivered was as surly as their tenor; which will appear from the following dialogue betwixt him and his guest:—

"Good host," said Philipson, in the mildest tone he could assume, "I am fatigued, and far from well—May I request to have a separate apartment, a cup of wine, and a morsel of food in my private chamber?"

"You may," answered the landlord; but with a look strangely at variance with the apparent acquiescence which his words naturally implied.

"Let me have such accommodation, then, with your earliest convenience."

"Soft!" replied the innkeeper. "I have said that you may request these things, but not that I would grant them. If you would insist on being served differently from others, it must be at another inn than mine."

"Well, then," said the traveller, "I will shift without supper for a night—nay, more, I will be content to pay for a supper which I do not eat, if you will cause me to be accommodated with a private apartment?"

"Signior traveller," said the innkeeper, "every one here must be accommodated as well as you, since all pay alike. Whoso comes to this house of entertainment, must eat as others eat, drink as others drink, sit at table with the rest of my guests, and go to bed when the company have done drinking."

"All this," said Philipson, humbling himself where anger would have been ridiculous, "is highly reasonable; and I do not oppose myself to your laws or customs. But," added he, taking his purse from his

girdle, "sickness craves some privilege; and when the patient is willing to pay for it, methinks the rigour of your laws may admit of some mitigation?"

"I keep an inn, Signior, and not an hospital. If you remain here, you shall be served with the same attention as others,—if you are not willing to do as others do, leave my house and seek another inn."

On receiving this decisive rebuff, Philipson gave up the contest, and retired from the *sanctum sanctorum* of his ungracious host, to await the arrival of supper, penned up like a bullock in a pound, amongst the crowded inhabitants of the *stubé*. Some of these, exhausted by fatigue, snored away the interval between their own arrival and that of the expected repast; other conversed together on the news of the country, and others again played at dice, or such games as might serve to consume the time. The company were of various ranks, from those who were apparently wealthy and well-appointed, to some whose garments and manners indicated that they were but just beyond the grasp of poverty.

A begging friar, a man apparently of a gay and pleasant temper, approached Philipson and engaged him in conversation. The Englishman was well enough acquainted with the world to be aware, that whatever of his character and purpose it was desirable to conceal, would be best hidden under a sociable and open demeanour. He, therefore, received the friar's approaches graciously, and conversed with him upon the state of Lorraine, and the interest which the Duke of Burgundy's attempt to seize that fief into his own hands was likely to create both in France and Germany. On these subjects, satisfied with hearing his fellow-traveller's sentiments, Philipson expressed no opinion of his own, but, after receiving such intelligence as the friar chose to communicate, preferred rather to talk upon the geography of the country, the facilities afforded to commerce, and the rules which obstructed or favoured trade.

While he was thus engaged in the conversation which seemed most to belong to his profession, the landlord suddenly entered the room, and, mounting on the head of an old barrel, glanced his eye slowly and steadily round the crowded apartment, and when he had completed his survey, pronounced, in a decisive tone, the double command,—*"Shut the gates—Spread the table."*

"The Baron St Antonio be praised," said the friar, "our landlord has given up hope of any more guests to-night, until which blessed time we might have starved for want of food before he had relieved us. Ay, here comes the cloth, the old gates of the court-yard are now bolted fast enough, and when Ian Mengs has once said, 'Shut the gates,' the stranger may knock on the outside as long as he will, but we may rest assured that it shall not be opened to him."

"Mein-herr Mengs maintains strict discipline in his nouse," said the Englishman.

"As absolute as the Duke of Burgundy,"—answered the friar. "After ten o'clock, no admittance—the 'seek another inn,' which is before that a conditional hint, becomes, after the clock has struck, and the watchmen have begun their rounds, an absolute order of exclusion. He that is without remains without, and he that is within must, in like manner,

continue there until the gates open at break of day. Till then the house is almost like a beleagured citadel, John Mengs its seneschal"—

"And we its captives, good father," said Philipson. "Well, content am I; a wise traveller must submit to the control of the leaders of the people when he travels; and I hope a goodly fat potentate, like John Mengs, will be as clement as his station and dignity admit of."

While they were talking in this manner, the aged waiter, with many a weary sigh, and many a groan, had drawn out certain boards, by which a table, that stood in the midst of the *stube*, had the capacity of being extended, so as to contain the company present, and covered it with a cloth, which was neither distinguished by extreme cleanness nor fineness of texture. On this table, when it had been accommodated to receive the necessary number of guests, a wooden trencher and spoon, together with a glass drinking-cup, were placed before each, he being expected to serve himself with his own knife for the other purposes of the table. As for forks, they were unknown until a much later period, all the Europeans of that day making the same use of the fingers to select their morsels and transport them to the mouth, which the Asiatics now practise.

The board was no sooner arranged, than the hungry guests hastened to occupy their seats around it; for which purpose the sleepers were awakened, the dicers resigned their game, and the idlers and politicians broke off their sage debates, in order to secure their place at the supper-table, and be ready to perform their part in the interesting solemnity which seemed about to take place. But there is much between the cup and the lip, and not less sometimes between the covering of a table and the placing food upon it. The guests sat in order each with his knife drawn, already menacing the victuals, which were still subject to the operations of the cook. They had waited, with various degrees of patience, for full half an hour, when at length the old attendant before mentioned entered with a pitcher of thin Moselle wine, so light and so sharp-tasted, that Philipson put down his cup, with every tooth in his head set on edge by the slender portion which he had swallowed. The landlord, John Mengs, who had assumed a seat somewhat elevated at the head of the table, did not omit to observe this mark of insubordination, and to animadvert upon it.

"The wine likes you not, I think, my master?" said he to the English merchant.

"For wine, no," answered Philipson; "but could I see any thing requiring such sauce, I have seldom seen better vinegar."

This jest, though uttered in the most calm and composed manner, seemed to drive the inn-keeper to fury.

"Who are you," he exclaimed, "for a foreign pedlar, that ventures to quarrel with my wine, which has been approved of by so many princes, dukes, reigning dukes, graves, rhine-graves, counts, barons, and knights of the Empire, whose shoes you are altogether unworthy even to clean? Was it not of this wine that the Count Palatine of Nimmernsatt drank six quarts before he ever rose from the blessed chair in which I now sit?"

"I doubt it not, mine host," said Philipson; "nor

should I think of scandalizing the sobriety of your honourable guest, even if he had drunken twice the quantity."

"Silence, thou malicious railer!" said the host; "and let instant apology be made to me, and the wine which you have calumniated, or I will instantly command the supper to be postponed till midnight."

Here there was a general alarm among the guests, all abjuring any part in the censures of Philipson, and most of them proposing that John Mengs should avenge himself on the actual culprit, by turning him instantly out of doors, rather than involve so many innocent and famished persons in the consequences of his guilt. The wine they pronounced excellent; some two or three even drank their glass out, to make their words good; and they all offered, if not with lives and fortunes, at least with hands and feet, to support the ban of the house against the contumacious Englishman. While petition and remonstrance were assailing John Mengs on every side, the friar, like a wise counsellor and a trusty friend, endeavoured to end the feud by advising Philipson to submit to the host's sovereignty.

"Humble thyself, my son," he said; "bend the stubbornness of thy heart before the great lord of the spigot and butt. I speak for the sake of others as well as my own; for Heaven alone knows how much longer they or I can endure this extenuating fast!"

"Worthy guests," said Philipson, "I am grieved to have offended our respected host, and am so far from objecting to the wine, that I will pay for a double flaggon of it, to be served all round to this honourable company—so, only, they do not ask me to share of it."

These last words were spoken aside; but the Englishman could not fail to perceive, from the wry mouths of some of the party who were possessed of a nicer palate, that they were as much afraid as himself of a repetition of the acid potation.

The friar next addressed the company with a proposal, that the foreign merchant, instead of being amerced in a measure of the liquor which he had scandalized, should be mulcted in an equal quantity of the more generous wines which were usually produced after the repast had been concluded. In this mine host, as well as the guests, found their advantage; and, as Philipson made no objection, the proposal was unanimously adopted, and John Mengs gave, from his seat of dignity, the signal for supper to be served.

The long-expected meal appeared, and there was twice as much time employed in consuming as there had been in expecting it. The articles of which the supper consisted, as well as the mode of serving them up, were as much calculated to try the patience of the company as the delay which had preceded its appearance. Messes of broth and vegetables followed in succession, with platters of meat, sodden and roasted, of which each in its turn took a formal course around the ample table, and was specially subjected to every one in rotation. Black puddings, hung beef, dried fish, also made the circuit, with various condiments, called Botargo, Caviare, and similar names, composed of the roes of fish mixed with spices and the like preparations, calculated to awaken thirst and encourage deep drinking. Flagons of wine accompanied these stimulating dainties. The liquor was so

superior in flavour and strength to the ordinary wine which had awakened so much controversy, that it might be objected to on the opposite account, being so heady, fiery, and strong, that, in spite of the rebuffs which his criticism had already procured, Philipson ventured to ask for some cold water to allay it.

"You are too difficult to please, sir guest," replied the landlord, again bending upon the Englishman a stern and offended brow; "if you find the wine too strong in my house, the secret to allay its strength is to drink the less. It is indifferent to us whether you drink or not, so you pay the reckoning of those good fellows who do." And he laughed a gruff laugh.

Philipson was about to reply, but the friar, retaining his character of mediator, plucked him by the cloak, and entreated him to forbear. "You do not understand the ways of the place," said he; "it is not here as in the hostelrys of England and France, where each guest calls for what he desires for his own use, and where he pays for what he has required, and for no more. Here we proceed on a broad principle of equality and fraternity. No one asks for any thing in particular; but such provisions as the host thinks sufficient are set down before all indiscriminately; and as with the feast, so is it with the reckoning. All pay their proportions alike, without reference to the quantity of wine which one may have swallowed more than another; and thus the sick and infirm, nay, the female and the child, pay the same as the hungry peasant and strolling *lanz-knecht*."

"It seems an unequal custom," said Philipson; "but travellers are not to judge. So that when a reckoning is called, every one, I am to understand, pays alike?"

"Such is the rule," said the friar,—"excepting, perhaps, some poor brother of our own order, whom Our Lady and St Francis send into such a scene as this, that good Christians may bestow their alms upon him, and so make a step on his road to Heaven."

The first words of this speech were spoken in the open and independent tone in which the friar had begun the conversation; the last sentence died away into the professional whine of mendicancy proper to the convent, and at once apprised Philipson at what price he was to pay for the friar's counsel and mediation. Having thus explained the custom of the country, good Father Gratian turned to illustrate it by his example, and, having no objection to the new service of wine on account of its strength, he seemed well disposed to signalize himself amongst some stout toppers, who, by drinking deeply, appeared determined to have full penny worths for their share of the reckoning. The good wine gradually did its office, and even the host relaxed his sullen and grim features, and smiled to see the kindling flame of hilarity catch from one to another, and at length embrace almost all the numerous guests at the table d'hôte, except a few who were too temperate to partake deeply of the wine, or too fastidious to enter into the discussions to which it gave rise. On these the host cast, from time to time, a sullen and displeased eye.

Philipson, who was reserved and silent, both in consequence of his abstinence from the wine-pot, and his unwillingness to mix in conversation with strangers, was looked upon by the landlord as a defaulter in both particulars; and as he roused his own sluggish

nature with the fiery wine, Mengs began to throw out obscure hints about kill-joy, mar-company, spoil-sport, and such like epithets, which were plainly directed against the Englishman. Philipson replied, with the utmost equanimity, that he was perfectly sensible that his spirits did not at this moment render him an agreeable member of a merry company, and that with the leave of those present, he would withdraw to his sleeping apartment, and wish them all a good evening, and continuance to their mirth.

But this very reasonable proposal, as it might have elsewhere seemed, contained in it treason against the laws of German compotation.

"Who are you," said John Mengs, "who presume to leave the table before the reckoning is called and settled? Sapperment der teufel! we are not men upon whom such an offence is to be put with impunity! You may exhibit your polite pranks in Ram's-Alley if you will, or in Eastcheap, or in Smithfield; but it shall not be in John Mengs's Golden Fleece, nor will I suffer one guest to go to bed to blink out of the reckoning, and so cheat me and all the rest of my company."

Philipson looked round, to gather the sentiments of the company, but saw no encouragement to appeal to their judgment. Indeed, many of them had little judgment left to appeal to, and those who paid any attention to the matter at all, were some quiet old soakers, who were already beginning to think of the reckoning, and were disposed to agree with the host in considering the English merchant as a flincher, who was determined to evade payment of what might be drunk after he left the room; so that John Mengs received the applause of the whole company, when he concluded his triumphant denunciation against Philipson.

"Yes, sir, you may withdraw if you please; but, poz element! it shall not be for this time to seek for another inn, but to the court-yard shall you go and no further, there to make your bed upon the stable litter; and good enough for the man that will needs be the first to break up good company."

"It is well said, my jovial host," said a rich trader from Ratisbon; "and here are some six of us—more or less—who will stand by you to maintain the good old customs of Germany; and the—umph—laudable and—and praiseworthy rules of the Golden Fleece."

"Nay, be not angry, sir," said Philipson; "yourself and your three companions, whom the good wine has multiplied into six, shall have your own way of ordering the matter; and since you will not permit me to go to bed, I trust that you will take no offence if I fall asleep in my chair."

"How say you? what think you, mine host!" said the citizen from Ratisbon; "may the gentleman, being drunk, as you see he is, since he cannot tell that three and one make six—I say, may he, being drunk, sleep in the elbow-chair?"

This question introduced a contradiction on the part of the host, who contended that three and one made four, not six; and this again produced a retort from the Ratisbon trader. Other clamours rose at the same time, and were at length with difficulty silenced by the stanzas of a chorus song of mirth and good fellowship, which the friar, now become somewhat oblivious of the rule of St Francis, thundered

forth with better good-will than he ever sung a canticle of King David. Under cover of this tumult, Philipson drew himself a little aside, and though he felt it impossible to sleep, as he had proposed, was yet enabled to escape the reproachful glances with which John Mengs distinguished all those who did not call for wine loudly, and drink it lustily. His thoughts roamed far from the *stube* of the Golden Fleece, and upon matter very different from that which was discussed around him, when his attention was suddenly recalled by a loud and continued knocking on the door of the hostelry.

"What have we here?" said John Mengs, his nose reddening with very indignation; "who the foul fiend presses on the Golden Fleece at such an hour, as if he thundered at the door of a bordel? To the turret window some one—Geoffrey, knave ostler, or thou, old Timothy, tell the rash man there is no admittance into the Golden Fleece save at timeous hours."

The men went as they were directed, and might be heard in the *stube* vying with each other in the positive denial which they gave to the ill-fated guest, who was pressing for admission. They returned, however, to inform their master, that they were unable to overcome the obstinacy of the stranger, who refused positively to depart until he had an interview with Mengs himself.

Wroth was the master of the Golden Fleece at this ill-omened pertinacity, and his indignation extended, like a fiery exhalation, from his nose, all over the adjacent regions of his cheeks and brow. He started from his chair, grasped in his hand a stout stick, which seemed his ordinary sceptre or leading staff of command, and muttering something concerning cudgels for the shoulders of fools, and pitchers of fair or foul water for the drenching of their ears, he marched off to the window which looked into the court, and left his guests nodding, winking, and whispering to each other, in full expectation of hearing the active demonstrations of his wrath. It happened otherwise, however; for after the exchange of a few indistinct words, they were astonished when they heard the noise of the unbolting and unbarring of the gates of the inn, and presently after the footsteps of men upon the stairs; and the landlord entering, with an appearance of clumsy courtesy, prayed those assembled to make room for an honoured guest, who came, though late, to add to their numbers. A tall dark form followed, muffled in a travelling-cloak; on laying aside which, Philipson at once recognised his late fellow-traveller, the Black Priest of St Paul's.

There was in the circumstance itself nothing at all surprising, since it was natural that a landlord, however coarse and insolent to ordinary guests, might yet show deference to an ecclesiastic, whether from his rank in the church, or from his reputation for sanctity. But what did appear surprising to Philipson, was the effect produced by the entrance of this unexpected guest. He seated himself, without hesitation, at the highest place of the board, from which John Mengs had dethroned the aforesaid trader from Ratisbon, notwithstanding his zeal for ancient German customs, his steady adherence and loyalty to the Golden Fleece, and his propensity to brimming goblets. The priest took instant and unscrupulous

possession of his seat of honour, after some negligent reply to the host's unwonted courtesy; when it seemed that the effect of his long black vestments, in place of the slashed and flounced coat of his predecessor, as well as of the cold grey eye with which he slowly reviewed the company, in some degree resembled that of the fabulous Gorgon, and if it did not literally convert those who looked upon it into stone, there was yet something petrifying in the steady unmoved glance with which he seemed to survey them, looking as if desirous of reading their very inmost souls, and passing from one to another, as if each upon whom he looked in succession was unworthy of longer consideration.

Philipson felt, in his turn, that momentary examination, in which, however, there mingled nothing that seemed to convey recognition. All the courage and composure of the Englishman could not prevent an unpleasant feeling while under this mysterious man's eye, so that he felt a relief when it passed from him and rested upon another of the company, who seemed in turn to acknowledge the chilling effects of that freezing glance. The noise of intoxicated mirth and drunken disputation, the clamorous argument, and the still more boisterous laugh, which had been suspended on the priest's entering the eating-apartment, now, after one or two vain attempts to resume them, died away, as if the feast had been changed to a funeral, and the jovial guests had been at once converted into the lugubrious mutes who attend on such solemnities. One little rosy-faced man, who afterwards proved to be a tailor from Augsburg, ambitious, perhaps, of showing a degree of courage not usually supposed consistent with his effeminate trade, made a bold effort; and yet it was with a timid and restrained voice, that he called on the jovial friar to renew his song. But whether it was that he did not dare to venture on an uncanonical pastime in presence of a brother in orders, or whether he had some other reason for declining the invitation, the merry churchman hung his head, and shook it with such an expressive air of melancholy, that the tailor drew back as if he had been detected in cabbaging from a cardinal's robes, or cribbing the lace of some cope or altar-gown. In short, the revel was hushed into deep silence, and so attentive were the company to what should arrive next, that the bells of the village-church, striking the first hour after midnight, made the guests start as if they heard them rung backwards, to announce an assault or conflagration. The Black Priest, who had taken some slight and hasty repast, which the host had made no kind of objection to supplying him with, seemed to think the bells, which announced the service of lauds, being the first after midnight, a proper signal for breaking up the party.

"We have eaten," he said, "that we may support life, let us pray that we may be fit to meet death; which waits upon life as surely as night upon day, or the shadow upon sunbeam, though we know not when or from whence it is to come upon us."

The company, as if mechanically, bent their uncovered heads, while the priest said, with his deep and solemn voice, a Latin prayer, expressing thanks to God for protection throughout the day, and entreating for its continuance during the witching hours which

were to pass ere the day again commenced. The hearers bowed their heads in token of acquiescence in the holy petition; and, when they raised them, the Black Priest of Saint Paul's had followed the host out of the apartment, probably to that which was destined for his repose. His absence was no sooner perceived, than signs, and nods, and even whispers, were exchanged between the guests; but no one spoke above his breath, or in such connected manner, as that Philipson could understand any thing distinctly from them. He himself ventured to ask the friar, who sat near him, observing at the same time the under-tone which seemed to be fashionable for the moment, whether the worthy ecclesiastic who had left them, was not the Priest of Saint Paul's, on the frontier town of La Ferette.

"And if you know it is he," said the friar, with a countenance and a tone from which all signs of intoxication were suddenly banished, "why do you ask of me?"

"Because," said the merchant, "I would willingly learn the spell which so suddenly converted so many merry tipplers into men of sober manners, and a jovial company into a convent of Carthusian friars?"

"Friend," said the friar, "thy discourse savoureth mightily of asking after what thou knowest right well. But I am no such silly duck as to be taken by a decoy. If thou knowest the Black Priest, thou canst not be ignorant of the terrors which attend his presence, and that it were safer to pass a broad jest in the holy House of Loretto than where he shows himself."

So saying, and as if desirous of avoiding further discourse, he withdrew to a distance from Philipson.

At the same moment the landlord again appeared, and, with more of the usual manners of a publican than he had hitherto exhibited, commanded his waiter, Geoffrey, to hand round to the company a sleeping-drink, or pillow-cup of distilled water, mingled with spices, which was indeed as good as Philipson himself had ever tasted. John Mengs in the meanwhile, with somewhat of more deference, expressed to his guests a hope that his entertainment had given satisfaction; but this was in so careless a manner, and he seemed so conscious of deserving the affirmative which was expressed on all hands, that it became obvious there was very little humility in proposing the question. The old man, Timothy, was in the mean time mustering the guests, and marking with chalk on the bottom of a trencher the reckoning, the particulars of which were indicated by certain conventional hieroglyphics, while he showed on another the division of the sum total among the company, and proceeded to collect an equal share of it from each. When the fatal trencher, in which each man paid down his money, approached the jolly friar, his countenance seemed to be somewhat changed. He cast a piteous look towards Philipson, as the person from whom he had the most hope of relief; and our merchant, though displeased with the manner in which he had held back from his confidence, yet not unwilling in a strange country to incur a little expense, in the hope of making a useful acquaintance, discharged the mendicant's score as well as his own. The poor friar paid his thanks in many a blessing in good German and bad Latin, but the host cut them short;

for, approaching Philipson with a candle in his hand, he offered his own services to show him where he might sleep, and even had the condescension to carry his mail, or portmanteau, with his own landlordly hands.

"You take too much trouble, mine host," said the merchant, somewhat surprised at the change in the manner of John Mengs, who had hitherto contradicted him at every word.

"I cannot take too much pains for a guest," was the reply, "whom my venerable friend the Priest of Saint Paul's, hath especially recommended to my charge."

He then opened the door of a small bedroom, prepared for the occupation of a guest, and said to Philipson,—“Here you may rest till to-morrow at what hour you will, and for as many days more as you incline. The key will secure your wares against theft or pillage of any kind. I do not this for every one; for, if my guests were every one to have a bed to himself, the next thing they would demand might be a separate table; and then there would be an end of the good old German customs, and we should be as foppish and frivolous as our neighbours.”

He placed the portmanteau on the floor, and seemed about to leave the apartment, when, turning about, he began a sort of apology for the rudeness of his former behaviour.

"I trust there is no misunderstanding between us, my worthy guest. You might as well expect to see one of our bears come aloft and do tricks like a jackanapes, as one of us stubborn old Germans play the feats of a French or an Italian host. Yet I pray you to note, that if our behaviour is rude our charges are honest, and our articles what they profess to be. We do not expect to make Moselle pass for Rhenish, by dint of a bow and a grin, nor will we sauce your mess with poison, like the wily Italian, and call you all the time *Illustrissimo* and *Magnifico*."

He seemed in these words to have exhausted his rhetoric, for, when they were spoken, he turned abruptly and left the apartment.

Philipson was thus deprived of another opportunity to enquire who or what this ecclesiastic could be, that had exercised such influence on all who approached him. He felt, indeed, no desire to prolong a conference with John Mengs, though he had laid aside in such a considerable degree his rude and repulsive manners; yet he longed to know who this man could be, who had power with a word to turn aside the daggers of Alsatian banditti, habituated as they were, like most borderers, to robbery and pillage, and to change into civility the proverbial rudeness of a German innkeeper. Such were the reflections of Philipson, as he doffed his clothes to take his much-needed repose, after a day of fatigue, danger, and difficulty, on the pallet afforded by the hospitality of the Golden Fleece, in the Rhein-Thal.

CHAPTER XX.

Macbeth. How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is't ye do?

Witches. A deed without a name.

Macbeth.

WE have said in the conclusion of the last chapter, that, after a day of unwonted fatigue and extraor-

dinary excitement, the merchant, Philipson, naturally expected to forget so many agitating passages in that deep and profound repose, which is at once the consequence and the cure of extreme exhaustion. But he was no sooner laid on his lowly pallet, than he felt that the bodily machine, over-laboured by so much exercise, was little disposed to the charms of sleep. The mind had been too much excited, the body was far too feverish, to suffer him to partake of needful rest. His anxiety about the safety of his son, his conjectures concerning the issue of his mission to the Duke of Burgundy, and a thousand other thoughts which recalled past events, or speculated on those which were to come, rushed upon his mind like the waves of a perturbed sea, and prevented all tendency to repose. He had been in bed about an hour, and sleep had not yet approached his couch, when he felt that the pallet on which he laid was sinking below him, and that he was in the act of descending along with it he knew not whither. The sound of ropes and pulleys was also indistinctly heard, though every caution had been taken to make them run smooth; and the traveller, by feeling around him, became sensible that he and the bed on which he lay had been spread upon a large trap-door, which was capable of being let down into the vaults, or apartments beneath.

Philipson felt fear, in circumstances so well qualified to produce it; for how could he hope a safe termination to an adventure which had begun so strangely? But his apprehensions were those of a brave, ready-witted man, who, even, in the extremity of danger, which appeared to surround him, preserved his presence of mind. His descent seemed to be cautiously managed, and he held himself in readiness to start to his feet and defend himself, as soon as he should be once more upon firm ground. Although somewhat advanced in years, he was a man of great personal vigour and activity, and unless taken at advantage, which no doubt was at present much to be apprehended, he was likely to make a formidable defence. His plan of resistance, however, had been anticipated. He no sooner reached the bottom of the vault, down to which he was lowered, than two men, who had been waiting there till the operation was completed, laid hands on him from either side, and forcibly preventing him from starting up as he intended, cast a rope over his arms, and made him a prisoner as effectually as when he was in the dungeons of La Ferette. He was obliged, therefore, to remain passive and unresisting, and await the termination of this formidable adventure. Secured as he was, he could only turn his head from one side to the other; and it was with joy that he at length saw lights twinkle, but they appeared at a great distance from him.

From the irregular manner in which these scattered lights advanced, sometimes keeping a straight line, sometimes mixing and crossing each other, it might be inferred that the subterranean vault in which they appeared was of very considerable extent. Their number also increased; and as they collected more together, Philipson could perceive that the lights proceeded from many torches, borne by men muffled in black cloaks, like mourners at a funeral, or the Black Friars of Saint Francis's Order, wearing their cowls drawn over their heads, so as to conceal their

features. They appeared anxiously engaged in measuring off a portion of the apartment; and, while occupied in that employment, they sung, in the ancient German language, rhymes more rude than Philipson could well understand, but which may be imitated thus:—

Measurers of good and evil,
Bring the square, the line, the level,—
Rear the altar, dig the trench,
Blood both stone and ditch shall drench,
Cubits six, from end to end,
Must the fatal bench extend,—
Cubits six, from side to side,
Judge and culprit must divide.
On the east the Court assembles,
On the west the Accused trembles—
Answer, brethren, all and one,
Is the ritual rightly done?

A deep chorus seemed to reply to the question. Many voices joined in it, as well of persons already in the subterranean vault, as of others who as yet remained without in various galleries and passages which communicated with it, and whom Philipson now presumed to be very numerous. The answer chanted run as follows:—

On life and soul, on blood and bone,
One for all, and all for one,
We warrant this is rightly done.

The original strain was then renewed in the same manner as before—

How wears the night?—Doth morning shine
In early radiance on the Rhine?
What music floats upon his tide?
Do birds the tardy morning chide?
Brethren, look out from hill and height,
And answer true, how wears the night?

The answer was returned, though less loud than at first, and it seemed that those to whom the reply was given were at a much greater distance than before; yet the words were distinctly heard.

The night is old; on Rhine's broad breast
Glance drowsy stars which long to rest.
No beams are twinkling in the east;
There is a voice upon the flood,
The stern still call of blood for blood;
'T is time we listen the behest.

The chorus replied, with many additional voices—

Up, then, up! When day's at rest,
'T is time that such as we are watchers;
Rise to judgment, brethren, rise!
Vengeance knows not sleepy eyes,
He and night are matchers.

The nature of the verses soon led Philipson to comprehend that he was in presence of the Initiated, or the Wise Men; names which were applied to the celebrated judges of the Secret Tribunal, which continued at that period to subsist in Swabia, Franconia, and other districts of the east of Germany, which was called, perhaps from the frightful and frequent occurrence of execution by command of those invisible judges, the Red Land. Philipson had often heard that the seat of a Free Count, or chief of the Secret Tribunal, was secretly instituted even on

the left bank of the Rhine, and that it maintained itself in Alsace, with the usual tenacity of those secret societies, though Duke Charles of Burgundy had expressed a desire to discover and to discourage its influence so far as was possible, without exposing himself to danger from the thousands of poniards which that mysterious tribunal could put in activity against his own life;—an awful means of defence, which for a long time rendered it extremely hazardous for the sovereigns of Germany, and even the Emperors themselves, to put down by authority those singular associations.

So soon as this explanation flashed on the mind of Philipson, it gave some clew to the character and condition of the Black Priest of St Paul's. Supposing him to be a president, or chief official of the secret association, there was little wonder that he should confide so much in the inviolability of his terrible office, as to propose vindicating the execution of De Hagenbach; that his presence should surprise Bartholomew, whom he had power to have judged and executed upon the spot; and that his mere appearance at supper on the preceding evening should have appalled the guests; for, though every thing about the institution, its proceedings, and its officers, was preserved in as much obscurity as is now practised in free masonry, yet the secret was not so absolutely well kept as to prevent certain individuals from being guessed or hinted at as men initiated and intrusted with high authority by the *Vehmegericht*, or tribunal of the bounds. When such suspicion attached to an individual, his secret power, and supposed acquaintance with all guilt, however secret, which was committed within the society in which he was conversant, made him at once the dread and hatred of every one who looked on him; and he enjoyed a high degree of personal respect, on the same terms on which it would have been yielded to a powerful enchanter, or a dreaded genie. In conversing with such a person, it was especially necessary to abstain from all questions alluding, however remotely, to the office which he bore in the Secret Tribunal; and indeed, to testify the least curiosity upon a subject so solemn and mysterious, was sure to occasion some misfortune to the inquisitive person.

All these things rushed at once upon the mind of the Englishman, who felt that he had fallen into the hands of an unsparing tribunal, whose proceedings were so much dreaded by those who resided within the circle of their power, that the friendless stranger must stand a poor chance of receiving justice at their hands, whatever might be his consciousness of innocence. While Philipson made this melancholy reflection, he resolved, at the same time, not to forsake his own cause, but defend himself as he best might; conscious as he was that these terrible and irresponsible judges were nevertheless governed by certain rules of right and wrong, which formed a check on the rigours of their extraordinary code.

He lay, therefore, devising the best means of obviating the present danger, while the persons whom he beheld glimmered before him, less like distinct and individual forms, than like the phantoms of a fever, or the phantasmagoria with which a disease of the optic nerves has been known to people a sick man's chamber. At length they assembled in the centre

of the apartment where they had first appeared, and seemed to arrange themselves into form and order. A great number of black torches were successively lighted, and the scene became distinctly visible. In the centre of the hall, Philipson could now perceive one of the altars which are sometimes to be found in ancient subterranean chapels. But we must pause, in order briefly to describe not the appearance only, but the nature and constitution, of this terrible court.

Behind the altar, which seemed to be the central point, on which all eyes were bent, there were placed in parallel lines two benches covered with black cloth. Each was occupied by a number of persons, who seemed assembled as judges; but those who held the foremost bench were fewer, and appeared of a rank superior to those who crowded the seat most remote from the altar. The first seemed to be all men of some consequence, priests high in their order, knights, or noblemen; and notwithstanding an appearance of equality which seemed to pervade this singular institution, much more weight was laid upon their opinion, or testimonies. They were called *Free Knights*, *Counts*, or whatever title they might bear, while the inferior class of the judges were only termed *Free* and *worthy Burghers*. For it must be observed, that the *Vehmique Institution*,* which was the name that it commonly bore, although its power consisted in a wide system of espionage, and the tyrannical application of force which acted upon it, was yet (so rude were the ideas of enforcing public law), accounted to confer a privilege on the country in which it was received, and only freemen were allowed to experience its influence. Serfs and peasants could neither have a place among the *Free Judges*, their assessors, or assistants; for there was in this assembly even some idea of trying the culprit by his peers.

Besides the dignitaries who occupied the benches, there were others who stood around, and seemed to guard the various entrances to the hall of judgment, or, standing behind the seats on which their superiors were ranged, looked prepared to execute their commands. These were members of the order, though not of the highest ranks. *Schœppen* is the name generally assigned to them, signifying officials, or sergeants of the *Vehmique* court, whose doom they stood sworn to enforce, through good report and bad report, against their own nearest and most beloved, as well as in cases of ordinary malefactors.

The *Schœppen*, or *Scabini*, as they were termed in Latin, had another horrible duty to perform, that, namely, of denouncing to the tribunal whatever came under their observation, that might be construed as an offence falling under its cognizance; or, in their language, a crime against the *Vehme*. This duty extended to the judges as well as the assistants, and was to be discharged without respect of persons; so that, to know, and wilfully conceal, the guilt of a mother or brother, inferred, on the part of the unfaithful official, the same penalty as if he himself had

* The word *Wehme*, pronounced *Vehme*, is of uncertain derivation, but was always used to intimate this inquisitorial and secret Court. The members were termed *Wisenden*, or *Initiated*, answering to the modern phrase of *Illuminati*.

committed the crime which his silence screened from punishment. Such an institution could only prevail at a time when ordinary means of justice were excluded by the hand of power, and when, in order to bring the guilty to punishment, it required all the influence and authority of such a confederacy. In no other country than one exposed to every species of feudal tyranny, and deprived of every ordinary mode of obtaining justice or redress, could such a system have taken root and flourished.

We must now return to the brave Englishman, who, though feeling all the danger he encountered from so tremendous a tribunal, maintained nevertheless a dignified and unaltered composure.

The meeting being assembled, a coil of ropes, and a naked sword, the well-known signals and emblems of Vehmique authority, were deposited on the altar; where the sword, from its being usually straight, with a cross handle, was considered as representing the blessed emblem of Christian Redemption, and the cord as indicating the right of criminal jurisdiction, and capital punishment. Then the President of the meeting, who occupied the centre seat on the foremost bench, arose, and laying his hand on the symbols, pronounced aloud the formula expressive of the duty of the tribunal, which all the inferior judges and assistants repeated after him in deep and hollow murmurs.

"I swear by the Holy Trinity, to aid and co-operate without relaxation, in the things belonging to the Holy Vehme, to defend its doctrines and institutions against father and mother, brother and sister, wife and children; against fire, water, earth, and air; against all that the sun enlightens; against all that the dew moistens; against all created things of heaven and earth, or the waters under the earth; and I swear to give information to this holy judicature, of all that I know to be true, or hear repeated by credible testimony, which, by the rules of the Holy Vehme, is deserving of animadversion or punishment; and that I will not cloak, cover, or conceal, such my knowledge, neither for love, friendship, or family affection, nor for gold, silver, or precious stones; neither will I associate with such as are under the sentence of this Sacred Tribunal, by hinting to a culprit his danger, or advising him to escape, or aiding and supplying him with counsel, or means to that effect; neither will I relieve such culprit with fire, clothes, food, or shelter, though my father should require from me a cup of water in the heat of summer noon, or my brother should request to sit by my fire in the bitterest cold night of winter: And further, I vow and promise to honour this holy association, and do its behests speedily, faithfully, and firmly, in preference to those of any other tribunal whatsoever—so help me God, and his holy Evangelists."

When this oath of office had been taken, the President addressing the assembly, as men who judge in secret and punish in secret, like the Deity, desired them to say, why this "child of the cord" * lay before them, bound and helpless. An individual rose from the more remote bench, and in a voice which, though altered and agitated, Philipson conceived that he re-

cognised, declared himself the accuser, as bound by his oath, of the child of the cord, or prisoner, who lay before them.

"Bring forward the prisoner," said the President, "duly secured, as is the order of our secret law; but not with such severity as may interrupt his attention to the proceedings of the tribunal, or limit his power of hearing and replying."

Six of the assistants immediately dragged forward the pallet and platform of boards on which Philipson lay, and advanced it towards the foot of the altar. This done, each unsheathed his dagger, while two of them unloosed the cords by which the merchant's hands were secured, and admonished him in a whisper, that the slightest attempt to resist or escape, would be the signal to stab him dead.

"Arise!" said the President; "listen to the charge to be preferred against you, and believe you shall in us find judges equally just and inflexible."

Philipson, carefully avoiding any gesture which might indicate a desire to escape, raised his body on the lower part of the couch, and remained seated, clothed as he was in his under vest and *caleçons*, or drawers, so as exactly to face the muffled President of the terrible court. Even in these agitating circumstances, the mind of the undaunted Englishman remained unshaken, and his eyelid did not quiver, nor his heart beat quicker, though he seemed, according to the expression of Scripture, to be a pilgrim in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, beset by numerous snares, and encompassed by total darkness, where light was most necessary for safety.

The President demanded his name, country, and occupation?

"John Philipson," was the reply; "by birth an Englishman, by profession a merchant."

"Have you ever borne any other name, and profession?" demanded the Judge.

"I have been a soldier, and, like most others, had then a name by which I was known in war."

"What was that name?"

"I laid it aside when I resigned my sword, and I do not desire again to be known by it. Moreover, I never bore it where your institutions have weight and authority," answered the Englishman.

"Know you before whom you stand?" continued the Judge.

"I may at least guess," replied the merchant.

"Tell your guess, then," continued the interrogator. "Say who we are, and wherefore are you before us?"

"I believe that I am before the Unknown, or Secret Tribunal, which is called Vehme gericht."

"Then are you aware," answered the Judge, "that you would be safer if you were suspended by the hair over the Abyss of Schaffhausen, or if you lay below an axe, which a thread of silk alone kept back from the fall. What have you done to deserve such a fate?"

"Let those reply by whom I am subjected to it," answered Philipson, with the same composure as before.

"Speak, accuser!" said the President, "to the four quarters of Heaven!—To the ears of the free judges of this tribunal, and the faithful executors of their doom!—And to the face of the child of the

* The term *Strik-kind*, or child of the cord, was applied to the person accused before these awful assemblies.

cord, who denies or conceals his guilt, make good the substance of thine accusation!"

"Most dreaded," answered the accuser, addressing the President, "this man hath entered the Sacred Territory, which is called the Red Land,—a stranger under a disguised name and profession. When he was yet on the eastern side of the Alps, at Turin, in Lombardy, and elsewhere, he at various times spoke of the Holy Tribunal in terms of hatred and contempt, and declared, that were he Duke of Burgundy, he would not permit it to extend itself from Westphalia, or Suabia, into his dominions. Also I charge him, that, nourishing this malevolent intention against the Holy Tribunal, he who now appears before the bench as child of the cord, has intimated his intention to wait upon the court of the Duke of Burgundy, and use his influence with him, which he boasts will prove effectual to stir him up to prohibit the meetings of the holy Vehme in his dominions, and to inflict on their officers, and the executors of their mandates, the punishment due to robbers and assassins."

"This is a heavy charge, brother!" said the President of the assembly, when the accuser ceased speaking—"How do you purpose to make it good?"

"According to the tenor of those secret statutes, the perusal of which is prohibited to all but the initiated," answered the accuser.

"It is well," said the President; "but I ask thee once more. What are those means of proof?—You speak to holy and to initiated ears."

"I will prove my charge," said the accuser, "by the confession of the party himself, and by my own oath upon the holy emblems of the Secret Judgment—that is, the steel and the cord."

"It is a legitimate offer of proof," said a member of the aristocratic bench of the assembly; "and it much concerns the safety of the system to which we are bound by such deep oaths, a system handed down to us from the most Christian and holy Roman Emperor, Charlemagne, for the conversion of the heathen Saracens, and punishing such of them as revolted again to their Pagan practices, that such criminals should be looked to. This Duke Charles of Burgundy hath already crowded his army with foreigners, whom he can easily employ against this Sacred Court, more especially with English, a fierce, insular people, wedded to their own usages, and hating those of every other nation. It is not unknown to us, that the Duke hath already encouraged opposition to the officials of the Tribunal in more than one part of his German dominions; and that in consequence, instead of submitting to their doom with reverent resignation, children of the cord have been found bold enough to resist the executioners of the Vehme, striking, wounding, and even slaying those who have received commission to put them to death. This contumacy must be put an end to; and if the accused shall be proved to be one of those by whom such doctrines are harboured and inculcated, I say let the steel and cord do their work on him."

A general murmur seemed to approve what the speaker had said; for all were conscious that the power of the Tribunal depended much more on the opinion of its being deeply and firmly rooted in the general system, than upon any regard or esteem for an institution, of which all felt the severity. It fol-

lowed, that those of the members who enjoyed consequence by means of their station in the ranks of the Vehme, saw the necessity of supporting its terrors by occasional examples of severe punishment; and none could be more readily sacrificed, than an unknown and wandering foreigner. All this rushed upon Philipson's mind, but did not prevent his making a steady reply to the accusation.

"Gentlemen," he said, "good citizens, burgesses, or by whatever other name you please to be addressed, know, that in my former days I have stood in as great peril as now, and have never turned my heel to save my life. Cords and daggers are not calculated to strike terror into those who have seen swords and lances. My answer to the accusation is, that I am an Englishman, one of a nation accustomed to yield and to receive open-handed and equal justice dealt forth in the broad light of day. I am, however, a traveller, who knows that he has no right to oppose the rules and laws of other nations, because they do not resemble those of his own. But this caution can only be called for in lands, where the system about which we converse is in full force and operation. If we speak of the institutions of Germany, being at the time in France or Spain, we may without offence to the country in which they are current, dispute concerning them, as students debate upon a logical thesis in a university. The accuser objects to me, that at Turin, or elsewhere in the north of Italy, I spoke with censure of the institution under which I am now judged. I will not deny that I remember something of the kind; but it was in consequence of the question being in a manner forced upon me by two guests, with whom I chanced to find myself at table. I was much and earnestly solicited for an opinion ere I gave one."

"And was that opinion," said the presiding Judge, "favourable or otherwise to the Holy and Secret Vehme gericht? Let truth rule your tongue—remember, life is short, judgment is eternal."

"I would not save my life at the expence of a falsehood. My opinion was unfavourable; and I expressed myself thus:—No laws or judicial proceedings can be just or commendable, which exist and operate by means of a secret combination. I said, that justice could only live and exist in the open air, and that when she ceased to be public, she degenerated into revenge and hatred. I said, that a system, of which your own jurists have said, *non frater a fratre, non hospes ab hospite, tutus*, was too much adverse to the laws of nature to be connected with or regulated by those of religion."

These words were scarcely uttered, when there burst a murmur from the Judges highly unfavourable to the prisoner,—“He blasphemes the Holy Vehme—Let his mouth be closed for ever!”

"Hear me," said the Englishman, "as you will one day wish to be yourselves heard! I say such were my sentiments, and so I expressed them—I say also, I had a right to express these opinions, whether sound or erroneous, in a neutral country, where this Tribunal neither did, nor could, claim any jurisdiction. My sentiments are still the same. I would avow them if that sword were at my bosom, or that cord around my throat. But I deny that I have ever spoken against the institutions of your Vehme, in a

country where it had its course as a national mode of justice. Far more strongly, if possible, do I denounce the absurdity of the falsehood, which represents me, a wandering foreigner, as commissioned to traffic with the Duke of Burgundy about such high matters, or to form a conspiracy for the destruction of a system, to which so many seem warmly attached. I never said such a thing, and I never thought it."

"Accuser," said the presiding Judge, "thou hast heard the accused—What is thy reply?"

"The first part of the charge," said the accuser, "he hath confessed in this high presence, namely, that his foul tongue hath basely slandered our holy mysteries; for which he deserves that it should be torn out of his throat. I myself, on my oath of office, will aver, as use and law is, that the rest of the accusation, namely, that which taxes him as having entered into machinations for the destruction of the Vehmique institutions, are as true as those which he has found himself unable to deny."

"In justice," said the Englishman, "the accusation, if not made good by satisfactory proof, ought to be left to the oath of the party accused, instead of permitting the accuser to establish by his own deposition the defects in his own charge."

"Stranger," replied the presiding Judge, "we permit to thy ignorance a longer and more full defence than consists with our usual forms. Know, that the right of sitting among these venerable judges confers on the person of him who enjoys it a sacredness of character, which ordinary men cannot attain to. The oath of one of the initiated must counterbalance the most solemn asseveration of every one that is not acquainted with our holy secrets. In the Vehmique court all must be Vehmique. The avowal of the Emperor, he being uninitiated, would not have so much weight in our counsels as that of one of the meanest of these officials. The affirmation of the accuser can only be rebutted by the oath of a member of the same Tribunal, being of superior rank."

"Then, God be gracious to me, for I have no trust save in Heaven!" said the Englishman, in solemn accents. "Yet I will not fall without an effort. I call upon thee thyself, dark spirit, who presidest in this most deadly assembly—I call upon thyself, to declare on thy faith and honour, whether thou holdest me guilty of what is thus boldly averred by this false calumniator—I call upon thee by thy sacred character—by the name of—"

"Hold!" replied the presiding Judge. "The name by which we are known in open air must not be pronounced in this subterranean judgment-seat."

He then proceeded to address the prisoner and the assembly.—"I being called on in evidence, declare that the charge against thee is so far true as it is acknowledged by thyself, namely, that thou hast, in other lands than the Red Soil,* spoken lightly of this holy institution of justice. But I believe in my soul,

* The parts of Germany subjected to the operation of the secret Tribunal, were called, from the blood which it spilt or from some other reason, the Red Soil. Westphalia, as the limits of that country were understood in the middle ages, which are considerably different from the present boundaries, was the principal theatre of the Vehme.

and will bear witness on my honour, that the rest of the accusation is incredible and false. And this I swear, holding my hand on the dagger and the cord.—What is your judgment, my brethren, upon the case which you have investigated?"

A member of the first-seated and highest class amongst the judges, muffled like the rest, but the tone of whose voice, and the stoop of whose person, announced him to be more advanced in years than the other two who had before spoken, arose with difficulty, and said with a trembling voice,—

"The child of the cord who is before us has been convicted of folly and rashness in slandering our holy institution. But he spoke his folly to ears which had never heard our sacred laws—He has, therefore, been acquitted by irrefragable testimony, of combining for the impotent purpose of undermining our power, or stirring up princes against our holy association, for which death were too light a punishment—He hath been foolish, then, but not criminal; and as the holy laws of the Vehme bear no penalty save that of death, I propose for judgment that the child of the cord be restored without injury to society, and to the upper world, having been first duly admonished of his errors."

"Child of the cord," said the presiding Judge, "thou hast heard thy sentence of acquittal. But, as thou desirest to sleep in an unbloody grave, let me warn thee, that the secrets of this night shall remain with thee, as a secret not to be communicated to father or mother, to spouse, son, or daughter; neither to be spoken aloud nor whispered; to be told in words or written in characters; to be carved or to be painted, or to be otherwise communicated, either directly, or by parable and emblem. Obey this behest, and thy life is in surety. Let thy heart then rejoice within thee, but let it rejoice with trembling. Never more let thy vanity persuade thee that thou art secure from the servants and Judges of the Holy Vehme. Though a thousand leagues lie between thee and the Red Land, and thou speakest in that where our power is not known; though thou shouldst be sheltered by thy native island, and defended by thy kindred ocean, yet, even there, I warn thee to cross thyself when thou dost so much as think of the Holy and Invisible Tribunal, and to retain thy thoughts within thine own bosom; for the Avenger may be beside thee, and thou mayst die in thy folly. Go hence, be wise, and let the fear of the Holy Vehme never pass from before thine eyes."

At the concluding words, all the lights were at once extinguished with a hissing noise. Philipson felt once more the grasp of the hands of the officials, to which he resigned himself as the safest course. He was gently prostrated on his pallet-bed, and transported back to the place from which he had been advanced to the foot of the altar. The cordage was again applied to the platform, and Philipson was sensible that his couch rose with him for a few moments, until a slight shock apprised him that he was again brought to a level with the floor of the chamber in which he had been lodged on the preceding night, or rather morning. He pondered over the events that had passed, in which he was sensible that he owed Heaven thanks for a great deliverance. Fatigue at length prevailed over anxiety, and he fell into a deep

and profound sleep, in which state we will for the present leave him, to return to the fortunes of his son.

CHAPTER XXI.

Away with these!—true Wisdom's world will be
Within its own creation, or in thine,
Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties, streams, and dells—
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells.
From grey but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III.

WHEN Arthur Philipson left his father, to go on board the bark which was to waft him across the Rhine, he took but few precautions for his own subsistence, during a separation of which he calculated the duration to be very brief. Some necessary change of raiment, and a very few pieces of gold, were all which he thought it needful to withdraw from the general stock; the rest of the baggage and money he left with the sumpter horse, which he concluded his father might need, in order to sustain his character as an English trader. Having embarked with his horse and his slender appointments on board a fishing-skiff, she instantly raised her temporary mast, spread a sail across the yard, and, supported by the force of the wind against the downward power of the current, moved across the river obliquely in the direction of Kirch-hoff, which, as we have said, lies somewhat lower on the river than Hans-Chapelle. Their passage was so favourable, that they reached the opposite side in a few minutes, but not until Arthur, whose eye and thoughts were on the left bank, had seen his father depart from the Chapel of the Ferry, accompanied by two horsemen, whom he readily concluded to be the guide Bartholomew, and some chance traveller who had joined him; but the second of whom was in truth the Black Priest of St Paul's, as has been already mentioned.

This augmentation of his father's company was, he could not but think, likely to be attended with an increase of his safety, since it was not probable he would suffer a companion to be forced upon him, and one of his own chusing might be a protection, in case his guide should prove treacherous. At any rate he had to rejoice that he had seen his father depart in safety from the spot where they had reason to apprehend some danger awaited him. He resolved, therefore, to make no stay at Kirch-hoff, but to pursue his way, as fast as possible, towards Strasburg, and rest, when darkness compelled him to stop, in one of the dorffs, or villages, which were situated on the German side of the Rhine. At Strasburg, he trusted, with the sanguine spirit of youth, he might again be able to rejoin his father; and if he could not altogether subdue his anxiety on their separation, he fondly nourished the hope that he might meet him in safety. After some short refreshment and repose afforded to his horse, he lost no time in proceeding on his journey down the eastern bank of the broad river.

He was now upon the most interesting side of the Rhine, walled in and repelled as the river is on that

shore by the most romantic cliffs, now mantled with vegetation of the richest hue, tinged with all the variegated colours of autumn; now surmounted by fortresses, over whose gates were displayed the pennons of their proud owners; or studded with hamlets, where the richness of the soil supplied to the poor labourer the food, of which the oppressive hand of his superior threatened altogether to deprive him. Every stream which here contributes its waters to the Rhine, winds through its own tributary dell, and each valley possesses a varying and separate character, some rich with pastures, corn-fields, and vineyards, some frowning with crags and precipices, and other romantic beauties.

The principles of taste were not then explained or analysed as they have been since, in countries where leisure has been found for this investigation. But the feelings arising from so rich a landscape as is displayed by the valley of the Rhine, must have been the same in every bosom, from the period when our Englishman took his solitary journey through it, in doubt and danger, till that in which it heard that of the indignant Childe Harold bid a proud farewell to his native country, in the vain search of a land in which it might throb less fiercely.

Arthur enjoyed this scene, although the fading daylight began to remind him, that, alone as he was, and travelling with a very valuable charge, it would be matter of prudence to look out for some place of rest during the night. Just as he had formed the resolution of enquiring at the next habitations he should pass, which way he should follow for this purpose, the road he pursued descended into a beautiful amphitheatre filled with large trees, which protected from the heats of summer the delicate and tender herbage of the pasture. A large brook flowed through it, and joined the Rhine. At a short mile up the brook, its waters made a crescent round a steep craggy eminence, crowned with flanking walls, and Gothic towers and turrets, enclosing a feudal castle of the first order. A part of the savannah that has been mentioned, had been irregularly cultivated for wheat, which had grown a plentiful crop. It was gathered in, but the patches of deep yellow stubble contrasted with the green of the undisturbed pasture land, and with the seared and dark-red foliage of the broad oaks which stretched their arms athwart the level space. There a lad, in a rustic dress, was employed in the task of netting a brood of partridges, with the assistance of a trained spaniel; while a young woman, who had the air rather of a domestic in some family of rank, than that of an ordinary villager, sat on the stump of a decayed tree, to watch the progress of the amusement. The spaniel, whose duty it was to drive the partridges under the net, was perceptibly disturbed at the approach of the traveller; his attention was divided, and he was obviously in danger of marring the sport, by barking and putting up the covey, when the maiden quitted her seat, and advancing towards Philipson, requested him, for courtesy, to pass at a greater distance, and not interfere with their amusement.

The traveller willingly complied with her request.

"I will ride, fair damsel," he said, "at whatever distance you please. And allow me, in guerdon, to ask, whether there is convent, castle, or good man's

house, where a stranger, who is belated and weary, might receive a night's hospitality?"

The girl, whose face he had not yet distinctly seen, seemed to suppress some desire to laugh, as she replied, "Hath not yon castle, think you," pointing to the distant towers, "some corner which might accommodate a stranger in such extremity?"

"Space enough, certainly," said Arthur; "but perhaps little inclination to grant it."

"I myself," said the girl, "being one, and a formidable part of the garrison, will be answerable for your reception. But as you parley with me in such hostile fashion, it is according to martial order that I should put down my visor."

So saying, she concealed her face under one of those riding masks, which at that period women often wore when they went abroad, whether for protecting their complexion, or screening themselves from intrusive observation. But ere she could accomplish this operation, Arthur had detected the merry countenance of Annette Veilchen, a girl who, though her attendance on Anne of Geierstein was in a menial capacity, was held in high estimation at Geierstein. She was a bold wench, unaccustomed to the distinctions of rank, which were little regarded in the simplicity of the Helvetian hills, and she was ready to laugh, jest, and flirt with the young men of the Landamman's family. This attracted no attention, the mountain manners making little distinction between the degrees of attendant and mistress, further than that the mistress was a young woman who required help, and the maiden one who was in a situation to offer and afford it. This kind of familiarity would perhaps have been dangerous in other lands, but the simplicity of Swiss manners, and the turn of Annette's disposition, which was resolute and sensible, though rather bold and free, when compared to the manners of more civilized countries, kept all intercourse betwixt her and the young men of the family in the strict path of honour and innocence.

Arthur himself had paid considerable attention to Annette, being naturally, from his feelings towards Anne of Geierstein, heartily desirous to possess the good graces of her attendant; a point which was easily gained by the attentions of a handsome young man, and the generosity with which he heaped upon her small presents of articles of dress or ornament, which the damsel, however faithful, could find no heart to refuse.

The assurance that he was in Anne's neighbourhood, and that he was likely to pass the night under the same roof, both of which circumstances were intimated by this girl's presence and language, sent the blood in a hastier current through Arthur's veins; for though, since he had crossed the river, he had sometimes nourished hopes of again seeing her who had made so strong an impression on his imagination, yet his understanding had as often told him how slight was the chance of their meeting, and it was even now chilled by the reflection, that it could be followed only by the pain of a sudden and final separation. He yielded himself, however, to the prospect of promised pleasure, without attempting to ascertain what was to be its duration or its consequence. Desirous, in the meantime, to hear as much of Anne's circumstances as Annette chose to tell, he resolved not to

let that merry maiden perceive that she was known by him, until she chose of her own accord to lay aside her mystery.

While these thoughts passed rapidly through his imagination, Annette bade the lad drop his nets, and directed him that, having taken two of the best fed partridges from the covey, and carried them into the kitchen, he was to set the rest at liberty.

"I must provide supper," said she to the traveller, "since I am bringing home unexpected company."

Arthur earnestly expressed his hope that his experiencing the hospitality of the castle would occasion no trouble to the inmates, and received satisfactory assurances upon the subject of his scruples.

"I would not willingly be the cause of inconvenience to your mistress," pursued the traveller.

"La you there," said Annette Veilchen, "I have said nothing of master or mistress, and this poor forlorn traveller has already concluded in his own mind that he is to be harboured in a lady's bower!"

"Why, did you not tell me," said Arthur, somewhat confused at his blunder, "that you were the person of second importance in the place? A damsel, I judged, could only be an officer under a female governor."

"I do not see the justice of the conclusion," replied the maiden. "I have known ladies bear offices of trust in lords' families; nay, and over the lords themselves."

"Am I to understand, fair damsel, that you hold so predominant a situation in the castle which we are now approaching, and of which I pray you to tell me the name?"

"The name of the castle is Arnheim," said Annette.

"Your garrison must be a large one," said Arthur, looking at the extensive building, "if you are able to man such a labyrinth of walls and towers."

"In that point," said Annette, "I must needs own we are very deficient. At present, we rather hide in the castle than inhabit it; and yet it is well enough defended by the reports which frighten every other person who might disturb its seclusion."

"And yet you yourselves dare to reside in it?" said the Englishman, recollecting the tale which had been told by Rudolf Donnerhugel, concerning the character of the Barons of Arnheim, and the final catastrophe of the family.

"Perhaps," replied his guide, "we are too intimate with the cause of such fears to feel ourselves strongly oppressed with them—perhaps we have means of encountering the supposed terrors proper to ourselves—perhaps, and it is not the least likely conjecture, we have no choice of a better place of refuge. Such seems to be your own fate at present, sir, for the tops of the distant hills are gradually losing the lights of the evening; and if you rest not in Arnheim, well-contented or not, you are likely to find no safe lodging for many a mile."

As she thus spoke she separated from Arthur, taking, with the fowler who attended her, a very steep but short footpath, which ascended straight up to the site of the castle; at the same time motioning to the young Englishman to follow a horse-track, which, more circuitous, led to the same point, and, though less direct, was considerably more easy.

He soon stood before the south front of Arnheim castle, which was a much larger building than he had conceived, either from Rudolf's description, or from the distant view. It had been erected at many different periods, and a considerable part of the edifice was less in the strict Gothic than in what has been termed the Saracenic style, in which the imagination of the architect is more florid than that which is usually indulged in the North,—rich in minarets, cupolas, and similar approximations to Oriental structures. This singular building bore a general appearance of desolation and desertion, but Rudolf had been misinformed when he declared that it had become ruinous. On the contrary, it had been maintained with considerable care; and when it fell into the hands of the Emperor, although no garrison was maintained within its precincts, care was taken to keep the building in repair; and though the prejudices of the country people prevented any one from passing the night within the fearful walls, yet it was regularly visited from time to time by a person having commission from the Imperial Chancery to that effect. The occupation of the domain around the castle was a valuable compensation for this official person's labour, and he took care not to endanger the loss of it by neglecting his duty. Of late this officer had been withdrawn, and now it appeared that the young Baroness of Arnheim had found refuge in the deserted towers of her ancestors.

The Swiss damsel did not leave the youthful traveller time to study particularly the exterior of the castle, or to construe the meaning of emblems and mottos, seemingly of an Oriental character, with which the outside was inscribed, and which expressed in various modes, more or less directly, the attachment of the builders of this extensive pile to the learning of the Eastern sages. Ere he had time to take more than a general survey of the place, the voice of the Swiss maiden called him to an angle of the wall in which there was a projection, from whence a long plank extended over a dry moat, and was connected with a window in which Annette was standing.

"You have forgotten your Swiss lessons already," said she, observing that Arthur went rather timidly about crossing the temporary and precarious drawbridge.

The reflection that Anne, her mistress, might make the same observation, recalled the young traveller to the necessary degree of composure. He passed over the plank with the same *sang froid* with which he had learned to brave the far more terrific bridge, beneath the ruinous Castle of Geierstein. He had no sooner entered the window than Annette, taking off her mask, bade him welcome to Germany, and to old friends with new names.

"Anne of Geierstein," she said, "is no more; but you will presently see the Lady Baroness of Arnheim, who is extremely like her; and I, who was Annette Veilchen in Switzerland, the servant to a damsel who was not esteemed much greater than myself, am now the young Baroness's waiting-woman, and make every body of less quality stand back."

"If, in such circumstances," said young Philipson, "you have the influence due to your consequence, let me beseech of you to tell the Baroness, since we must now call her so, that my present intrusion on her is occasioned by my ignorance."

"Away, away," said the girl, laughing; "I know

better what to say in your behalf. You are not the first poor man and pedlar that has got the graces of a great lady; but I warrant you it was not by making humble apologies, and talking of unintentional intrusion. I will tell her of love, which all the Rhine cannot quench, and which has driven you hither, leaving you no other choice than to come or to perish!"

"Nay, but Annette, Annette"—

"Fie on you for a fool,—make a shorter name of it,—cry Anne, Anne! and there will be more prospect of your being answered."

So saying, the wild girl ran out of the room, delighted, as a mountaineer of her description was likely to be, with the thought of having done as she would desire to be done by, in her benevolent exertions to bring two lovers together, when on the eve of inevitable separation.

In this self-approving disposition, Annette sped up a narrow turnpike stair to a closet, or dressing-room, where her young mistress was seated, and exclaimed, with open mouth,—“Anne of Gei—, I mean my Lady Baroness, they are come—they are come!”

"The Philipsons?" said Anne, almost breathless as she asked the question.

"Yes—no—" answered the girl; "that is, yes,—for the best of them is come, and that is Arthur."

"What meanest thou, girl? Is not Signior Philipson, the father, along with his son?"

"Not he, indeed," answered Veilchen, "nor did I ever think of asking about him. He was no friend of mine, nor of any one else, save the old Landamman; and well met they were for a couple of wiseacres, with eternal proverbs in their mouths, and care upon their brows."

"Unkind, inconsiderate girl, what hast thou done!" said Anne of Geierstein. "Did I not warn and charge thee to bring them both hither? and you have brought the young man alone to a place where we are nearly in solitude! What will he—what can he think of me?"

"Why, what should I have done?" said Annette, remaining firm in her argument. "He was alone, and should I have sent him down to the dorff to be murdered by the Rhingrave's Lanzknechts? All is fish, I trow, that comes to their net; and how is he to get through this country, so beset with wandering soldiers, robber barons (I beg your ladyship's pardon), and roguish Italians, flocking to the Duke of Burgundy's standard?—Not to mention the greatest terror of all, that is never in one shape or other absent from one's eye or thought."

"Hush, hush, girl! add not utter madness to the excess of folly; but let us think what is to be done. For our sake, for his own, this unfortunate young man must leave this castle instantly."

"You must take the message yourself then, Anne—I beg pardon, most noble Baroness;—it may be very fit for a lady of high birth to send such a message, which, indeed, I have heard the Minnesingers tell in their romances; but I am sure it is not a meet one for me, or any frankhearted Swiss girl, to carry. No more foolery; but remember, if you were born Baroness of Arnheim, you have been bred and brought up in the bosom of the Swiss hills, and should conduct yourself like an honest and well-meaning damsel."

"And in what does your wisdom reprehend my folly, good Mademoiselle Annette," replied the Baroness.

"Ay, marry! now our noble blood stirs in our veins. But remember, gentle my lady, that it was a bargain between us, when I left yonder noble mountains, and the free air that blows over them, to coop myself up in this land of prisons and slaves, that I should speak my mind to you as freely as I did when our heads lay on the same pillow."

"Speak, then," said Anne, studiously averting her face as she prepared to listen; "but beware that you say nothing which it is unfit for me to hear."

"I will speak nature and common sense; and if your noble ears are not made fit to hear and understand these, the fault lies in them, and not in my tongue. Look you, you have saved this youth from two great dangers,—one at the earth-shoot at Geierstein, the other this very day, when his life was beset. A handsome young man he is, well spoken, and well qualified to gain deservedly a lady's favour. Before you saw him, the Swiss youth were at least not odious to you. You danced with them,—you jested with them,—you were the general object of their admiration,—and, as you well know, you might have had your choice through the Canton—Why, I think it possible a little urgency might have brought you to think of Rudolf Donnerhugel as your mate."

"Never, wench, never!" exclaimed Anne.

"Be not so very positive, my lady. Had he recommended himself to the uncle in the first place, I think, in my poor sentiment, he might at some lucky moment have carried the niece. But since we have known this young Englishman, it has been little less than contemning, despising, and something like hating, all the men whom you could endure well enough before."

"Well, well," said Anne, "I will detest and hate thee more than any of them, unless you bring your matters to an end."

"Softly, noble lady; fair and easy go far. All this argues you love the young man, and let those say that you are wrong, who think there is any thing wonderful in the matter. There is much to justify you, and nothing that I know against it."

"What, foolish girl! Remember my birth forbids me to love a mean man—my condition to love a poor man—my father's commands to love one whose addresses are without his consent—above all, my maidenly pride forbids me fixing my affections on one who cares not for me,—nay, perhaps, is prejudiced against me by appearances."

"Here is a fine homily!" said Annette; "but I can clear every point of it as easily as Father Francis does his text in a holiday sermon. Your birth is a silly dream, which you have only learned to value within these two or three days, when, having come to German soil, some of the old German weed, usually called family pride, has begun to germinate in your heart. Think of such folly as you thought when you lived at Geierstein, that is, during all the rational part of your life, and this great terrible prejudice will sink into nothing. By condition, I conceive you mean estate. But Philipson's father, who is the most free-hearted of men, will surely give his son as many zecchins as will stock a mountain farm. You have firewood for

the cutting, and land for the occupying, since you are surely entitled to part of Geierstein, and gladly will your uncle put you in possession of it. You can manage the dairy; Arthur can shoot, hunt, fish, plough, harrow, and reap."

Anne of Geierstein shook her head, as if she greatly doubted her lover's skill in the last of the accomplishments enumerated.

"Well, well, he can learn, then," said Annette Veilchen; "and you will only live the harder the first year or so. Besides, Sigismund Biederman will aid him willingly, and he is a very horse at labour; and I know another besides, who is a friend"—

"Of thine own, I warrant," quoth the young Baroness.

"Marry, it is my poor friend, Louis Sprenger; and I'll never be so false-hearted as to deny my bachelor."

"Well, well, but what is to be the end of all this?" said the Baroness, impatiently.

"The end of it, in my opinion," said Annette, "is very simple. Here are priests and prayer-books within a mile—go down to the parlour, speak your mind to your lover, or hear him speak his mind to you; join hands, go quietly back to Geierstein in the character of man and wife, and get every thing ready to receive your uncle on his return. This is the way that a plain Swiss wench would cut off the romance of a German Baroness"—

"And break the heart of her father," said the young lady, with a sigh.

"It is more tough than you are aware of," replied Annette; "he hath not lived without you so long, but that he will be able to spare you for the rest of his life, a great deal more easily than you, with all your newfangled ideas of quality, will be able to endure his schemes of wealth and ambition, which will aim at making you the wife of some illustrious Count, like De Hagenbach, whom we saw not long since make such an edifying end, to the great example of all Robber-Chivalry upon the Rhine."

"Thy plan is naught, wench; a childish vision of a girl, who never knew more of life than she has heard told over her milking-pail. Remember that my uncle entertains the highest ideas of family discipline, and that, to act contrary to my father's will, would destroy us in his good opinion. Why else am I here? wherefore has he resigned his guardianship? and why am I obliged to change the habits that are dear to me, and assume the manners of a people that are strange, and therefore displeasing to me?"

"Your uncle," said Annette, firmly, "is Landamman of the Canton of Unterwalden; respects its freedom, and is the sworn protector of its laws, of which, when you, a denizen of the Confederacy, claim the protection, he cannot refuse it to you."

"Even then," said the young Baroness, "I should forfeit his good opinion, his more than paternal affection; but it is needless to dwell upon this. Know, that although I could have loved the young man, whom I will not deny to be as amiable as your partiality paints him—know,"—she hesitated for a moment,— "that he has never spoken a word to me on such a subject as you, without knowing either his sentiments or mine, would intrude on my consideration."

"Is it possible?" answered Annette. "I thought—I believed, though I have never pressed on your

confidence—that you must—attached as you were to each other—have spoken together, like true maid and true bachelor, before now. I have done wrong, when I thought to do for the best.—Is it possible!—such things have been heard of even in our canton—is it possible he can have harboured so unutterably base purposes, as that Martin of Brisach, who made love to Adela of the Sundgau, enticed her to folly—the thing, though almost incredible, is true—fled,—fled from the country and boasted of his villany, till her cousin Raynund silenced for ever his infamous triumph, by beating his brains out with his club, even in the very street of the villain's native town? By the Holy Mother of Einsiedlen! could I suspect this Englishman of meditating such treason, I would saw the plank across the moat till a fly's weight would break it, and it should be at six fathom deep that he should abye the perfidy which dared to meditate dishonour against an adopted daughter of Switzerland!"

As Annette Veilchen spoke, all the fire of her mountain courage flashed from her eyes, and she listened reluctantly while Anne of Geierstein endeavoured to obliterate the dangerous impression which her former words had impressed on her simple but faithful attendant.

"On my word"—she said, "on my soul—you do Arthur Philipson injustice—foul injustice, in intimating such a suspicion;—his conduct towards me has ever been upright and honourable—a friend to a friend—a brother to a sister—could not, in all he has done and said, have been more respectful, more anxiously affectionate, more undeviatingly candid. In our frequent interviews and intercourse he has indeed seemed very kind—very attached. But had I been disposed—at times I may have been too much so—to listen to him with endurance,"—the young lady here put her hand on her forehead, but the tears streamed through her slender fingers,—he has never spoken of any love—any preference;—if he indeed entertains any, some obstacle, insurmountable on his part, has interfered to prevent him."

"Obstacle?" replied the Swiss damsel. "Ay, doubtless—some childish bashfulness—some foolish idea about your birth being so high above his own—some dream of modesty pushed to extremity, which considers as impenetrable the ice of a spring frost. This delusion may be broken by a moment's encouragement, and I will take the task on myself, to spare your blushes, my dearest Anne."

"No, no; for heaven's sake, no, Veilchen!" answered the Baroness, to whom Annette had so long been a companion and confidant, rather than a domestic. "You cannot anticipate the nature of the obstacles which may prevent his thinking on what you are so desirous to promote. Hear me—My early education, and the instructions of my kind uncle, have taught me to know something more of foreigners and their fashions, than I ever could have learned in our happy retirement of Geierstein; I am well nigh convinced that these Philipsons are of rank, as they are of manners and bearing, far superior to the occupation which they appear to hold. The father is a man of deep observation, of high thought and pretension, and lavish of gifts, far beyond what consists with the utmost liberality of a trader."

VOL. VII.

"That is true," said Annette; "I will say for myself, that the silver chain he gave me weighs against ten silver crowns, and the cross which Arthur added to it, the day after the long ride we had together up towards Mons Pilatre, is worth, they tell me, as much more. There is not the like of it in the Cantons. Well, what then? They are rich, so are you. So much the better."

"Alas! Annette, they are not only rich, but noble. I am persuaded of this; for I have observed often, that even the father retreated, with an air of quiet and dignified contempt, from discussions with Donnerhugel and others, who, in our plain way, wished to fasten a dispute upon him. And when a rude observation or blunt pleasantry was pointed at the son, his eye flashed, his cheek coloured, and it was only a glance from his father which induced him to repress the retort of no friendly character which rose to his lips."

"You have been a close observer," said Annette. "All this may be true, but I noted it not. But what then, I say once more? If Arthur has some fine noble name in his own country, are not you yourself Baroness of Arnheim? And I will frankly allow it as something of worth, if it smoothes the way to a match, where I think you must look for happiness—I hope so, else I am sure it should have no encouragement from me."

"I do believe so, my faithful Veilchen; but, alas! how can you, in the state of natural freedom in which you have been bred, know, or even dream, of the various restraints which this gilded or golden chain of rank and nobility hangs upon those whom it fetters and encumbers, I fear, as much as it decorates? In every country, the distinction of rank binds men to certain duties. It may carry with it restrictions, which may prevent alliances in foreign countries—it often may prevent them from consulting their inclinations, when they wed in their own. It leads to alliances in which the heart is never consulted, to treaties of marriage, which are often formed when the parties are in the cradle, or in leading strings, but which are not the less binding on them in honour and faith. Such may exist in the present case. These alliances are often blended and mixed up with state policy; and if the interest of England, or what he deems such, should have occasioned the elder Philipson to form such an engagement, Arthur would break his own heart—the heart of any one else—rather than make false his father's word."

"The more shame to them that formed such an engagement!" said Annette. "Well, they talk of England being a free country; but if they can bar young men and women of the natural privilege to call their hands and hearts their own, I would as soon be a German serf.—Well, lady, you are wise, and I am ignorant. But what is to be done? I have brought this young man here, expecting, God knows, a happier issue to your meeting. But it is clear you cannot marry him without his asking you. Now, although I confess that, if I could think him willing to forfeit the hand of the fairest maid of the Cantons, either from want of manly courage to ask it, or from regard to some ridiculous engagement, formed betwixt his father and some other nobleman of their island of noblemen, I would not in either case grudge him a

ducking in the moat; yet it is another question, whether we should send him down to be murdered among those cut-throats of the Rhingrave; and unless we do so, I know not how to get rid of him."

"Then let the boy William give attendance on him here, and do you see to his accommodation. It is best we do not meet."

"I will," said Annette; "yet what am I to say for you? Unhappily, I let him know that you were here."

"Alas, imprudent girl! Yet why should I blame thee," said Anne of Geierstein, "when the imprudence has been so great on my own side. It is myself, who, suffering my imagination to rest too long upon this young man and his merits, have led me into this entanglement. But I will show thee that I can overcome this folly, and I will not seek in my own error a cause for evading the duties of hospitality. Go, Veilchen, get some refreshment ready. Thou shalt sup with us, and thou must not leave us. Thou shalt see me behave as becomes both a German lady and a Swiss maiden. Get me first a candle, however, my girl, for I must wash these tell-tales, my eyes, and arrange my dress."

To Annette this whole explanation had been one scene of astonishment, for, in the simple ideas of love and courtship in which she had been brought up amid the Swiss mountains, she had expected that the two lovers would have taken the first opportunity of the absence of their natural guardians, and have united themselves for ever; and she had even arranged a little secondary plot, in which she herself and Martin Sprenger, her faithful bachelor, were to reside with the young couple as friends and dependents. Silenced, therefore, but not satisfied, by the objections of her young mistress, the zealous Annette retreated murmuring to herself,—“That little hint about her dress is the only natural and sensible word she has said in my hearing. Please God, I will return and help her in the twinkling of an eye. That dressing my mistress is the only part of a waiting-lady’s life that I have the least fancy for—it seems so natural for one pretty maiden to set off another—in faith we are but learning to dress ourselves at another time.”

And with this sage remark Annette Veilchen tripped down stairs.

CHAPTER XXII.

“Tell me not of it—I could ne’er abide
The mummery of all that forced civility.
‘Pray, seat yourself, my lord.’ With cringing hams
The speech is spoken, and, with bended knee,
Heard by the smiling courtier.—‘Before you, sir?
It must be on the earth, then.’ Hang it all!
The Pride which cloaks itself in such poor fashion
Is scarcely fit to swell a beggar’s bosom.”

Old Play.

UP stairs and down stairs tripped Annette Veilchen, the soul of all that was going on in the only habitable corner of the huge castle of Arnheim. She was equal to every kind of service, and therefore popped her head into the stable to be sure that William attended properly to Arthur’s horse, looked into the kitchen to see that the old cook, Marthon, roasted the partridges in due time (an interference for which she received little thanks), rummaged out a flask or two of Rhine wine from the huge Dom Daniel of a cellar, and, finally, just peeped into the parlour to see

how Arthur was looking; when, having the satisfaction to see he had in the best manner he could sedulously arranged his person, she assured him that he should shortly see her mistress, who was rather indisposed, yet could not refrain from coming down to see so valued an acquaintance.

Arthur blushed when she spoke thus, and seemed so handsome in the waiting-maid’s eye, that she could not help saying to herself, as she went to her young lady’s room,—“Well, if true love cannot manage to bring that couple together, in spite of all the obstacles that they stand boggling at, I will never believe that there is such a thing as true love in the world, let Martin Sprenger say what he will, and swear to it on the gospels.”

When she reached the young Baroness’s apartment, she found, to her surprise, that, instead of having put on what finery she possessed, that young lady’s choice had preferred the same simple kirtle which she had worn during the first day that Arthur had dined at Geierstein. Annette looked at first puzzled and doubtful, then suddenly recognised the good taste which had dictated the attire, and exclaimed,—“You are right—you are right—it is best to meet him as a free-hearted Swiss maiden.”

Anne also smiled as she replied,—“But, at the same time, in the walls of Arnheim, I must appear in some respect as the daughter of my father.—Here, girl, aid me to put this gem upon the ribband which binds my hair.”

It was an aigrette, or plume, composed of two feathers of a vulture, fastened together by an opal, which changed to the changing light with a variability which enchanted the Swiss damsel, who had never seen any thing resembling it in her life.

“Now, Baroness Anne,” said she “if that pretty thing be really worn as a sign of your rank, it is the only thing belonging to your dignity that I should ever think of coveting, for it doth shimmer and change colour after a most wonderful fashion, even something like one’s own cheek when one is flattered.”

“Alas, Annette!” said the Baroness, passing her hand across her eyes, “of all the gawds which the females of my house have owned, this perhaps hath been the most fatal to its possessors.”

“And why then wear it?” said Annette. “Why wear it now, of all days in the year?”

“Because it best reminds me of my duty to my father and family. And now, girl, look thou sit with us at table, and leave not the apartment; and see thou fly not to and fro to help thyself or others with any thing on the board, but remain quiet and seated till William helps you to what you have occasion for.”

“Well, that is a gentle fashion, which I like well enough,” said Annette, “and William serves us so debonairly, that it is a joy to see him; yet, ever and anon, I feel as I were not Annette Veilchen herself, but only Annette Veilchen’s picture, since I can neither rise, sit down, run about, or stand still, without breaking some rule of courtly breeding. It is not so, I dare say, with you, who are always mannerly.”

“Less courtly than thou seemest to think,” said the high-born maiden; “but I feel the restraint more on the greensward, and under heaven’s free air, than when I undergo it closed within the walls of an apartment.”

"Ah, true—the dancing," said Annette; "that was something to be sorry for indeed."

"But most am I sorry, Annette, that I cannot tell whether I act precisely right or wrong in seeing this young man, though it must be for the last time. Were my father to arrive?—Were Ital Schreckenwald to return."—

"Your father is too deeply engaged on some of his dark and mystic errands," said the flippant Swiss; "sailed to the mountains of the Brocken-berg, where witches hold their Sabbath, or gone on a hunting-party with the Wild Huntsman."

"Fie, Annette; how dare you talk thus of my father?"

"Why, I know little of him personally," said the damsel, "and you yourself do not know much more. And how should that be false, which all men say is true?"

"Why, fool, what do they say?"

"Why, that the Count is a wizard,—that your grandmother was a will-of-wisp, and old Ital Schreckenwald a born devil incarnate; and there is some truth in that, whatever comes of the rest."

"Where is he?"

"Gone down to spend the night in the village, to see the Rhingrave's men quartered, and keep them in some order, if possible; for the soldiers are disappointed of pay which they had been promised; and when this happens, nothing resembles a Lanzknecht except a chafed bear."

"Go we down, then, girl; it is perhaps the last night which we may spend, for years, with a certain degree of freedom."

I will not pretend to describe the marked embarrassment with which Arthur Philipson and Anne of Geierstein met; neither lifted their eyes, neither spoke intelligibly, as they greeted each other, and the maiden herself did not blush more deeply than her modest visitor; while the good-humoured Swiss girl, whose ideas of love partook of the freedom of a more Arcadian country and its customs, looked on with eyebrows a little arched, much in wonder, and a little in contempt, at a couple, who, as she might think, acted with such unnatural and constrained reserve. Deep was the reverence and the blush with which Arthur offered his hand to the young lady, and her acceptance of the courtesy had the same character of extreme bashfulness, agitation, and embarrassment. In short, though little or nothing intelligible passed between this very handsome and interesting couple, the interview itself did not on that account lose any interest. Arthur handed the maiden, as was the duty of a gallant of the day, into the next room, where their repast was prepared; and Annette, who watched with singular attention every thing which occurred, felt with astonishment, that the forms and ceremonies of the higher orders of society had such an influence, even over her freeborn mind, as the rites of the Druids, over that of the Roman general, when he said,

I scorn them, yet they awe me,

"What can have changed them?" said Annette; "when at Geierstein they looked but like another girl and bachelor, only that Anne is so very handsome; but now they move in time and manner as if they were leading a stately pavin, and behave to each

other with as much formal respect as if he were Landamman of the Unterwalden, and she the first lady of Berne. 'Tis all very fine, doubtless, but it is not the way that Martin Sprenger makes love."

Apparently, the circumstances in which each of the young people were placed, recalled to them the habits of lofty, and somewhat formal courtesy, to which they might have been accustomed in former days; and while the Baroness felt it necessary to observe the strictest decorum, in order to qualify the reception of Arthur into the interior of her retreat, he, on the other hand, endeavoured to show, by the profoundness of his respect, that he was incapable of misusing the kindness with which he had been treated. They placed themselves at table, scrupulously observing the distance which might become a "virtuous gentleman and maid." The youth William did the service of the entertainment with deftness and courtesy, as one well accustomed to such duty; and Annette, placing herself between them, and endeavouring, as closely as she could, to adhere to the ceremonies which she saw them observe, made practice of the civilities which were expected from the attendant of a baroness. Various, however, were the errors which she committed. Her demeanour in general was that of a greyhound in the slips, ready to start up every moment; and she was only withheld by the recollection that she was to ask for that which she had far more mind to help herself to.

Other points of etiquette were transgressed in their turn, after the repast was over, and the attendant had retired. The waiting damsel often mingled too unceremoniously in the conversation, and could not help calling her mistress by her Christian name of Anne, and, in defiance of all decorum, addressed her, as well as Philipson, with the pronoun *thou*, which then, as well as now, was a dreadful solecism in German politeness. Her blunders were so far fortunate, that by furnishing the young lady and Arthur with a topic foreign to the peculiarities of their own situation, they enabled them to withdraw their attentions from its embarrassments, and to exchange smiles at poor Annette's expense. She was not long of perceiving this, and half nettled, half availing herself of the apology to speak her mind, said, with considerable spirit, "You have both been very merry, forsooth, at my expense, and all because I wished rather to rise and seek what I wanted, than wait till the poor fellow, who was kept trotting between the board and beaufet, found leisure to bring it to me. You laugh at me now, because I call you by your names, as they were given to you in the blessed church at your christening; and because I say to you *thee* and *thou*, addressing my Juncker and my Yungfrau as I would do if I were on my knees praying to Heaven. But for all your new-world fancies, I can tell you, you are but a couple of children, who do not know your own minds, and are jesting away the only leisure given you to provide for your own happiness. Nay, frown not, my sweet Mistress Baroness; I have looked at Mont Pilatre too often, to fear a gloomy brow."

"Peace, Annette," said her mistress, "or quit the room."

"Were I not more your friend than I am my own," said the headstrong and undaunted Annette, "I would quit the room, and the castle to boot, and

leave you to hold your house here, with your amiable seneschal, Ital Schreckenwald."

"If not for love, yet for shame, for charity, be silent, or leave the room."

"Nay," said Annette, "my bolt is shot, and I have but hinted at what all upon Geierstein Green said, the night when the bow of Buttisholz was bended. You know what the old saw says"—

"Peace! peace, for Heaven's sake, or I must needs fly!" said the young Baroness.

"Nay, then," said Annette, considerably changing her tone, as if afraid that her mistress should actually retire, "if you must fly, necessity must have its course. I know no one who can follow. This mistress of mine, Signior Arthur, would require for her attendant, not a homely girl of flesh and blood like myself, but a waiting-woman with substance composed of gossamer, and breath supplied by the spirit of æther. Would you believe it?—it is seriously held by many, that she partakes of the race of spirits of the elements, which makes her so much more bashful than maidens of this every-day world."

Anne of Geierstein seemed rather glad to lead away the conversation from the turn which her wayward maiden had given to it, and to turn it on more indifferent subjects, though these were still personal to herself.

"Signior Arthur," she said, "thinks, perhaps, he has some room to nourish some such strange suspicion as your heedless folly expresses, and some fools believe, both in Germany and Switzerland. Confess, Signior Arthur, you thought strangely of me when I passed your guard upon the bridge of Graffs-lust, on the night last past."

The recollection of the circumstances which had so greatly surprised him at the time, so startled Arthur, that it was with some difficulty, he commanded himself, so as to attempt an answer at all; and what he did say on the occasion was broken and unconnected.

"I did hear, I own—that is, Rudolf Donnerhugel reported—But that I believed that you, gentle lady, were other than a Christian maiden"—

"Nay, if Rudolf were the reporter," said Annette, "you would hear the worst of my lady and her lineage, that is certain. He is one of those prudent personages who depreciate and find fault with the goods he has thoughts of purchasing, in order to deter other offerers. Yes, he told you a fine goblin story, I warrant you, of my lady's grandmother; and truly, it so happened, that the circumstances of the case gave, I dare say, some colour in your eyes to"—

"Not so, Annette," answered Arthur; "whatever might be said of your lady that sounded uncouth and strange, fell to the ground as incredible."

"Not quite so much so, I fancy," interrupted Annette, without heeding sign or frown. "I strongly suspect I should have had much more trouble in dragging you hither to this castle, had you known you were approaching the haunt of the Nymph of the Fire, the Salamander, as they call her, not to mention the shock of again seeing the descendant of that Maiden of the Fiery Mantle."

"Peace, once more, Annette," said her mistress; "since Fate has occasioned this meeting, let us not

neglect the opportunity to disabuse our English friend, of the absurd report he has listened to with doubt and wonder perhaps, but not with absolute incredulity.

"Signior Arthur Philipson," she proceeded, "it is true my grandfather, by the mother's side, Baron Herman of Arnheim, was a man of great knowledge in abstruse sciences. He was also a presiding judge of a tribunal of which you must have heard, called the Holy Vehme. One night a stranger, closely pursued by the agents of that body, which (crossing herself) it is not safe even to name, arrived at the castle and craved his protection, and the rights of hospitality. My grandfather, finding the advance which the stranger had made to the rank of Adept, gave him his protection, and became bail to deliver him to answer the charge against him, for a year and a day, which delay he was, it seems, entitled to require on his behalf. They studied together during that term, and pushed their researches into the mysteries of nature, as far, in all probability, as men have the power of urging them. When the fatal day drew nigh on which the guest must part from his host, he asked permission to bring his daughter to the castle, that they might exchange a last farewell. She was introduced with much secrecy, and after some days, finding that her father's fate was so uncertain, the Baron, with the sage's consent, agreed to give the forlorn maiden refuge in his castle, hoping to obtain from her some additional information concerning the languages and the wisdom of the East. Danischemend, her father, left this castle, to go to render himself up to the Vehmegericht at Fulda. The result is unknown; perhaps he was saved by Baron Arnheim's testimony, perhaps he was given up to the steel and the cord. On such matters, who dare speak?"

"The fair Persian became the wife of her guardian and protector. Amid many excellences, she had one peculiarity allied to imprudence. She availed herself of her foreign dress and manners, as well as of a beauty, which was said to have been marvellous, and an agility seldom equalled, to impose upon and terrify the ignorant German ladies, who, hearing her speak Persian and Arabic, were already disposed to consider her as over closely connected with unlawful arts. She was of a fanciful and imaginative disposition, and delighted to place herself in such colours and circumstances as might confirm their most ridiculous suspicions, which she considered only as matter of sport. There was no end to the stories to which she gave rise. Her first appearance in the castle was said to be highly picturesque, and to have inferred something of the marvellous. With the levity of a child, she had some childish passions, and while she encouraged the growth and circulation of the most extraordinary legends amongst some of the neighbourhood, she entered into disputes with persons of her own quality concerning rank and precedence, on which the ladies of Westphalia have at all times set great store. This cost her her life; for, on the morning of the christening of my poor mother, the Baroness of Arnheim died suddenly, even while a splendid company was assembled in the castle chapel to witness the ceremony. It was believed that she died of poison, administered by the Baroness Steinfeldt, with whom she was engaged in a bitter quarrel, entered into chiefly on

behalf of her friend and companion, the Countess Waldstetten."

"And the opal gem?—and the sprinkling with water?" said Arthur Philipson.

"Ah!" replied the young Baroness, "I see you desire to hear the real truth of my family history, of which you have yet learned only the romantic legend.—The sprinkling of water was necessarily had recourse to, on my ancestress's first swoon. As for the opal, I have heard that it did indeed grow pale, but only because it is said to be the nature of that noble gem, on the approach of poison. Some part of the quarrel with the Baroness Steinfeldt was about the right of the Persian maiden to wear this stone, which an ancestor of my family won in battle from the Soldan of Trebizond. All these things were confused in popular tradition, and the real facts turned into a fairy tale."

"But you have said nothing," suggested Arthur Philipson, "on—on——"

"On what?" said his hostess.

"On your appearance last night."

"Is it possible," said she, "that a man of sense, and an Englishman, cannot guess at the explanation which I have to give, though not, perhaps, very distinctly? My father, you are aware, has been a busy man in a disturbed country, and has incurred the hatred of many powerful persons. He is, therefore, obliged to move in secret, and avoid unnecessary observation. He was, besides, averse to meet his brother, the Landamman. I was, therefore, told, on our entering Germany, that I was to expect a signal where and when to join him,—the token was to be a small crucifix of bronze, which had belonged to my poor mother. In my apartment at Graffs-lust I found the token, with a note from my father, making me acquainted with a secret passage proper to such places, which, though it had the appearance of being blocked up, was in fact very slightly barricaded. By this I was instructed to pass to the gate, make my escape into the woods, and meet my father at a place appointed there."

"A wild and perilous adventure," said Arthur.

"I have never been so much shocked," continued the maiden, "as at receiving this summons, compelling me to steal away from my kind and affectionate uncle, and go I knew not whither. Yet compliance was absolutely necessary. The place of meeting was plainly pointed out. A midnight walk, in the neighbourhood of protection, was to me a trifle; but the precaution of posting sentinels at the gate might have interfered with my purpose, had I not mentioned it to some of my elder cousins, the Biedermans, who readily agreed to let me pass and repass unquestioned. But you know my cousins; honest and kind-hearted, they are of a rude way of thinking, and as incapable of feeling a generous delicacy as—some other persons."—(Here there was a glance towards Annette Veilchen.)—"They exacted from me, that I should conceal myself and my purpose from Sigismund; and as they are always makingsport with the simple youth, they insisted that I should pass him in such a manner as might induce him to believe that I was a spiritual apparition, and out of his terrors for supernatural beings, they expected to have much amusement. I was obliged to secure their connivance at my escape

on their own terms; and, indeed, I was too much grieved at the prospect of quitting my kind uncle, to think much of any thing else. Yet my surprise was considerable, when, contrary to expectation, I found you on the bridge as sentinel, instead of my cousin Sigismund. Your own ideas I ask not for."

"They were those of a fool," said Arthur, "of a thrice-sodden fool. Had I been aught else, I would have offered my escort. My sword——"

"I could not have accepted your protection," said Anne, calmly. "My mission was in every respect a secret one. I met my father—some intercourse had taken place betwixt him and Rudolf Donnerhugel, which induced him to alter his purpose of carrying me away with him last night. I joined him, however, early this morning, while Annette acted for a time my part amongst the Swiss pilgrims. My father desired that it should not be known when or with whom I left my uncle and his escort. I need scarce remind you, that I saw you in the dungeon."

"You were the preserver of my life," said the youth,— "the restorer of my liberty."

"Ask me not the reason of my silence. I was then acting under the agency of others, not under mine own. Your escape was effected, in order to establish a communication betwixt the Swiss without the fortress and the soldiers within. After the alarm at La Ferette, I learned from Sigismund Biederman that a party of banditti were pursuing your father and you, with a view to pillage and robbery. My father had furnished me with the means of changing Anne of Geierstein into a German maiden of quality. I set out instantly, and glad I am to have given you a hint which might free you from danger."

"But my father?" said Arthur.

"I have every reason to hope he is well and safe," answered the young lady. "More than I were eager to protect both you and him—poor Sigismund amongst the first.—And now, my friend, these mysteries explained, it is time we part, and for ever."

"Part!—and for ever!" repeated the youth, in a voice like a dying echo.

"It is our fate," said the maiden. "I appeal to you if it is not your duty—I tell you it is mine. You will depart with early dawn to Strasburg—and—and—we never meet again."

With an ardour of passion which he could not repress, Arthur Philipson threw himself at the feet of the maiden, whose faltering tone had clearly expressed that she felt deeply in uttering the words. She looked round for Annette, but Annette had disappeared at this most critical moment; and her mistress for a second or two was not perhaps sorry for her absence.

"Rise," she said, "Arthur—rise. You must not give way to feelings that might be fatal to yourself and me."

"Hear me, lady, before I bid you adieu, and for ever—the word of a criminal is heard, though he plead the worst cause—I am a belted knight and the son and heir of an Earl, whose name has been spread throughout England and France, and wherever valour has had fame."

"Alas!" said she, faintly, "I have but too long suspected what you now tell me—Rise, I pray you, rise."

"Never till you hear me," said the youth, seizing one of her hands, which trembled, but hardly could be said to struggle in his grasp.—"Hear me, he said, with the enthusiasm of first love, when the obstacles of bashfulness and diffidence are surmounted,—*"My father and I are—I acknowledge it—bound on a most hazardous and doubtful expedition. You will very soon learn its issue for good or bad. If it succeed, you shall hear of me in my own character—If I fall, I must—I will—I do claim a tear from Anne of Geierstein. If I escape, I have yet a horse, a lance, and a sword; and you shall hear nobly of him whom you have thrice protected from imminent danger."*

"Arise—arise," repeated the maiden, whose tears began to flow fast, as, struggling to raise her lover, they fell thick upon his head and face. "I have heard enough—to listen to more were indeed madness both for you and myself."

"Yet one single word," added the youth; "while Arthur has a heart, it beats for you—while Arthur can wield an arm, it strikes for you, and in your cause."

Annette now rushed into the room.

"Away, away!" she cried—"Schreckenwald has returned from the village with some horrible tidings, and, I fear me, he comes this way."

Arthur had started to his feet at the first signal of alarm.

"If there is danger near your lady, Annette, there is at least one faithful friend by her side."

Annette looked anxiously at her mistress.

"But Schreckenwald," she said—"Schreckenwald, your father's steward—his confidant.—O, think better of it—I can hide Arthur somewhere."

The noble-minded girl had already resumed her composure, and replied with dignity.—"I have done nothing," she said, "to offend my father. If Schreckenwald be my father's steward, he is my vassal. I hide no guest to conciliate him. Sit down," (addressing Arthur,) "and let us hear his tidings—and bid him remember, that when he speaks to me he addresses his mistress."

Arthur resumed his seat, still more proud of his choice from the noble and fearless spirit displayed by one who had so lately shown herself sensible to the gentlest feelings of the female sex.

Annette, assuming courage from her mistress's dauntless demeanour, clapped her hands together as she left the room, saying, but in a low voice, "I see that after all it is something to be a Baroness, if one can assert her dignity conformingly. How could I be so much frightened for this rude man!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

— Affairs that walk
(As they say spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Henry VIII, Act. V.

THE approach of the steward was now boldly expected by the little party. Arthur, flattered at once and elevated by the firmness which Anne had shown when this person's arrival was announced, hastily considered the part which he was to act in the approaching scene, and prudently determined to

avoid all active and personal interference, till he should observe from the demeanour of Anne, that such was likely to be useful or agreeable to her. He resumed his place, therefore, at a distant part of the board, on which their meal had been lately spread, and remained there, determined to act in the manner Anne's behaviour should suggest as most prudent and fitting,—veiling, at the same time, the most acute internal anxiety, by an appearance of that deferential composure, which one of inferior rank adopts when admitted to the presence of a superior. Anne, on her part, seemed to prepare herself for an interview of interest. An air of conscious dignity succeeded the extreme agitation which she had so lately displayed, and busying herself with some articles of female work, she also seemed to expect with tranquillity the visit, to which her attendant was disposed to attach so much alarm.

A step was heard upon the stair, hurried and unequal, as that of some one in confusion as well as haste; the door flew open, and Ital Schreckenwald entered.

This person, with whom the details given to the elder Philipson by the Landamman Biederman have made the reader in some degree acquainted, was a tall, well-made, soldierly-looking man. His dress, like that of persons of rank at the period in Germany, was more varied in colour, more cut and ornamented, slashed and jagged, than the habit worn in France and England. The never-failing hawk's feather decked his cap, secured with a medal of gold, which served as a clasp. His doublet was of buff, for defence, but *laid down*, as it was called in the tailor's craft, with rich lace on each seam, and displaying on the breast a golden chain, the emblem of his rank in the Baron's household. He entered with rather a hasty step, and busy and offended look, and said somewhat rudely,—"Why, how now, young lady—wherefore this? Strangers in the castle at this period of night!"

Anne of Geierstein, though she had been long absent from her native country, was not ignorant of its habits and customs, and knew the haughty manner in which all who were noble exerted their authority over their dependents.

"Are you a vassal of Arnheim, Ital Schreckenwald, and do you speak to the Lady of Arnheim in her own castle with an elevated voice, a saucy look, and bonneted withal? Know your place; and, when you have demanded pardon for your insolence, and told your errand in such terms as befit your condition and mine, I may listen to what you have to say."

Schreckenwald's hand, in spite of him, stole to his bonnet, and uncovered his haughty brow.

"Noble lady," he said, in a somewhat milder tone, "excuse me if my haste be unmannerly, but the alarm is instant. The soldiery of the Rhingrave have mutinied, plucked down the banners of their master, and set up an independent ensign, which they call the pennon of St Nicholas, under which they declare that they will maintain peace with God, and war with all the world. This castle cannot escape them, when they consider that the first course to maintain themselves, must be to take possession of some place of strength. You must up then, and ride with the very peep of

dawn. For the present, they are busy with the wine-skins of the peasants, but when they wake in the morning, they will unquestionably march hither; and you may chance to fall into the hands of those who will think of the terrors of the castle of Arnheim as the figments of a fairy-tale, and laugh at its mistress's pretensions to honour and respect."

"Is it impossible to make resistance? The castle is strong," said the young lady, "and I am unwilling to leave the house of my fathers without attempting somewhat in our defence."

"Five hundred men," said Schreckenwald, "might garrison Arnheim, battlement and tower. With a less number it were madness to attempt to keep such an extent of walls; and how to get twenty soldiers together, I am sure I know not.—So, having now the truth of the story, let me beseech you to dismiss this guest,—too young, I think, to be inmate of a lady's bower,—and I will point to him the highest way out of the castle; for this is a strait in which we must all be contented with looking to our own safety."

"And whither is it that you propose to go?" said the Baroness, continuing to maintain, in respect to Ital Schreckenwald, the complete and calm assertion of absolute superiority, to which the seneschal gave way with such marks of impatience, as a fiery steed exhibits under the management of a complete cavalier.

"To Strasburg, I propose to go,—that is, if it so please you,—with such slight escort as I can get hastily together by day-break, I trust we may escape being observed by the mutineers; or, if we fall in with a party of stragglers, I apprehend but little difficulty in forcing my way."

"And wherefore do you prefer Strasburg as a place of asylum?"

"Because I trust we shall there meet your excellency's father, the noble Count Albert of Geierstein."

"It is well," said the young lady. "You also, I think, Signior Philipson, spoke of directing your course to Strasburg. If it consist with your convenience, you may avail yourself of the protection of my escort as far as that city, where you expect to meet your father?"

It will readily be believed, that Arthur cheerfully bowed assent to a proposal which was to prolong their remaining in society together; and might possibly, as his romantic imagination suggested, afford him an opportunity, on a road beset with dangers, to render some service of importance.

Ital Schreckenwald attempted to remonstrate.

"Lady!—lady!"—he said, with some marks of impatience.

"Take breath and leisure, Schreckenwald," said Anne, "and you will be more able to express yourself with distinctness, and with respectful propriety."

The impatient vassal muttered an oath betwixt his teeth, and answered with forced civility,—“Permit me to state, that our case requires we should charge ourselves with the care of no one but you. We shall be few enough for your defence, and I cannot permit any stranger to travel with us.”

"If," said Arthur, "I conceived that I was to be a useless encumbrance on the retreat of this noble young lady, worlds, Sir Squire, would not induce me to accept her offer. But I am neither child nor

woman, and ready to show such good service as manhood may in defence of your lady."

"If we must not challenge your valour and ability, young sir," said Schreckenwald, "who shall answer for your fidelity?"

"To question that elsewhere," said Arthur, "might be dangerous."

But Anne interfered between them. "We must straight to rest, and remain prompt for alarm, perhaps even before the hour of dawn. Schreckenwald, I trust to your care for due watch and ward—You have men enough at least for that purpose.—And hear and mark—it is my desire and command, that this gentleman be accommodated with lodgings here for this night, and that he travel with us to-morrow. For this I will be responsible to my father, and your part is only to obey my commands. I have long had occasion to know both the young man's father and himself, who were ancient guests of my uncle, the Landamman. On the journey you will keep the youth beside you, and use such courtesy to him as your rugged temper will permit."

Ital Schreckenwald intimated his acquiescence with a look of bitterness, which it were vain to attempt to describe. It expressed spite, mortification, humbled pride, and reluctant submission. He did submit, however, and ushered young Philipson into a decent apartment with a bed, which the fatigue and agitation of the preceding day rendered very acceptable.

Notwithstanding the ardour with which Arthur expected the rise of the next dawn, his deep repose, the fruit of fatigue, held him until the reddening of the east, when the voice of Schreckenwald exclaimed, "Up, Sir Englishman, if you mean to accomplish your boast of loyal service. It is time we were in the saddle, and we shall tarry for no sluggards."

Arthur was on the floor of the apartment, and dressed, in almost an instant, not forgetting to put on his shirt of mail, and assume whatever weapons seemed most fit to render him an efficient part of the convoy. He next hastened to seek out the stable, to have his horse in readiness; and descending for that purpose into the under story of the lower mass of buildings, he was wandering in search of the way which led to the offices, when the voice of Annette Veilchen softly whispered, "This way, Signior Philipson; I would speak with you."

The Swiss maiden, at the same time, beckoned him into a small room, where he found her alone.

"Were you not surprised," she said, "to see my lady queen it so over Ital Schreckenwald, who keeps every other person in awe with his stern looks and cross words? But the air of command seems so natural to her, that, instead of being a baroness, she might have been an empress. It must come of birth, I think, after all, for I tried last night to take state upon me, after the fashion of my mistress, and would you think it, the brute Schreckenwald threatened to throw me out of the window? But if ever I see Martin Sprenger again, I'll know if there is strength in a Swiss arm, and virtue in a Swiss quarter-staff. But here I stand prating, and my lady wishes to see you for a minute ere we take to horse."

"Your lady?" said Arthur, starting, "why did you lose an instant?—why not tell me before?"

"Because I was only to keep you here till she came, and—here she is."

Anne of Geierstein entered, fully attired for her journey. Annette, always willing to do as she would wish to be done by, was about to leave the apartment, when her mistress, who had apparently made up her mind concerning what she had to do or say, commanded her positively to remain.

"I am sure," she said, "Signior Philipson will rightly understand the feelings of hospitality—I will say of friendship—which prevented my suffering him to be expelled from my castle last night, and which have determined me this morning to admit of his company on the somewhat dangerous road to Strasburg. At the gate of that town we part, I to join my father, you to place yourself under the direction of yours. From that moment intercourse between us ends, and our remembrance of each other must be as the thoughts which we pay to friends deceased."

"Tender recollections," said Arthur, passionately, "more dear to our bosoms than all we have surviving upon earth!"

"Not a word in that tone," answered the maiden. "With night delusion should end, and reason awaken with dawning. One word more—Do not address me on the road; you may, by doing so, expose me to vexatious and insulting suspicion, and yourself to quarrels and peril.—Farewell, our party is ready to take horse."

She left the apartment, where Arthur remained for a moment deeply bewildered in grief and disappointment. The patience, nay, even favour, with which Anne of Geierstein had, on the previous night, listened to his passion, had not prepared him for the terms of reserve and distance which she now adopted towards him. He was ignorant that noble maids, if feeling or passion has for a moment swayed them from the strict path of principle and duty, endeavour to atone for it, by instantly returning, and severely adhering, to the line from which they have made a momentary departure. He looked mournfully on Annette, who, as she had been in the room before Anne's arrival, took the privilege of remaining a minute after her departure; but he read no comfort in the glances of the confidant, who seemed as much disconcerted as himself.

"I cannot imagine what hath happened to her," said Annette; "to me she is kind as ever, but to every other person about her she plays countess and baroness with a witness; and now she is begun to tyrannise over her own natural feeling—and—if this be greatness, Annette Veilchen trusts always to remain the penniless Swiss girl; she is mistress of her own freedom, and at liberty to speak with her bachelor when she pleases, so as religion and maiden modesty suffer nothing in the conversation. Oh, a single daisy twisted with content into one's hair, is worth all the opals in India, if they bind us to torment ourselves and other people, or hinder us from speaking our mind, when our heart is upon our tongue. But never fear, Arthur; for if she has the cruelty to think of forgetting you, you may rely on one friend, who, while she has a tongue, and Anne has ears, will make it impossible for her to do so."

So saying, away tripped Annette, having first indicated to Philipson the passage by which he would

find the lower court of the castle. There his steed stood ready, among about twenty others. Twelve of these were accoutred with war-saddles, and frontlets of proof, being intended for the use of as many cavaliers, or troopers, retainers of the family of Arnheim, whom the seneschal's exertions had been able to collect on the spur of the occasion. Two palfreys, somewhat distinguished by their trappings, were designed for Anne of Geierstein and her favourite female attendant. The other menials, chiefly boys and women servants, had inferior horses. At a signal made, the troopers took their lances and stood by their steeds, till the females and menials were mounted and in order; they then sprang into their saddles and began to move forward, slowly and with great precaution. Schreckenwald led the van, and kept Arthur Philipson close beside him. Anne and her attendant were in the centre of the little body, followed by the unwarlike train of servants, while two or three experienced cavaliers brought up the rear, with strict orders to guard against surprise.

On their being put into motion, the first thing which surprised Arthur was, that the horses' hoofs no longer sent forth the sharp and ringing sound arising from the collision of iron and flint; and as the morning light increased, he could perceive, that the fetlock and hoof of every steed, his own included, had been carefully wrapped around with a sufficient quantity of wool, to prevent the usual noise which accompanied their motions. It was a singular thing, to behold the passage of the little body of cavalry down the rocky road which led from the castle, unattended with the noise which we are disposed to consider as inseparable from the motions of horse, the absence of which seemed to give a peculiar and almost an unearthly appearance to the cavalcade.

They passed in this manner the winding path which led from the castle of Arnheim to the adjacent village, which, as was the ancient feudal custom, lay so near the fortress, that its inhabitants, when summoned by their lord, could instantly repair for its defence. But it was at present occupied by very different inhabitants, the mutinous soldiers of the Rhingrave. When the party from Arnheim approached the entrance of the village, Schreckenwald made a signal to halt, which was instantly obeyed by his followers. He then rode forward in person to reconnoitre, accompanied by Arthur Philipson, both moving with the utmost steadiness and precaution. The deepest silence prevailed in the deserted streets. Here and there a soldier was seen, seemingly designed for a sentinel, but uniformly fast asleep.

"The swinish mutineers!" said Schreckenwald; "a fair night-watch they keep, and a beautiful morning's rouse would I treat them with, were not the point to protect yonder peevish wench.—Halt thou here, stranger, while I ride back and bring them on—there is no danger."

Schreckenwald left Arthur as he spoke, who alone in the street of a village filled with banditti, though they were lulled into temporary insensibility, had no reason to consider his case as very comfortable. The chorus of a wassel song, which some reveller was trolling over in his sleep; or in its turn, the growling of some village cur, seemed the signal for an hundred

ruffians to start up around him. But in the space of two or three minutes, the noiseless cavalcade, headed by Ital Schreckenwald, again joined him, and followed their leader, observing the utmost precaution not to give an alarm. All went well till they reached the farther end of the village, where, although the Baaren-hauter* who kept guard was as drunk as his companions on duty, a large shaggy dog which lay beside him was more vigilant. As the little troop approached, the animal sent forth a ferocious yell, loud enough to have broken the rest of the Seven Sleepers, and which effectually dispelled the slumbers of his master. The soldier snatched up his carabine and fired, he knew not well at what, or for what reason. The ball, however, struck Arthur's horse under him, and, as the animal fell, the sentinel rushed forward to kill or make prisoner the rider.

"Haste on, haste on, men of Arnheim! care for nothing but the young lady's safety," exclaimed the leader of the band.

"Stay, I command you; aid the stranger, on your lives!" said Anne, in a voice which, usually gentle and meek, she now made heard by those around her, like the note of a silver clarion. "I will not stir till he is rescued."

Schreckenwald had already spurred his horse for flight; but, perceiving Anne's reluctance to follow him, he dashed back, and seizing a horse, which, bridled and saddled, stood picqueted near him, he threw the reins to Arthur Philipson; and pushing his own horse, at the same time, betwixt the Englishman and the soldier, he forced the latter to quit the hold he had on his person. In an instant Philipson was again mounted, when, seizing a battle-axe which hung at the saddle-bow of his new steed, he struck down the staggering sentinel, who was endeavouring again to seize upon him. The whole troop then rode off at a gallop, for the alarm began to grow general in the village; some soldiers were seen coming out of their quarters, and others were beginning to get upon horseback. Before Schreckenwald and his party had ridden a mile, they heard more than once the sound of bugles; and when they arrived upon the summit of an eminence commanding a view of the village, their leader, who, during the retreat, had placed himself in the rear of his company, now halted to reconnoitre the enemy they had left behind them. There was bustle and confusion in the street, but there did not appear to be any pursuit; so that Schreckenwald followed his route down the river, with speed and activity indeed, but with so much steadiness at the same time, as not to distress the slowest horse of his party.

When they had ridden two hours and more, the confidence of their leader was so much augmented, that he ventured to command a halt at the edge of a pleasant grove, which served to conceal their number, whilst both riders and horses took some refreshment, for which purpose forage and provisions had been borne along with them. Ital Schreckenwald having held some communication with the Baroness, continued to offer to their travelling companion a sort of surly civility. He invited him to partake his own

mess, which was indeed little different from that which was served out to the other troopers, but was seasoned with a glass of wine from a more choice flask.

"To your health, brother," he said; "if you tell this day's story truly, you will allow that I was a true comrade to you two hours since, in riding through the village of Arnheim."

"I will never deny it, fair sir," said Philipson, "and I return you thanks for your timely assistance; alike, whether it sprang from your mistress's order, or your own good-will."

"Ho! ho! my friend," said Schreckenwald, laughing, "you are a philosopher, and can try conclusions while your horse lies rolling above you, and a Baaren-hauter aims his sword at your throat.—Well, since your wit hath discovered so much, I care not if you know, that I should not have had much scruple to sacrifice twenty such smooth-faced gentlemen as yourself, rather than the young Baroness of Arnheim had incurred the slightest danger."

"The propriety of the sentiment," said Philipson, "is so undoubtedly correct, that I subscribe to it, even though it is something discourteously expressed towards myself."

In making this reply, the young man, provoked at the insolence of Schreckenwald's manner, raised his voice a little. The circumstance did not escape observation, for, on the instant, Annette Veilchen stood before them, with her mistress's commands on them both to speak in whispers, or rather to be altogether silent.

"Say to your mistress that I am mute," said Philipson.

"Our mistress, the Baroness, says," continued Annette, with an emphasis on the title, to which she began to ascribe some talismanic influence,—*"the Baroness, I tell you, says, that silence much concerns our safety, for it were most hazardous to draw upon this little fugitive party the notice of any passengers who may pass along the road during the necessary halt; and so, sirs, it is the Baroness's request that you will continue the exercise of your teeth as fast as you can, and forbear that of your tongues till you are in a safer condition."*

"My lady is wise," answered Ital Schreckenwald, "and her maiden is witty. I drink, Mrs Annette, in a cup of Rudersheimer, to the continuance of her sagacity, and of your amiable liveliness of disposition. Will it please you, fair mistress, to pledge me in this generous liquor?"

"Out, thou German wine-flask!—Out, thou eternal swill-flagon!—Heard you ever of a modest maiden who drank wine before she had dined?"

"Remain without the generous inspiration then," said the German, "and nourish thy satirical vein on sour cider or acid whey."

A short space having been allowed to refresh themselves, the little party again mounted their horses, and travelled with such speed, that long before noon they arrived at the strongly fortified town of Kehl, opposite to Strasburg, on the eastern bank of the Rhine.

It is for local antiquaries to discover, whether the travellers crossed from Kehl to Strasburg by the celebrated bridge of boats which at present maintains the communication across the river, or whether the

* *Baaren-hauter*,—he of the Bear's hide,—a nickname for a German private soldier.

were wafted over by some other mode of transportation. It is enough that they passed in safety, and had landed on the other side, where—whether she dreaded that he might forget the charge she had given him, that here they were to separate, or whether she thought that something more might be said in the moment of parting—the young Baroness, before remounting her horse, once more approached Arthur Philipson, who too truly guessed the tenor of what she had to say.

"Gentle stranger," she said, "I must now bid you farewell. But first let me ask if you know whereabouts you are to seek your father."

"In an inn called the Flying Stag," said Arthur, dejectedly; "but where that is situated in this large town, I know not."

"Do you know the place, Ital Schreckenwald?"

"I, young lady?—Not I—I know nothing of Strasburg and its inns. I believe most of our party are as ignorant as I am."

"You and they speak German, I suppose," said the Baroness, dryly, "and can make inquiry more easily than a foreigner? Go, sir, and forget not that humanity to the stranger is a religious duty."

With that shrug of the shoulders which testifies a displeased messenger, Ital went to make some inquiry, and, in his absence, brief as it was, Anne took an opportunity to say apart,—*"Farewell!—Farewell! Accept this token of friendship, and wear it for my sake. May you be happy!"*

Her slender fingers dropped into his hand a very small parcel. He turned to thank her, but she was already at some distance; and Schreckenwald, who had taken his place by his side, said in his harsh voice, "Come, Sir Squire, I have found out your place of rendezvous, and I have but little time to play the gentleman-usher."

He then rode on; and Philipson, mounted on his military charger, followed him in silence to the point where a large street joined, or rather crossed, that which led from the quay on which they had landed.

"Yonder swings the Flying Stag," said Ital, pointing to an immense sign, which, mounted on a huge wooden frame, crossed almost the whole breadth of the street. "Your intelligence can, I think, hardly abandon you, with such a guide-post in your eye."

So saying, he turned his horse without further farewell, and rode back to join his mistress and her attendants.

Philipson's eyes rested on the same group for a moment, when he was recalled to a sense of his situation by the thoughts of his father; and, spurring his jaded horse down the cross street, he reached the hostelry of the Flying Stag.

CHAPTER XXIV.

— I was, I must confess.

Fair Albion's Queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trode my title down,
And with dishonour laid me in the dust,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

Henry VI, Part III.

THE hostelry of the Flying Stag, in Strasburg, was, like every inn in the empire at the period, con-

ducted much with the same discourteous inattention to the wants and accommodation of the guests, as that of John Mengs. But the youth and good looks of Arthur Philipson, circumstances which seldom or never fail to produce some effect where the fair are concerned, prevailed upon a short, plump, dimpled, blue-eyed, fair-skinned yungfrau, the daughter of the landlord of the Flying Stag (himself a fat old man, pinned to the oaken-chair in the *stübé*), to carry herself to the young Englishman with a degree of condescension, which, in the privileged race to which she belonged, was little short of degradation. She not only put her light buskins and her pretty ancles in danger of being soiled by tripping across the yard to point out an unoccupied stable, but, on Arthur's inquiry after his father, condescended to recollect, that such a guest as he described had lodged in the house last night, and had said he expected to meet there a young person, his fellow-traveller.

"I will send him out to you, fair sir," said the little yungfrau with a smile, which, if things of the kind are to be valued by their rare occurrence, must have been reckoned inestimable.

She was as good as her word. In a few instants the elder Philipson entered the stable, and folded his son in his arms.

"My son—my dear son!" said the Englishman, his usual stoicism broken down and melted by natural feeling and parental tenderness.—*"Welcome to me at all times—welcome, in a period of doubt and danger—and most welcome of all, in a moment which forms the very crisis of our fate. In a few hours I shall know what we may expect from the Duke of Burgundy.—Hast thou the token?"*

Arthur's hand first sought that which was nearest to his heart, both in the literal and allegorical sense, the small parcel, namely, which Anne had given him at parting. But he recollected himself in the instant, and presented to his father the packet, which had been so strangely lost and recovered at La Ferette.

"It hath run its own risk since you saw it," he observed to his father, "and so have I mine. I received hospitality at a castle last night, and behold a body of *lanz-knechts* in the neighbourhood began in the morning to mutiny for their pay. The inhabitants fled from the castle to escape their violence, and as we passed their leaguer in the grey of the morning, a drunken Baaren-hauter shot my poor horse, and I was forced, in the way of exchange, to take up with his heavy Flemish animal, with its steel-saddle, and its clumsy chaffron."

"Our road is beset with perils," said his father. "I too have had my share, having been in great danger (he told not its precise nature) at an inn, where I rested last night. But I left it in the morning, and proceeded hither in safety. I have at length, however, obtained a safe escort to conduct me to the Duke's camp near Dijon; and I trust to have an audience of him this evening. Then, if our last hope should fail, we will seek the sea-port of Marseilles, hoist sail for Candia or for Rhodes, and spend our lives in defence of Christendom, since we may no longer fight for England."

Arthur heard these ominous words without reply; but they did not the less sink upon his heart, deadly

as the doom of the judge which secludes the criminal from society and all its joys, and condemns him to an eternal prison-house. The bells from the cathedral began to toll at this instant, and reminded the elder Philipson of the duty of hearing mass, which was said at all hours in some one or other of the separate chapels which are contained in that magnificent pile. His son followed, on an intimation of his pleasure.

In approaching the access to this superb cathedral, the travellers found it obstructed, as is usual in Catholic countries, by the number of mendicants of both sexes, who crowded round the entrance to give the worshippers an opportunity of discharging the duty of alms-giving, so positively enjoined as a chief observance of their church. The Englishmen extricated themselves from their importunity by bestowing, as is usual on such occasions, a donative of small coin upon those who appeared most needy, or most deserving of their charity. One tall woman stood on the steps close to the door, and extended her hand to the elder Philipson, who, struck with her appearance, exchanged for a piece of silver the copper coins which he had been distributing amongst others.

"A marvel!" she said, in the English language, but in a tone calculated only to be heard by him alone, although his son also caught the sound and sense of what she said,—*"Ay, a miracle!—An Englishman still possesses a silver piece, and can afford to bestow it on the poor!"*

Arthur was sensible that his father started somewhat at the voice or words, which bore, even in his ear, something of deeper import than the observation of an ordinary mendicant. But after a glance at the female who thus addressed him, his father passed onwards into the body of the church, and was soon engaged in attending to the solemn ceremony of the mass, as it was performed by a priest at the altar of a chapel divided from the main body of the splendid edifice, and dedicated, as it appeared from the image over the altar, to Saint George; that military Saint, whose real history is so obscure, though his popular legend rendered him an object of peculiar veneration during the feudal ages. The ceremony was begun and finished with all customary forms. The officiating priest, with his attendants, withdrew; and though some of the few worshippers who had assisted at the solemnity remained telling their beads, and occupied with the performance of their private devotions, far the greater part left the chapel, to visit other shrines, or to return to the prosecution of their secular affairs.

But Arthur Philipson remarked, that whilst they dropped off one after another, the tall woman who had received his father's alms continued to kneel near the altar, and he was yet more surprised to see that his father himself, who, he had many reasons to know, was desirous to spend in the church no more time than the duties of devotion absolutely claimed, remained also on his knees, with his eyes resting on the form of the veiled devotee (such she seemed from her dress), as if his own motions were to be guided by hers. By no idea which occurred to him, was Arthur able to form the least conjecture as to his father's motives—he only knew that he was engaged in a critical and dangerous negotiation, liable to influence or interruption from various quarters; and that political sus-

picion was so generally awake both in France, Italy, and Flanders, that the most important agents were often obliged to assume the most impenetrable disguises, in order to insinuate themselves without suspicion into the countries where their services were required. Louis XI, in particular, whose singular policy seemed in some degree to give a character to the age in which he lived, was well known to have disguised his principal emissaries and envoys in the fictitious garbs of mendicant monks, minstrels, gipsies, and other privileged wanderers of the meanest description.

Arthur concluded, therefore, that it was not improbable that this female might, like themselves, be something more than her dress imported; and he resolved to observe his father's deportment towards her, and regulate his own actions accordingly. A bell at last announced that mass, upon a more splendid scale, was about to be celebrated before the high altar of the cathedral itself, and its sound withdrew from the sequestered chapel of St George the few who had remained at the shrine of the military saint, excepting the father and son, and the female penitent who kneeled opposite to them. When the last of the worshippers had retired, the female arose and advanced towards the elder Philipson, who, folding his arms on his bosom, and stooping his head, in an attitude of obeisance which his son had never before seen him assume, appeared rather to wait what she had to say, than to propose addressing her.

There was a pause. Four lamps, lighted before the shrine of the saint, cast a dim radiance on his armour and steel, represented as he was in the act of transfixing with his lance the prostrate dragon, whose outstretched wings and writhing neck were in part touched by their beams. The rest of the chapel was dimly illuminated by the autumnal sun, which could scarce find its way through the stained panes of the small lanceolated window, which was its only aperture to the open air. The light fell doubtful and gloomy, tinged with the various hues through which it passed, upon the stately, yet somewhat broken and dejected form of the female, and on those of the melancholy and anxious father, and his son, who, with all the eager interest of youth, suspected and anticipated extraordinary consequences from so singular an interview.

At length the female approached to the same side of the shrine with Arthur and his father, as if to be more distinctly heard, without being obliged to raise the slow solemn voice in which she had spoken.

"Do you here worship," she said, "the St George of Burgundy, or the St George of merry England, the flower of chivalry?"

"I serve," said Philipson, folding his hands humbly on his bosom, "the saint to whom this chapel is dedicated, and the Deity with whom I hope for his holy intercession, whether here or in my native country."

"Ay—you," said the female, "even you can forget—you, even you, who have been numbered among the mirror of knighthood—can forget that you have worshipped in the royal fane of Windsor—that you have there bent a *gartered* knee, where kings and princes kneeled around you—you can forget this, and make your orisons at a foreign shrine, with a heart undisturbed with the thoughts of what you have

been,—praying, like some poor peasant, for bread and life during the day that passes over you.”

“Lady,” replied Philipson, “in my proudest hours, I was, before the Being to whom I preferred my prayers, but as a worm in the dust—In His eyes I am now neither less nor more, degraded as I may be in the opinion of my fellow-reptiles.”

“How canst thou think thus?” said the devotee; “and yet it is well with thee that thou canst. But what have thy losses been compared to mine!”

She put her hand to her brow, and seemed for a moment overpowered by agonizing recollections.

Arthur pressed to his father’s side, and inquired, in a tone of interest which could not be repressed, “Father, who is this lady?—Is it my mother?”

“No, my son,” answered Philipson; “peace, for the sake of all you hold dear or holy!”

The singular female, however, heard both the question and answer, though expressed in a whisper.

“Yes,” she said, “young man—I am—I should say I was—your mother; the mother, the protectress, of all that was noble in England—I am Margaret of Anjou.”

Arthur sank on his knees before the dauntless widow of Henry the Sixth, who so long, and in such desperate circumstances, upheld, by unyielding courage and deep policy, the sinking cause of her feeble husband; and who, if she occasionally abused victory by cruelty and revenge, had made some atonement by the indomitable resolution with which she had supported the fiercest storms of adversity. Arthur had been bred in devoted adherence to the now dethroned line of Lancaster, of which his father was one of the most distinguished supporters; and his earliest deeds of arms, which, though unfortunate, were neither obscure nor ignoble, had been done in their cause. With an enthusiasm belonging to his age and education, he in the same instant flung his bonnet on the pavement, and knelt at the feet of his ill-fated sovereign.

Margaret threw back the veil which concealed those noble and majestic features, which even yet, though rivers of tears had furrowed her cheek, though care, disappointment, domestic grief, and humbled pride, had quenched the fire of her eye, and wasted the smooth dignity of her forehead,—even yet showed the remains of that beauty which once was held unequalled in Europe. The apathy with which a succession of misfortunes and disappointed hopes had chilled the feelings of the unfortunate Princess, was for a moment melted by the sight of the fair youth’s enthusiasm. She abandoned one hand to him, which he covered with tears and kisses, and with the other stroked with maternal tenderness his curled locks, as she endeavoured to raise him from the posture he had assumed. His father, in the meanwhile, shut the door of the chapel, and placed his back against it, withdrawing himself thus from the group, as if for the purpose of preventing any stranger from entering, during a scene so extraordinary.

“And thou, then,” said Margaret, in a voice where female tenderness combated strangely with her natural pride of rank and with the calm, stoical indifference induced by the intensity of her personal misfortunes; “thou, fair youth, art the last scion

of the noble stem, so many fair boughs of which have fallen in our hapless cause. Alas, alas! what can I do for thee? Margaret has not even a blessing to bestow. So wayward is her fate, that her benedictions are curses, and she has but to look on you and wish you well, to ensure your speedy and utter ruin. I—I have been the fatal poison-tree, whose influence has blighted and destroyed all the fair plants that arose beside and around me, and brought death upon every one, yet am myself unable to find it!”

“Noble and royal mistress,” said the elder Englishman, “let not your princely courage, which has borne such extremities, be dismayed, now that they are passed over, and that a chance at least of happier times is approaching to you and to England.”

“To England, to *me*, noble Oxford!” said the forlorn and widowed Queen,—“If to-morrow’s sun could place me once more on the throne of England, could it give back to me what I have lost? I speak not of wealth or power—they are as nothing in the balance—I speak not of the hosts of noble friends who have fallen in defence of me and mine—Somerset, Percys, Staffords, Cliffords—they have found their place in fame, in the annals of their country—I speak not of my husband, he has exchanged the state of a suffering saint upon earth for that of a glorified saint in Heaven—But O, Oxford! my son—my Edward!—Is it possible for me to look on this youth, and not remember that thy countess and I on the same night gave birth to two fair boys? How oft we endeavoured to prophesy their future fortunes, and to persuade ourselves that the same constellation which shone on their birth, would influence their succeeding life, and hold a friendly and equal bias, till they reached some destined goal of happiness and honour! Alas, thy Arthur lives; but my Edward, born under the same auspices, fills a bloody grave!”

She wrapped her head in her mantle, as if to stifle the complaints and groans which maternal affection poured forth at these cruel recollections. Philipson, or the exiled Earl of Oxford as we may now term him, distinguished in these changeful times by the steadiness with which he had always maintained his loyalty to the line of Lancaster, saw the imprudence of indulging his sovereign in her weakness.

“Royal mistress,” he said, “life’s journey is that of a brief winter’s day, and its course will run on, whether we avail ourselves of its progress or no. My sovereign is, I trust, too much mistress of herself to suffer lamentation for what is passed to deprive her of the power of using the present time. I am here in obedience to your command; I am to see Burgundy forthwith, and if I find him pliant to the purpose to which we would turn him, events may follow which will change into gladness our present mourning. But we must use our opportunity with speed as well as zeal. Let me know then, madam, for what reason your Majesty hath come hither, disguised and in danger. Surely it was not merely to weep over this young man that the high-minded Queen Margaret left her father’s court, disguised herself in mean attire, and came from a place of safety to one of doubt at least, if not of danger?”

“You mock me, Oxford,” said the unfortunate Queen, “or you deceive yourself, if you think you still serve that Margaret whose word was never

spoken without a reason, and whose slightest action was uninfluenced by a motive. Alas! I am no longer the same firm and rational being. The feverish character of grief, while it makes one place hateful to me, drives me to another in very impotence and impatience of spirit. My father's residence, thou sayst, is safe; but is it tolerable for such a soul as mine? Can one who has been deprived of the noblest and richest kingdom of Europe—one who has lost hosts of noble friends—one who is a widowed consort, a childless mother—one upon whose head Heaven hath poured forth its last vial of unmitigated wrath,—can she stoop to be the companion of a weak old man, who, in sonnets and in music, in mummeries and folly, in harping and rhyming, finds a comfort for all that poverty has that is distressing; and what is still worse, for all that is ridiculous and contemptible?"

"Nay, with your leave, madam," said her counsellor, "blame not the good King René, because, persecuted by fortune, he has been able to find out for himself humbler sources of solace, which your prouder spirit is disposed to disdain. A contention among his minstrels, has for him the animation of a knightly combat; and a crown of flowers, twined by his troubadours, and graced by their sonnets, he accounts a valuable compensation for the diadems of Jerusalem, of Naples, and of both Sicilies, of which he only possesses the empty titles."

"Speak not to me of the pitiable old man," said Margaret; "sunk below even the hatred of his worst enemies, and never thought worthy of any thing more than contempt. I tell thee, noble Oxford, I have been driven nearly mad with my forced residence at Aix, in the paltry circle which he calls his court. My ears, tuned as they now are only to sounds of affliction, are not so weary of the eternal tinkling of harps, and squeaking of rebecks, and snapping of castanets;—my eyes are not so tired of the beggarly affectation of court ceremonial, which is only respectable when it implies wealth and expresses power,—as my very soul is sick of the paltry ambition which can find pleasure in spangles, tassels, and trumpery, when the reality of all that is great and noble hath passed away. No, Oxford. If I am doomed to lose the last cast which fickle fortune seems to offer me, I will retreat into the meanest convent in the Pyrenean hills, and at least escape the insult of the idiot gaiety of my father.—Let him pass from our memory as from the page of history, in which his name will never be recorded. I have much of more importance both to hear and to tell.—And now, my Oxford, what news from Italy? Will the Duke of Milan afford us assistance with his counsels, or with his treasures?"

"With his counsels willingly, madam; but how you will relish them I know not, since he recommends to us submission to our hapless fate, and resignation to the will of Providence."

"The wily Italian! Will not, then, Galeazzo advance any part of his hoards, or assist a friend, to whom he hath in his time full often sworn faith?"

"Not even the diamonds which I offered to deposit in his hands," answered the Earl, "could make him unlock his treasury to supply us with ducats for our enterprise. Yet he said, if Charles of Burgundy should think seriously of an exertion in our favour, such was his regard for that great prince, and his

deep sense of your Majesty's misfortunes, that he would consider what the state of his exchequer, though much exhausted, and the condition of his subjects, though impoverished by taxes and talliages, would permit him to advance in your behalf."

"The double-faced hypocrite!" said Margaret. "If the assistance of the princely Burgundy lends us a chance of regaining what is our own, then he will give us some paltry parcel of crowns, that our restored prosperity may forget his indifference to our adversity.—But what of Burgundy? I have ventured hither to tell you what I have learned, and to hear report of your proceedings—a trusty watch provides for the secrecy of our interview. My impatience to see you brought me hither in this mean disguise. I have a small retinue at a convent a mile beyond the town—I have had your arrival watched by the faithful Lambert—and now I come to know your hopes or your fears, and to tell you my own."

"Royal lady," said the Earl, "I have not seen the Duke. You know his temper to be wilful, sudden, haughty, and unpersuadable. If he can adopt the calm and sustained policy which the times require, I little doubt his obtaining full amends of Louis, his sworn enemy, and even of Edward, his ambitious brother-in-law. But if he yields to extravagant fits of passion, with or without provocation, he may hurry into a quarrel with the poor but hardy Helvetians, and is likely to engage in a perilous contest, in which he cannot be expected to gain any thing, while he undergoes a chance of the most serious losses."

"Surely," replied the Queen, "he will not trust the usurper Edward, even in the very moment when he is giving the greatest proof of treachery to his alliance?"

"In what respect, madam?" replied Oxford. "The news you allude to has not reached me."

"How, my lord? Am I then the first to tell you, that Edward of York has crossed the sea with such an army, as scarce even the renowned Henry V, my father-in-law, ever transported from France to Italy?"

"So much I have indeed heard was expected," said Oxford; "and I anticipated the effect as fatal to our cause."

"Edward is arrived," said Margaret, "and the traitor and usurper hath sent defiance to Louis of France, and demanded of him the crown of that kingdom as his own right—that crown which was placed on the head of my unhappy husband, when he was yet a child in the cradle."

"It is then decided—the English are in France!" answered Oxford, in a tone expressive of the deepest anxiety.—"And whom brings Edward with him on this expedition?"

"All—all the bitterest enemies of our house and cause—The false, the traitorous, the dishonoured George, whom he calls Duke of Clarence—the blood-drinker, Richard—the licentious Hastings—Howard—Stanley—in a word, the leaders of all those traitors whom I would not name, unless by doing so my curses could sweep them from the face of the earth."

"And—I tremble to ask," said the Earl—"Does Burgundy prepare to join them as a brother of the

war, and make common cause with this Yorkish host against King Louis of France?"

"By my advices," replied the Queen, "and they are both private and sure, besides that they are confirmed by the bruit of common fame—No, my good Oxford, no!"

"For that may the Saints be praised!" answered Oxford. "Edward of York—I will not malign even an enemy—is a bold and fearless leader—But he is neither Edward the Third, nor the heroic Black Prince—nor is he that fifth Henry of Lancaster, under whom I won my spurs, and to whose lineage the thoughts of his glorious memory would have made me faithful, had my plighted vows of allegiance ever permitted me to entertain a thought of varying, or of defection. Let Edward engage in war with Louis without the aid of Burgundy, on which he has reckoned. Louis is indeed no hero, but he is a cautious and skilful general, more to be dreaded, perhaps, in these politic days, than if Charlemagne could again raise the Oriflamme, surrounded by Roland and all his paladins. Louis will not hazard such fields as those of Cressy, of Poitiers, or of Agincourt. With a thousand lances from Hainault, and twenty thousand crowns from Burgundy, Edward shall risk the loss of England, while he is engaged in a protracted struggle for the recovery of Normandy and Guienne. But what are the movements of Burgundy?"

"He has menaced Germany," said Margaret, "and his troops are now employed in overrunning Lorraine, of which he has seized the principal towns and castles."

"Where is Ferrard de Vaudemont—a youth, it is said, of courage and enterprise, and claiming Lorraine in right of his mother, Yolande of Anjou, the sister of your Grace?"

"Fled," replied the Queen, "into Germany or Helvetia."

"Let Burgundy beware of him," said the experienced Earl; "for should the disinherited youth obtain confederates in Germany, and allies among the hardy Swiss, Charles of Burgundy may find him a far more formidable enemy than he expects. We are strong for the present, only in the Duke's strength, and if it is wasted in idle and desultory efforts, our hopes, alas! vanish with his power, even if he should be found to have the decided will to assist us. My friends in England are resolute not to stir without men and money from Burgundy."

"It is a fear," said Margaret, "but not our worst fear. I dread more the policy of Louis, who, unless my espials have grossly deceived me, has even already proposed a secret peace to Edward, offering with large sums of money to purchase England to the Yorkists, and a truce of seven years."

"It cannot be," said Oxford. "No Englishman, commanding such an army as Edward must now lead, dares for very shame to retire from France without a manly attempt to recover his lost provinces."

"Such would have been the thoughts of a rightful prince," said Margaret, "who left behind him an obedient and faithful kingdom. Such may not be the thoughts of this Edward, misnamed Plantagenet, base perhaps in mind as in blood, since they say his real father was one Blackburn, an archer of Middleham—usurper, at least, if not bastard—such will not

be his thoughts.* Every breeze that blows from England will bring with it apprehensions of defection amongst those over whom he has usurped authority. He will not sleep in peace till he returns to England with those cut-throats, whom he relies upon for the defence of his stolen crown. He will engage in no war with Louis, for Louis will not hesitate to soothe his pride by humiliation—to gorge his avarice and pamper his voluptuous prodigality by sums of gold; and I fear much we shall soon hear of the English army retiring from France with the idle boast, that they have displayed their banners once more, for a week or two, in the provinces which were formerly their own."

"It the more becomes us to be speedy in moving Burgundy to decision," replied Oxford; "and for that purpose I post to Dijon. Such an army as Edward's cannot be transported over the narrow seas in several weeks. The probability is, that they must winter in France, even if they should have truce with King Louis. With a thousand Hainault lances from the eastern part of Flanders, I can be soon in the North, where we have many friends, besides the assurance of help from Scotland. The faithful West will rise at a signal—a Clifford can be found, though the mountain mists have hid him from Richard's researches—the Welsh will assemble at the rallying word of Tudor—the Red Rose raises its head once more—and so, God save King Henry!"

"Alas!" said the Queen—"But no husband—no friend of mine—the son but of my mother-in-law, by a Welsh chieftain—cold, they say, and crafty—But be it so—let me only see Lancaster triumph, and obtain revenge upon York, and I will die contented."

"It is then your pleasure that I should make the proffers expressed by your Grace's former mandates, to induce Burgundy to stir himself in our cause? If he learns the proposal of a truce betwixt France and England, it will sting sharper than aught I can say."

"Promise all, however," said the Queen. "I know his inmost soul—it is set upon extending the dominions of his House in every direction. For this he has seized Guelders—for this he now overruns and occupies Lorraine—for this he covets such poor remnants of Provence as my father still calls his own. With such augmented territories, he proposes to exchange his ducal diadem for an arched crown of independent sovereignty. Tell the Duke, Margaret can assist his views—tell him, that my father René shall disown the opposition made to the Duke's seizure of Lorraine—He shall do more—he shall declare Charles his heir in Provence, with my ample consent—tell him, the old man shall cede his dominions to him upon the instant that his Hainaulters embark for England, some small pension deducted to maintain a concert of fiddlers, and a troop of morrice-dancers. These are René's only earthly wants. Mine are still fewer—Revenge upon York, and a speedy grave!—For the paltry gold which we may need, thou hast jewels to pledge—For the other conditions, security if required."

"For these, madam, I can pledge my knightly

* The Lancastrian party threw the imputation of bastardy, which was totally unfounded, upon Edward IV.

word, in addition to your royal faith; and if more is required, my son shall be a hostage with Burgundy."

"Oh, no—no!" exclaimed the dethroned Queen, touched by perhaps the only tender feeling, which repeated and extraordinary misfortunes had not chilled into insensibility. "Hazard not the life of the noble youth—he that is the last of the loyal and faithful House of Vere—he that should have been the brother in arms of my beloved Edward—he that had so nearly been his companion in a bloody and untimely grave! Do not involve this poor child in these fatal intrigues, which have been so baneful to his family. Let him go with me. Him at least I will shelter from danger whilst I live, and provide for when I am no more."

"Forgive me, madam," said Oxford, with the firmness which distinguished him. "My son, as you deign to recollect, is a De Vere, destined, perhaps, to be the last of his name. Fall he may, but it must not be without honour. To whatever dangers his duty and allegiance call him, be it from sword or lance, axe or gibbet, to these he must expose himself frankly, when his doing so can mark his allegiance. His ancestors have shown him how to brave them all."

"True, true," said the unfortunate Queen, raising her arms wildly,—*"All must perish—all that have honoured Lancaster—all that have loved Margaret, or whom she has loved! The destruction must be universal—the young must fall with the old—not a lamb of the scattered flock shall escape!"*

"For God's sake, gracious madam," said Oxford, "compose yourself!—I hear them knock on the chapel door."

"It is the signal of parting," said the exiled Queen, collecting herself. "Do not fear, noble Oxford, I am not often thus; but how seldom do I see those friends, whose faces and voices can disturb the composure of my despair! Let me tie this relic about thy neck, good youth, and fear not its evil influence, though you receive it from an ill-omened hand. It was my husband's, blessed by many a prayer, and sanctified by many a holy tear; even my unhappy hands cannot pollute it. I should have bound it on my Edward's bosom on the dreadful morning of Tewkesbury fight; but he armed early—went to the field without seeing me—and all my purpose was vain."

She passed a golden chain round Arthur's neck as she spoke, which contained a small gold crucifix of rich but barbarous manufacture. It had belonged, said tradition, to Edward the Confessor. The knock at the door of the chapel was repeated.

"We must not tarry," said Margaret; "let us part here—you for Dijon, I to Aix, my abode of unrest in Provence. Farewell—we may meet in a better hour—yet how can I hope it? Thus I said on the morning before the fight of Saint Albans—thus on the dark dawning of Towton—thus on the yet more bloody field of Tewkesbury—and what was the event? Yet hope is a plant which cannot be rooted out of a noble breast, till the last heartstring crack as it is pulled away."

So saying, she passed through the chapel door, and mingled in the miscellaneous assemblage of personages who worshipped or indulged their curiosity, or consumed their idle hours amongst the aisles of the cathedral.

Philipson and his son, both deeply impressed with

the singular interview which had just taken place, returned to their inn, where they found a pursuivant with the Duke of Burgundy's badge and livery, who informed them, that if they were the English merchants who were carrying wares of value to the court of the Duke, he had orders to afford them the countenance of his escort and inviolable character. Under his protection they set out from Strasburg; but such was the uncertainty of the Duke of Burgundy's motions, and such the numerous obstacles which occurred to interrupt their journey, in a country disturbed by the constant passage of troops and preparation for war, that it was evening on the second day ere they reached the plain near Dijon, on which the whole, or great part of his power, lay encamped.

CHAPTER XXV.

Thus said the Duke—thus did the Duke infer.

Richard III.

THE eyes of the elder traveller were well accustomed to sights of martial splendour; yet even he was dazzled with the rich and glorious display of the Burgundian camp, in which, near the walls of Dijon, Charles, the wealthiest prince in Europe, had displayed his own extravagance, and encouraged his followers to similar profusion. The pavilions of the meanest officers were of silk and samite, while those of the nobility and great leaders glittered with cloth of silver, cloth of gold, variegated tapestry, and other precious materials, which in no other situation would have been employed as a cover from the weather, but would themselves have been thought worthy of the most careful protection. The horsemen and infantry who mounted guard, were arrayed in the richest and most gorgeous armour. A beautiful and very numerous train of artillery was drawn up near the entrance of the camp, and in its commander, Philipson (to give the Earl the travelling name to which our readers are accustomed), recognised Henry Colvin, an Englishman of inferior birth, but distinguished for his skill in conducting these terrible engines, which had of late come into general use in war. The banners and pennons which were displayed by every knight, baron, and man of rank, floated before their tents, and the owners of these transitory dwellings sat at the door half-armed, and enjoyed the military contests of the soldiers, in wrestling, pitching the bar, and other athletic exercises.

Long rows of the noblest horses were seen at picquet, prancing and tossing their heads, as impatient of the inactivity to which they were confined, or were heard neighing over the provender, which was spread plentifully before them. The soldiers formed joyous groups around the minstrels and strolling jugglers, or were engaged in drinking parties at the sutlers' tents; others strolled about with folded arms, casting their eyes now and then to the sinking sun, as if desirous that the hour should arrive which should put an end to a day unoccupied, and therefore tedious.

At length the travellers reached, amidst the dazzling varieties of this military display, the pavilion of the Duke himself, before which floated heavily in the evening breeze, the broad and rich banner, in which glowed the armorial bearings and quarterings of a

prince, Duke of six provinces, and Count of fifteen counties, who was, from his power, his disposition, and the success which seemed to attend his enterprises, the general dread of Europe. The pursuivant made himself known to some of the household, and the Englishmen were immediately received with courtesy, though not such as to draw attention upon them, and conveyed to a neighbouring tent, the residence of a general officer, which they were given to understand was destined for their accommodation, and where their packages accordingly were deposited, and all refreshments offered them.

"As the camp is filled," said the domestic who waited upon them, "with soldiers of different nations and uncertain dispositions, the Duke of Burgundy, for the safety of your merchandise, has ordered you the protection of a regular sentinel. In the meantime, be in readiness to wait on his Highness, seeing you may look to be presently sent for."

Accordingly, the elder Philipson was shortly after summoned to the Duke's presence, introduced by a back entrance into the ducal pavilion, and into that part of it which, screened by close curtains and wooden barricades, formed Charles's own separate apartment. The plainness of the furniture, and the coarse apparatus of the Duke's toilette, formed a strong contrast to the appearance of the exterior of the pavilion; for Charles, whose character was, in that as in other things, far from consistent, exhibited in his own person during war an austerity, or rather coarseness of dress, and sometimes of manners also, which was more like the rudeness of a German lanzknecht, than the bearing of a prince of exalted rank; while, at the same time, he encouraged and enjoined a great splendour of expense and display amongst his vassals and courtiers, as if to be rudely attired, and to despise every restraint, even of ordinary ceremony, were a privilege of the sovereign alone. Yet when it pleased him to assume state in person and manners, none knew better than Charles of Burgundy how he ought to adorn and demean himself.

Upon his toilette appeared brushes and combs, which might have claimed dismissal as past the term of service, over-worn hats and doublets, dog-leashes, leather-belts, and other such paltry articles; amongst which lay at random, as it seemed, the great diamond called Sancy,—the three rubies termed the Three Brothers of Antwerp,—another great diamond called the Lamp of Flanders, and other precious stones of scarcely inferior value and rarity. This extraordinary display somewhat resembled the character of the Duke himself, who mixed cruelty with justice, magnanimity with meanness of spirit, economy with extravagance, and liberality with avarice; being, in fact, consistent in nothing excepting in his obstinate determination to follow the opinion he had once formed, in every situation of things, and through all variety of risks.

In the midst of the valueless and inestimable articles of his wardrobe and toilette, the Duke of Burgundy called out to the English traveller, "Welcome, Herr Philipson—welcome, you of a nation whose traders are princes, and their merchants the mighty ones of the earth. What new commodities have you brought to gull us with? You merchants, by St George are a wily generation."

"Faith, no new merchandise I, my lord," answered

the elder Englishman; "I bring but the commodities which I showed your highness the last time I communicated with you, in the hope of a poor trader, that your Grace may find them more acceptable upon a review, than when you first saw them."

"It is well, Sir—Philipville, I think they call you?—you are a simple trader, or you take me for a silly purchaser, that you think to gull me with the same wares which I fancied not formerly. Change of fashion, man—novelty—is the motto of commerce; your Lancaster wares have had their day, and I have bought of them like others, and was like enough to have paid dear for them too. York is all the vogue now."

"It may be so among the vulgar," said the Earl of Oxford; "but for souls like your highness, faith, honour, and loyalty, are jewels which change of fancy, or mutability of taste, cannot put out of fashion."

"Why, it may be, noble Oxford," said the Duke, "that I preserve in my secret mind some veneration for these old-fashioned qualities, else why should I have such regard for your person, in which they have ever been distinguished? But my situation is painfully urgent, and should I make a false step at this crisis, I might break the purposes of my whole life. Observe me, Sir Merchant. Here has come over your old competitor, Blackburn, whom some call Edward of York and of London, with a commodity of bows and bills such as never entered France since King Arthur's time; and he offers to enter into joint adventure with me, or, in plain speech, to make common cause with Burgundy, till we smoke out of his earths the old fox Louis, and nail his hide to the stable-door. In a word, England invites me to take part with him, against my most wily and inveterate enemy, the King of France; to rid myself of the chain of vassalage, and to ascend into the rank of independent princes;—how think you, noble Earl, can I forego this seducing temptation?"

"You must ask this of some of your counsellors of Burgundy," said Oxford; "it is a question fraught too deeply with ruin to my cause, for me to give a fair opinion on it."

"Nevertheless," said Charles, "I ask thee as an honourable man, what objections you see to the course proposed to me? Speak your mind, and speak it freely."

"My lord, I know it is in your highness's nature to entertain no doubts of the facility of executing any thing which you have once determined shall be done. Yet, though this princelike disposition may in some cases prepare for its own success, and has often done so, there are others, in which, persisting in our purpose, merely because we have once willed it, leads not to success, but to ruin. Look, therefore, at this English army;—winter is approaching, where are they to be lodged? how are they to be victualled? by whom are they to be paid? Is your highness to take all the expense and labour of fitting them for the summer campaign? for, rely on it, an English army never was, nor will be, fit for service, till they have been out of their own island long enough to accustom them to military duty. They are men, I grant, the fittest for soldiers in the world; but they are not soldiers as yet, and must be trained to become such at your highness's expense."

"Be it so," said Charles; "I think the Low Countries can find food for the beef-consuming knaves for a few weeks, and villages for them to lie in, and officers to train their sturdy limbs to war, and provost-marshal enough to reduce their refractory spirit to discipline."

"What happens next?" said Oxford. "You march to Paris, add to Edward's usurped power another kingdom; restore to him all the possessions which England ever had in France, Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Gascony, and all besides—Can you trust this Edward when you shall have thus fostered his strength, and made him far stronger than this Louis whom you have united to pull down?"

"By St George, I will not dissemble with you! It is in that very point that my doubts trouble me. Edward is indeed my brother-in-law, but I am a man little inclined to put my head under my wife's girdle."

"And the times," said Philipson, "have too often shown the inefficiency of family alliances, to prevent the most gross breaches of faith."

"You say well, Earl. Clarence betrayed his father-in-law; Louis poisoned his brother—Domestic affections, pshaw! they sit warm enough by a private man's fire-side, but they cannot come into fields of battle, or princes' halls, where the wind blows cold. No; my alliance with Edward by marriage were little succour to me in time of need. I would as soon ride an unbroken horse, with no better bridle than a lady's garter. But what then is the result? He wars on Louis; whichever gains the better, I, who must be strengthened in their mutual weakness, receive the advantage—The Englishmen slay the French with their cloth-yard shafts, and the Frenchmen, by skirmishes, waste, weaken, and destroy the English. With spring I take the field with an army superior to both, and then, St George for Burgundy!"

"And if in the meanwhile, your Highness will deign to assist, even in the most trifling degree, a cause the most honourable that ever knight laid lance in rest for,—a moderate sum of money, and a small body of Hainault lances, who may gain both fame and fortune by the service, may replace the injured heir of Lancaster in the possession of his native and rightful dominion."

"Ay, marry, Sir Earl," said the Duke, "you come roundly to the point; but we have seen, and indeed partly assisted, at so many turns betwixt York and Lancaster, that we have some doubt which is the side to which Heaven has given the right, and the inclinations of the people the effectual power; we are surprised into absolute giddiness by so many extraordinary revolutions of fortune as England has exhibited."

"A proof, my lord, that these mutations are not yet ended, and that your generous aid may give to the better side an effectual turn of advantage."

"And lend my cousin, Margaret of Anjou, my arm to dethrone my wife's brother? Perhaps he deserves small good-will at my hands, since he and his insolent nobles have been urging me with remonstrances, and even threats, to lay aside all my own important affairs, and join Edward, forsooth, in his knight-errant expedition against Louis. I will march against Louis at my own time, and not sooner; and, by St George! neither island King, nor island noble shall dictate

VOL. VII.

to Charles of Burgundy. You are fine conceited companions, you English of both sides, that think the matters of your own bedlam island are as interesting to all the world as to yourselves. But neither York nor Lancaster; neither brother Blackburn, nor cousin Margaret of Anjou, not with John de Vere to back her, shall gull me. Men lure no hawks with empty hands."

Oxford, familiar with the Duke's disposition, suffered him to exhaust himself in chafing, that any one should pretend to dictate his course of conduct, and, when he was at length silent, replied with calmness—"Do I live to hear the noble Duke of Burgundy, the mirror of European chivalry, say, that no reason has been shown to him for an adventure where a helpless queen is to be redressed—a royal house raised from the dust? Is there not immortal *los* and honour—the trumpet of fame to proclaim the sovereign, who, alone in a degenerate age, has united the duties of a generous knight with those of a princely sovereign?"—

The Duke interrupted him, striking him at the same time on the shoulder—"And King René's five hundred fiddlers to tune their cracked violins in my praise? and King René himself to listen to them, and say, 'Well fought Duke—well played fiddler!' I tell thee, John of Oxford, when thou and I wore maiden armour, such words as fame, honour, *los*, knightly glory, lady's love, and so forth, were good mottoes for our snow-white shields, and a fair enough argument for splintering lances—Ay, and in tilt-yard, though somewhat old for these fierce follies, I would jeopard my person in such a quarrel yet, as becomes a knight of the order. But when we come to paying down of crowns, and embarking of large squadrons, we must have to propose to our subjects some substantial excuse for plunging them in war; some proposal for the public good—or, by St George! for our own private advantage, which is the same thing. This is the course the world runs, and, Oxford, to tell the plain truth, I mean to hold the same bias."

"Heaven forbid that I should expect your Highness to act otherwise than with a view to your subjects' welfare—the increase, that is, as your Grace happily expresses it, of your own power and dominion. The money we require is not in benevolence, but in loan; and Margaret is willing to deposit these jewels, of which I think your Grace knows the value, till she shall repay the sum which your friendship may advance her in her necessity."

"Ha, ha!" said the Duke, "would our cousin make a pawnbroker of us, and have us deal with her like a Jewish usurer with his debtor?—Yet, in faith, Oxford, we may need the diamonds, for if this business were otherwise feasible, it is possible that I myself must become a borrower to aid my cousin's necessities. I have applied to the states of the Duchy, who are now sitting, and expect, as is reasonable, a large supply. But there are restless heads and close hands among them, and they may be niggardly—So, place the jewels on the table in the meanwhile.—Well, say I am to be no sufferer in purse by this feat of knight-errantry which you propose to me, still princes enter not into war without some view of advantage?"

"Listen to me, noble sovereign. You are naturally bent to unite the great estates of your father, and

those you have acquired by your own arms, into a compact and firm dukedom."——

"Call it a kingdom," said Charles; "it is the worthier word."

"Into a kingdom, of which the crown shall sit as fair and even on your Grace's brow as that of France on your present suzerain, Louis."

"It needs not such shrewdness as yours to desery that such is my purpose," said the Duke; "else, wherefore am I here with helm on my head, and sword by my side? And wherefore are my troops seizing on the strong places in Lorraine, and chasing before them the beggarly De Vaudemont, who has the insolence to claim it as his inheritance? Yes, my friend, the aggrandizement of Burgundy is a theme for which the Duke of that fair province is bound to fight, while he can put foot in stirrup."

"But think you not," said the English earl, "since you allow me to speak freely with your Grace, on the footing of old acquaintanceship, think you not that in this chart of your dominions, otherwise so fairly bounded, there is something on the southern frontier which might be arranged more advantageously for a King of Burgundy?"

"I cannot guess whither you would lead me," said the Duke, looking at a map of the Duchy and his other possessions, to which the Englishman had pointed his attention, and then turning his broad keen eye upon the face of the banished Earl.

"I would say," replied the latter, "that, to so powerful a prince as your Grace, there is no safe neighbour but the sea. Here is Provence, which interferes betwixt you and the Mediterranean; Provence, with its princely harbours, and fertile corn-fields and vineyards. Were it not well to include it in your map of sovereignty, and thus touch the middle sea with one hand, while the other rested on the sea-coast of Flanders?"

"Provence, said you?"—replied the Duke, eagerly; "why, man, my very dreams are of Provence. I cannot smell an orange but it reminds me of its perfumed woods and bowers, its olives, citrons, and pomegranates. But how to frame pretensions to it? Shame it were to disturb René, the harmless old man, nor would it become a near relation. Then he is the uncle of Louis; and most probably, failing his daughter Margaret, or perhaps in preference to her, he hath named the French King his heir."

"A better claim might be raised up in your Grace's own person," said the Earl of Oxford, "if you will afford Margaret of Anjou the succour she requires by me."

"Take the aid thou requirest," replied the Duke; "take double the amount of it in men and money! Let me but have a claim upon Provence, though thin as a single thread of thy Queen Margaret's hair, and let me alone for twisting it into the tough texture of a quadruple cable.—But I am a fool to listen to the dreams of one, who, ruined himself, can lose little by holding forth to others the most extravagant hopes."

Charles breathed high, and changed complexion as he spoke.

"I am not such a person, my Lord Duke," said the earl. "Listen to me—René is broken with years, fond of repose, and too poor to maintain his rank with the necessary dignity; too good-natured, or too feeble-

minded, to lay farther imposts on his subjects; weary of contending with bad fortune, and desirous to resign his territories"——

"His territories!" said Charles.

"Yes, all he actually possesses; and the much more extensive dominions which he has claim to, but which have passed from his sway."

"You take away my breath!" said the Duke. "René resign Provence! and what says Margaret—the proud, the high-minded Margaret—will she subscribe to so humiliating a proceeding?"

"For the chance of seeing Lancaster triumph in England, she would resign, not only dominion, but life itself. And in truth, the sacrifice is less than it may seem to be. It is certain that, when René dies, the King of France will claim the old man's county of Provence as a male fief, and there is no one strong enough to back Margaret's claim of inheritance, however just it may be."

"It is just," said Charles; "it is undeniable. I will not hear of its being denied or challenged—that is, when once it is established in our own person. It is the true principle of the war for the public good, that none of the great fiefs be suffered to revert again to the crown of France, least of all while it stands on a brow so astucious and unprincipled as that of Louis. Burgundy joined to Provence—a dominion from the German ocean to the Mediterranean! Oxford—thou art my better angel!"

"Your Grace must, however, reflect," said Oxford, "that honourable provision must be made for King René."

"Certainly, man, certainly; he shall have a score of fiddlers and jugglers to play, roar, and recite to him from morning till night. He shall have a court of Troubadours, who shall do nothing but drink, flute, and fiddle to him, and pronounce *arrests of love*, to be confirmed or reversed by an appeal to himself, the supreme *Roi d'Amour*. And Margaret shall also be honourably sustained, in the manner you may point out."

"That will be easily settled," answered the English Earl. "If our attempts on England succeed, she will need no aid from Burgundy. If she fails, she retires into a cloister, and it will not be long that she will need the honourable maintenance which, I am sure, your Grace's generosity will willingly assign her."

"Unquestionably," answered Charles; "and on a scale which will become us both;—but, by my halidome, John of Vere, the abbess into whose cloister Margaret of Anjou shall retire, will have an ungovernable penitent under her charge. Well do I know her; and, Sir Earl, I will not clog our discourse by expressing any doubts, that, if she pleases, she can compel her father to resign his estates to whomsoever she will. She is like my brache, Gorgon, who compels whatsoever hound is coupled with her to go the way she chuses, or she strangles him if he resists. So has Margaret acted with her simple-minded husband; and I am aware that her father, a fool of a different cast, must of necessity be equally tractable. I think I could have matched her,—though my very neck aches at the thought of the struggles we should have had for mastery.—But you look grave, because I jest with the pertinacious temper of my unhappy cousin."

"My lord," said Oxford, "whatever are or have been the defects of my mistress, she is in distress, and almost in desolation. She is my sovereign, and your Highness's cousin not the less."

"Enough said, Sir Earl," answered the Duke. "Let us speak seriously. Whatever we may think of the abdication of King René, I fear we shall find it difficult to make Louis XI see the matter as favourably as we do. He will hold that the county of Provence is a male fief, and that neither the resignation of René, nor the consent of his daughter, can prevent its reverting to the crown of France, as the King of Sicily, as they call him, hath no male issue."

"That, may it please your Grace, is a question for battle to decide; and your Highness has successfully braved Louis for a less important stake. All I can say is, that, if your Grace's active assistance enables the young Earl of Richmond to succeed in his enterprise, you shall have the aid of three thousand English archers, if old John of Oxford, for want of a better leader, were to bring them over himself."

"A noble aid," said the Duke; "graced still more by him who promises to lead them. Thy succour, noble Oxford, were precious to me, did you but come with your sword by your side, and a single page at your back. I know you well, both heart and head. But let us to this gear; exiles, even the wisest, are privileged in promises, and sometimes—excuse me, noble Oxford—impose on themselves as well as on their friends. What are the hopes on which you desire me again to embark on so troubled and uncertain an ocean, as these civil contests of yours?"

The Earl of Oxford produced a schedule, and explained to the Duke the plan of his expedition, to be backed by an insurrection of the friends of Lancaster, of which it is enough to say, that it was bold to the verge of temerity; but yet so well compacted and put together, as to bear, in those times of rapid revolution, and under a leader of Oxford's approved military skill and political sagacity, a strong appearance of probable success.

While Duke Charles mused over the particulars of an enterprise attractive and congenial to his own disposition,—while he counted over the affronts which he had received from his brother-in-law, Edward IV, the present opportunity for taking a signal revenge, and the rich acquisition which he hoped to make in Provence by the cession in his favour of René of Anjou and his daughter, the Englishman failed not to press on his consideration the urgent necessity of suffering no time to escape.

"The accomplishment of this scheme," he said, "demands the utmost promptitude. To have a chance of success, I must be in England, with your Grace's auxiliary forces, before Edward of York can return from France with his army."

"And having come hither," said the Duke, "our worthy brother will be in no hurry to return again. He will meet with black-eyed French women and ruby-coloured French wine, and brother Blackburn is no man to leave such commodities in a hurry."

"My Lord Duke, I will speak truth of my enemy. Edward is indolent and luxurious when things are easy around him, but let him feel the spur of necessity, and he becomes as eager as a pampered steed. Louis, too, who seldom fails in finding means to ac-

complish his ends, is bent upon determining the English King to recross the sea—therefore, speed, noble Prince—speed is the soul of your enterprise."

"Speed!" said the Duke of Burgundy,—“Why, I will go with you, and see the embarkation myself; and tried, approved soldiers you shall have, such as are nowhere to be found save in Artois and Hainault.”

"But pardon yet, noble Duke, the impatience of a drowning wretch urgently pressing for assistance.—When shall we to the coast of Flanders, to order this important measure?"

"Why, in a fortnight, or perchance a week, or, in a word, so soon as I shall have chastised to purpose a certain gang of thieves and robbers, who, as the scum of the cauldron will always be uppermost, have got up into the fastnesses of the Alps, and from thence annoy our frontiers by contraband traffic, pillage, and robbery."

"Your Highness means the Swiss confederates?"

"Ay, the peasant churls give themselves such a name. They are a sort of manumitted slaves of Austria, and, like a ban-dog, whose chain is broken, they avail themselves of their liberty to annoy and rend whatever comes in their way."

"I travelled through their country from Italy," said the exiled Earl, "and I heard it was the purpose of the Cantons to send envoys to solicit peace of your Highness."

"Peace!" exclaimed Charles.—“A proper sort of peaceful proceedings those of their embassy have been! Availing themselves of a mutiny of the burghers of La Ferette, the first garrison town which they entered, they stormed the walls, seized on Archibald de Hagenbach, who commanded the place on my part, and put him to death in the market-place. Such an insult must be punished, Sir John de Vere; and if you do not see me in the storm of passion which it well deserves, it is because I have already given orders to hang up the base runagates who call themselves ambassadors.”

"For God's sake, noble Duke," said the Englishman, throwing himself at Charles's feet—"for your own character, for the sake of the peace of Christendom, revoke such an order if it is really given!"

"What means this passion?" said Duke Charles.—“What are these men's lives to thee, excepting that the consequences of a war may delay your expedition for a few days?”

"May render it altogether abortive," said the Earl; "nay, *must* needs do so.—Hear me, Lord Duke. I was with these men on a part of their journey."

"You!" said the Duke—"you a companion of the paltry Swiss peasants? Misfortune has sunk the pride of English nobility to a low ebb, when you selected such associates."

"I was thrown amongst them by accident," said the Earl. "Some of them are of noble blood, and are, besides, men for whose peaceable intentions I venture to constitute myself their warrant."

"On my honour, my Lord of Oxford, you graced them highly, and me no less, in interfering between the Swiss and myself! Allow me to say that I condescend, when, in deference to past friendship, I permit you to speak to me of your own English affairs."

Methinks you might well spare me your opinion upon topics with which you have no natural concern.

"My lord of Burgundy," replied Oxford, "I followed your banner to Paris, and had the good luck to rescue you in the fight at Mont l'Héry, when you were beset by the French men at-arms"—

"We have not forgot it," said Duke Charles; "and it is a sign that we keep the action in remembrance, that you have been suffered to stand before us so long, pleading the cause of a set of rascals, whom we are required to spare from the gallows that groans for them, because forsooth they have been the fellow-travellers of the Earl of Oxford!"

"Not so, my lord. I ask their lives, only because they are upon a peaceful errand, and the leaders amongst them at least have no accession to the crime of which you complain."

The Duke traversed the apartment with unequal steps in much agitation, his large eye-brows drawn down over his eyes, his hands clenched, and his teeth set, until at length he seemed to take a resolution. He rung a hand-bell of silver, which stood upon his table.

"Here, Contay," he said to the gentleman of his chamber who entered, "are these mountain fellows yet executed?"

"No, may it please your Highness; but the executioner waits them so soon as the priest hath confessed them."

"Let them live," said the Duke. "We will hear to-morrow in what manner they propose to justify their proceedings towards us."

Contay bowed and left the apartment; then turning to the Englishman, the Duke said, with an indescribable mixture of haughtiness with familiarity and even kindness, but having his brows cleared, and his looks composed,—*"We are now clear of obligation, my Lord of Oxford—you have obtained life for life—nay, to make up some inequality which there may be betwixt the value of the commodities bestowed, you have obtained six lives for one. I will, therefore, pay no more attention to you, should you again upbraid me with the stumbling horse at Mont l'Héry, or your own achievements on that occasion. Most princes are contented with privately hating such men as have rendered them extraordinary services—I feel no such disposition—I only detest being reminded of having had occasion for them.—Pshaw! I am half-choked with the effort of foregoing my own fixed resolution.—So ho! who waits there? Bring me to drink."*

An usher entered, bearing a large silver flaggon, which, instead of wine, was filled with tisane, slightly flavoured by aromatic herbs.

"I am so hot and choleric by nature," said the Duke, "that our leeches prohibit me from drinking wine. But you, Oxford, are bound by no such regimen. Get thee to thy countryman, Colvin, the general of our artillery. We commend thee to his custody and hospitality till to-morrow, which must be a busy day, since I expect to receive the answer of these wiseacres of the Dijon assembly of estates; and have also to hear (thanks to your lordship's interference) these miserable Swiss envoys, as they call themselves. Well, no more on't.—Good night. You

may communicate freely with Colvin, who is, like yourself, an old Lancastrian.—But hark ye, not a word respecting Provence—not even in your sleep.—Contay, conduct this English gentleman to Colvin's tent. He knows my pleasure respecting him."

"So please your Grace," answered Contay, "I left the English gentleman's son with Monsieur de Colvin."

"What! thine own son, Oxford? And with thee here? Why did you not tell me of him? Is he a true scion of the ancient tree?"

"It is my pride to believe so, my lord. He has been the faithful companion of all my dangers and wanderings."

"Happy man!" said the Duke, with a sigh. "You, Oxford, have a son to share your poverty and distress—I have none to be partner and successor to my greatness."

"You have a daughter, my lord," said the noble De Vere, "and it is to be hoped she will one day wed some powerful prince, who may be the stay of your Highness's house."

"Never! By Saint George, never!" answered the Duke, sharply and shortly. "I will have no son-in-law, who may make the daughter's bed a stepping-stone to reach the father's crown. Oxford, I have spoken more freely than I am wont, perhaps more freely than I ought—but I hold some men trustworthy, and believe you, Sir John de Vere, to be one of them."

The English nobleman bowed, and was about to leave his presence, but the Duke presently recalled him.

"There is one thing more, Oxford.—The cession of Provence is not quite enough. René and Margaret must disavow this hot-brained Ferrand de Vaudemont, who is making some foolish stir in Lorraine, in right of his mother Yolande."

"My lord," said Oxford, "Ferrand is the grandson of King René, the nephew of Queen Margaret; but yet"—

"But yet, by Saint George, his rights, as he calls them, on Lorraine, must positively be disowned. You talk of their family feelings, while you are urging me to make war on my own brother-in-law!"

"René's best apology for deserting his grandson," answered Oxford, "will be his total inability to support and assist him. I will communicate your Grace's condition, though it is a hard one."

So saying, he left the pavilion.

CHAPTER XXVI.

——— I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder.

King Henry VIII.

COLVIN, the English officer, to whom the Duke of Burgundy, with splendid pay and appointments, committed the charge of his artillery, was owner of the tent assigned for the Englishman's lodging, and received the Earl of Oxford with the respect due to his rank, and to the Duke's especial orders upon that

subject. He had been himself a follower of the Lancaster faction, and of course was well disposed towards one of the very few men of distinction whom he had known personally, and who had constantly adhered to that family through the train of misfortunes by which they seemed to be totally overwhelmed. A repast, of which his son had already partaken, was offered to the Earl by Colvin, who omitted not to recommend, by precept and example, the good wine of Burgundy, from which the sovereign of the province was himself obliged to refrain.

"His Grace shows command of passion in that," said Colvin. "For, sooth to speak, and only conversing betwixt friends, his temper grows too headlong to bear the spur which a cup of cordial beverage gives to the blood, and he, therefore, wisely restricts himself to such liquid as may cool rather than inflame his natural fire of disposition."

"I can perceive as much," said the Lancastrian noble. "When I first knew the noble Duke, who was then Earl of Charolois, his temper, though always sufficiently fiery, was calmness to the impetuosity which he now displays on the smallest contradiction. Such is the course of an uninterrupted flow of prosperity. He has ascended, by his own courage and the advantage of circumstances, from the doubtful place of a feudatory and tributary prince, to rank with the most powerful sovereigns in Europe, and to assume independent majesty. But I trust the noble starts of generosity, which atoned for his wilful and wayward temper, are not more few than formerly?"

"I have good right to say that they are not," replied the soldier of fortune, who understood generosity in the restricted sense of liberality. "The Duke is a noble and open-handed master."

"I trust his bounty is conferred on men who are as faithful and steady in their service as you, Colvin, have ever been. But I see a change in your army. I know the banners of most of the old houses in Burgundy—How is it that I observe so few of them in the Duke's camp? I see flags, and pennons, and penoncelles; but even to me, who have been so many years acquainted with the nobility both of France and Flanders, their bearings are unknown."

"My noble lord of Oxford," answered the officer, "it ill becomes a man, who lives on the Duke's pay, to censure his conduct; but his Highness hath of late trusted too much, as it seems to me, to the hired arms of foreign levies, and too little to his own native subjects and retainers. He holds it better to take into his pay large bands of German and Italian mercenary soldiers, than to repose confidence in the knights and squires, who are bound to him by allegiance and feudal faith. He uses the aid of his own subjects but as the means of producing him sums of money, which he bestows on his hired troops. The Germans are honest knaves enough while regularly paid; but Heaven preserve me from the Duke's Italian bands, and that Campobasso their leader, who waits but the highest price to sell his Highness like a sheep for the shambles!"

"Think you so ill of him?" demanded the Earl.

"So exquisitely ill, that I believe," replied Colvin, "there is no sort of treachery which the heart can devise, or the arm perpetrate, that hath not ready reception in his breast, and prompt execution at his

hand. It is painful, my lord, for an honest Englishman like me to serve in an army where such traitors have command. But what can I do, unless I could once more find me a soldier's occupation in my native country? I often hope it will please merciful Heaven again to awaken those brave civil wars in my own dear England, where all was fair fighting, and treason was unheard of."

Lord Oxford gave his host to understand, that there was a possibility that his pious wish of living and dying in his own country, and in the practice of his profession, was not to be despaired of. Meantime he requested of him, that early on the next morning he would procure him a pass and an escort for his son, whom he was compelled to dispatch forthwith to Nancy, the residence of King René.

"What!" said Colvin, "is my young Lord of Oxford to take a degree in the Court of Love? for no other business is listened to at King René's capital, save love and poetry."

"I am not ambitious of such distinction for him, my good host," answered Oxford; "but Queen Margaret is with her father, and it is but fitting that the youth should kiss her hand."

"Enough spoken," said the veteran Lancastrian. "I trust, though winter is fast approaching, the Red Rose may bloom in spring."

He then ushered the Earl of Oxford to the partition of the tent which he was to occupy, in which there was a couch for Arthur also—their host, as Colvin might be termed, assuring them, that, with peep of day, horses and faithful attendants should be ready to speed the youth on his journey to Nancy.

"And now, Arthur," said his father, "we must part once more. I dare give thee, in this land of danger, no written communication to my mistress, Queen Margaret; but say to her, that I have found the Duke of Burgundy wedded to his own views of interest, but not averse to combine them with hers. Say, that I have little doubt that he will grant us the required aid, but not without the expected resignation in his favour by herself and King René. Say, I would never have recommended such a sacrifice for the precarious chance of overthrowing the House of York, but that I am satisfied that France and Burgundy are hanging like vultures over Provence, and that the one or other, or both princes, are ready, on her father's demise, to pounce on such possessions as they have reluctantly spared to him during his life. An accommodation with Burgundy may, therefore, on the one hand, ensure his active co-operation in the attempt on England; and, on the other, if our high-spirited princess complies not with the Duke's request, the justice of her cause will give no additional security to her hereditary claims on her father's dominions. Bid Queen Margaret, therefore, unless she should have changed her views, obtain King René's formal deed of cession, conveying his estates to the Duke of Burgundy, with her Majesty's consent. The necessary provisions to the King and to herself may be filled up at her Grace's pleasure, or they may be left blank. I can trust to the Duke's generosity to their being suitably arranged. All that I fear is, that Charles may embroil himself"—

"In some silly exploit, necessary for his own honour and the safety of his dominions," answered a

voice behind the lining of the tent; "and, by doing so, attend to his own affairs more than to ours? Ha, Sir Earl?"

At the same time the curtain was drawn aside, and a person entered, in whom, though clothed with the jerkin and bonnet of a private soldier of the Walloon guard, Oxford instantly recognised the Duke of Burgundy's harsh features and fierce eyes, as they sparkled from under the fur and feather with which the cap was ornamented.

Arthur, who knew not the Prince's person, started at the intrusion, and laid his hand on his dagger; but his father made a signal which staid his hand, and he gazed with wonder on the solemn respect with which the Earl received the intrusive soldier. The first word informed him of the cause.

"If this masking be done in proof of my faith, noble Duke, permit me to say it is superfluous."

"Nay, Oxford," answered the Duke, "I was a courteous spy; for I ceased to play the eaves-dropper, at the very moment when I had reason to expect you were about to say something to anger me."

"As I am true knight, my Lord Duke, if you had remained behind the arras, you would only have heard the same truths which I am ready to tell in your Grace's presence, though it may have chanced they might have been more bluntly expressed."

"Well, speak them then, in whatever phrase thou wilt—they lie in their throats that say Charles of Burgundy was ever offended by advice from a well-meaning friend."

"I would then have said," replied the English Earl, "that all which Margaret of Anjou had to apprehend, was that the Duke of Burgundy, when buckling on his armour to win Provence for himself, and to afford to her his powerful assistance to assert her rights in England, was likely to be withdrawn from such high objects by an imprudently eager desire to avenge himself of imaginary affronts, offered to him, as he supposes, by certain confederacies of Alpine mountaineers, over whom it is impossible to gain any important advantage, or acquire reputation, while, on the contrary, there is a risk of losing both. These men dwell amongst rocks and deserts which are almost inaccessible, and subsist in a manner so rude, that the poorest of your subjects would starve if subjected to such diet. They are formed by nature to be the garrison of the mountain-fortresses in which she has placed them;—for Heaven's sake meddle not with them, but follow forth your own nobler and more important objects, without stirring a nest of hornets, which, once in motion, may sting you into madness."

The Duke had promised patience, and endeavoured to keep his word; but the swollen muscles of his face, and his flashing eyes, showed how painful to him it was to suppress his resentment.

"You are misinformed, my lord," he said; "these men are not the inoffensive herdsmen and peasants you are pleased to suppose them. If they were, I might afford to despise them. But, flushed with some victories over the sluggish Austrians, they have shaken off all reverence for authority, assume airs of independence, form leagues, make inroads, storm towns, doom and execute men of noble birth at their pleasure.—Thou art dull, and look'st as if thou

dost not apprehend me. To rouse thy English blood, and make thee sympathise with my feelings to these mountaineers, know that these Swiss are very Scots to my dominions in their neighbourhood; poor, proud, ferocious; easily offended, because they gain by war; ill to be appeased, because they nourish deep revenge; ever ready to seize the moment of advantage, and attack a neighbour when he is engaged in other affairs. The same unquiet, perfidious, and inveterate enemies that the Scots are to England, are the Swiss to Burgundy and to my allies. What say you? Can I undertake any thing of consequence till I have crushed the pride of such a people? It will be but a few days' work. I will grasp the mountain-hedgehog, prickles and all, with my steel gauntlet."

"Your Grace will then have shorter work with them," replied the disguised nobleman, "than our English Kings have had with Scotland. The wars there have lasted so long, and proved so bloody, that wise men regret we ever began them."

"Nay," said the Duke, "I will not dishonour the Scots by comparing them in all respects to these mountain-churls of the Cantons. The Scots have blood and gentry among them, and we have seen many examples of both; these Swiss are a mere brood of peasants, and the few gentlemen of birth they can boast must hide their distinction in the dress and manners of clowns. They will, I think, scarce stand against a charge of Hainaulters."

"Not if the Hainaulters find ground to ride upon. But"—

"Nay, to silence your scruples," said the Duke, interrupting him, "know, that these people encourage, by their countenance and aid, the formation of the most dangerous conspiracies in my dominions. Look here—I told you that my officer, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach, was murdered when the town of La Ferette was treacherously taken by these harmless Switzers of yours. And here is a scroll of parchment, which announces that my servant was murdered by doom of the Vehmgericht, a band of secret assassins, whom I will not permit to meet in any part of my dominions. O, could I but catch them above ground as they are found lurking below, they should know what the life of a nobleman is worth! Then, look at the insolence of their attestation."

The scroll bore, with the day and date adjoined, that judgment had been done on Archibald de Hagenbach, for tyranny, violence, and oppression, by order of the Holy Vehme, and that it was executed by their officials, who were responsible for the same to their tribunal alone. It was countersigned in red ink, with the badges of the Secret Society, a coil of ropes and a drawn dagger.

"This document I found stuck to my toilette with a knife," said the Duke; "another trick by which they give mystery to their murderous jugglery."

The thought of what he had undergone in John Mengs's house, and reflections upon the extent and omnipresence of these Secret Associations, struck even the brave Englishman with an involuntary shudder.

"For the sake of every saint in Heaven," he said, "forbear, my lord, to speak of these tremendous societies, whose creatures are above, beneath, and

around us. No man is secure of his life, however guarded, if it be sought by a man who is careless of his own. You are surrounded by Germans, Italians, and other strangers—How many amongst these may be bound by the secret ties which withdraw men from every other social bond, to unite them together in one inextricable, though secret compact! Beware, noble Prince, of the situation on which your throne is placed, though it still exhibits all the splendour of power, and all the solidity of foundation that belongs to so august a structure. I—the friend of thy house—were it with my dying breath—must needs tell thee, that the Swiss hang like an avalanche over thy head; and the Secret Associations work beneath thee like the first throes of the coming earthquake. Provoke not the contest, and the snow will rest undisturbed on the mountain-side—the agitation of the subterranean vapours will be hushed to rest; but a single word of defiance, or one flash of indignant scorn, may call their terrors into instant action.”

“You speak,” said the Duke, “with more awe of a pack of naked churls, and a band of midnight assassins, than I have seen you show for real danger. Yet I will not scorn your counsel—I will hear the Swiss envoys patiently, and I will not, if I can help it, show the contempt with which I cannot but regard their pretensions to treat as independent states. On the Secret Associations I will be silent, till time gives me the means of acting in combination with the Emperor, the Diet, and the Princes of the Empire, that they may be driven from all their burrows at once.—Ha, Sir Earl, said I well?”

“It is well thought, my lord, but it may be unhappily spoken. You are in a position where one word, overheard by a traitor, might produce death and ruin.”

“I keep no traitors about me,” said Charles. “If I thought there were such in my camp, I would rather die by them at once, than live in perpetual terror and suspicion.”

“Your Highness’s ancient followers and servants,” said the Earl, “speak unfavourably of the Count of Campobasso, who holds so high a rank in your confidence.”

“Ay,” replied the Duke, with composure, “it is easy to descry the most faithful servant in a court by the unanimous hatred of all the others. I warrant me your bull-headed countryman, Colvin, has been railing against the Count like the rest of them, for Campobasso sees nothing amiss in any department but he reports it to me without fear or favour. And then his opinions are cast so much in the same mould with my own, that I can hardly get him to enlarge upon what he best understands, if it seems in any respect different from my sentiments. Add to this, a noble person, grace, gaiety, skill in the exercises of war, and in the courtly arts of peace—such is Campobasso; and being such, is he not a gem for a prince’s cabinet?”

“The very materials out of which a favourite is formed,” answered the Earl of Oxford, “but something less adapted for making a faithful counsellor.”

“Why, thou mistrustful fool,” said the Duke, “must I tell thee the very inmost secret respecting this man, Campobasso, and will nothing short of it stay these imaginary suspicions, which thy new trade

of an itinerant merchant hath led thee to entertain so rashly?”

“If your Majesty honours me with your confidence,” said the Earl of Oxford, “I can only say that my fidelity shall deserve it.”

“Know, then, thou misbelieving mortal, that my good friend and brother, Louis of France, sent me private information through no less a person than his famous barber, Oliver le Diable, that Campobasso had for a certain sum offered to put my person into his hands, alive or dead.—You start?”

“I do indeed—recollecting your Highness’s practice of riding out lightly armed, and with a very small attendance, to reconnoitre the ground and visit the out-posts, and therefore how easily such a treacherous device might be carried into execution.”

“Pshaw!” answered the Duke.—“Thou seest the danger as if it were real, whereas nothing can be more certain than that, if my cousin of France had ever received such an offer, he would have been the last person to have put me on my guard against the attempt. No—he knows the value I set on Campobasso’s services, and forged the accusation to deprive me of them.”

“And yet, my lord,” replied the English Earl, “your Highness, by my counsel, will not unnecessarily or impatiently fling aside your armour of proof, or ride without the escort of some score of your trusty Walloons.”

“Tush, man, thou wouldst make a carbonado of a fever-stirred wretch like myself, betwixt the bright iron and the burning sun. But I will be cautious, though I jest thus—and you, young man, may assure my cousin, Margaret of Anjou, that I will consider her affairs as my own. And remember, youth, that the secrets of princes are fatal gifts, if he to whom they are imparted blaze them abroad; but if duly treasured up, they enrich the bearer. And thou shalt have cause to say so, if thou canst bring back with thee from Nancy the deed of resignation, of which thy father has spoken—Good night—good night!”

He left the apartment.

“You have just seen,” said the Earl of Oxford to his son, “a sketch of this extraordinary prince, by his own pencil. It is easy to excite his ambition or thirst of power, but well-nigh impossible to limit him to the just measures by which it is most likely to be gratified. He is ever like the young archer, startled from his mark by some swallow crossing his eye, even as he draws the string. Now irregularly and offensively suspicious—now unreservedly lavish of his confidence—not long since the enemy of the line of Lancaster, and the ally of her deadly foe—now its last and only stay and hope. God mend all!—It is a weary thing to look on the game and see how it might be won, while we are debarred by the caprice of others from the power of playing it according to our own skill. How much must depend on the decision of Duke Charles upon the morrow, and how little do I possess the power of influencing him, either for his own safety or our advantage! Good night, my son, and let us trust events to Him who alone can control them.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience.

Henry IV.

THE dawn of morning roused the banished Earl of Oxford and his son, and its lights were scarce abroad on the eastern heaven, ere their host, Colvin, entered with an attendant, bearing some bundles, which he placed on the floor of the tent, and instantly retired. The officer of the Duke's ordnance then announced, that he came with a message from the Duke of Burgundy.

"His Highness," he said, "has sent four stout yeomen, with a commission of credence to my young master of Oxford, and an ample purse of gold, to furnish his expenses to Aix, and while his affairs may detain him there. Also a letter of credence to King René, to ensure his reception, and two suits of honour for his use, as for an English gentleman, desirous to witness the festive solemnities of Provence, and in whose safety the Duke deigns to take deep interest. His farther affairs there, if he hath any, his Highness recommends to him to manage with prudence and secrecy. His Highness hath also sent a couple of horses for his use,—one an ambling jennet for the road, and another a strong barbed horse of Flanders, in case he hath aught to do. It will be fitting that my young master change his dress, and assume attire more near his proper rank. His attendants know the road, and have power, in case of need, to summon, in the Duke's name, assistance from all faithful Burgundians. I have but to add, the sooner the young gentleman sets forward, it will be the better sign of a successful journey."

"I am ready to mount, the instant that I have changed my dress," said Arthur.

"And I," said his father, "have no wish to detain him on the service in which he is now employed. Neither he nor I will say more than God be with you. How and where we are to meet again, who can tell?"

"I believe," said Colvin, "that must rest on the motions of the Duke, which, perchance, are not yet determined upon; but his Highness depends upon your remaining with him, my noble lord, till the affairs of which you come to treat may be more fully decided. Something I have for your lordship's private ear, when your son hath parted on his journey."

While Colvin was thus talking with his father, Arthur, who was not above half-dressed when he entered the tent, had availed himself of an obscure corner, in which he exchanged the plain dress belonging to his supposed condition as a merchant, for such a riding-suit as became a young man of some quality attached to the court of Burgundy. It was not without a natural sensation of pleasure, that the youth resumed an apparel suitable to his birth, and which no one was personally more fitted to become; but it was with much deeper feeling that he hastily, and as secretly as possible, flung round his neck, and concealed under the collar and folds of his orna-

mented doublet, a small thin chain of gold, curiously linked in what was called Morisco work. This was the contents of the parcel which Anne of Geierstein had indulged his feelings, and perhaps her own, by putting into his hands as they parted. The chain was secured by a slight plate of gold, on which a bodkin, or a point of a knife, had traced on the one side, in distinct though light characters, the words ADIEU FOR EVER! while, on the reverse, there was, much more obscurely traced, the word REMEMBER! —A. VON G.

All who may read this are, have been, or will be, lovers; and there is none, therefore, who may not be able to comprehend why this token was carefully suspended around Arthur's neck, so that the inscription might rest on the region of his heart, without the interruption of any substance which could prevent the pledge from being agitated by every throb of that busy organ.

This being hastily ensured, a few minutes completed the rest of his toilette; and he kneeled before his father to ask his blessing, and his further commands for Aix.

His father blessed him almost inarticulately, and then said, with recovered firmness, that he was already possessed of all the knowledge necessary for success on his mission.

"When you can bring me the deeds wanted," he whispered with more firmness, "you will find me near the person of the Duke of Burgundy."

They went forth of the tent in silence, and found before it the four Burgundian yeomen, tall and active-looking men, ready mounted themselves, and holding two saddled horses—the one accoutred for war, the other a spirited jennet, for the purposes of the journey. One of them led a sumpter-horse, on which Colvin informed Arthur he would find the change of habit necessary when he should arrive at Aix; and at the same time delivered to him a heavy purse of gold.

"Thiebault," he continued, pointing out the eldest of the attendant troopers, "may be trusted—I will be warrant for his sagacity and fidelity. The other three are picked men, who will not fear their skin-cutting."

Arthur vaulted into the saddle with a sensation of pleasure, which was natural to a young cavalier who had not for many months felt a spirited horse beneath him. The lively jennet reared with impatience. Arthur, sitting firm on his seat, as if he had been a part of the animal, only said, "Ere we are long acquainted, thy spirit, my fair roan, will be something more tamed."

"One word more, my son," said his father, and whispered in Arthur's ear, as he stooped from the saddle, "if you receive a letter from me, do not think yourself fully acquainted with the contents till the paper has been held opposite to a hot fire."

Arthur bowed, and motioned to the elder trooper to lead the way, when all, giving rein to their horses, rode off through the encampment at a round pace, the young leader signing an adieu to his father and Colvin.

The Earl stood like a man in a dream, following his son with his eyes, in a kind of reverie, which was only broken when Colvin said, "I marvel not, my

lord, that you are anxious about my young master; he is a gallant youth, well worth a father's caring for, and the times we live in are both false and bloody."

"God and St Mary be my witness," said the Earl, "that if I grieve, it is not for my own house only;—if I am anxious, it is not for the sake of my own son alone;—but it is hard to risk a last stake in a cause so perilous.—What commands brought you from the Duke?"

"His Grace," said Colvin, "will get on horseback after he has breakfasted. He sends you some garments, which, if not fitting your quality, are yet nearer to suitable apparel than those you now wear, and he desires that, observing your incognito as an English merchant of eminence, you will join him in his cavalcade to Dijon, where he is to receive the answer of the Estates of Burgundy concerning matters submitted to their consideration, and thereafter give public audience to the Deputies from Switzerland. His Highness has charged me with the care of finding you suitable accommodation during the ceremonies of the day, which, he thinks, you will, as a stranger, be pleased to look upon. But he probably told you all this himself, for I think you saw him last night in disguise—Nay, look as strange as you will—the Duke plays that trick too often to be able to do it with secrecy; the very horse-boys know him while he traverses the tents of the common soldiery, and sutler-women give him the name of the spied spy. If it were only honest Harry Colvin who knew this, it should not cross his lips. But it is practised too openly, and too widely known. Come, noble lord, though I must teach my tongue to forego that courtesy, will you along to breakfast?"

The meal, according to the practice of the time, was a solemn and solid one; and a favoured officer of the Great Duke of Burgundy lacked no means, it may be believed, of rendering due hospitality to a guest having claims to such high respect. But ere the breakfast was over, a clamorous flourish of trumpets announced that the Duke with his attendants and retinue were sounding to horse. Philipson, as he was still called, was, in the name of the Duke, presented with a stately charger, and with his host mingled in the splendid assembly which began to gather in front of the Duke's pavilion. In a few minutes, the Prince himself issued forth, in the superb dress of the Order of the Golden Fleece, of which his father, Philip, had been the founder, and Charles was himself the patron and sovereign. Several of his courtiers were dressed in the same magnificent robes, and, with their followers and attendants, displayed so much wealth and splendour of appearance, as to warrant the common saying, that the Duke of Burgundy maintained the most magnificent court in Christendom. The officers of his household attended in their order, together with heralds and pursuivants, the grotesque richness of whose habits had a singular effect among those of the high clergy in their albes and dalmatiques, and of the knights and crown vassals who were arrayed in armour. Among these last, who were variously equipped, according to the different character of their service, rode Oxford, but in a peaceful habit, neither so plain as to be out of place amongst such splendour, nor so rich as to draw

on him a special or particular degree of attention. He rode by the side of Colvin, his tall muscular figure, and deep-marked features, forming a strong contrast to the rough careless cast of countenance, and stout thick-set form, of the less distinguished soldier of fortune.

Ranged into a solemn procession, the rear of which was closed by a guard of two hundred picked arquebusiers, a description of soldiers who were just then coming into notice, and as many mounted men-at-arms, the Duke and his retinue, leaving the barriers of the camp, directed their march to the town, or rather city, of Dijon, in those days the capital of all Burgundy.

It was a town well secured with walls and ditches, which last were filled by means of a small river, named Dousche, which combines its waters for that purpose with a torrent called Suzon. Four gates, with appropriate barbicans, outworks, and drawbridges, corresponded nearly to the cardinal points of the compass, and gave admission to the city. The number of towers, which stood high above its walls, and defended them at different angles, was thirty-three; and the walls themselves, which exceeded in most places the height of thirty feet, were built of stones hewn and squared, and were of great thickness. This stately city was surrounded on the outside with hills covered with vineyards, while from within its walls rose the towers of many noble buildings, both public and private, as well as the steeples of magnificent churches, and of well-endowed convents, attesting the wealth and devotion of the House of Burgundy.

When the trumpets of the Duke's procession had summoned the burgher-guard at the gate of St Nicholas, the drawbridge fell, the portcullis rose, the people shouted joyously, the windows were hung with tapestry, and as, in the midst of his retinue, Charles himself came riding on a milk-white steed, attended only by six pages under fourteen years old, with each a gilded partizan in his hand, the acclamations with which he was received on all sides, showed that, if some instances of misrule had diminished his popularity, enough of it remained to render his reception into his capital decorous at least, if not enthusiastic. It is probable that the veneration attached to his father's memory counteracted for a long time the unfavourable effect which some of his own actions were calculated to produce on the public mind.

The procession halted before a large Gothic building in the centre of Dijon. This was then called *Maison du Duc*, as, after the union of Burgundy with France, it was termed *Maison du Roy*. The Maire of Dijon attended on the steps before this palace, accompanied by his official brethren, and escorted by a hundred able-bodied citizens, in black velvet cloaks, bearing half-pikes in their hands. The Maire kneeled to kiss the stirrup of the Duke, and at the moment when Charles descended from his horse every bell in the city commenced so thundering a peal, that they might almost have awakened the dead who slept in the vicinity of the steeples, which rocked with their clangor. Under the influence of this stunning peal of welcome, the Duke entered the great hall of the building, at the upper end of which was erected a

throne for the sovereign, seats for his more distinguished officers of state and higher vassals, with benches behind for persons of less note. On one of these, but in a spot from which he might possess a commanding view of the whole assembly, as well as of the Duke himself, Colvin placed the noble Englishman; and Charles, whose quick stern eye glanced rapidly over the party when they were seated, seemed, by a nod so slight as to be almost imperceptible to those around him, to give his approbation of the arrangement adopted.

When the Duke and his assistants were seated and in order, the Maire, again approaching, in the most humble manner, and kneeling on the lowest step of the ducal throne, requested to know if his Highness's leisure permitted him to hear the inhabitants of his capital express their devoted zeal to his person, and to accept the benevolence which, in the shape of a silver cup filled with gold pieces, he had the distinguished honour to place before his feet, in name of the citizens and community of Dijon.

Charles, who at no time affected much courtesy, answered briefly and bluntly, with a voice which was naturally harsh and dissonant, "All things in their order, good Master Maire. Let us first hear what the Estates of Burgundy have to say to us; we will then listen to the burghers of Dijon."

The Maire rose and retired, bearing in his hand the silver cup, and experiencing probably some vexation, as well as surprise, that its contents had not secured an instant and gracious acceptance.

"I expected," said Duke Charles, "to have met at this hour and place our Estates of the duchy of Burgundy, or a deputation of them, with an answer to our message conveyed to them three days since by our chancellor. Is there no one here on their part?"

The Maire, as none else made any attempt to answer, said that the members of the Estates had been in close deliberation the whole of that morning, and doubtless would instantly wait upon his Highness when they heard that he had honoured the town with his presence.

"Go, Toison d'Or," said the Duke to the herald of the order of the Golden Fleece, "bear to these gentlemen the tidings that we desire to know the end of their deliberations; and that neither in courtesy nor in loyalty can they expect us to wait long. Be round with them, Sir Herald, or we shall be as round with you."

While the herald was absent on his mission, we may remind our readers, that in all feudalized countries (that is to say, in almost all Europe during the middle ages), an ardent spirit of liberty pervaded the constitution; and the only fault that could be found was, that the privileges and freedom for which the great vassals contended did not descend to the lower orders of society, or extend protection to those who were most likely to need it. The two first ranks in the estate, the nobles and clergy, enjoyed high and important privileges, and even the third estate, or citizens, had this immunity in peculiar, that no new duties, customs, or taxes of any kind, could be exacted from them save by their own consent.

The memory of Duke Philip was dear to the Burgundians; for during twenty years that sage prince had maintained his rank amongst the sovereigns of

Europe with much dignity, and had accumulated treasure without exacting or receiving any increase of supplies from the rich countries which he governed. But the extravagant schemes and immoderate expense of Duke Charles had already excited the suspicion of his Estates; and the mutual good-will betwixt the prince and people began to be exchanged for suspicion and distrust on the one side, and defiance on the other. The refractory disposition of the Estates had of late increased; for they had disapproved of various wars in which their Duke had needlessly embarked, and from his levying such large bodies of mercenary troops, they came to suspect he might finally employ the wealth voted to him by his subjects, for the undue extension of his royal prerogative, and the destruction of the liberties of the people.

At the same time, the Duke's uniform success in enterprises which appeared desperate as well as difficult, esteem for the frankness and openness of his character, and dread of the obstinacy and headstrong tendency of a temper which could seldom bear persuasion, and never endured opposition, still threw awe and terror around the throne, which was materially aided by the attachment of the common people to the person of the present Duke and to the memory of his father. It had been understood, that upon the present occasion there was strong opposition amongst the Estates to the system of taxation proposed on the part of the Duke, and the issue was expected with considerable anxiety by the Duke's counsellors, and with fretful impatience by the sovereign himself.

After a space of about ten minutes had elapsed, the Chancellor of Burgundy, who was Archbishop of Vienne, and a prelate of high rank, entered the hall with his train; and passing behind the ducal throne to occupy one of the most distinguished places in the assembly, he stopped for a moment to urge his master to receive the answer of his Estates in a private manner, giving him at the same time to understand, that the result of the deliberations had been by no means satisfactory.

"By Saint George of Burgundy, my Lord Archbishop," answered the Duke, sternly and aloud, "we are not a prince of a mind so paltry that we need to shun the moody looks of a discontented and insolent faction. If the Estates of Burgundy send a disobedient and disloyal answer to our paternal message, let them deliver it in open court, that the assembled people may learn how to decide between their Duke and those petty yet intriguing spirits, who would interfere with our authority."

The chancellor bowed gravely, and took his seat; while the Lancastrian Earl observed, that most of the members of the assembly, excepting such as in doing so could not escape the Duke's notice, passed some observations to their neighbours, which were received with a half-expressed nod, shrug, or shake of the head, as men treat a proposal upon which it is dangerous to decide. At the same time, Toison d'Or, who acted as master of the ceremonies, introduced into the hall a committee of the Estates, consisting of twelve members, four from each branch of the Estates, announced as empowered to deliver the answer of that assembly to the Duke of Burgundy.

When the deputation entered the hall, Charles arose from his throne, according to ancient custom,

and taking from his head his bonnet, charged with a huge plume of feathers, "Health and welcome," he said, "to my good subjects of the Estates!" All the numerous train of courtiers rose and uncovered their heads with the same ceremony. The members of the States then dropt on one knee, the four ecclesiastics, among whom Oxford recognised the Black Priest of St Paul's, approaching nearest to the Duke's person, the nobles kneeling behind them, and the burgesses in the rear of the whole.

"Noble Duke," said the Priest of St Paul's, "will it best please you to hear the answer of your good and loyal Estates of Burgundy by the voice of one member speaking for the whole, or by three persons, each delivering the sense of the body to which he belongs?"

"As you will," said the Duke of Burgundy.

"A priest, a noble, and a free-burgher," said the churchman, still on one knee, "will address your highness in succession. For though, blessed be the God who leads brethren to dwell together in unity! we are agreed in the general answer, yet each body of the Estates may have special and separate reasons to allege for the common opinion."

"We will hear you separately," said the Duke Charles, casting his hat upon his head, and throwing himself carelessly back into his seat. At the same time, all who were of noble blood, whether in the committee or amongst the spectators, vouched their right to be peers of their sovereign by assuming their bonnets, and a cloud of waving plumes at once added grace and dignity to the assembly.

When the Duke resumed his seat, the deputation arose from their knees, and the Black Priest of Saint Paul's, again stepping forth, addressed him in these words:—

"My Lord Duke, your loyal and faithful clergy have considered your Highness's proposal to lay a tallage on your people, in order to make war on the confederate Cantons in the country of the Alps. The quarrel, my liege lord, seems to your clergy an unjust and oppressive one on your Highness's part; nor can they hope that God will bless those who arm in it. They are therefore compelled to reject your Highness's proposal."

The Duke's eye lowered gloomily on the deliverer of this unpalatable message. He shook his head with one of those stern and menacing looks which the harsh composition of his features rendered them peculiarly qualified to express. "You have spoken, Sir Priest," was the only reply which he deigned to make.

One of the four nobles, the Sire de Myrebeau, then expressed himself thus:

"Your Highness has asked of your faithful nobles to consent to new imposts and exactions, to be levied through Burgundy, for the raising of additional bands of hired soldiers for the maintenance of the quarrels of the state. My lord, the swords of the Burgundian nobles, knights, and gentlemen, have been ever at your Highness's command, as those of our ancestors have been readily wielded for your predecessors. In your Highness's just quarrel we will go farther, and fight firmer, than any hired fellows who can be procured, whether from France, or Germany, or Italy. We will not give our consent that the people should be taxed for paying mercenaries to discharge that

military duty which it is alike our pride and our exclusive privilege to render."

"You have spoken, Sire de Myrebeau," were again the only words of the Duke's reply. He uttered them slowly and with deliberation, as if afraid lest some phrase of imprudent violence should escape along with what he purposed to say. Oxford thought he cast a glance towards him before he spoke, as if the consciousness of his presence was some additional restraint on his passion. "Now, heaven grant," he said to himself, "that this opposition may work its proper effect, and induce the Duke to renounce an imprudent attempt, so hazardous and so unnecessary!"

While he muttered these thoughts, the Duke made a sign to one of the *tiers état*, or commons, to speak in his turn. The person who obeyed the signal was Martin Blok, a wealthy butcher and grazier of Dijon. His words were these:—"Noble Prince, our fathers were the dutiful subjects of your predecessors; we are the same to you; our children will be alike the liegemen of your successors. But, touching the request your chancellor has made to us, it is such as our ancestors never complied with; such as we are determined to refuse, and such as will never be conceded by the Estates of Burgundy, to any prince whatsoever, even to the end of time."

Charles had borne with impatient silence the speeches of the two former orators, but this blunt and hardy reply of the third Estate, excited him beyond what his nature could endure. He gave way to the impetuosity of his disposition, stamped on the floor till the throne shook, and the high vault rung over their heads, and overwhelmed the bold burgher with reproaches. "Beast of burden," he said, "am I to be stunned with thy braying, too? The nobles may claim leave to speak, for they can fight; the clergy may use their tongues, for it is their trade; but thou, that hast never shed blood, save that of bullocks, more stupid than thou art thyself—must thou and thy herd come hither, privileged, forsooth, to bellow at a prince's footstool? Know, brute as thou art, that steers are never introduced into temples but to be sacrificed, or butchers and mechanics brought before their sovereign, save that they may have the honour to supply the public wants from their own swelling hoards!"

A murmur of displeasure, which even the terror of the Duke's wrath could not repress, ran through the audience at these words; and the burgher of Dijon, a sturdy plebeian, replied, with little reverence,— "Our purses, my Lord Duke, are our own—we will not put the strings of them into your Highness's hands, unless we are satisfied with the purposes to which the money is to be applied; and we know well how to protect our persons and our goods against foreign ruffians and plunderers."

Charles was on the point of ordering the deputy to be arrested, when, having cast his eye towards the Earl of Oxford, whose presence, in despite of himself, imposed a certain degree of restraint upon him, he exchanged that piece of imprudence for another.

"I see," he said, addressing the Committee of Estates, "that you are all leagued to disappoint my purposes, and doubtless to deprive me of all the power of a sovereign, save that of wearing a coronet, and being served on the knee like a second Charles the

Simple, while the Estates of my kingdom divide the power among them. But you shall know that you have to do with Charles of Burgundy, a prince, who, though he has deigned to consult you, is fully able to fight battles without the aid of his nobles, since they refuse him the assistance of their swords—to defray the expense without the help of his sordid burghers—and, it may be, to find out a path to heaven without the assistance of an ungrateful priesthood. I will show all that are here present, how little my mind is affected, or my purpose changed, by your seditious reply to the message with which I honoured you.—Here, Toison d'Or, admit into our presence these men from the confederated towns and cantons, as they call themselves, of Switzerland.”

Oxford, and all who really interested themselves in the Duke's welfare, heard, with the utmost apprehension, his resolution to give an audience to the Swiss Envoys, prepossessed as he was against them, and in the moment when his mood was chafed to the uttermost by the refusal of the Estates to grant him supplies. They were aware that obstacles opposed to the current of his passion, were like rocks in the bed of a river, whose course they cannot interrupt, while they provoke it to rage and foam. All were sensible that the die was cast, but none who were not endowed with more than mortal prescience, could have imagined how deep was the pledge which depended upon it. Oxford, in particular, conceived that the execution of his plan of a descent upon England, was the principal point compromised by the Duke in his rash obstinacy; but he suspected not—he dreamed not of supposing—that the life of Charles himself, and the independence of Burgundy as a separate kingdom, hung quivering in the same scales.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Why, 't is a boisterous and cruel style,
A style for challengers. Why, she defies us,
Like Turk to Christian,

As You Like it.

THE doors of the hall were now opened to the Swiss deputies, who for the preceding hour had been kept in attendance on the outside of the building, without receiving the slightest of those attentions which, among civilized nations, are universally paid to the representatives of a foreign state. Indeed, their very appearance, dressed in coarse grey frocks, like mountain-hunters or shepherds, in the midst of an assembly blazing with divers-coloured garments, gold and silver lace, embroidery, and precious stones, served to confirm the idea that they could only have come hither in the capacity of the most humble petitioners.

Oxford, however, who watched closely the deportment of his late fellow-travellers, failed not to observe that they retained each in his own person the character of firmness and indifference which formerly distinguished them. Rudolf Donnerhugel preserved his bold and haughty look; the Banneret, the military indifference which made him look with apparent apathy on all around him; the burgher of Soleure was as formal and important as ever; nor did any of the three show themselves affected in the slightest

degree by the splendour of the scene around them, or embarrassed by the consideration of their own comparative inferiority of appointments. But the noble Landamman, on whom Oxford chiefly bent his attention, seemed overwhelmed with a sense of the precarious state in which his country was placed; fearing, from the rude and unhonoured manner in which they were received, that war was unavoidable, while, at the same time, like a good patriot, he mourned over the consequences of ruin to the freedom of his country by defeat, or injury to her simplicity and virtuous indifference of wealth, by the introduction of foreign luxuries and the evils attending on conquest.

Well acquainted with the opinions of Arnold Biederman, Oxford could easily explain his sadness; while his comrade Bonstetten, less capable of comprehending his friend's feelings, looked at him with the expression which may be seen in the countenance of a faithful dog, when the creature indicates sympathy with his master's melancholy, though unable to ascertain or appreciate its cause. A look of wonder now and then glided around the splendid assembly on the part of all the forlorn group, excepting Donnerhugel and the Landamman; for the indomitable pride of the one, and the steady patriotism of the other, could not for even an instant be diverted by external objects from their own deep and stern reflections.

After a silence of nearly five minutes, the Duke spoke, with the haughty and harsh manner which he might imagine belonged to his place, and which certainly expressed his character.

“Men of Berne, of Schwitz, or of whatever hamlet and wilderness you may represent, know that we had not honoured you, rebels as you are to the dominion of your lawful superiors, with an audience in our own presence, but for the intercession of a well-esteemed friend, who has sojourned among your mountains, and whom you may know by the name of Philipson, an Englishman, following the trade of a merchant, and charged with certain valuable matters of traffic to our court. To his intercession we have so far given way, that instead of commanding you, according to your demerits, to the gibbet and the wheel in the Place de Morimont, we have condescended to receive you into our own presence, sitting in our *cour plénière*, to hear from you such submission as you can offer for your outrageous storm of our town of La Ferette, the slaughter of many of our liegemen, and the deliberate murder of the noble knight, Archibald of Hagenbach, executed in your presence, and by your countenance and device. Speak—if you can say aught in defence of your felony and treason, either to deprecate just punishment, or crave undeserved mercy.”

The Landamman seemed about to answer; but Rudolf Donnerhugel, with his characteristic boldness and hardihood, took the task of reply on himself. He confronted the proud Duke with an eye unappalled, and a countenance as stern as his own.

“We came not here,” he said, “to compromise our own honour, or the dignity of the free people whom we represent, by pleading guilty in their name, or our own, to crimes of which we are innocent. And when you term us rebels, you must remember, that a long train of victories, whose history is written in the noblest blood of Austria, has restored

to the confederacy of our communities the freedom, of which an unjust tyranny in vain attempted to deprive us. While Austria was a just and beneficent mistress, we served her with our lives;—when she became oppressive and tyrannical, we assumed independence. If she has aught yet to claim from us, the descendants of Tell, Faust, and Stauffenbach, will be as ready to assert their liberties as their fathers were to gain them. Your Grace—if such be your title—has no concern with any dispute betwixt us and Austria. For your threats of gibbet and wheel, we are here defenceless men, on whom you may work your pleasure; but we know how to die, and our countrymen know how to avenge us.”

The fiery Duke would have replied by commanding the instant arrest, and probably the immediate execution, of the whole deputation. But his chancellor, availing himself of the privilege of his office, rose, and doffing his cap with a deep reverence to the Duke, requested leave to reply to the misproud young man, who had, he said, so greatly mistaken the purpose of his Highness’s speech.

Charles, feeling perhaps at the moment too much irritated to form a calm decision, threw himself back in his chair of state, and with an impatient and angry nod, gave his chancellor permission to speak.

“Young man,” said that high officer, “you have mistaken the meaning of the high and mighty sovereign, in whose presence you stand. Whatever be the lawful rights of Austria over the revolted villages which have flung off their allegiance to their native superior, we have no call to enter on that argument. But that for which Burgundy demands your answer, is wherefore, coming here in the guise, and with the character, of peaceful envoys, on affairs touching your own communities and the rights of the Duke’s subjects, you have raised war in our peaceful dominions, stormed a fortress, massacred its garrison, and put to death a noble knight, its commander?—all of them actions contrary to the law of nations, and highly deserving of the punishment with which you have been justly threatened, but with which I hope our gracious sovereign will dispense, if you express some sufficient reason for such outrageous insolence, with an offer of due submission to his Highness’s pleasure, and satisfactory reparation for such a high injury.”

“You are a priest, grave sir?” answered Rudolf Donnerhugel, addressing the Chancellor of Burgundy. “If there be a soldier in this assembly who will avouch your charge, I challenge him to the combat, man to man. We did not storm the garrison of La Ferette—we were admitted into the gates in a peaceful manner, and were there instantly surrounded by the soldiers of the late Archibald de Hagenbach, with the obvious purpose of assaulting and murdering us on our peaceful mission. I promise you there had been news of more men dying than us. But an uproar broke out among the inhabitants of the town, assisted, I believe, by many neighbours, to whom the insolence and oppression of Archibald de Hagenbach had become odious, as to all who were within his reach. We rendered them no assistance; and, I trust, it was not expected that we should interfere in the favour of men who had stood prepared to do the worst against us. But not a pike or sword belonging

to us or our attendants was dipped in Burgundian blood. Archibald de Hagenbach perished, it is true, on a scaffold, and I saw him die with pleasure, under a sentence pronounced by a competent court, such as is recognised in Westphalia, and its dependencies on this side of the Rhine. I am not obliged to vindicate their proceedings; but I aver, that the Duke has received full proof of his regular sentence; and, in fine, that it was amply deserved by oppression, tyranny, and foul abuse of his authority, I will uphold against all gainsayers, with the body of a man. There lies my glove.”

And, with an action suited to the language he used, the stern Swiss flung his right-hand glove on the floor of the hall. In the spirit of the age, with the love of distinction in arms which it nourished, and perhaps with the desire of gaining the Duke’s favour, there was a general motion among the young Burgundians to accept the challenge, and more than six or eight gloves were hastily doffed by the young knights present, those who were more remote flinging them over the heads of the nearest, and each proclaiming his name and title as he proffered the gage of combat.

“I set at all,” said the daring young Swiss, gathering the gauntlets as they fell clashing around him. “More, gentlemen, more! a glove for every finger! come on, one at once—fair lists, equal judges of the field, the combat on foot, and the weapons two-handed swords, and I will not budge for a score of you.”

“Hold, gentlemen; on your allegiance, hold,” said the Duke, gratified at the same time, and somewhat appeased, by the zeal which was displayed in his cause—moved by the strain of reckless bravery evinced by the challenger, with a hardihood akin to his own—perhaps also not unwilling to display, in the view of his *cour plénière*, more temperance than he had been at first capable of. “Hold, I command you all.—Toison d’Or, gather up these gauntlets, and return them each to his owner. God and St George forbid that we should hazard the life of even the least of our noble Burgundian gentry against such a churl as this Swiss peasant, who never so much as mounted a horse, and knows not a jot of knightly courtesy, or the grace of chivalry.—Carry your vulgar brawls elsewhere, young man, and know that, on the present occasion, the Place Morimont were your only fitting lists, and the hangman your meet antagonist. And you, sirs, his companions—whose behaviour in suffering this swaggerer to take the lead amongst you, seems to show that the laws of nature, as well as of society, are inverted, and that age is preferred to youth, as gentry to peasants—you white-bearded men, I say, is there none of you who can speak your errand in such language as it becomes a sovereign prince to listen to?”

“God forbid else,” said the Lannamman, stepping forward and silencing Rudolf Donnerhugel, who was commencing an answer of defiance—“God forbid,” he said, “noble Duke, that we should not be able to speak so as to be understood before your Highness, since, I trust, we shall speak the language of truth, peace, and justice. Nay, should it incline your Highness to listen to us the more favourably for our humility, I am willing to humble myself rather than

you should shun to hear us. For my own part, I can truly say, that, though I have lived, and by free choice have resolved to die, a husbandman and a hunter on the Alps of the Unterwald, I may claim by birth the hereditary right to speak before Dukes and Kings, and the Emperor himself. There is no one, my Lord Duke, in this proud assembly, who derives his descent from a nobler source than Geierstein."

"We have heard of you," said the Duke. "Men call you the peasant count. Your birth is your shame; or perhaps your mother's, if your father had happened to have a handsome ploughman, the fitting father of one who has become a willing serf."

"No serf, my lord," answered the Landamman, "but a freeman, who will neither oppress others, nor be himself tyrannized over. My father was a noble lord, my mother a most virtuous lady. But I will not be provoked, by taunt or scornful jest, to refrain from stating with calmness what my country has given me in charge to say. The inhabitants of the bleak and inhospitable regions of the Alps desire, mighty sir, to remain at peace with all their neighbours, and to enjoy the government they have chosen, as best fitted to their condition and habits, leaving all other states and countries to their free-will in the same respects. Especially, they desire to remain at peace and in unity with the princely House of Burgundy, whose dominions approach their possessions on so many points. My lord, they desire it, they entreat it, they even consent to pray for it. We have been termed stubborn, intractable, and insolent contemners of authority, and headers of sedition and rebellion. In evidence of the contrary, my Lord Duke, I, who never bent a knee but to Heaven, feel no dishonour in kneeling before your Highness, as before a sovereign prince in the *cour plénière* of his dominions, where he has a right to exact homage from his subjects out of duty, and from strangers out of courtesy. No vain pride of mine," said the noble old man, his eyes swelling with tears, as he knelt on one knee, "shall prevent me from personal humiliation, when peace,—that blessed peace, so dear to God, so inappreciably valuable to man—is in danger of being broken off."

The whole assembly, even the Duke himself, were affected by the noble and stately manner in which the brave old man made a genuflection, which was obviously dictated by neither meanness nor timidity. "Arise, sir," said Charles; "if we have said aught which can wound your private feelings, we retract it as publicly as the reproach was spoken, and sit prepared to hear you, as a fair-meaning envoy."

"For that, my noble Lord, thanks; and I shall hold it a blessed day, if I can find words worthy of the cause I have to plead. My Lord, a schedule in your Highness's hands has stated the sense of many injuries received at the hand of your Highness's officers, and those of Romont, Count of Savoy, your strict ally and adviser, we have a right to suppose, under your Highness's countenance. For Count Romont—he has already felt with whom he has to contend; but we have as yet taken no measures to avenge injuries, affronts, interruptions to our commerce, from those who have availed themselves of your Highness's authority to intercept our countrymen, spoil our goods, impress their persons, and even, in some instances, take their lives. The affray

at La Ferette—I can vouch for what I saw—had no origin or abettance from us; nevertheless, it is impossible an independent nation can suffer the repetition of such injuries, and free and independent we are determined to remain, or to die in defence of our rights. What then must follow, unless your Highness listens to the terms which I am commissioned to offer? War—a war to extermination; for so long as one of our confederacy can wield a halbert, so long, if this fatal strife once commences, there will be war betwixt your powerful realms and our poor and barren states. And what can the noble Duke of Burgundy gain by such a strife?—is it wealth and plunder? Alas, my Lord, there is more gold and silver on the very bridle-bits of your Highness's household troops, than can be found in the public treasures or private hoards of our whole confederacy. Is it fame and glory you aspire to? There is little honour to be won by a numerous army over a few scattered bands, by men clad in mail over half-armed husbandmen and shepherds—of such conquest small were the glory. But if, as all Christian men believe, and as it is the constant trust of my countrymen, from memory of the times of our fathers—if the Lord of Hosts should cast the balance in behalf of the fewer numbers and worse-armed party, I leave it with your Highness to judge, what would, in that event, be the diminution of worship and fame. Is it extent of vassalage and dominion your Highness desires, by warring with your mountain neighbours? Know that you may, if it be God's will, gain our barren and rugged mountains; but, like our ancestors of old, we will seek refuge in wilder and more distant solitudes, and when we have resisted to the last, we will starve in the icy wastes of the glaciers. Ay, men, women, and children, we will be frozen into annihilation together, ere one free Switzer will acknowledge a foreign master."

The speech of the Landamman made an obvious impression on the assembly. The Duke observed it, and his hereditary obstinacy was irritated by the general disposition which he saw entertained in favour of the ambassador. This evil principle overcame some impression which the address of the noble Biederman had not failed to make upon him. He answered with a lowering brow, interrupting the old man as he was about to continue his speech,— "You argue falsely, Sir Count, or Sir Landamman, or by whatever name you call yourself, if you think we war on you from any hope of spoil, or any desire of glory. We know as well as you can tell us, that there is neither profit nor fame to be achieved by conquering you. But sovereigns, to whom Heaven has given the power, must root out a band of robbers, though there is dishonour in measuring swords with them; and we hunt to death a herd of wolves, though their flesh is carrion, and their skins are naught."

The Landamman shook his grey head, and replied, without testifying emotion, and even with something approaching to a smile,— "I am an older woodsman than you, my Lord Duke—and, it may be, a more experienced one. The boldest, the hardest hunter, will not safely drive the wolf to his den. I have shown your Highness the poor chance of gain, and the great risk of loss, which even you, powerful as

you are, must incur by risking a war with determined and desperate men. Let me now tell what we are willing to do to secure a sincere and lasting peace with our powerful neighbour of Burgundy. Your Grace is in the act of engrossing Lorraine, and it seems probable, under so vigorous and enterprising a Prince, your authority may be extended to the shores of the Mediterranean—be our noble friend and sincerely, and our mountains, defended by warriors familiar with victory, will be your barriers against Germany and Italy. For your sake we will admit the Count of Savoy to terms, and restore to him our conquests, on such conditions as your Highness shall yourself judge reasonable. Of past subjects of offence on the part of your lieutenants and governors upon the frontier, we will be silent, so we have assurance of no such aggressions in future. Nay, more, and it is my last and proudest offer, we will send three thousand of our youth to assist your Highness in any war which you may engage in, whether against Louis of France, or the Emperor of Germany. They are a different set of men—proudly and truly may I state it—from the scum of Germany and Italy, who form themselves into mercenary bands of soldiers. And, if Heaven should decide your Highness to accept our offer, there will be one corps in your army which will leave their carcasses on the field ere a man of them break their plighted troth."

A swarthy, but tall and handsome man, wearing a corslet richly engraved with arabesque work, started from his seat with the air of one provoked beyond the bounds of restraint. This was the Count de Campobasso, commander of Charles's Italian mercenaries, who possessed, as has been alluded to, much influence over the Duke's mind, chiefly obtained by accommodating himself to his master's opinions and prejudices, and placing before the Duke specious arguments to justify him for following his own way.

"This lofty presence must excuse me," he said, "if I speak in defence of my honour, and those of my bold lances, who have followed my fortunes from Italy to serve the bravest Prince in Christendom. I might, indeed, pass over without resentment the outrageous language of this grey-haired churl, whose words cannot affect a knight and a nobleman more than the yelling of a peasant's mastiff. But when I hear him propose to associate his bands of mutinous misgoverned ruffians, with your Highness's troops, I must let him know that there is not a horse-boy in my ranks who would fight in such fellowship. No, even I myself, bound by a thousand ties of gratitude, could not submit to strive abreast with such comrades. I would fold up my banners, and lead five thousand men to seek,—not a nobler master, for the world has none such,—but wars in which we might not be obliged to blush for our assistants."

"Silence, Campobasso," said the Duke, "and be assured you serve a prince who knows your worth too well to exchange it for the untried and untrustful services of those, whom we have only known as vexatious and malignant neighbours."

Then addressing himself to Arnold Biederman, he said coldly and sternly, "Sir Landamman, we have heard you fairly. We have heard you, although you come before us with hands dyed deep in the blood of our servant, Sir Archibald de Hagenbach; for, sup-

posing he was murdered by a villanous association,—which, by Saint George, shall never, while we live and reign, raise its pestilential head on this side of the Rhine,—yet it is not the less undeniable and undenied, that you stood by in arms, and encouraged the deed the assassins performed under your countenance. Return to your mountains, and be thankful that you return in life. Tell those who sent you that I will be presently on their frontiers. A deputation of your most notable persons, who meet me with halters round their necks, torches in their left hands, in their right their swords held by the point, may learn on what conditions we will grant you peace."

"Then farewell peace, and welcome war!" said the Landamman; "and be its plagues and curses on the heads of those who chuse blood and strife rather than peace and union. We will meet you on our frontiers with our naked swords, but the hilts, not their points, shall be in our grasp. Charles of Burgundy, Flanders, and Lorraine, Duke of seven dukedoms, Count of seventeen earldoms, I bid you defiance; and declare war against you in the name of the confederated Cantons, and such others as shall adhere to them. "There," he said, "are my letters of defiance."

The herald took from Arnold Biederman the fatal denunciation.

"Read it not, Toison d'Or!" said the haughty Duke. "Let the executioner drag it through the streets at his horse's tail, and nail it to the gibbet, to show in what account we hold the paltry scroll, and those who sent it.—Away, sirs," speaking to the Swiss, "trudge back to your wildernesses with such haste as your feet can use. When we next meet, you shall better know whom you have offended.—Get our horse ready—the council is broken up."

The Maire of Dijon, when all were in motion to leave the hall, again approached the Duke, and timidly expressed some hopes that his Highness would deign to partake of a banquet which the magistracy had prepared, in expectation he might do them such an honour.

"No, by Saint George of Burgundy, Sir Maire," said Charles, with one of the withering glances, by which he was wont to express indignation mixed with contempt,—“you have not pleased us so well with our breakfast as to induce us to trust our dinner to the loyalty of our good town of Dijon."

So saying, he rudely turned off from the mortified chief magistrate, and, mounting his horse, rode back to his camp, conversing earnestly on the way with the Count of Campobasso.

"I would offer you dinner, my Lord of Oxford," said Colvin to that nobleman, when he alighted at his tent, "but I foresee, ere you could swallow a mouthful, you will be summoned to the Duke's presence; for it is our Charles's way, when he has fixed on a wrong course, to wrangle with his friends and counsellors, in order to prove it is a right one. Marry, he always makes a convert of yon supple Italian."

Colvin's augury was speedily realized; for a page almost immediately summoned the English merchant, Philipson, to attend the Duke. Without waiting an instant, Charles poured forth an incoherent tide of reproaches against the Estates of his dukedom, for refusing him their countenance in so slight a matter,

and launched out in explanations of the necessity which he alleged there was for punishing the audacity of the Swiss. "And thou, too, Oxford," he concluded, "art such an impatient fool as to wish me to engage in a distant war with England, and transport forces over the sea, when I have such insolent mutineers to chastise on my own frontiers?"

When he was at length silent, the English Earl laid before him, with respectful earnestness, the danger that appeared to be involved in engaging with a people, poor indeed, but universally dreaded, from their discipline and courage, and that under the eye of so dangerous a rival as Louis of France, who was sure to support the Duke's enemies under-hand, if he did not join them openly. On this point the Duke's resolution was immovable. "It shall never," he said, "be told of me, that I uttered threats which I dared not execute. These boors have declared war against me, and they shall learn whose wrath it is that they have wantonly provoked; but I do not, therefore, renounce thy scheme, my good Oxford. If thou canst procure me this same cession of Provence, and induce old René to give up the cause of his grandson, Ferrand of Vaudemont, in Lorraine, thou wilt make it well worth my while to send thee brave aid against my brother Blackburn, who, while he is drinking healths pottle-deep in France, may well come to lose his lands in England. And be not impatient because I cannot at this very instant send men across the seas. The march which I am making towards Neufchatel, which is, I think, the nearest point where I shall find these churls, will be but like a morning's excursion. I trust you will go with us, old companion. I should like to see if you have forgotten, among yonder mountains, how to hack a horse and lay a lance in rest."

"I will wait on your Highness," said the Earl, "as is my duty, for my motions must depend on your pleasure. But I will not carry arms, especially against those people of Helvetia, from whom I have experienced hospitality, unless it be for my own personal defence."

"Well," replied the Duke, "e'en be it so; we shall have in you an excellent judge, to tell us who best discharges his devoir against the mountain clowns."

At this point in the conversation there was a knocking at the entrance of the pavilion, and the Chancellor of Burgundy presently entered, in great haste and anxiety. "News, my lord—news of France and England," said the prelate, and then observing the presence of a stranger, he looked at the Duke, and was silent.

"It is a faithful friend, my Lord Bishop," said the Duke, "you may tell your news before him."

"It will soon be generally known," said the chancellor—"Louis and Edward are fully accorded." Both the Duke and the English Earl started.

"I expected this," said the Duke, "but not so soon."

"The Kings have met," answered his minister.

"How—in battle?" said Oxford, forgetting himself in his extreme eagerness.

The chancellor was somewhat surprised, but as the Duke seemed to expect him to give an answer, he replied, "No, Sir Stranger—not in battle, but upon appointment, and in peace and amity."

"The sight must have been worth seeing," said the Duke; "when the old fox Louis, and my brother Black—I mean my brother Edward—met. Where held they their rendezvous?"

"On a bridge over the Seine, at Picquigny."

"I would thou hadst been there," said the Duke, looking to Oxford, "with a good axe in thy hand, to strike one fair blow for England, and another for Burgundy. My grandfather was treacherously slain at just such a meeting, at the Bridge of Montereau, upon the Yonne."

"To prevent a similar chance," said the chancellor, "a strong barricade, such as closes the cages in which men keep wild beasts, was raised in the midst of the bridge, and prevented the possibility of their even touching each other's hands."

"Ha, ha! By Saint George, that smells of Louis's craft and caution; for the Englishman, to give him his due, is as little acquainted with fear as with policy. But what terms have they made? Where do the English army winter? What towns, fortresses, and castles, are surrendered to them, in pledge, or in perpetuity?"

"None, my liege," said the chancellor. "The English army returns into England, as fast as shipping can be procured to transport them; and Louis will accommodate them with every sail and oar in his dominions, rather than they should not instantly evacuate France."

"And by what concessions has Louis bought a peace so necessary to his affairs?"

"By fair words," said the chancellor, "by liberal presents, and by some five hundred tuns of wine."

"Wine!" exclaimed the Duke—"Heardst thou ever the like, Signior Philipson? Why, your countrymen are little better than Esau, who sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage. Marry, I must confess I never saw an Englishman who loved a dry-lipped bargain."

"I can scarce believe this news," said the Earl of Oxford. "If this Edward were content to cross the sea with fifty thousand Englishmen merely to return again, there are in his camp both proud nobles and haughty commons enough to resist his disgraceful purpose."

"The money of Louis," said the statesman, "has found noble hands willing to clutch it. The wine of France has flooded every throat in the English army—the riot and uproar was unbounded—and at one time the town of Amiens, where Louis himself resided, was full of so many English archers, all of them intoxicated, that the person of the King of France was almost in their hands. Their sense of national honour has been lost in the universal revel; and those amongst them who would be more dignified and play the wise politicians say, that having come to France by connivance of the Duke of Burgundy, and that prince having failed to join them with his forces, they have done well, wisely, and gallantly, considering the season of the year, and the impossibility of obtaining quarters, to take tribute of France, and return home in triumph."

"And leave Louis," said Oxford, "at undisturbed freedom to attack Burgundy with all his forces?"

"Not so, friend Philipson," said Duke Charles; "know, that there is a truce betwixt Burgundy and France for the space of seven years; and had not this been granted and signed, it is probable that we might have found some means of marring the treaty betwixt Edward and Louis, even at the expense of affording those voracious islanders beef and beer during the winter months.—Sir Chancellor, you may leave us, but be within reach of a hasty summons."

When his minister left the pavilion, the Duke, who, with his rude and imperious character united much kindness, if it could not be termed generosity of disposition, came up to the Lancastrian lord, who stood like one at whose feet a thunderbolt has just broken, and who is still appalled by the terrors of the shock.

"My poor Oxford," he said, "thou art stupified by this news, which thou canst not doubt must have a fatal effect on the plan which thy brave bosom cherishes with such devoted fidelity. I would for thy sake I could have detained the English a little longer in France; but had I attempted to do so, there were an end of my truce with Louis, and of course to my power to chastise these paltry Cantons, or send forth an expedition to England. As matters stand, give me but a week to punish these mountaineers, and you shall have a larger force than your modesty has requested of me for your enterprise; and, in the meanwhile, I will take care that Blackburn and his cousin-archers have no assistance of shipping from Flanders. Tush, man, never fear it—thou wilt be in England long ere they; and, once more, rely on my assistance—always, thou knowest, the cession of Provence being executed, as in reason. Our cousin Margaret's diamonds we must keep for a time; and perhaps they may pass as a pledge, with some of our own, for the godly purpose of setting at freedom the imprisoned angels of our Flemish usurers, who will not lend even to their sovereign, unless on good current security. To such straits has the disobedient avarice of our Estates for the moment reduced us."

"Alas! my Lord," said the dejected nobleman, "I were ungrateful to doubt the sincerity of your good intentions. But who can presume on the events of war, especially when time presses for instant decision? You are pleased to trust me. Let your Highness extend your confidence thus far: I will take my horse, and ride after the Landamman, if he hath already set forth. I have little doubt to make such an accommodation with him that you may be secure on all your south-eastern frontiers. You may then with security work your will in Lorraine and Provence."

"Do not speak of it," said the Duke sharply; "thou forget'st thyself and me, when thou supposest that a prince, who has pledged his word to his people, can recall it like a merchant chaffering for his paltry wares. Go to—we will assist you, but we will be ourselves judge of the time and manner. Yet, having both kind will to our distressed cousin of Anjou, and being your good friend, we will not linger in the matter. Our host have orders to break up this evening and direct their march against Neufchatel, where these proud Swiss shall have a taste of the fire and sword which they have provoked."

VOL. VII.

Oxford sighed deeply, but made no farther remonstrance; in which he acted wisely, since it was likely to have exasperated the fiery temper of the sovereign to whom it was addressed, while it was certain that it would not in the slightest degree alter his resolution.

He took farewell of the Duke, and returned to Colvin, whom he found immersed in the business of his department, and preparing for the removal of the artillery; an operation which the clumsiness of the ordnance, and the execrable state of the roads, rendered at that time a much more troublesome operation than at present, though it is even still one of the most laborious movements attending the march of an army. The Master of the Ordnance welcomed Oxford with much glee, and congratulated himself on the distinguished honour of enjoying his company during the campaign; and acquainted him, that, by the especial command of the Duke, he had made fitting preparations for his accommodation, suitable to the disguised character which he meant to maintain, but in every other respect as convenient as a camp could admit of.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A mirthful man he was—the snows of age
Fell, but they did not chill him. Gaiety,
Even in life's closing, touch'd his teeming brain
With such wild visions as the setting sun
Raises in front of some hoar glacier,
Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues.
Old Play.

LEAVING the Earl of Oxford in attendance on the stubborn Duke of Burgundy during an expedition, which the one represented as a brief excursion, more resembling a hunting-party than a campaign, and which the other considered in a much graver and more perilous light, we return to Arthur de Vere, or the younger Philipson, as he continued to be called, who was conducted by his guide with fidelity and success, but certainly very slowly, upon his journey into Provence.

The state of Lorraine, overrun by the Duke of Burgundy's army, and infested at the same time by different scattered bands, who took the field, or held out the castles, as they alleged, for the interest of Count Ferrand de Vaudemont, rendered journeying so dangerous, that it was often necessary to leave the main road, and to take circuitous tracks, in order to avoid such unfriendly encounters as travellers might otherwise have met with.

Arthur, taught by sad experience to distrust strange guides, found himself, nevertheless, in this eventful and perilous journey, disposed to rest considerable confidence in his present conductor, Thiebault, a Provençal by birth, intimately acquainted with the roads which they took, and, as far as he could judge, disposed to discharge his office with fidelity. Prudence alike, and the habits which he had acquired in travelling, as well as the character of a merchant, which he still sustained, induced him to waive the *morgue*, or haughty superiority of a knight and noble towards an inferior personage, especially as he rightly conjectured that free intercourse with this man, whose acquirements seemed of a superior cast, was likely to render him a judge of his opinions and disposition towards him. In return for

his condescension, he obtained a good deal of information concerning the province which he was approaching.

As they drew near the boundaries of Provence, the communications of Thiebault became more fluent and interesting. He could not only tell the name and history of each romantic castle which they passed, in their devious and doubtful route, but had at his command the chivalrous history of the noble knights and barons to whom they now pertained, or had belonged in earlier days, and could recount their exploits against the Saracens, by repelling their attacks upon Christendom, or their efforts to recover the Holy Sepulchre from Pagan hands. In the course of such narrations, Thiebault was led to speak of the Troubadours, a race of native poets of Provençal origin, differing widely from the minstrels of Normandy, and the adjacent provinces of France, with whose tales of chivalry, as well as the numerous translations of their works into Norman-French and English, Arthur, like most of the noble youth of his country, was intimately acquainted and deeply imbued. Thiebault boasted that his grandsire, of humble birth indeed, but of distinguished talent, was one of this gifted race, whose compositions produced so great an effect on the temper and manners of their age and country. It was, however, to be regretted that, inculcating as the prime duty of life a fantastic spirit of gallantry, which sometimes crossed the Platonic bound prescribed to it, the poetry of the Troubadours was too frequently used to soften and seduce the heart, and corrupt the principles.

Arthur's attention was called to this peculiarity, by Thiebault singing, which he could do with good skill, the history of a Troubadour, named William Cabestainy, who loved, *par amours*, a noble and beautiful lady, Margaret, the wife of a baron called Raymond de Roussillon. The jealous husband obtained proof of his dishonour, and having put Cabestainy to death by assassination, he took his heart from his bosom, and causing it to be dressed like that of an animal, ordered it to be served up to his lady; and when she had eaten of the horrible mess, told her of what her banquet was composed. The lady replied, that since she had been made to partake of food so precious, no coarser morsel should ever after cross her lips. She persisted in her resolution, and thus starved herself to death. The Troubadour who celebrated this tragic history, had displayed in his composition a good deal of poetic art, glossing over the error of the lovers as the fault of their destiny, dwelling on their tragical fate with considerable pathos, and finally, execrating the blind fury of the husband, with the full fervour of poetical indignation, he recorded, with vindictive pleasure, how every bold knight and true lover in the south of France assembled to besiege the baron's castle, stormed it by main force, left not one stone upon another, and put the tyrant himself to an ignominious death. Arthur was interested in the melancholy tale, which even beguiled him of a few tears; but as he thought farther on its purport, he dried his eyes, and said, with some sternness,—“Thiebault, sing me no more such lays. I have heard my father say, that the readiest mode to corrupt a Christian man, is to bestow upon vice the pity and the praise which are due only to virtue. Your Baron of Rous-

sillon is a monster of cruelty; but your unfortunate lovers were not the less guilty. It is by giving fair names to foul actions, that those who would start at real vice are led to practise its lessons, under the disguise of virtue.”

“I would you knew, Seigneur,” answered Thiebault, “that this Lay of Cabestainy and the Lady Margaret of Roussillon, is reckoned a masterpiece of the joyous science. Fie, sir; you are too young to be so strict a censor of morals. What will you do when your head is grey, if you are thus severe when it is scarcely brown?”

“A head which listens to folly in youth, will hardly be honourable in old age,” answered Arthur.

Thiebault had no mind to carry the dispute farther.

“It is not for me to contend with your worship. I only think, with every true son of chivalry and song, that a knight without a mistress is like a sky without a star.”

“Do I not know that?” answered Arthur; “but yet better remain in darkness than be guided by such false lights as shower down vice and pestilence.”

“Nay, it may be your seignorie is right,” answered the guide. “It is certain, that even in Provence here we have lost much of our keen judgment on matters of love,—its difficulties, its intricacies, and its errors, since the Troubadours are no longer regarded as usual, and since the high and noble Parliament of Love has ceased to hold its sittings.

“But in these latter days,” continued the Provençal, “kings, dukes, and sovereigns, instead of being the foremost and most faithful vassals of the Court of Cupid, are themselves the slaves of selfishness, and love of gain. Instead of winning hearts by breaking lances in the lists, they are breaking the hearts of their impoverished vassals by the most cruel exactions—instead of attempting to deserve the smile and favours of their lady-loves, they are meditating how to steal castles, towns, and provinces from their neighbours. But long life to the good and venerable King René! While he has an acre of land left, his residence will be the resort of valiant knights, whose only aim is praise in arms, of true lovers, who are persecuted by fortune, and of high-toned harpers, who know how to celebrate faith and valour.”

Arthur, interested in learning something more precise than common fame had taught him on the subject of this prince, easily induced the talkative Provençal to enlarge upon the virtues of his old sovereign's character, as just, joyous, and debonair, a friend to the most noble exercises of the chase and the tilt-yard, and still more so to the joyous science of Poetry and Music; who gave away more revenue than he received, in largesses to knights-errant and itinerant musicians, with whom his petty court was crowded, as one of the very few in which the ancient hospitality was still maintained.

Such was the picture which Thiebault drew of the last minstrel monarch; and though the eulogium was exaggerated, perhaps the facts were not overcharged.

Born of royal parentage, and with high pretensions, René had at no period of his life been able to match his fortunes to his claims. Of the kingdoms to which he asserted right, nothing remained in his possession but the county of Provence itself, a fair and friendly

principality, but diminished by the many claims which France had acquired upon portions of it by advances of money to supply the personal expenses of its master, and by other portions, which Burgundy, to whom René had been a prisoner, held in pledge for his ransom. In his youth he engaged in more than one military enterprise, in the hope of attaining some part of the territory of which he was styled sovereign. His courage is not impeached, but fortune did not smile on his military adventures; and he seems at last to have become sensible, that the power of admiring and celebrating warlike merit, is very different from possessing that quality. In fact, René was a prince of very moderate parts, endowed with a love of the fine arts, which he carried to extremity, and a degree of good-humour, which never permitted him to repine at fortune, but rendered its possessor happy, when a prince of keener feelings would have died of despair. This insouciant, light-tempered, gay, and thoughtless disposition, conducted René, free from all the passions which embitter life, and often shorten it, to a hale and mirthful old age. Even domestic losses, which often affect those who are proof against mere reverses of fortune, made no deep impression on the feelings of this cheerful old monarch. Most of his children had died young; René took it not to heart. His daughter Margaret's marriage with the powerful Henry of England was considered a connexion much above the fortunes of the King of the Troubadours. But in the issue, instead of René deriving any splendour from the match, he was involved in the misfortunes of his daughter, and repeatedly obliged to impoverish himself to supply her ransom. Perhaps in his private soul the old king did not think these losses so mortifying, as the necessity of receiving Margaret into his court and family. On fire when reflecting on the losses she had sustained, mourning over friends slain and kingdoms lost, the proudest and most passionate of princesses was ill suited to dwell with the gayest and best-humoured of sovereigns, whose pursuits she contemned, and whose lightness of temper, for finding comfort in such trifles, she could not forgive. The discomfort attached to her presence, and vindictive recollections, embarrassed the good-humoured old monarch, though it was unable to drive him beyond his equanimity.

Another distress pressed him more sorely.—Yolande, daughter of his first wife, Isabella, had succeeded to his claims upon the Duchy of Lorraine, and transmitted them to her son, Ferrand, Count of Vaudemont, a young man of courage and spirit, engaged at this time in the apparently desperate undertaking of making his title good against the Duke of Burgundy, who, with little right, but great power, was seizing upon and overrunning this rich duchy, which he laid claim to as a male fief. And to conclude, while the aged king on one side beheld his dethroned daughter in hopeless despair, and on the other his disinherited grandson, in vain attempting to recover a part of their rights, he had the additional misfortune to know, that his nephew, Louis of France, and his cousin, the Duke of Burgundy, were secretly contending which should succeed him in that portion of Provence which he still continued to possess, and that it was only jealousy of each other which prevented his being despoiled of this last remnant of

his territory. Yet amid all this distress, René feasted and received guests, danced, sung, composed poetry, used the pencil or brush with no small skill, devised and conducted festivals and processions, and, studying to promote, as far as possible, the immediate mirth and good-humour of his subjects, if he could not materially enlarge their more permanent prosperity, was never mentioned by them, excepting as *Le bon Roi René*, a distinction conferred on him down to the present day, and due to him certainly by the qualities of his heart, if not by those of his head.

Whilst Arthur was receiving from his guide a full account of the peculiarities of King René, they entered the territories of that merry monarch. It was late in the autumn, and about the period when the south-eastern counties of France rather show to least advantage. The foliage of the olive-tree is then decayed and withered, and as it predominates in the landscape, and resembles the scorched complexion of the soil itself, an ashen and arid hue is given to the whole. Still, however, there were scenes in the hilly and pastoral parts of the country, where the quantity of evergreens relieved the eye even in this dead season.

The appearance of the country, in general, had much in it that was peculiar.

The travellers perceived at every turn some marks of the King's singular character. Provence, as the part of Gaul which first received Roman civilisation, and as having been still longer the residence of the Grecian colony who founded Marseilles, is more full of the splendid relics of ancient architecture than any other country in Europe, Italy and Greece excepted. The good taste of King René had dictated some attempts to clear out and to restore these memorials of antiquity. Was there a triumphal arch, or an ancient temple—huts and hovels were cleared away from its vicinity, and means were used at least to retard the approach of ruin. Was there a marble fountain, which superstition had dedicated to some sequestered naiad—it was surrounded by olives, almond, and orange trees—its cistern was repaired, and taught once more to retain its crystal treasures. The huge amphitheatres, and gigantic colonnades, experienced the same anxious care, attesting that the noblest specimens of the fine arts found one admirer and preserver in King René, even during the course of those which are termed the dark and barbarous ages.

A change of manners could also be observed in passing from Burgundy and Lorraine, where society relished of German bluntness, into the pastoral country of Provence, where the influence of a fine climate and melodious language, joined to the pursuits of the romantic old monarch, with the universal taste for music and poetry, had introduced a civilisation of manners which approached to affectation. The shepherd literally marched abroad in the morning, piping his flocks forth to the pasture, with some love sonnet, the composition of an amorous Troubadour; and his "fleece care" seemed actually to be under the influence of his music, instead of being ungraciously insensible to its melody, as is the case in colder climates. Arthur observed, too, that the Provençal sheep, instead of being driven before the

shepherd, regularly followed him and did not disperse to feed, until the swain, by turning his face round to them, remaining stationary, and, executing variations on the air which he was playing, seemed to remind them that it was proper to do so. While in motion, his huge dog, of a species which is trained to face the wolf, and who is respected by the sheep as their guardian, and not feared as their tyrant, followed his master with his ears pricked, like the chief critic and prime judge of the performance, at some tones of which he seldom failed to intimate disapprobation; while the flock, like the generality of an audience, followed in unanimous though silent applause. At the hour of noon, the shepherd had sometimes acquired an augmentation to his audience, in some comely matron or blooming maiden, with whom he had rendezvoused by such a fountain as we have described, and who listened to the husband's or lover's chalumeau, or mingled her voice with his in the duets, of which the songs of the Troubadours have left so many examples. In the cool of the evening, the dance on the village green, or the concert before the hamlet door; the little repast of fruits, cheese, and bread, which the traveller was readily invited to share, gave new charms to the illusion, and seemed in earnest to point out Provence as the Arcadia of France.

But the greatest singularity was, in the eyes of Arthur, the total absence of armed men and soldiers in this peaceful country. In England, no man stirred without his long-bow, sword, and buckler. In France, the hind wore armour even when he was betwixt the stils of his plough. In Germany, you could not look along a mile of highway, but the eye was encountered by clouds of dust, out of which were seen, by fits, waving feathers and flashing armour. Even in Switzerland, the peasant, if he had a journey to make, though but of a mile or two, cared not to travel without his halbert and two-handed sword. But in Provence all seemed quiet and peaceful, as if the music of the land had lulled to sleep all its wrathful passions. Now and then a mounted cavalier might pass them, the harp at whose saddle-bow, or carried by one of his attendants, attested the character of a Troubadour, which was affected by men of all ranks; and then only a short sword on his left thigh, borne for show rather than use, was a necessary and appropriate part of his equipment.

"Peace," said Arthur, as he looked around him, "is an inestimable jewel; but it will be soon snatched from those who are not prepared with heart and hand to defend it."

The sight of the ancient and interesting town of Aix, where King René held his court, dispelled reflections of a general character, and recalled to the young Englishman the peculiar mission on which he was engaged.

He then required to know from the Provençal Thiebault, whether his instructions were to leave him, now that he had successfully attained the end of his journey.

"My instructions," answered Thiebault, "are to remain in Aix while there is any chance of your seignorie's continuing there, to be of such use to you as you may require, either as a guide or an attendant, and to keep these men in readiness to wait

upon you when you have occasion for messengers or guards. With your approbation, I will see them disposed of in fitting quarters, and receive my farther instructions from your seignorie wherever you please to appoint me. I propose this separation, because I understand it is your present pleasure to be private."

"I must go to court," answered Arthur, "without any delay. Wait for me in half an hour by that fountain in the street, which projects into the air such a magnificent pillar of water, surrounded, I would almost swear, by a vapour like steam, serving as a shroud to the jet which it envelops."

"The jet is so surrounded," answered the Provençal, "because it is supplied by a hot spring rising from the bowels of the earth, and the touch of frost on this autumn morning makes the vapour more distinguishable than usual.—But if it is good René whom you seek, you will find him at this time walking in his chimney. Do not be afraid of approaching him, for there never was a monarch so easy of access, especially to good-looking strangers like you, seignor."

"But his ushers," said Arthur, "will not admit me into his hall."

"His hall!" repeated Thiebault—"Whose hall?"

"Why, King René's, I apprehend. If he is walking in a chimney, it can only be in that of his hall, and a stately one it must be to give him room for such exercise."

"You mistake my meaning," said the guide, laughing.—"What we call King René's chimney is the narrow parapet yonder; it extends between these two towers, has an exposure to the south, and is sheltered in every other direction. Yonder it is his pleasure to walk and enjoy the beams of the sun, on such cool mornings as the present. It nurses, he says, his poetical vein. If you approach his promenade he will readily speak to you, unless, indeed, he is in the very act of a poetical composition."

Arthur could not forbear smiling at the thoughts of a king, eighty years of age, broken down with misfortunes and beset with dangers, who yet amused himself with walking in an open parapet, and composing poetry in presence of all such of his loving subjects as chose to look on.

"If you will walk a few steps this way," said Thiebault, "you may see the good King, and judge whether or not you will accost him at present. I will dispose of the people, and await your orders at the fountain in the Corso."

Arthur saw no objection to the proposal of his guide, and was not unwilling to have an opportunity of seeing something of the good King René, before he was introduced to his presence.

CHAPTER XXX.

Ay, this is he who wears the wreath of bays
Wove by Apollo and the Sisters Nine,
Which Jove's dread lightning scathes not. He hath doff
The cumbrous helm of steel, and flung aside
The yet more galling diadem of gold;
While, with a leafy circlet round his brows,
He reigns the King of Lovers and of Poets.

A CAUTIOUS approach to the chimney, that is, the

favourite walk of the King, who is described by Shakspeare as bearing

— the style of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicilies, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman,

gave Arthur the perfect survey of his Majesty in person. He saw an old man, with locks and beard, which, in amplitude and whiteness, nearly rivalled those of the envoy from Schwitz, but with a fresh and ruddy colour in his cheek, and an eye of great vivacity. His dress was showy to a degree almost inconsistent with his years; and his step, not only firm but full of alertness and vivacity, while occupied in traversing the short and sheltered walk, which he had chosen rather for comfort than for privacy, showed juvenile vigour still animating an aged frame. The old King carried his tablets, and a pencil, in his hand, seeming totally abstracted in his own thoughts, and indifferent to being observed by several persons from the public street beneath his elevated promenade.

Of these, some, from their dress and manner, seemed themselves Troubadours; for they held in their hands rebecks, rotes, small portable harps, and other indications of their profession. Such appeared to be stationary, as if engaged in observing, and recording their remarks on the meditations of their Prince. Other passengers, bent on their own more serious affairs, looked up to the King as to some one whom they were accustomed to see daily, but never passed without doffing their bonnets, and expressing, by a suitable obeisance, a respect and affection towards his person, which appeared to make up in cordiality of feeling what it wanted in deep and solemn deference.

René, in the meanwhile, was apparently unconscious both of the gaze of such as stood still, or the greeting of those who passed on, his mind seeming altogether engrossed with the apparent labour of some arduous task in poetry or music. He walked fast or slow as best suited the progress of composition. At times he stopped to mark hastily down on his tablets something which seemed to occur to him as deserving of preservation; at other times he dashed out what he had written, and flung down the pencil as if in a sort of despair. On these occasions, the Sibylline leaf was carefully picked up by a beautiful page, his only attendant, who reverently observed the first suitable opportunity of restoring it again to his royal hand. The same youth bore a viol, on which, at a signal from his master, he occasionally struck a few musical notes, to which the old King listened, now with a soothed and satisfied air, now with a discontented and anxious brow. At times, his enthusiasm rose so high, that he even hopped and skipped, with an activity which his years did not promise; at other times his motions were extremely slow, and occasionally he stood still, like one wrapped in the deepest and most anxious meditation. When he chanced to look on the group which seemed to watch his motions, and who ventured even to salute him with a murmur of applause, it was only to distinguish them with a friendly and good-humoured nod; a salutation with which, likewise, he failed not to reply to the greeting of the occasional passengers, when his earnest atten-

tion to his task, whatever it might be, permitted him to observe them.

At length the royal eye lighted upon Arthur, whose attitude of silent observation, and the distinction of his figure, pointed him out as a stranger. René beckoned to his page, who, receiving his master's commands in a whisper, descended from the royal chimney, to the broader platform beneath, which was open to general resort. The youth, addressing Arthur with much courtesy, informed him the King desired to speak with him. The young Englishman had no alternative but that of approaching, though pondering much in his own mind how he ought to comport himself towards such a singular specimen of royalty.

When he drew near, King René addressed him in a tone of courtesy not unmingled with dignity, and Arthur's awe in his immediate presence was greater than he himself could have anticipated from his previous conception of the royal character.

"You are, from your appearance, fair sir," said King René, "a stranger in this country. By what name must we call you, and to what business are we to ascribe the happiness of seeing you at our court?"

Arthur remained a moment silent, and the good old man, imputing it to awe and timidity, proceeded in an encouraging tone.

"Modesty in youth is ever commendable; you are doubtless an acolyte in the noble and joyous science of Minstrelsy and Music, drawn hither by the willing welcome which we afford to the professors of those arts, in which—praise be to Our Lady and the saints!—we have ourself been deemed a proficient."

"I do not aspire to the honours of a Troubadour," answered Arthur.

"I believe you," answered the King, "for your speech smacks of the northern, or Norman-French, such as is spoken in England and other unrefined nations. But you are a minstrel, perhaps, from these ultramontane parts. Be assured we despise not their efforts; for we have listened, not without pleasure and instruction, to many of their bold and wild romaunts, which, though rude in device and language, and, therefore, far inferior to the regulated poetry of our Troubadours, have yet something in their powerful and rough measure, which occasionally rouses the heart like the sound of a trumpet."

"I have felt the truth of your Grace's observation, when I have heard the songs of my country," said Arthur; "but I have neither skill nor audacity to imitate what I admire—My latest residence has been in Italy."

"You are perhaps then a proficient in painting," said René; "an art which applies itself to the eye, as poetry and music do to the ear, and is scarce less in esteem with us. If you are skilful in the art, you have come to a monarch who loves it, and the fair country in which it is practised."

"In simple truth, Sire, I am an Englishman, and my hand has been too much welk'd and hardened by practice of the bow, the lance, and the sword, to touch the harp, or even the pencil."

"An Englishman!" said René, obviously relaxing in the warmth of his welcome; "and what brings you here? England and I have long had little friendship together."

"It is even on that account that I am here," said

Arthur. "I come to pay my homage to your Grace's daughter, the Princess Margaret of Anjou, whom I and many true Englishmen regard still as our Queen, though traitors have usurped her title."

"Alas, good youth," said René, "I must grieve for you, while I respect your loyalty and faith. Had my daughter Margaret been of my mind, she had long since abandoned pretensions, which have drowned in seas of blood the noblest and bravest of her adherents."

The King seemed about to say more, but checked himself.

"Go to my palace," he said; "inquire for the Seneschal Hugh de Saint Cyr; he will give thee the means of seeing Margaret—that is, if it be her will to see thee. If not, good English youth, return to my palace, and thou shalt have hospitable entertainment; for a King who loves minstrelsy, music, and painting, is ever most sensible to the claims of honour, virtue, and loyalty; and I read in thy looks thou art possessed of these qualities, and willingly believe thou mayst, in more quiet times, aspire to share the honours of the joyous science. But if thou hast a heart to be touched by the sense of beauty and fair proportion, it will leap within thee at the first sight of my palace, the stately grace of which may be compared to the faultless form of some high-bred dame, or the artful, yet seemingly simple modulations of such a tune as we have been now composing."

The king seemed disposed to take his instrument, and indulge the youth with a rehearsal of the strain he had just arranged; but Arthur at that moment experienced the painful internal feeling of that peculiar species of shame, which well constructed minds feel when they see others express a great assumption of importance, with a confidence that they are exciting admiration, when in fact they are only exposing themselves to ridicule. Arthur, in short, took leave, "in very shame," of the King of Naples, both the Sicilies, and Jerusalem, in a manner somewhat more abrupt than ceremony demanded. The king looked after him, with some wonder at this want of breeding, which, however, he imputed to his visitor's insular education, and then again began to twangle his viol.

"The old fool!" said Arthur; "his daughter is dethroned, his dominions crumbling to pieces, his family on the eve of becoming extinct, his grandson driven from one lurking place to another, and expelled from his mother's inheritance,—and he can find amusement in these fopperies! I thought him, with his long white beard, like Nicolas Bonstetten; but the old Swiss is a Solomon compared with him."

As these and other reflections, highly disparaging to King René, passed through Arthur's mind, he reached the place of rendezvous, and found Thiebault beneath the steaming fountain, forced from one of those hot springs which had been the delight of the Romans from an early period. Thiebault, having assured his master that his retinue, horse and man, were so disposed as to be ready on an instant's call, readily undertook to guide him to King René's palace, which, from its singularity, and indeed its beauty of architecture, deserved the eulogium which the old monarch had bestowed upon it. The front consisted of three towers of Roman architecture, two of them being placed on the angles of the palace, and the

third, which served the purpose of a mausoleum, forming a part of the group, though somewhat detached from the other buildings. This last was a structure of beautiful proportions. The lower part of the edifice was square, serving as a sort of pedestal to the upper part, which was circular, and surrounded by columns of massive granite. The other two towers at the angles of the palace were round, and also ornamented with pillars, and with a double row of windows. In front of, and connected with, these Roman remains, to which a date has been assigned as early as the fifth or sixth century, arose the ancient palace of the Counts of Provence, built a century or two later, but where a rich Gothic or Moorish front contrasted, and yet harmonized, with the more regular and massive architecture of the lords of the world. It is not more than thirty or forty years since this very curious remnant of antique art was destroyed, to make room for new public buildings, which have never yet been erected.

Arthur really experienced some sensation of the kind which the old king had prophesied, and stood looking with wonder at the ever-open gate of the palace, into which men of all kinds seemed to enter freely. After looking around for a few minutes, the young Englishman ascended the steps of a noble portico, and asked of a porter, as old and as lazy as a great man's domestic ought to be, for the seneschal named to him by the king. The corpulent janitor, with great politeness, put the stranger under the charge of a page, who ushered him to a chamber, in which he found another aged functionary of higher rank, with a comely face, a clear composed eye, and a brow which, having never been knit into gravity, intimated that the seneschal of Aix was a proficient in the philosophy of his royal master. He recognised Arthur the moment he addressed him.

"You speak northern French, fair sir; you have lighter hair and a fairer complexion than the natives of this country—You ask after Queen Margaret—By all these marks I read you English—Her Grace of England is at this moment paying a vow at the monastery of Mont Saint Victoire, and if your name be Arthur Philipson, I have commission to forward you to her presence immediately—that is, as soon as you have tasted of the royal provision."

The young man would have remonstrated, but the seneschal left him no leisure.

"Meat and mass," he said, "never hindered work—it is perilous to youth to journey too far on an empty stomach—he himself would take a mouthful with the Queen's guest, and pledge him to boot in a flask of old Hermitage."

The board was covered with an alacrity which showed that hospitality was familiarly exercised in King René's dominions. Pasties, dishes of game, the gallant boar's-head, and other delicacies, were placed on the table, and the seneschal played the merry host, frequently apologising (unnecessarily) for showing an indifferent example, as it was his duty to carve before King René, and the good king was never pleased unless he saw him feed lustily as well as carve fealty.

"But for you, sir guest, eat freely, since you may not see food again till sunset; for the good Queen takes her misfortunes so to heart, that sighs are her food, and her tears a bottle of drink, as the Psalmist

hath it. But I bethink me you will need steeds for yourself and your equipage to reach Mont Saint Victoire, which is seven miles from Aix."

Arthur intimated that he had a guide and horses in attendance, and begged permission to take his adieu. The worthy seneschal, his fair round belly graced with a gold chain, accompanied him to the gate with a step, which a gentle fit of the gout had rendered uncertain, but which, he assured Arthur, would vanish before three days' use of the hot springs. Thiebault appeared before the gate, not with the tired steeds from which they had dismounted an hour since, but with fresh palfreys from the stable of the king.

"They are yours from the moment you have put foot in stirrup," said the seneschal; "the good King René never received back as his property a horse which he had lent to a guest; and that is perhaps one reason why his Highness and we of his household must walk often a-foot."

Here the seneschal exchanged greetings with his young visitor, who rode forth to seek Queen Margaret's place of temporary retirement at the celebrated monastery of Saint Victoire. He demanded of his guide in which direction it lay, who pointed, with an air of triumph, to a mountain three thousand feet and upwards in height, which arose at five or six miles' distance from the town, and which its bold and rocky summit rendered the most distinguished object of the landscape. Thiebault spoke of it with unusual glee and energy, so much so as to lead Arthur to conceive that his trusty squire had not neglected to avail himself of the lavish hospitality of *le bon Roy René*. Thiebault, however, continued to expatiate on the fame of the mountain and monastery. They derived their name, he said, from a great victory which was gained by a Roman general, named Caio Mario, against two large armies of Saracens with ultramontane names (the Teutones probably and Cimbri), in gratitude to Heaven for which victory Caio Mario vowed to build a monastery on the mountain, for the service of the Virgin Mary, in honour of whom he had been baptized. With all the importance of a local connoisseur, Thiebault proceeded to prove his general assertion by specific facts.

"Yonder," he said, "was the camp of the Saracens, from which, when the battle was apparently decided, their wives and women rushed, with horrible screams, dishevelled hair, and the gestures of furies, and for a time prevailed in stopping the flight of the men." He pointed out too the river, for access to which, cut off by the superior generalship of the Romans, the barbarians, whom he called Saracens, hazarded the action, and whose streams they empurpled with their blood. In short, he mentioned many circumstances which showed how accurately tradition will preserve the particulars of ancient events, even whilst forgetting, mis-stating, and confounding dates, and persons.

Perceiving that Arthur lent him a not unwilling ear,—for it may be supposed that the education of a youth bred up in the heat of civil wars, was not well qualified to criticise his account of the wars of a distant period,—the Provençal, when he had exhausted this topic, drew up close to his master's side, and ask-

ed, in a suppressed tone, whether he knew, or was desirous of being made acquainted with, the cause of Margaret's having left Aix, to establish herself in the monastery of Saint Victoire?

"For the accomplishment of a vow," answered Arthur; "all the world knows it."

"All Aix knows the contrary," said Thiebault; "and I can tell you the truth, so I were sure it would not offend your seignorie."

"The truth can offend no reasonable man, so it be expressed in the terms of which Queen Margaret must be spoken in the presence of an Englishman."

Thus replied Arthur, willing to receive what information he could gather, and desirous, at the same time, to check the petulance of his attendant.

"I have nothing," replied his follower, "to state in disparagement of the gracious Queen, whose only misfortune is, that, like her royal father, she has more titles than towns. Besides, I know well that you Englishmen, though you speak wildly of your sovereigns yourselves, will not permit others to fail in respect to them."

"Say on, then," answered Arthur.

"Your seignorie must know, then," said Thiebault, "that the good King René has been much disturbed by the deep melancholy which afflicted Queen Margaret, and has bent himself, with all his power, to change it into a gayer humour. He made entertainments in public and in private; he assembled minstrels and troubadours, whose music and poetry might have drawn smiles from one on his death-bed. The whole country resounded with mirth and glee, and the gracious Queen could not stir abroad in the most private manner, but before she had gone a hundred paces, she lighted on an ambush, consisting of some pretty pageant, or festivous mummary, composed often by the King himself, which interrupted her solitude, in purpose of relieving her heavy thoughts with some pleasant pastime. But the Queen's deep melancholy rejected all these modes of dispelling it, and at length she confined herself to her own apartments, and absolutely refused to see even her royal father, because he generally brought into her presence those whose productions he thought likely to soothe her sorrow. Indeed she seemed to hear the harpers with loathing, and, excepting one wandering Englishman, who sung a rude and melancholy ballad, which threw her into a flood of tears, and to whom she gave a chain of price, she never seemed to look at, or be conscious of the presence of any one. And at length, as I have had the honour to tell your seignorie, she refused to see even her royal father, unless he came alone; and that he found no heart to do."

"I wonder not at it," said the young man; "by the White Swan, I am rather surprised his mummary drove her not to frenzy."

"Something like it indeed took place," said Thiebault; "and I will tell your seignorie how it chanced. You must know that good King René, unwilling to abandon his daughter to the foul fiend of melancholy, bethought him of making a grand effort. You must know further, that the King, powerful in all the craft of Troubadours and Jongleurs, is held in peculiar esteem for conducting mysteries, and other of those gamesome and delightful sports and processions, with which our holy church permits her graver ceremonies

to be relieved and diversified, to the cheering of the hearts of all true children of religion. It is admitted that no one has ever been able to approach his excellence in the arrangement of the *Fête-Dieu*; and the tune to which the devils cudgel King Herod, to the great edification of all Christian spectators, is of our good King's royal composition. He hath danced at Tarasconne in the ballet of Saint Martha and the Dragon, and was accounted in his own person, the only actor competent to present the Tarrasque. His Highness introduced also a new ritual into the consecration of the Boy Bishop, and composed an entire set of grotesque music for the Festival of Asses. In short, his Grace's strength lies in those pleasing and becoming festivities which strew the path of edification with flowers, and send men dancing and singing on their way to Heaven.

"Now the good King René, feeling his own genius for such recreative compositions, resolved to exert it to the utmost, in the hope that he might thereby relieve the melancholy in which his daughter was plunged; and which infected all that approached her. It chanced, some short time since, that the Queen was absent for certain days, I know not where or on what business, but it gave the good King time to make his preparations. So when his daughter returned he with much importunity, prevailed on her to make part of a religious procession to Saint Sauveur, the principal church in Aix. The Queen, innocent of what was intended, decked herself with solemnity, to witness and partake of what she expected would prove a work of grave piety. But no sooner had she appeared on the esplanade in front of the palace, than more than a hundred masks, dressed up like Turks, Jews, Saracens, Moors, and I know not whom besides, crowded around, to offer her their homage, in the character of the Queen of Sheba; and a grotesque piece of music called them to arrange themselves for a ludicrous ballet, in which they addressed the Queen in the most entertaining manner, and with the most extravagant gestures. The Queen, stunned with the noise, and affronted with the petulance of this unexpected onset, would have gone back into the palace; but the doors had been shut by the King's order so soon as she set forth; and her retreat in that direction was cut off. Finding herself excluded from the palace, the Queen advanced to the front of the façade, and endeavoured by signs and words to appease the hubbub, but the maskers, who had their instructions, only answered with songs music, and shouts."

"I would," said Arthur, "there had been a score of English yeomen in presence, with their quarter-staves, to teach the bawling villains respect for one that has worn the crown of England!"

"All the noise that was made before was silence and soft music," continued Thiebault, "till that when the good King himself appeared, grotesquely dressed in the character of King Solomon"—

"To whom, of all princes, he has the least resemblance," said Arthur—

"With such capers and gesticulations of welcome to the Queen of Sheba, as, I am assured by those who saw it, would have brought a dead man alive again, or killed a living man with laugh-

ing. Among other properties, he had in his hand a truncheon, somewhat formed like a fool's bawble"—

"A most fit sceptre for such a sovereign," said Arthur—

"Which was headed," continued Thiebault, "by a model of the Jewish Temple, finely gilded and curiously cut in pasteboard. He managed this with the utmost grace, and delighted every spectator by his gaiety and activity, excepting the Queen, who, the more he skipped and capered, seemed to be the more incensed, until, on his approaching her to conduct her to the procession, she seemed roused to a sort of frenzy, struck the truncheon out of his hand, and breaking through the crowd, who felt as if a tigress had leapt amongst them from a showman's cart, rushed into the royal court-yard. Ere the order of the scenic representation, which her violence had interrupted, could be restored, the Queen again issued forth, mounted and attended by two or three English cavaliers of her Majesty's suite. She forced her way through the crowd, without regarding either their safety or her own, flew like a hail-storm along the streets, and never drew bridle till she was as far up this same Mont Saint Victoire as the road would permit. She was then received into the convent, and has since remained there; and a vow of penance is the pretext to cover over the quarrel betwixt her and her father."

"How long may it be," said Arthur, "since these things chanced?"

"It is but three days since Queen Margaret left Aix in the manner I have told you.—But we are come as far up the mountain as men usually ride. See, yonder is the monastery rising betwixt two huge rocks, which form the very top of Mont Saint Victoire. There is no more open ground than is afforded by the cleft, into which the convent of Saint Mary of Victory is, as it were, niched; and the access is guarded by the most dangerous precipices. To ascend the mountain, you must keep that narrow path, which, winding and turning among the cliffs, leads at length to the summit of the hill and the gate of the monastery."

"And what becomes of you and the horses?" said Arthur.

"We will rest," said Thiebault, "in the hospital maintained by the good fathers at the bottom of the mountain, for the accommodation of those who attend on pilgrims; for I promise you the shrine is visited by many who come from afar, and are attended both by man and horse.—Care not for me,—I shall be first under cover; but there muster yonder in the west some threatening clouds, from which your seignorie may suffer inconvenience, unless you reach the convent in time. I will give you an hour to do the feat, and will say you are as active as a chamois hunter, if you reach it within the time."

Arthur looked around him, and did indeed remark a mustering of clouds in the distant west, which threatened soon to change the character of the day, which had hitherto been brilliantly clear, and so serene that the falling of a leaf might have been heard. He therefore turned him to the steep and rocky path which ascended the mountain, sometimes by scaling almost precipitous rocks, and sometimes by reaching

their tops by a more circuitous process. It winded through thickets of wild boxwood and other low aromatic shrubs, which afforded some pasture for the mountain-goats, but were a bitter annoyance to the traveller who had to press through them. Such obstacles were so frequent, that the full hour allowed by Thiebault had elapsed before he stood on the summit of Mont Saint Victoire, and in front of the singular convent of the same name.

We have already said, that the crest of the mountain consisting entirely of one bare and solid rock, was divided by a cleft or opening into two heads or peaks, between which the convent was built, occupying all the space between them. The front of the building was of the most ancient and sombre cast of the old Gothic, or rather, as it has been termed, the Saxon; and in that respect corresponded with the savage exterior of the naked cliffs, of which the structure seemed to make a part, and by which it was entirely surrounded, excepting a small open space of more level ground, where, at the expense of much toil, and by carrying earth up the hill, from different spots where they could collect it in small quantities, the good fathers had been able to arrange the accommodations of a garden.

A bell summoned a lay-brother, the porter of this singularly situated monastery, to whom Arthur announced himself as an English merchant, Philipson by name, who came to pay his duty to Queen Margaret. The porter, with much respect, showed the stranger into the convent, and ushered him into a parlour, which, looking towards Aix, commanded an extensive and splendid prospect over the southern and western parts of Provence. This was the direction in which Arthur had approached the mountain from Aix; but the circuitous path by which he had ascended had completely carried him round the hill. The western side of the monastery, to which the parlour looked, commanded the noble view we have mentioned; and a species of balcony, which, connecting the two twin crags, at this place not above four or five yards asunder, ran along the front of the building, and appeared to be constructed for the purpose of enjoying it. But on stepping from one of the windows of the parlour upon this battlemented bartizan, Arthur became aware that the wall on which the parapet rested stretched along the edge of a precipice, which sunk sheer down five hundred feet at least from the foundations of the convent. Surprised and startled at finding himself on so giddy a verge, Arthur turned his eyes from the gulf beneath him to admire the distant landscape, partly illumined, with ominous lustre, by the now westerly sun. The setting beams showed in dark red splendour a vast variety of hill and dale, champaign and cultivated ground, with towns, churches, and castles, some of which rose from among trees, while others seemed founded on rocky eminences; others again lurked by the side of streams or lakes, to which the heat and drought of the climate naturally attracted them.

The rest of the landscape presented similar objects when the weather was serene, but they were now rendered indistinct, or altogether obliterated by the sullen shade of the approaching clouds, which gradually spread over great part of the horizon, and threatened altogether to eclipse the sun, though the lord of

the horizon still struggled to maintain his influence, and, like a dying hero, seemed most glorious even in the moment of defeat. Wild sounds, like groans and howls, formed by the wind in the numerous caverns of the rocky mountain, added to the terrors of the scene, and seemed to foretell the fury of some distant storm, though the air in general was even unnaturally calm and breathless. In gazing on this extraordinary scene, Arthur did justice to the monks who had chosen this wild and grotesque situation, from which they could witness Nature in her wildest and grandest demonstrations, and compare the nothingness of humanity with her awful convulsions.

So much was Arthur awed by the scene before him, that he had almost forgotten, while gazing from the bartizan, the important business which had brought him to this place, when it was suddenly recalled by finding himself in the presence of Margaret of Anjou, who, not seeing him in the parlour of reception, had stepped upon the balcony, that she might meet with him the sooner.

The Queen's dress was black, without any ornament except a gold coronal of an inch in breadth, restraining her long black tresses, of which advancing years, and misfortunes, had partly altered the hue. There was placed within the circlet a black plume with a red rose, the last of the season, which the good father who kept the garden had presented to her that morning, as the badge of her husband's house. Care, fatigue, and sorrow, seemed to dwell on her brow and her features. To another messenger, she would in all probability have administered a sharp rebuke, for not being alert in his duty to receive her as she entered; but Arthur's age and appearance corresponded with that of her loved and lost son. He was the son of a lady whom Margaret had loved with almost sisterly affection, and the presence of Arthur continued to excite in the dethroned Queen the same feelings of maternal tenderness which they had awakened on their first meeting in the Cathedral of Strasburg. She raised him as he knelt at her feet, spoke to him with much kindness, and encouraged him to detail at full length his father's message, and such other news as his brief residence at Dijon had made him acquainted with.

She demanded which way Duke Charles had moved with his army.

"As I was given to understand by the master of his artillery," said Arthur, "towards the Lake of Neufchatel, on which side he proposes his first attack on the Swiss."

"The headstrong fool!" said Queen Margaret—"he resembles the poor lunatic, who went to the summit of the mountain, that he might meet the rain half way.—Does thy father then," continued Margaret, "advise me to give up the last remains of the extensive territories once the dominions of our royal House, and for some thousand crowns, and the paltry aid of a few hundred lances, to relinquish what is left of our patrimony to our proud and selfish kinsman of Burgundy, who extends his claim to our all, and affords so little help, or even promise of help, in return?"

"I should have ill discharged my father's commission," said Arthur, "if I had left your Highness to

think that he recommends so great a sacrifice. He feels most deeply the Duke of Burgundy's grasping desire of dominion. Nevertheless, he thinks that Provence must, on King René's death, or sooner, fall either to the share of Duke Charles, or to Louis of France, whatever opposition your Highness may make to such a destination; and it may be that my father, as a knight and a soldier, hopes much from obtaining the means to make another attempt on Britain. But the decision must rest with your Highness."

"Young man," said the Queen, "the contemplation of a question so doubtful almost deprives me of reason."

As she spoke, she sunk down as one who needs rest, on a stone seat placed on the very verge of the balcony, regardless of the storm, which now began to rise with dreadful gusts of wind, the course of which being intermitted and altered by the crags round which they howled, it seemed as if in very deed Boreas, and Eurus, and Caurus, unchaining the winds from every quarter of heaven, were contending for mastery around the convent of our Lady of Victory. Amid this tumult, and amid billows of mist which concealed the bottom of the precipice, and masses of clouds which racked fearfully over their heads, the roar of the descending waters rather resembled the fall of cataracts than the rushing of torrents of rain. The seat on which Margaret had placed herself was in a considerable degree sheltered from the storm, but its eddies, varying in every direction, often tossed aloft her dishevelled hair; and we cannot describe the appearance of her noble and beautiful, yet ghastly and wasted features, agitated strongly by anxious hesitation, and conflicting thoughts, unless to those of our readers who have had the advantage of having seen our inimitable Siddons in such a character as this. Arthur, confounded by anxiety and terror, could only beseech her Majesty to retire before the fury of the approaching storm, into the interior of the convent.

"No," she replied with firmness; "roofs and walls have ears, and monks, though they have forsworn the world, are not the less curious to know what passes beyond their cells. It is in this place you must hear what I have to say; as a soldier, you should scorn a blast of wind or a shower of rain; and to me, who have often held counsel amidst the sound of trumpets and clash of arms, prompt for instant fight, the war of elements is an unnoticed trifle. I tell thee, young Arthur Vere, as I would to your father—as I would to my son—if indeed Heaven had left such a blessing to a wretch forlorn!"

She paused, and then proceeded.

"I tell thee, as I would have told my beloved Edward, that Margaret, whose resolutions were once firm and immovable as these rocks among which we are placed, is now doubtful and variable as the clouds which are drifting around us. I told your father, in the joy of meeting once more a subject of such inappreciable loyalty, of the sacrifices I would make to assure the assistance of Charles of Burgundy, to so gallant an undertaking as that proposed to him by the faithful Oxford. But since I saw him, I have had cause of deep reflection. I met my aged father only to offend, and, I say it with shame, to insult the old man in presence of his people. Our tempers are as

opposed as the sunshine, which a short space since gilded a serene and beautiful landscape, differs from the tempests which are now wasting it. I spurned with open scorn and contempt what he, in his mistaken affection, had devised for means of consolation, and, disgusted with the idle follies which he had devised for curing the melancholy of a dethroned Queen, a widowed spouse—and, alas! a childless mother,—I retired hither from the noisy and idle mirth, which was the bitterest aggravation of my sorrows. Such and so gentle is René's temper, that even my unfilial conduct will not diminish my influence over him; and if your father had announced, that the Duke of Burgundy, like a knight and a sovereign, had cordially and nobly entered into the plan of the faithful Oxford, I could have found it in my heart to obtain the cession of territory his cold and ambitious policy requires, in order to ensure the assistance, which he now postpones to afford, till he has gratified his own haughty humour by settling needless quarrels with his unoffending neighbours. Since I have been here, and calmness and solitude have given me time to reflect, I have thought on the offences I have given the old man, and on the wrongs I was about to do him. My father, let me do him justice, is also the father of his people. They have dwelt under their vines and fig-trees, in ignoble ease perhaps, but free from oppression and exaction, and their happiness has been that of their good King. Must I change all this?—Must I aid in turning over these contented people to a fierce, headlong, arbitrary prince?—May I not break even the easy and thoughtless heart of my poor old father, should I succeed in urging him to do so?—These are questions which I shudder even to ask myself. On the other hand, to disappoint the toils, the venturous hopes of your father, to forego the only opportunity which may ever again offer itself, of revenge on the bloody traitors of York, and restoration of the House of Lancaster!—Arthur, the scene around us is not so convulsed by the fearful tempest, and the driving clouds, as my mind is by doubt and uncertainty."

"Alas," replied Arthur, "I am too young and inexperienced to be your Majesty's adviser in a case so arduous. I would my father had been in presence himself."

"I know what he would have said," replied the Queen; "but knowing all, I despair of aid from human counsellors—I have sought others, but they also are deaf to my entreaties. Yes, Arthur, Margaret's misfortunes have rendered her superstitious. Know, that beneath these rocks, and under the foundation of this convent, there runs a cavern, entering by a secret and defended passage a little to the westward of the summit, and running through the mountain, having an opening to the south, from which, as from this bartizan, you can view the landscape so lately seen from this balcony, or the strife of winds and confusion of clouds which we now behold. In the middle of this cavernous thoroughfare is a natural pit, or perforation, of great, but unknown depth. A stone dropped into it is heard to dash from side to side, until the noise of its descent, thundering from cliff to cliff, dies away in distant and faint tinkling, less loud than that of a sheep's bell at a mile's distance. The common people, in their jargon, call this fearful gulf, Lou Garagoule; and the

traditions of the monastery annex wild and fearful recollections to a place in itself sufficiently terrible. Oracles, it is said, spoke from thence in pagan days, by subterranean voices, arising from the abyss; and from these the Roman general is said to have heard, in strange and uncouth rhymes, promises of the victory which gives name to this mountain. These oracles, it is averred, may be yet consulted after performance of strange rites, in which heathen ceremonies are mixed with Christian acts of devotion. The abbots of Mont Saint Victoire have denounced the consultation of Lou Garagoule, and the spirits who reside there, to be criminal. But as the sin may be expiated by presents to the church, by masses, and penances, the door is sometimes opened by the complaisant fathers to those whose daring curiosity leads them, at all risks, and by whatever means, to search into futurity. Arthur, I have made the experiment, and am even now returned from the gloomy cavern, in which, according to the traditional ritual, I have spent six hours by the margin of the gulf, a place so dismal, that after its horrors even this tempestuous scene is refreshing."

The Queen stopped, and Arthur, the more struck with the wild tale, that it reminded him of his place of imprisonment at La Ferette, asked anxiously, if her inquiries had obtained any answer.

"None whatever," replied the unhappy Princess. "The demons of Garagoule, if there be such, are deaf to the suit of an unfortunate wretch like me, to whom neither friends nor fiends will afford counsel or assistance. It is my father's circumstances which prevent my instant and strong resolution. Were my own claims on this piping and paltry nation of Troubadours alone interested, I could, for the chance of once more setting my foot in merry England, as easily and willingly resign them, and their paltry coronet, as I commit to the storm this idle emblem of the royal rank which I have lost."

As Margaret spoke, she tore from her hair the sable feather and rose which the tempest had detached from the circlet in which they were placed, and tossed them from the battlement with a gesture of wild energy. They were instantly whirled off in a bickering eddy of the agitated clouds, which swept the feather far distant into empty space, through which the eye could not pursue it. But while that of Arthur involuntarily strove to follow its course, a contrary gust of wind caught the red rose, and drove it back against his breast, so that it was easy for him to catch hold of and retain it.

"Joy, joy, and good fortune, royal mistress!" he said, returning to her the emblematic flower; "the tempest brings back the badge of Lancaster to its proper owner."

"I accept the omen," said Margaret; "but it concerns yourself, noble youth, and not me. The feather, which is borne away to waste and desolation, is Margaret's emblem. My eyes will never see the restoration of the line of Lancaster. But you will live to behold it, and to aid to achieve it, and to dye our red rose deeper yet in the blood of tyrants and traitors. My thoughts are so strangely poised, that a feather or a flower may turn the scale. But my head is still giddy, and my heart sick. — To-morrow you shall see another Margaret, and till then adieu."

It was time to retire, for the tempest began to be mingled with fiercer showers of rain. When they re-entered the parlour, the Queen clapped her hands, and two female attendants entered.

"Let the Father Abbot know," she said, "that it is our desire that this young gentleman receive for this night such hospitality as befits an esteemed friend of ours.—Till to-morrow, young sir, farewell."

With a countenance which betrayed not the late emotion of her mind, and with a stately courtesy that would have become her when she graced the halls of Windsor, she extended her hand, which the youth saluted respectfully. After her leaving the parlour, the Abbot entered, and in his attention to Arthur's entertainment and accommodation for the evening, showed his anxiety to meet and obey Queen Margaret's wishes.

CHAPTER XXXI.

— Want you a man

Experienced in the world and its affairs?

Here he is for your purpose.—He's a monk:

He hath forsworn the world and all its work—

The rather that he knows it passing well,

Special the worst of it, for he's a monk.

Old Play.

WHILE the dawn of the morning was yet grey, Arthur was awakened by a loud ringing at the gate of the monastery, and presently afterwards the porter entered the cell which had been allotted to him for his lodgings, to tell him, that, if his name was Arthur Philipson, a brother of their order had brought him dispatches from his father. The youth started up, hastily attired himself, and was introduced, in the parlour, to a Carmelite monk, being of the same order with the community of Saint Victoire.

"I have ridden many a mile, young man, to present you with this letter," said the monk, "having undertaken to your father that it should be delivered without delay. I came to Aix last night during the storm, and learning at the palace that you had ridden hither, I mounted as soon as the tempest abated, and here I am."

"I am beholden to you, father," said the youth; "and if I could repay your pains with a small donative to your convent"—

"By no means," answered the good father; "I took my personal trouble out of friendship to your father, and mine own errand led me this way. The expenses of my long journey have been amply provided for. But open your packet; I can answer your questions at leisure."

The young man accordingly stepped into an embrasure of the window, and read as follows:—

"SON ARTHUR,—Touching the state of the country, in so far as concerns the safety of travelling, know, that the same is precarious. The Duke hath taken the towns of Brie and Granson, and put to death five hundred men, whom he made prisoners in garrison there. But the Confederates are approaching with a large force, and God will judge for the right. Howsoever the game may go, these are sharp wars, in which little quarter is spoken of on either side, and therefore there is no safety for men of our profession, till something decisive shall happen. In the meantime, you may assure the widowed lady, that

our correspondent continues well disposed to purchase the property which she has in hand; but will scarce be able to pay the price till his present pressing affairs shall be settled, which I hope will be in time to permit us to embark the funds in the profitable adventure I told our friend of. I have employed a friar, travelling to Provence, to carry this letter, which I trust will come safe. The bearer may be trusted.

"Your affectionate father,
"JOHN PHILIPSON."

Arthur easily comprehended the latter part of the epistle, and rejoiced he had received it at so critical a moment. He questioned the Carmelite on the amount of the Duke's army, which the Monk stated to amount to sixty thousand men; while he said the Confederates, though making every exertion, had not yet been able to assemble the third part of that number. The young Ferrand de Vaudemont was with their army, and had received, it was thought, some secret assistance from France; but as he was little known in arms, and had few followers, the empty title of general which he bore, added little to the strength of the Confederates. Upon the whole, he reported, that every chance appeared to be in favour of Charles; and Arthur, who looked upon his success as presenting the only chance in favour of his father's enterprise, was not a little pleased to find it ensured, as far as depended on a great superiority of force. He had no leisure to make farther inquiries, for the Queen at that moment entered the apartment, and the Carmelite, learning her quality, withdrew from her presence in deep reverence.

The paleness of her complexion still bespoke the fatigues of the day preceding; but as she graciously bestowed on Arthur the greetings of the morning, her voice was firm, her eye clear, and her countenance steady. "I meet you," she said, "not as I left you, but determined in my purpose. I am satisfied, that if René does not voluntarily yield up his throne of Provence, by some step like that which we propose, he will be hurled from it by violence, in which, it may be his life will not be spared. We will, therefore, to work with all speed—the worst is, that I cannot leave this convent till I have made the necessary penances for having visited the Garagoule, without performing which, I were no Christian woman. When you return to Aix, inquire at the palace for my secretary, with whom this line will give you credence. I have, even before this door of hope opened to me, endeavoured to form an estimate of King René's situation, and collected the documents for that purpose. Tell him to send me, duly sealed, and under fitting charge, the small cabinet hooped with silver. Hours of penance for past errors may be employed to prevent others; and, from the contents of that cabinet, I shall learn whether I am, in this weighty matter, sacrificing my father's interests to my own half-desperate hopes. But of this I have little or no doubt. I can cause the deeds of resignation and transference to be drawn up here under my own direction, and arrange the execution of them when I return to Aix, which shall be the first moment after my penance is concluded."

"And this letter, gracious madam," said Arthur,

"will inform you what events are approaching, and of what importance it may be to take time by the fore-lock. Place me but in possession of these momentous deeds, and I will travel night and day till I reach the Duke's camp. I shall find him most likely in the moment of victory, and with his heart too much open to refuse a boon to the royal kinswoman who is surrendering to him all. We will—we must—in such an hour, obtain princely succours; and we shall soon see if the licentious Edward of York, the savage Richard, the treacherous and perjured Clarence, are hereafter to be lords of merry England, or whether they must give place to a more rightful sovereign and better man. But O! royal madam, all depends on haste."

"True—yet a few days may—nay, must—cast the die between Charles and his opponents; and, ere making so great a surrender, it were as well to be assured that he whom we would propitiate, is in capacity to assist us. All the events of a tragic and varied life have led me to see there is no such thing as an inconsiderable enemy. I will make haste, however, trusting in the interim we may have good news from the banks of the lake at Neufchatel."

"But who shall be employed to draw these most important deeds?" said the young man.

Margaret mused ere she replied,—"The father guardian is complaisant, and I think faithful; but I would not willingly repose confidence in one of the Provençal monks. Stay, let me think—your father says the Carmelite who brought the letter may be trusted—he shall do the turn. He is a stranger, and will be silent for a piece of money. Farewell, Arthur de Vere.—You will be treated with all hospitality by my father. If thou dost receive farther tidings, thou wilt let me know them; or, should I have instructions to send, thou wilt hear from me.—So, benedicite."

Arthur proceeded to wind down the mountain at a much quicker pace than he had ascended on the day before. The weather was now gloriously serene, and the beauties of vegetation, in a country where it never totally slumbers, were at once delicious and refreshing. His thoughts wandered from the crags of Mont Saint Victoire, to the cliff of the canton of Unterwalden, and fancy recalled the moments when his walks through such scenery were not solitary, but when there was a form by his side, whose simple beauty was engraved on his memory. Such thoughts were of a preoccupying nature; and I grieve to say, that they entirely drowned the recollection of the mysterious caution given him by his father, intimating that Arthur might not be able to comprehend such letters as he should receive from him, till they were warmed before a fire.

The first thing which reminded him of this singular caution, was the seeing a chafing-dish of charcoal in the kitchen of the hostelry at the bottom of the mountain, where he found Thiebault and his horses. This was the first fire which he had seen since receiving his father's letter, and it reminded him not unnaturally of what the Earl had recommended. Great was his surprise to see, that after exposing the paper to the fire as if to dry it, a word emerged in an important passage of the letter, and the concluding words now read,—"The bearer may *not* be trusted."

Well-nigh choked with shame and vexation, Arthur could think of no other remedy than instantly to return to the convent, and acquaint the Queen with this discovery, which he hoped still to convey to her in time to prevent any risk being incurred by the Carmelite's treachery.

Incensed at himself, and eager to redeem his fault, he bent his manly breast against the steep hill, which was probably never scaled in so short time as by the young heir of De Vere; for, within forty minutes from his commencing the ascent, he stood breathless and panting in the presence of Queen Margaret, who was alike surprised at his appearance and his exhausted condition.

"Trust not the Carmelite!" he exclaimed—"You are betrayed, noble Queen, and it is by my negligence. Here is my dagger—bid me strike it into my heart!"

Margaret demanded and obtained a more special explanation, and when it was given, she said, "It is an unhappy chance; but your father's instructions ought to have been more distinct. I have told yonder Carmelite the purpose of the contracts, and engaged with him to draw them. He has but now left me to serve at the choir. There is no withdrawing the confidence I have unhappily placed; but I can easily prevail with the Father Guardian to prevent the Monk from leaving the convent till we are indifferent to his secrecy. It is our best chance to secure it, and we will take care that what inconvenience he sustains by his detention shall be well recompensed. Meanwhile, rest thou, good Arthur, and undo the throat of thy mantle. Poor youth, thou art well-nigh exhausted with thy haste."

Arthur obeyed, and sat down on a seat in the parlour; for the speed which he had exerted rendered him almost incapable of standing.

"If I could but see," he said, "the false monk, I would find a way to charm him to secrecy!"

"Better leave him to me," said the Queen; "and in a word, I forbid you to meddle with him. The coif can treat better with the cowl than the casque can do. Say no more of him. I joy to see you wear around your neck the holy relic I bestowed on you;—but what Moorish charmlet is that you wear beside it? Alas! I need not ask. Your heightened colour, almost as deep as when you entered a quarter of an hour hence, confesses a true-love token. Alas! poor boy, hast thou not only such a share of thy country's woes to bear, but also thine own load of affliction, not the less poignant now that future time will show thee how fantastic it is! Margaret of Anjou could once have aided wherever thy affections were placed; but now she can only contribute to the misery of her friends, not to their happiness. But this lady of the charm, Arthur, is she fair—is she wise and virtuous—is she of noble birth—and does she love?"—She perused his countenance with the glance of an eagle, and continued, "To all, thou wouldst answer Yes, if shamefacedness permitted thee. Love her then in turn, my gallant boy, for love is the parent of brave actions. Go, my noble youth—high-born and loyal, valorous and virtuous, enamoured and youthful, to what mayst thou not rise! The chivalry of ancient Europe only lives in a bosom like thine. Go, and let the praises of a Queen

fire thy bosom with the love of honour and achievement. In three days we meet at Aix.

Arthur, highly gratified with the Queen's condescension, once more left her presence.

Returning down the mountain with a speed very different from that which he had used in the ascent, he again found his Provençal squire, who had remained in much surprise at witnessing the confusion in which his master had left the inn, almost immediately after he had entered it without any apparent haste or agitation. Arthur explained his hasty return by alleging he had forgot his purse at the convent. "Nay, in that case," said Thiebault, "considering what you left and where you left it, I do not wonder at your speed; though, our Lady save me, as I never saw a living creature, save a goat with a wolf at his heels, make his way over crag and briers with half such rapidity as you did."

They reached Aix after about an hour's riding, and Arthur lost no time in waiting upon the good King René, who gave him a kind reception, both in respect of the letter from the Duke of Burgundy, and in consideration of his being an Englishman, the avowed subject of the unfortunate Margaret. The placable monarch soon forgave his young guest the want of complaisance, with which he had eschewed to listen to his compositions; and Arthur speedily found, that to apologize for his want of breeding in that particular, was likely to lead to a great deal more rehearsing than he could find patience to listen to. He could only avoid the old King's extreme desire to recite his own poems, and perform his own music, by engaging him in speaking of his daughter Margaret. Arthur had been sometimes induced to doubt the influence which the Queen boasted herself to possess over her aged father; but on being acquainted with him personally, he became convinced that her powerful understanding and violent passions inspired the feeble-minded and passive King with a mixture of pride, affection, and fear, which united to give her the most ample authority over him.

Although she had parted with him but a day or two since, and in a manner so ungracious on her side, René was as much overjoyed at hearing of the probability of her speedy return, as the fondest father could have been at the prospect of being reunited to the most dutiful child, whom he had not seen for years. The old King was impatient as a boy for the day of her arrival, and, still strangely unenlightened on the difference of her taste from his own, he was with difficulty induced to lay aside a project of meeting her in the character of old Palemon,—

The prince of Shepherds, and their pride,

at the head of an Arcadian procession of nymphs and swains, to inspire whose choral dances and songs every pipe and tambourine in the country was to be placed in requisition. Even the old seneschal, however, intimated his disapprobation of this species of *joyeuse entrée*; so that René suffered himself at length to be persuaded that the Queen was too much occupied by the religious impressions to which she had been of late exposed, to receive any agreeable sensation from sights or sounds of levity. The King gave way to reasons which he could not sympathize with; and thus Margaret escaped the shock of a welcome, which would perhaps have driven her in

her impatience back to the mountain of Saint Victoire, and the sable cavern of Lou Garagoule.

During the time of her absence, the days of the court of Provence were employed in sports and rejoicings of every description; tilting at the barrier with blunted spears, riding at the ring, parties for hare-hunting and falconry, frequented by the youth of both sexes, in the company of whom the King delighted, while the evenings were consumed in dancing and music.

Arthur could not but be sensible, that not long since all this would have made him perfectly happy; but the last months of his existence had developed his understanding and passions. He was now initiated in the actual business of human life, and looked on its amusements with an air of something like contempt; so that among the young and gay noblesse, who composed this merry court, he acquired the title of the youthful philosopher, which was not bestowed upon him, it may be supposed, as inferring any thing of peculiar compliment.

On the fourth day news were received, by an express messenger, that Queen Margaret would enter Aix before the hour of noon, to resume her residence in her father's palace. The good King René seemed, as it drew nigh, to fear the interview with his daughter as much as he had previously desired it, and contrived to make all around him partake of his fidgety anxiety. He tormented his steward and cooks to recollect what dishes they had ever observed her to taste of with approbation—he pressed the musicians to remember the tunes which she approved, and when one of them boldly replied he had never known her Majesty endure any strain with patience, the old monarch threatened to turn him out of his service for slandering the taste of his daughter. The banquet was ordered to be served at half-past eleven, as if accelerating it would have had the least effect upon hurrying the arrival of the expected guests; and the old King, with his napkin over his arm, traversed the hall from window to window, wearying every one with questions, whether they saw any thing of the Queen of England. Exactly as the bells tolled noon, the Queen, with a very small retinue, chiefly English, and in mourning habits like herself, rode into the town of Aix. King René, at the head of his court, failed not to descend from the front of his stately palace, and move along the street to meet his daughter. Lofty, proud, and jealous of incurring ridicule, Margaret was not pleased with this public greeting in the market-place. But she was desirous at present to make amends for her late petulance, and therefore she descended from her palfrey; and although something shocked at seeing René equipped with a napkin, she humbled herself to bend the knee to him, asking at once his blessing and forgiveness.

"Thou hast—thou hast my blessing, my suffering dove," said the simple King to the proudest and most impatient princess that ever wept for a lost crown.—"And for thy pardon, how canst thou ask it, who never didst me an offence since God made me father to so gracious a child?—Rise, I say rise—nay, it is for me to ask thy pardon—True, I said in my ignorance and thought within myself, that my heart had indited a goodly thing—but it vexed thee. It is there-

fore for me to crave pardon."—And down sunk good King René upon both knees; and the people, who are usually captivated with any thing resembling the trick of the scene, applauded with much noise, and some smothered laughter, a situation, in which the royal daughter and her parent seemed about to rehearse the scene of the Roman Charity.

Margaret, sensitively alive to shame, and fully aware that her present position was sufficiently ludicrous in its publicity at least, signed sharply to Arthur, whom she saw in the King's suite, to come to her; and, using his arm to rise, she muttered to him aside, and in English—"To what saint shall I vow myself, that I may preserve patience when I so much need it!"

"For pity's sake, royal madam, recall your firmness of mind and composure," whispered her esquire, who felt at the moment more embarrassed than honoured by his distinguished office, for he could feel that the Queen actually trembled with vexation and impatience.

They at length resumed their route to the palace, the father and daughter arm in arm, a posture most agreeable to Margaret, who could bring herself to endure her father's effusions of tenderness, and the general tone of his conversation, so that he was not overheard by others. In the same manner, she bore with laudable patience the teasing attentions which he addressed to her at table, noticed some of his particular courtiers; inquired after others, led the way to his favourite subjects of conversation on poetry, painting, and music, till the good King was as much delighted with the unwonted civilities of his daughter, as ever was lover with the favourable confessions of his mistress, when, after years of warm courtship, the ice of her bosom is at length thawed. It cost the haughty Margaret an effort to bend herself to play this part—her pride rebuked her for stooping to flatter her father's foibles, in order to bring him over to the resignation of his dominions—yet having undertaken to do so, and so much having been already hazarded upon this sole remaining chance of success in an attack upon England, she saw, or was willing to see, no alternative.

Between the banquet, and the ball by which it was to be followed, the Queen sought an opportunity of speaking to Arthur.

"Bad news, my sage counsellor," she said. "The Carmelite never returned to the convent after the service was over. Having learned that you had come back in great haste, he had, I suppose, concluded he might stand in suspicion, so he left the convent of Mont Saint Victoire."

"We must hasten the measures which your Majesty has resolved to adopt," answered Arthur.

"I will speak with my father to-morrow. Meanwhile, you must enjoy the pleasures of the evening, for to you they may be pleasures.—Young lady of Boisgelin, I give you this cavalier to be your partner for the evening."

The black-eyed and pretty Provençale curtsied with due decorum, and glanced at the handsome young Englishman with an eye of approbation; but whether afraid of his character as a philosopher, or his doubtful rank, added the saving clause,—“If my mother approves.”

"Your mother, damsel, will scarce, I think, disapprove of any partner whom you receive from the hands of Margaret of Anjou. Happy privilege of youth," she added with a sigh, as the youthful couple went off to take their place in *bransle*,* "which can snatch a flower even on the roughest road."

Arthur acquitted himself so well during the evening, that perhaps the young Countess was only sorry that so gay and handsome a gallant limited his compliments and attentions within the cold bounds of that courtesy enjoined by the rules of ceremony.

CHAPTER XXXII.

For I have given here my full consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king,
Make glory base, and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

Richard II.

THE next day opened a grave scene. King René had not forgotten to arrange the pleasures of the day, when, to his horror and discomfiture, Margaret demanded an interview upon serious business. If there was a proposition in the world which René from his soul detested, it was any that related to the very name of business.

"What was it that his child wanted?" he said. "Was it money? He would give her whatever ready sums he had, though he owned his exchequer was somewhat bare; yet he had received his income for the season. It was ten thousand crowns. How much should she desire to be paid to her?—the half—three parts—or the whole? All was at her command."

"Alas, my dear father," said Margaret, "it is not my affairs, but your own, on which I desire to speak with you."

"If the affairs are mine," said René, "I am surely master to put them off to another day—to some rainy dull day, fit for no better purpose. See, my love, the hawking party are all on their steeds and ready—the horses are neighing and pawing—the gallants and maidens mounted, and ready with hawk on fist—the spaniels struggling in the leash. It were a sin, with wind and weather to friend, to lose so lovely a morning."

"Let them ride their way," said Queen Margaret, "and find their sport; for the matter I have to speak concerning involves honour and rank, life and means of living."

"Nay, but I have to hear and judge between Calezon and John of Acqua Mortis, the two most celebrated Troubadours."

"Postpone their cause till to-morrow," said Margaret, "and dedicate an hour or two to more important affairs."

"If you are peremptory," replied King René, "you are aware, my child, I cannot say you nay."

And with reluctance he gave orders for the hawkers to go on and follow their sport, as he could not attend them that day.

The old King then suffered himself, like an unwilling greyhound withheld from the chase, to be led into

a separate apartment. To ensure privacy, Margaret stationed her secretary Mordaunt, with Arthur, in an antechamber, giving them orders to prevent all intrusion.

"Nay, for myself, Margaret," said the good-natured old man, "since it must be, I consent to be put *au secret*; but why keep old Mordaunt from taking a walk in this beautiful morning; and why prevent young Arthur from going forth with the rest? I promise you, though they term him a philosopher, yet he showed as light a pair of heels last night, with the young Countess de Boisgelin, as any gallant in Provence."

"They are come from a country," said Margaret, "in which men are trained from infancy to prefer their duty to their pleasure."

The poor King, led into the council-closet, saw with internal shuddering the fatal cabinet of ebony, bound with silver, which had never been opened but to overwhelm him with weariness, and dolefully calculated how many yawns he must strangle ere he sustained the consideration of its contents. They proved, however, when laid before him, of a kind that excited even his interest, though painfully.

His daughter presented him with a short and clear view of the debts which were secured on his dominions, and for which they were mortgaged in various pieces and parcels. She then showed him, by another schedule, the large claims for which payment was instantly demanded, to discharge which no funds could be found or assigned. The King defended himself like others in his forlorn situation. To every claim of six, seven, or eight thousand ducats, he replied by the assertion, that he had ten thousand crowns in his chancery, and showed some reluctance to be convinced, till repeatedly urged upon him, that the same sum could not be adequate to the discharge of thirty times the amount.

"Then," said the King, somewhat impatiently, "why not pay off those who are most pressing, and let the others wait till receipts come round?"

"It is a practice which has been too often resorted to," replied the Queen, "and it is but a part of honesty to pay creditors, who have advanced their all in your Grace's service."

"But are we not," said René, "King of both the Sicilies, Naples, Arragon, and Jerusalem? And why is the monarch of such fair kingdoms to be pushed to the wall, like a bankrupt yeoman, for a few bags of paltry crowns?"

"You are indeed monarch of these kingdoms," said Margaret; "but is it necessary to remind your Majesty that it is but as I am Queen of England, in which I have not an acre of land, and cannot command a penny of revenue? You have no dominions which are a source of revenue, save those which you see in this scroll, with an exact list of the income they afford. It is totally inadequate, you see, to maintain your state, and to pay the large engagements incurred to former creditors."

"It is cruel to press me to the wall thus," said the poor King. "What can I do? If I am poor, I cannot help it. I am sure I would pay the debts you talk of, if I knew the way."

"Royal father, I will show it you.—Resign your useless and unavailing dignity, which, with the pre-

* Bransle, in English, brawl, a species of dance.

tensions attending it, serves but to make your miseries ridiculous. Resign your rights as a sovereign, and the income which cannot be stretched out to the empty excesses of a beggarly court, will enable you to enjoy, in ease and opulence, all the pleasures you most delight in, as a private baron."

"Margaret, you speak folly," answered René, somewhat sternly. "A king and his people are bound by ties which neither can sever without guilt. My subjects are my flock, I am their shepherd. They are assigned to my governance by Heaven; and I dare not renounce the charge of protecting them."

"Were you in condition to do so," answered the Queen, "Margaret would bid you fight to the death. But don your harness, long disused—mount your war-steed—cry, René for Provence! and see if an hundred men will gather round your standard. Your fortresses are in the hands of strangers, army you have none; your vassals may have good will, but they lack all military skill and soldierlike discipline. You stand but the mere skeleton of monarchy, which France or Burgundy may prostrate on the earth, whichever first puts forth his arm to throw it down."

The tears trickled fast down the old King's cheeks, when this unflattering prospect was set before him, and he could not forbear owning his total want of power to defend himself, and his dominions, and admitting that he had often thought of the necessity of compounding for his resignation with one of his powerful neighbours.

"It was thy interest, Margaret, harsh and severe as you are, which prevented my entering, before now, into measures most painful to my feelings, but perhaps best calculated for my advantage. But I had hoped it would hold on for my day; and thou, my child, with the talents Heaven has given thee, wouldst, I thought, have found remedy for distresses which I cannot escape, otherwise than by shunning the thoughts of them."

"If it is in earnest you speak of my interest," said Margaret, "know, that your resigning Provence will satisfy the nearest, and almost the only wish that my bosom can form; but, so judge me Heaven, as it is on your account, gracious sire, as well as mine, that I advise your compliance."

"Say no more on't, child; give me the parchment of resignation, and I will sign it: I see thou hast it ready drawn; let us sign it, and then we will overtake the hawkers. We must suffer woe, but there is little need to sit down and weep for it."

"Do you not ask," said Margaret, surprised at his apathy, "to whom you cede your dominions?"

"What boots it," answered the King, "since they must be no more my own? It must be either to Charles of Burgundy, or my nephew Louis—both powerful and politic princes. God send my poor people may have no cause to wish their old man back again, whose only pleasure was to see them happy and mirthful."

"It is to Burgundy you resign Provence," said Margaret.

"I would have preferred him," answered René; "he is fierce, but not malignant. One word more,—are my subjects' privileges and immunities fully secured?"

"Amplly," replied the Queen; "and your own

wants of all kinds honourably provided for. I would not leave the stipulations in your favour in blank, though I might perhaps have trusted Charles of Burgundy, where money alone is concerned."

"I ask not for myself—with my viol and my pencil, René the Troubadour will be as happy as ever was René the King."

So saying, with practical philosophy he whistled the burden of his last composed ariette, and signed away the rest of his royal possessions without pulling off his glove, or even reading the instrument.

"What is this?" he said, looking at another and separate parchment of much briefer contents. "Must my kinsman Charles have both the Sicilies, Catalonia, Naples, and Jerusalem, as well as the poor remainder of Provence? Methinks, in decency, some greater extent of parchment should have been allowed to so ample a cession."

"That deed," says Margaret, "only disowns and relinquishes all countenance of Ferrand de Vaudemont's rash attempt on Lorraine, and renounces all quarrel on that account against Charles of Burgundy."

For once Margaret miscalculated the tractability of her father's temper. René positively started, coloured, and stammered with passion, as he interrupted her—"Only disown—only relinquish—only renounce the cause of my grandchild, the son of my dear Yolande—his rightful claims on his mother's inheritance!—Margaret, I am ashamed for thee. Thy pride is an excuse for thy evil temper; but what is pride worth which can stoop to commit an act of dishonourable meanness? To desert, nay disown my own flesh and blood, because the youth is a bold knight under shield, and disposed to battle for his right—I were worthy that harp and horn rung out shame on me, should I listen to thee."

Margaret was overcome in some measure by the old man's unexpected opposition. She endeavoured, however, to show that there was no occasion, in point of honour, why René should engage in the cause of a wild adventurer, whose right, be it good be it bad, was only upheld by some petty and underhand supplies of money from France, and the countenance of a few of the restless banditti who inhabit the borders of all nations. But ere René could answer, voices, raised to an unusual pitch, were heard in the antechamber, the door of which was flung open by an armed knight, covered with dust, who exhibited all the marks of a long journey.

"Here I am," he said, "father of my mother—behold your grandson—Ferrand de Vaudemont; the son of your lost Yolande kneels at your feet, and implores a blessing on him and his enterprise."

"Thou hast it," replied René, "and may it prosper with thee, gallant youth, image of thy sainted mother—my blessings, my prayers, my hopes, go with you."

"And you, fair aunt of England," said the young knight, addressing Margaret, "you who are yourself dispossessed by traitors, will you not own the cause of a kinsman who is struggling for his inheritance?"

"I wish all good to your person, fair nephew," answered the Queen of England, "although your features are strange to me. But to advise this old man to adopt your cause, when it is desperate in the eyes of all wise men, were impious madness."

"Is my cause then so desperate?" said Ferrand; "forgive me if I was not aware of it. And does my Aunt Margaret say this, whose strength of mind supported Lancaster so long, after the spirits of her warriors had been quelled by defeat? What—forgive me, for my cause must be pleaded—what would you have said had my mother Yolande been capable to advise her father to disown your own Edward, had God permitted him to reach Provence in safety?"

"Edward," said Margaret, weeping as she spoke, "was incapable of desiring his friends to espouse a quarrel that was irremediable. His, too, was a cause for which mighty princes and peers laid lance in rest."

"Yet Heaven blessed it not—" said Vaudemont.

"Thine," continued Margaret, "is but embraced by the robber nobles of Germany, the upstart burghers of the Rhine cities, the paltry and clownish Confederates of the Cantons."

"But Heaven *has* blessed it," replied Vaudemont. "Know, proud woman, that I come to interrupt your treacherous intrigues, no petty adventurer, subsisting and maintaining warfare by sleight rather than force, but a conqueror from a bloody field of battle, in which Heaven has tamed the pride of the tyrant of Burgundy."

"It is false!" said the Queen, starting; "I believe it not."

"It is true," said De Vaudemont, "as true as heaven is above us.—It is four days since I left the field of Granson, heaped with Burgundy's mercenaries—his wealth, his jewels, his plate, his magnificent decorations, the prize of the poor Swiss, who scarce can tell their value. Know you this, Queen Margaret?" continued the young soldier, showing the well-known jewel which decorated the Duke's order of the Golden Fleece; "think you not the lion was closely hunted when he left such trophies as these behind him?"

Margaret looked with dazzled eyes and bewildered thoughts, upon a token which confirmed the Duke's defeat, and the extinction of her last hopes. Her father, on the contrary, was struck with the heroism of the young warrior, a quality which, except as it existed in his daughter Margaret, had, he feared, taken leave of his family. Admiring in his heart the youth who exposed himself to danger for the meed of praise, almost as much as he did the poets by whom the warrior's fame is rendered immortal, he hugged his grandson to his bosom, bidding him "gird on his sword in strength," and assuring him, if money could advance his affairs, he, King René, could command ten thousand crowns, any part, or the whole of which, was at Ferrand's command; thus giving proof of what had been said of him, that his head was incapable of containing two ideas at the same time.

We return to Arthur, who, with the Queen of England's secretary, Mordaunt, had been not a little surprised by the entrance of the Count de Vaudemont, calling himself Duke of Lorraine, into the anteroom, in which they kept a kind of guard, followed by a tall strong Swiss, with a huge halberd over his shoulder. The prince naming himself, Arthur did not think it becoming to oppose his entrance to the presence of his grandfather and aunt, especially as it was obvious that his opposition must have created an

affray. In the huge staring halberdier, who had sense enough to remain in the anteroom, Arthur was not a little surprised to recognise Sigismund Biederman, who, after staring wildly at him for a moment, like a dog which suddenly recognises a favourite, rushed up to the young Englishman with a wild cry of gladness, and, in hurried accents, told him how happy he was to meet with him, and that he had matters of importance to tell him. It was at no time easy for Sigismund to arrange his ideas, and now they were altogether confused, by the triumphant joy which he expressed for the recent victory of his countrymen over the Duke of Burgundy; and it was with wonder that Arthur heard his confused and rude, but faithful tale.

"Look you, King Arthur, the Duke had come up with his huge army as far as Granson, which is near the outlet of the great lake of Neufchâtel. There were five or six hundred confederates in the place, and they held it till provisions failed, and then you know they were forced to give it over. But though hunger is hard to bear, they had better have borne it a day or two longer, for the butcher Charles hung them all up by the neck, upon trees round the place,—and there was no swallowing for them, you know, after such usage as that. Meanwhile all was busy on our hills, and every man that had a sword or lance accoutred himself with it. We met at Neufchâtel, and some Germans joined us with the noble Duke of Lorraine. Ah, King Arthur, there is a leader!—we all think him second but to Rudolf of Donnerhugel—you saw him even now—it was he that went into that room—and you saw him before,—it is he that was the Blue Knight of Basle; but we called him Laurenz then, for Rudolf said, his presence among us must not be known to our father, and I did not know myself at that time who he really was. Well, when we came to Neufchâtel we were a goodly company; we were fifteen thousand stout confederates, and of others, Germans and Lorraine men, I will warrant you five thousand more. We heard that the Burgundian was sixty thousand in the field; but we heard, at the same time, that Charles had hung up our brethren like dogs, and the man was not among us—among the confederates, I mean—who would stay to count heads, when the question was to avenge them. I would you could have heard the roar of fifteen thousand Swiss demanding to be led against the butcher of their brethren! My father himself, who, you know, is usually so eager for peace, now gave the first voice for battle; so, in the grey of the morning, we descended the lake towards Granson, with tears in our eyes and weapons in our hands, determined to have death or vengeance. We came to a sort of strait, between Vauxmoreux and the lake; there were horse on the level ground between the mountain and the lake, and a large body of infantry on the side of the hill. The Duke of Lorraine and his followers engaged the horse, while we climbed the hill to dispossess the infantry. It was with us the affair of a moment. Every man of us was at home among the crags, and Charles's men were stuck among them as thou wert, Arthur, when thou didst first come to Geierstein. But there were no kind maidens to lend them their hands to help them down. No, no—There were pikes, clubs, and halberds, many a

one, to dash and thrust them from places where they could hardly keep their feet had there been no one to disturb them. So the horsemen, pushed by the Lorrainers, and seeing us upon their flank, fled as fast as their horses could carry them. Then we drew together again on a fair field, which is *buon campagna*, as the Italians say, where the hills retire from the lake. But lo you, we had scarce arrayed our ranks, when we heard such a din and clash of instruments, such a trample of their great horses, such a shouting and crying of men, as if all the soldiers, and all the minstrels in France and Germany, were striving which should make the loudest noise. Then there was a huge cloud of dust approaching us, and we began to see we must do or die, for this was Charles and his whole army come to support his vanguard. A blast from the mountain dispersed the dust, for they had halted to prepare for battle. O, good Arthur! you would have given ten years of life but to have seen the sight! There were thousands of horse all in complete array, glancing against the sun, and hundreds of knights with crowns of gold and silver on their helmets, and thick masses of spears on foot, and cannon, as they call them. I did not know what things they were, which they drew on heavily with bullocks and placed before their army, but I knew more of them before the morning was over. Well, we were ordered to draw up in a hollow square, as we are taught at exercise, and before we pushed forwards, we were commanded, as is the godly rule and guise of our warfare, to kneel down and pray to God, Our Lady, and the blessed saints; and we afterwards learned that Charles, in his arrogance, thought we asked for mercy—Ha! ha! ha! a proper jest. If my father once knelt to him, it was for the sake of Christian blood and godly peace; but on the field of battle, Arnold Biederman would not have knelt to him and his whole chivalry, though he had stood alone with his sons on that field. Well, but Charles, supposing we asked grace, was determined to show us that we had asked it at a graceless face, for he cried, ‘Fire my cannon on the coward slaves; it is all the mercy they have to expect from me!’—Bang—bang—bang—off went the things I told you of, like thunder and lightning, and some mischief they did, but the less that we were kneeling; and the saints doubtless gave the huge balls a hoist over the heads of those who were asking grace from them, but from no mortal creatures. So we had the signal to rise and rush on, and I promise you there were no sluggards. Every man felt ten men’s strength. My halberd is no child’s toy—if you have forgotten it, there it is—and yet it trembled in my grasp as if it had been a willow wand to drive cows with. On we went, when suddenly the cannon were silent, and the earth shook with another and continued growl and battering, like thunder under ground. It was the men-at-arms rushing to charge us. But our leaders knew their trade, and had seen such a sight before—it was, Halt, halt—kneel down in the front—stoop in the second rank—close shoulder to shoulder like brethren, lean all spears forward, and receive them like an iron wall. On they rushed, and there was a rending of lances that would have served the Unterwalden old women with splinters of firewood for a twelvemonth. Down went armed horse—down went

accoutred knight—down went banner and banner-man—down went peaked boot and crowned helmet, and of those who fell not a man escaped with life. So they drew off in confusion, and were getting in order to charge again, when the noble Duke Ferrand and his horsemen dashed at them in their own way, and we moved onward to support him. Thus on we pressed, and the foot hardly waited for us, seeing their cavalry so handled. Then if you had seen the dust and heard the blows! the noise of a hundred thousand thrashers, the flight of the chaff which they drive about, would be but a type of it. On my word, I almost thought it shame to dash about my halberd, the rout was so helplessly piteous. Hundreds were slain unresisting, and the whole army was in complete flight.”

“My father—my father!” exclaimed Arthur; “in such a rout, what can have become of him?”

“He escaped safely,” said the Swiss “fled with Charles.”

“It must have been a bloody field ere he fled,” replied the Englishman.

“Nay,” answered Sigismund, “he took no part in the fight, but merely remained by Charles; and prisoners said it was well for us, for that he is a man of great counsel and action in the wars. And as to flying, a man in such a matter must go back if he cannot press forward, and there is no shame in it, especially if you be not engaged in your own person.”

As he spoke thus, their conversation was interrupted by Mordaunt, with “Hush, hush—the King and Queen come forth.”

“What am I to do?” said Sigismund, in some alarm. “I care not for the Duke of Lorraine; but what am I to do when Kings and Queens enter?”

“Do nothing but rise, unbonnet yourself, and be silent.”

Sigismund did as he was directed.

King René came forth arm in arm with his grandson; and Margaret followed, with deep disappointment and vexation on her brow. She signed to Arthur as she passed, and said to him—“Make thyself master of the truth of this most unexpected news, and bring the particulars to me. Mordaunt will introduce thee.”

She then cast a look on the young Swiss, and replied courteously to his awkward salutation. The royal party then left the room, René bent on carrying his grandson to the sporting-party, which had been interrupted, and Margaret to seek the solitude of her private apartment, and await the confirmation of what she regarded as evil tidings.

They were no sooner passed, than Sigismund observed,—“And so that is a King and Queen!—Peste! the King looks somewhat like old Jacomo, the violer, that used to scrape on the fiddle to us when he came to Geierstein in his rounds. But the Queen is a stately creature. The chief cow of the herd, who carries the bouquets and garlands, and leads the rest to the chalet, has not a statelier pace. And how deftly you approached her and spoke to her; I could not have done it with so much grace—But it is like that you have served apprentice to the court trade?”

“Leave that for the present, good Sigismund,” answered Arthur “and tell me more of this battle?”

"By Saint Mary, but I must have some victuals and drink first," said Sigismund, "if your credit in this fine place reaches so far."

"Doubt it not, Sigismund," said Arthur; and, by the intervention of Mordaunt, he easily procured, in a more retired apartment, a collation and wine, to which the young Biederman did great honour, smacking his lips with much gusto after the delicious wines, to which, in spite of his father's ascetic precepts, his palate was beginning to be considerably formed and habituated. When he found himself alone with a flask of *côte rotie* and a biscuit, and his friend Arthur, he was easily led to continue his tale of conquest.

"Well—where was I—Oh, where we broke their infantry—well—they never rallied, and fell into greater confusion at every step—and we might have slaughtered one half of them, had we not stopt to examine Charles's camp. Mercy on us, Arthur, what a sight was there! Every pavilion was full of rich clothes, splendid armour, and great dishes and flagons, which some men said were of silver; but I knew there was not so much silver in the world, and was sure they must be of pewter, rarely burnished. Here there were hosts of laced lackeys, and grooms, and pages, and as many attendants as there were soldiers in the army; and thousands, for what I knew, of pretty maidens. By the same token, both menials and maidens placed themselves at the disposal of the victors; but I promise you that my father was right severe on any who would abuse the rights of war. But some of our young men did not mind him, till he taught them obedience with the staff of his halberd. Well, Arthur, there was fine plundering, for the Germans and French that were with us rifled every thing, and some of our men followed the example—it is very catching—So I got into Charles's own pavilion, where Rudolf and some of his people were trying to keep out every one, that he might have the spoiling of it himself, I think; but neither he, nor any Bernese of them all, dared lay truncheon over my pate; so I entered, and saw them putting piles of pewter-trenchers, so clean as to look like silver, into chests and trunks. I pressed through them into the inner place, and there was Charles's pallet-bed—I will do him justice, it was the only hard one in his camp—and there were fine sparkling stones and pebbles lying about among gauntlets, boots, vambraces, and such-like gear—So I thought of your father and you, and looked for something, when what should I see but my old friend here (here he drew Queen Margaret's necklace from his bosom), which I knew, because you remember I recovered it from the Scharfgericht at La Ferette.—'Oho! you pretty sparklers,' said I, 'you shall be Burgundian no longer, but go back to my honest English friends,' and therefore"—

"It is of immense value," said Arthur, "and belongs not to my father or to me, but to the Queen you saw but now."

"And she will become it rarely," answered Sigismund. "Were she but a score, or a score and a half years younger, she were a gallant wife for a Swiss landholder. I would warrant her to keep his household in high order."

"She will reward thee liberally for recovering her

property," said Arthur, scarce suppressing a smile at the idea of the proud Margaret becoming the housewife of a Swiss shepherd.

"How—reward!" said the Swiss. "Bethink thee I am Sigismund Biederman, the son of the Landamman of Unterwalden—I am not a base *lanzknecht*, to be paid for courtesy with piastres. Let her grant me a kind word of thanks, or the matter of a kiss, and I am well contented."

"A kiss of her hand, perhaps," said Arthur, again smiling at his friend's simplicity.

"Umph, the hand! Well, it may do for a Queen of some fifty years and odd, but would be poor homage to a Queen of May."

Arthur here brought back the youth to the subject of his battle, and learned that the slaughter of the Duke's forces in the flight had been in no degree equal to the importance of the action.

"Many rode off on horseback," said Sigismund; "and our German *reiters* flew on the spoil, when they should have followed the chase. And, besides, to speak truth, Charles's camp delayed our very selves in the pursuit; but had we gone half a mile further, and seen our friends hanging on trees, not a confederate would have stopped from the chase while he had limbs to carry him in pursuit."

"And what has become of the Duke?"

"Charles has retreated into Burgundy, like a boar who has felt a touch of the spear, and is more enraged than hurt; but is, they say, sad and sulky. Others report that he has collected all his scattered army, and immense forces besides, and has screwed his subjects to give him money, so that we may expect another brush. But all Switzerland will join us after such a victory."

"And my father is with him," said Arthur.

"Truly he is, and has in a right godly manner tried to set afoot a treaty of peace with my own father. But it will scarce succeed. Charles is as mad as ever; and our people are right proud of our victory, and so they well may. Nevertheless, my father for ever preaches that such victories, and such heaps of wealth, will change our ancient manners, and that the ploughman will leave his labour to turn soldier. He says much about it; but why money, choice meat and wine, and fine clothing, should do so much harm, I cannot bring my poor brains to see—And many better heads than mine are as much puzzled.—Here's to you, friend Arthur.—This is choice liquor!"

"And what brings you and your General, Prince Ferrand, post to Aix?" said the young Englishman.

"Faith, you are yourself the cause of our journey."

"I the cause?" said Arthur.—"Why, how could that be?"

"Why, it is said you and Queen Margaret are urging this old fiddling King René to yield up his territories to Charles, and to disown Ferrand in his claim upon Lorraine. And the Duke of Lorraine sent a man that you know well—that is, you do not know *him*, but you know some of his family, and he knows more of you than you wot—to put a spoke in your wheel, and prevent your getting for Charles the county of Provence, or preventing Ferrand being troubled or traversed in his natural rights over Lorraine."

"On my word, Sigismund, I cannot comprehend you," said Arthur.

"Well," replied the Swiss, "my lot is a hard one. All our house say that I can comprehend nothing, and I shall be next told that nobody can comprehend me.—Well, in plain language, I mean my uncle, Count Albert, as he calls himself, of Geierstein,—my father's brother."

"Anne of Geierstein's father!" echoed Arthur.

"Ay, truly, I thought we should find some mark to make you know him by."

"But I never saw him."

"Ay, but you have though—An able man he is, and knows more of every man's business than the man does himself. Oh! it was not for nothing that he married the daughter of a Salamander!"

"Pshaw, Sigismund, how can you believe that nonsense?" answered Arthur.

"Rudolf told me you were as much bewildered as I was that night at Graffs-lust," answered the Swiss.

"If I were so, I was the greater ass for my pains," answered Arthur.

"Well, but this uncle of mine has got some of the old conjuring books from the library at Arnheim, and they say he can pass from place to place with more than mortal speed; and that he is helped in his designs by mightier counsellors than mere men. Always, however, though so able and highly-endowed, his gifts, whether coming from a lawful or unlawful quarter, bring him no abiding advantage. He is eternally plunged into strife and danger."

"I know few particulars of his life," said Arthur, disguising as much as he could his anxiety to hear more of him; "but I have heard that he left Switzerland to join the Emperor."

"True," answered the young Swiss, "and married the young Baroness of Arnheim,—but afterwards he incurred my namesake's imperial displeasure, and not less that of the Duke of Austria. They say you cannot live in Rome and strive with the Pope; so my uncle thought it best to cross the Rhine, and betake himself to Charles's court, who willingly received noblemen from all countries, so that they had good sounding names, with the title of Count, Marquis, Baron, or suchlike, to march in front of them. So my uncle was most kindly received; but within this year or two all this friendship has been broken up. Uncle Albert obtained a great lead in some mysterious societies, of which Charles disapproved, and set so hard at my poor uncle that he was fain to take orders and shave his hair, rather than lose his head. But though he cut off his hair, his brain remains as busy as ever; and although the Duke suffered him to be at large, yet he found him so often in his way, that all men believed he waited but an excuse for seizing upon him and putting him to death. But my uncle persists that he fears not Charles; and that, Duke as he is, Charles has more occasion to be afraid of him.—And so you saw how boldly he played his part at La Ferette."

"By Saint George of Windsor!" exclaimed Arthur, "the Black Priest of Saint Paul's?"

"Oh ho! you understand me now. Well, he took it upon him that Charles would not dare to punish him for his share in De Hagenbach's death; and no more did he, although uncle Albert sat and voted in the Estates of Burgundy, and stirred them up all he could to refuse giving Charles the money

he asked of them. But when the Swiss war broke out, uncle Albert became assured his being a clergyman would be no longer his protection, and that the Duke intended to have him accused of corresponding with his brother and countrymen; and so he appeared suddenly in Ferrand's camp at Neufchâtel, and sent a message to Charles that he renounced his allegiance, and bid him defiance."

"A singular story of an active and versatile man," said the young Englishman.

"Oh, you may seek the world for a man like uncle Albert. Then he knows every thing; and he told Duke Ferrand what you were about here, and offered to go and bring more certain information—ay, though he left the Swiss camp but five or six days before the battle, and the distance between Arles and Neufchâtel be four hundred miles complete, yet we met him on his return, when Duke Ferrand, with me to show him the way, was hastening hitherward, having set off from the very field of battle."

"Met him!" said Arthur—"Met whom?—Met the Black Priest of Saint Paul's?"

"Ay, I mean so," replied Sigismund; "but he was habited as a Carmelite monk."

"A Carmelite!" said Arthur, a sudden light flashing on him; "and I was so blind as to recommend his services to the Queen! I remember well that he kept his face much concealed in his cowl—and I, foolish beast, to fall so grossly into the snare!—And yet perhaps it is as well the transaction was interrupted, since I fear, if carried successfully through, all must have been disconcerted by this astounding defeat."

Their conversation had thus far proceeded, when Mordaunt appearing, summoned Arthur to his royal mistress's apartment. In that gay palace, a gloomy room, whose windows looked upon some part of the ruins of the Roman edifice, but excluded every other object, save broken walls and tottering columns, was the retreat which Margaret had chosen for her own. She received Arthur with a kindness, more touching that it was the inmate of so proud and fiery a disposition,—of a heart, assailed with many woes, and feeling them severely.

"Alas, poor Arthur!" she said, "thy life begins where thy father's threatens to end, in useless labour to save a sinking vessel. The rushing leak pours in its waters faster than human force can lighten or discharge. All—all goes wrong, when our unhappy cause becomes connected with it—Strength becomes weakness, wisdom folly, and valour cowardice. The Duke of Burgundy, hitherto victorious in all his bold undertakings, has but to entertain the momentary thought of yielding succour to Lancaster, and behold his sword is broken by a peasant's flail; and his disciplined army, held to be the finest in the world, flies like chaff before the wind; while their spoils are divided by renegade German hirelings, and barbarous Alpine shepherds!—What more hast thou learned of this strange tale?"

"Little, madam, but what you have heard. The worst additions are, that the battle was shamefully cowardlike, and completely lost, with every advantage to have won it—the best, that the Burgundian army has been rather dispersed than destroyed, and that the Duke himself has escaped, and is rallying his forces in Upper Burgundy."

"To sustain a new defeat, or engage in a protracted and doubtful contest, fatal to his reputation as defeat itself. Where is thy father?"

"With the Duke, madam, as I have been informed," replied Arthur.

"Hie to him, and say I charge him to look after his own safety, and care no farther for my interests. This last blow has sunk me—I am without an ally, without a friend, without treasure——"

"Not so, madam," replied Arthur. "One piece of good fortune has brought back to your Grace this inestimable relic of your fortunes."—And producing the precious necklace, he gave the history of its recovery.

"I rejoice at the chance which has restored these diamonds," said the Queen, "that in point of gratitude, at least, I may not be utterly bankrupt. Carry them to your father—tell him my schemes are over—and my heart, which so long clung to hope, is broken at last.—Tell him the trinkets are his own, and to his own use let him apply them. They will but poorly repay the noble earldom of Oxford, lost in the cause of her who sends them."

"Royal madam," said the youth, "be assured my father would sooner live by service as a *schwarz-reiter*, than become a burden on your misfortunes."

"He never yet disobeyed command of mine," said Margaret; "and this is the last I will lay upon him. If he is too rich or too proud to benefit by his Queen's behest, he will find enough of poor Lancastrians who have fewer means or fewer scruples."

"There is yet a circumstance I have to communicate," said Arthur, and recounted the history of Albert of Geierstein, and the disguise of a Carmelite monk.

"Are you such a fool," answered the Queen, "as to suppose this man has any supernatural powers to aid him in his ambitious projects and his hasty journeys?"

"No, madam—but it is whispered that the Count Albert of Geierstein, or this Black Priest of Saint Paul's, is a chief amongst the Secret Societies of Germany, which even princes dread whilst they hate them; for the man that can command a hundred daggers, must be feared even by those who rule thousands of swords."

"Can this person," said the Queen, "being now a churchman, retain authority amongst those who deal in life and death? It is contrary to the canons."

"It would seem so, royal madam; but every thing in these dark institutions differs from what is practised in the light of day. Prelates are often heads of a Vehmique bench, and the Archbishop of Cologne exercises the dreadful office of their chief, as Duke of Westphalia, the principal region in which these Societies flourish.* Such privileges attach to the secret influence of the chiefs of this dark association,

as may well seem supernatural to those who are unapprised of circumstances, of which men shun to speak in plain terms."

"Let him be wizard or assassin," said the Queen, "I thank him for having contributed to interrupt my plan of the old man's cession of Provence, which, as events stand, would have stripped René of his dominions, without furthering our plan of invading England.—Once more, be stirring with the dawn, and bend thy way back to thy father, and charge him to care for himself and think no more of me. Bretagne, where the heir of Lancaster resides, will be the safest place of refuge for its bravest followers. Along the Rhine, the Invisible Tribunal, it would seem, haunts both shores, and to be innocent of ill is no security; even here the proposed treaty with Burgundy may take air, and the Provençaux carry daggers as well as crooks and pipes. But I hear the horses fast returning from the hawking party, and the silly old man, forgetting all the eventful proceedings of the day, whistling as he ascends the steps. Well, we will soon part, and my removal will be, I think, a relief to him. Prepare for banquet and ball, for noise and nonsense—above all, to bid adieu to Aix with morning dawn."

Thus dismissed from the Queen's presence, Arthur's first care was to summon Thiebault to have all things in readiness for his departure; his next to prepare himself for the pleasures of the evening, not perhaps so heavily affected by the failure of his negotiation as to be incapable of consolation in such a scene; for the truth was, that his mind secretly revolted at the thoughts of the simple old King being despoiled of his dominions to further an invasion of England, in which, whatever interest he might have in his daughter's rights, there was little chance of success.

If such feelings were censurable, they had their punishment. Although few knew how completely the arrival of the Duke of Lorraine, and the intelligence he brought with him, had disconcerted the plans of Queen Margaret, it was well known there had been little love betwixt the Queen and his mother Yolande, and the young Prince found himself at the head of a numerous party in the court of his grandfather, who disliked his aunt's haughty manners, and were wearied by the unceasing melancholy of her looks and conversation, and her undisguised contempt of the frivolities which passed around her. Ferrand, besides, was young, handsome, a victor just arrived from a field of battle, fought gloriously, and gained against all chances to the contrary. That he was a general favourite, and excluded Arthur Philipson, as an adherent of the unpopular Queen, from the notice her influence had on a former evening procured him, was only a natural consequence of their relative condition. But what somewhat hurt Arthur's feelings was, to see his friend Sigismund the Simple, as his brethren called him, shining with the reflected glory of the Duke Ferrand of Lorraine, who presented to all the ladies present the gallant young Swiss, as Count Sigismund of Geierstein. His care had procured for his follower a dress rather more suitable for such a scene than the country attire of the Count, otherwise Sigismund Biederman.

For a certain time, whatever of novelty is intro-

* The Archbishop of Cologne was recognised as head of all the Free Tribunals (*i. e.* the Vehmique benches) in Westphalia, by a writ of privilege granted in 1335, by the Emperor Charles IV. Wenceslaus confirmed this act by a privilege dated 1382, in which the Archbishop is termed Grand Master of the Vehme, or Grand Inquisitor. And this prelate and other priests were encouraged to exercise such office, by Pope Boniface III., whose ecclesiastical discipline permitted them in such cases to assume the right of judging in matters of life and death.

duced into society is pleasing, though it has nothing else to recommend it. The Swiss were little known personally out of their own country, but they were much talked of; it was a recommendation to be of that country. Sigismund's manners were blunt; a mixture of awkwardness and rudeness, which was termed frankness during the moment of his favour. He spoke bad French and worse Italian—it gave naiveté to all he said. His limbs were too bulky to be elegant; his dancing, for Count Sigismund failed not to dance, was the bounding and gamboling of a young elephant; yet they were preferred to the handsome proportions and courtly movements of the youthful Englishman, even by the black-eyed Countess, in whose good graces Arthur had made some progress on the preceding evening. Arthur thus thrown into the shade, felt as Mr Pepys afterwards did when he tore his camlet cloak,—the damage was not great, but it troubled him.

Nevertheless, the passing evening brought him some revenge. There are some works of art, the defects of which are not seen till they are injudiciously placed in too strong a light, and such was the case with Sigismund the Simple. The quick-witted, though fantastic Provençaux, soon found out the heaviness of his intellect, and the extent of his good-nature, and amused themselves at his expense, by ironical compliments and well-veiled raillery. It is probable they would have been less delicate on the subject, had not the Swiss brought into the dancing room along with him his eternal halberd, the size, and weight, and thickness of which boded little good to any one whom the owner might detect in the act of making merry at his expense. But Sigismund did no further mischief that night, except that, in achieving a superb *entrechat*, he alighted with his whole weight on the miniature foot of his pretty partner, which he well-nigh crushed to pieces.

Arthur had hitherto avoided looking towards Queen Margaret during the course of the evening, lest he should disturb her thoughts from the channel in which they were rolling, by seeming to lay a claim on her protection. But there was something so whimsical in the awkward physiognomy of the mal-adroit Swiss, and the pain and mortification of the suffering Provençale, that he could not help glancing an eye to the alcove where the Queen's chair of state was placed, to see if she noted either. The very first view was such as to rivet his attention. Margaret's head was reclined on the chair, her eyes scarcely open, her features drawn up and pinched, her hands closed with effort. The English lady of honour who stood behind her—old, deaf, and dim-sighted—had not discovered any thing in her mistress's position, more than the abstracted and indifferent attitude with which the Queen was wont to be present in body and absent in mind, during the festivities of the Provençal court. But when Arthur, greatly alarmed, came behind the seat to press her attention to her mistress, she exclaimed, after a minute's investigation, "Mother of Heaven, the Queen is dead!" And it was so. It seemed that the last fibre of life, in that fiery and ambitious mind, had, as she herself prophesied, given way at the same time with the last thread of political hope.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Toll, toll the bell!
Greatness is o'er,
The heart has broke,
To ache no more;
An unsubstantial pageant all—
Drop o'er the scene the funeral pall.

Old Poem.

THE commotion and shrieks of fear and amazement which were excited among the ladies of the court by an event so singular and shocking, had begun to abate, and the sighs, more serious though less intrusive, of the few English attendants of the deceased Queen began to be heard, together with the groans of old King René, whose emotions were as acute as they were short-lived. The leeches had held a busy but unavailing consultation, and the body that was once a Queen's, was delivered to the Priest of St Sauveur, that beautiful church in which the spoils of Pagan temples have contributed to fill up the magnificence of the Christian edifice. The stately pile was duly lighted up, and the funeral provided with such splendour as Aix could supply. The Queen's papers being examined, it was found, that Margaret, by disposing of jewels and living at small expense, had realized the means of making a decent provision for life, for her very few English attendants. Her diamond necklace, described in her last will as in the hands of an English merchant named John Philipson, or his son, or the price thereof, if by them sold or pledged, she left to the said John Philipson and his son Arthur Philipson, with a view to the prosecution of the design which they had been destined to advance, or, if that should prove impossible, to their own use and profit. The charge of her funeral rites was wholly intrusted to Arthur, called Philipson, with a request that they should be conducted entirely after the forms observed in England. This trust was expressed in an addition to her will, signed the very day on which she died.

Arthur lost no time in dispatching Thiebault express to his father, with a letter, explaining in such terms as he knew would be understood, the tenor of all that had happened since he came to Aix, and above all, the death of Queen Margaret. Finally, he requested directions for his motions, since the necessary delay occupied by the obsequies of a person of such eminent rank must detain him at Aix till he should receive them.

The old King sustained the shock of his daughter's death so easily, that, on the second day after the event, he was engaged in arranging a pompous procession for the funeral, and composing an elegy, to be sung to a tune also of his own composing, in honour of the deceased Queen, who was likened to the goddesses of heathen mythology, and to Judith, Deborah, and all the other holy women, not to mention the saints of the Christian dispensation. It cannot be concealed, that when the first burst of grief was over, King René could not help feeling that Margaret's death cut a political knot which he might have otherwise found it difficult to untie, and permitted him to take open part with his grandson, so far indeed as to afford him a considerable share of

the contents of the Provençal treasury, which amounted to no larger sum than ten thousand crowns, Ferrand having received the blessing of his grandfather, in a form which his affairs rendered most important to him, returned to the resolute whom he commanded; and with him, after a most loving farewell to Arthur, went the stout but simple-minded young Swiss, Sigismund Biederman.

The little court of Aix were left to their mourning. King René, for whom ceremonial and show, whether of a joyful or melancholy character, was always matter of importance, would willingly have bestowed on solemnizing the obsequies of his daughter Margaret what remained of his revenue, but was prevented from doing so, partly by remonstrances from his ministers, partly by the obstacles opposed by the young Englishman, who, acting upon the presumed will of the dead, interfered to prevent any such fantastic exhibitions being exhibited at the obsequies of the Queen, as had disgusted her during her life.

The funeral, therefore, after many days had been spent in public prayers, and acts of devotion, was solemnized with the mournful magnificence due to the birth of the deceased, and with which the church of Rome so well knows how to affect at once the eye, ear, and feelings.

Amid the various nobles who assisted on the solemn occasion, there was one who arrived just as the tolling of the great bells of St Sauveur had announced that the procession was already on its way to the Cathedral. The stranger hastily exchanged his travelling dress for a suit of deep mourning, which was made after the fashion proper to England. So attired, he repaired to the Cathedral, where the noble mien of the cavalier imposed such respect on the attendants, that he was permitted to approach close to the side of the bier; and it was across the coffin of the Queen for whom he had acted and suffered so much, that the gallant Earl of Oxford exchanged a melancholy glance with his son. The assistants, especially the English servants of Margaret, gazed on them both with respect and wonder; and the elder cavalier, in particular, seemed to them no unapt representative of the faithful subjects of England, paying their last duty at the tomb of her who had so long swayed the sceptre, if not faultlessly, yet always with a bold and resolved hand.

The last sound of the solemn dirge had died away, and almost all the funeral attendants had retired, when the father and son still lingered in mournful silence beside the remains of their Sovereign. The clergy at length approached, and intimated they were about to conclude the last duties, by removing the body which had been lately occupied and animated by so haughty and restless a spirit, to the dust, darkness, and silence of the vault, where the long-descended Counts of Provence awaited dissolution. Six priests raised the bier on their shoulders, others bore huge waxen torches before and behind the body, as they carried it down a private staircase which yawned in the floor to admit their descent. The last notes of the requiem, in which the churchmen joined, had died away along the high and fretted arches of the Cathedral, the last flash of light which arose from the mouth of the vault had glimmered and disappeared, when the Earl of Oxford, taking his

son by the arm, led him in silence forth into a small cloistered court behind the building, where they found themselves alone. They were silent for a few minutes, for both, and particularly the father, were deeply affected. At length the Earl spoke.

"And this, then, is her end," said he. "Here, royal lady, all that we have planned and pledged life upon falls to pieces with thy dissolution! The heart of resolution, the head of policy, is gone; and what avails it that the limbs of the enterprise still have motion and life? Alas, Margaret of Anjou! may Heaven reward thy virtues, and absolve thee from the consequence of thine errors! Both belonged to thy station; and if thou didst hoist too high a sail in prosperity, never lived there princess who defied more proudly the storms of adversity, or bore up against them with such dauntless nobility of determination. With this event the drama has closed, and our parts, my son, are ended."

"We bear arms, then, against the infidels, my lord," said Arthur, with a sigh that was, however, hardly audible.

"Not," answered the Earl, "until I learn that Henry of Richmond, the undoubted heir of the house of Lancaster, has no occasion for my services. In these jewels, of which you wrote me, so strangely lost and recovered, I may be able to supply him with resources more needful than either your services or mine. But I return no more to the camp of the Duke of Burgundy; for in him there is no help."

"Can it be possible that the power of so great a sovereign has been overthrown in one fatal battle?" said Arthur.

"By no means," replied his father. "The loss at Granson was very great; but to the strength of Burgundy it is but a scratch on the shoulders of a giant. It is the spirit of Charles himself, his wisdom at least, and his foresight, which have given way under the mortification of a defeat, by such as he accounted considerable enemies, and expected to have trampled down with a few squadrons of his men-at-arms. Then his temper has become froward, peevish, and arbitrary, devoted to those who flatter, and, as there is too much reason to believe, betray him; and suspicious of those councillors who give him wholesome advice. Even I have had my share of distrust. Thou knowest I refused to bear arms against our late hosts the Swiss; and he saw in that no reason for rejecting my attendance on his march. But since the defeat of Granson, I have observed a strong and sudden change, owing perhaps, in some degree, to the insinuations of Campo-Basso, and not a little to the injured pride of the Duke, who was unwilling that an indifferent person in my situation, and thinking as I do, should witness the disgrace of his arms. He spoke in my hearing of lukewarm friends, cold-blooded neutrals,—of those who, not being with him, must be against him. I tell thee, Arthur de Vere, the Duke has said that which touched my honour so nearly, that nothing but the commands of Queen Margaret, and the interests of the House of Lancaster, could have made me remain in his camp. That is over—My royal mistress has no more occasion for my poor services—the Duke can spare no aid to our cause—and if he could, we can no longer dispose of the only bribe which might have induced him to afford us succours. The power

of seconding his views on Provence is buried with Margaret of Anjou."

"What, then, is your purpose?" demanded his son.

"I propose," said Oxford, "to wait at the court of King René until I can hear from the Earl of Richmond, as we must still call him. I am aware that banished men are rarely welcome at the court of a foreign prince; but I have been the faithful follower of his daughter Margaret. I only propose to reside in disguise, and desire neither notice nor maintenance; so methinks King René will not refuse to permit me to breathe the air of his dominions, until I learn in what direction fortune or duty shall call me."

"Be assured he will not," answered Arthur. "René is incapable of a base or ignoble thought; and if he could despise trifles as he detests dishonour, he might be ranked high in the list of monarchs."

This resolution being adopted, the son presented his father at King René's court, whom he privately made acquainted that he was a man of quality, and a distinguished Lancastrian. The good King would in his heart have preferred a guest of lighter accomplishments, and gayer temper, to Oxford, a statesman and a soldier of melancholy and grave habits. The Earl was conscious of this, and seldom troubled his benevolent and light-hearted host with his presence. He had, however, an opportunity of rendering the old King a favour of peculiar value. This was in conducting an important treaty betwixt René and Louis XI of France, his nephew. Upon that crafty monarch, René finally settled his principality, for the necessity of extricating his affairs by such a measure was now apparent even to himself, every thought of favouring Charles of Burgundy in the arrangement having died with Queen Margaret. The policy and wisdom of the English Earl, who was intrusted with almost the sole charge of this secret and delicate measure, were of the utmost advantage to good King René, who was freed from personal and pecuniary vexations, and enabled to go piping and tabouring to his grave. Louis did not fail to propitiate the plenipotentiary, by throwing out distant hopes of aid to the efforts of the Lancastrian party in England. A faint and insecure negotiation was entered into upon the subject; and these affairs, which rendered two journeys to Paris necessary on the part of Oxford and his son, in the spring and summer of the year 1376, occupied them until that year was half spent.

In the meanwhile, the wars of the Duke of Burgundy with the Swiss Cantons and Count Ferrand of Lorraine continued to rage. Before midsummer, 1376, Charles had assembled a new army of at least sixty thousand men, supported by one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, for the purpose of invading Switzerland, where the warlike mountaineers easily levied a host of thirty thousand Switzers, now accounted almost invincible; and called upon their confederates, the Free Cities on the Rhine, to support them with a powerful body of cavalry. The first efforts of Charles were successful. He overran the Pays de Vaud, and recovered most of the places which he had lost after the defeat at Granson. But instead of attempting to secure a well-defended frontier, or, what would have been still more politic, to achieve a peace upon equitable terms with his redoubtable neighbours, this

most obstinate of princes resumed the purpose of penetrating into the recesses of the Alpine mountains, and chastising the mountaineers even within their own strongholds, though experience might have taught him the danger, nay, desperation of the attempt. Thus the news received by Oxford and his son, when they returned to Aix in midsummer, was, that Duke Charles had advanced to Morat (or Murten), situated upon a lake of the same name, at the very entrance of Switzerland. Here report said, that Adrian de Bubenbergh, a veteran knight of Berne, commanded, and maintained the most obstinate defence, in expectation of the relief which his countrymen were hastily assembling.

"Alas, my old brother-in-arms!" said the Earl to his son, on hearing these tidings, "this town besieged, these assaults repelled, this vicinity of an enemy's country, this profound lake, these inaccessible cliffs, threaten a second part of the tragedy of Granson, more calamitous perhaps than even the former!"

On the last week of July, the capital of Provence was agitated by one of those unauthorized, yet generally received rumours, which transmit great events with incredible swiftness, as an apple flung from hand to hand by a number of people will pass a given space infinitely faster than if borne by the most rapid series of expresses. The report announced a second defeat of the Burgundians, in terms so exaggerated, as induced the Earl of Oxford to consider the greater part, if not the whole, as a fabrication.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

And is the hostile troop arrived,
And have they won the day?
It must have been a bloody field
Ere Darwent fled away.

The Ettrick Shepherd.

SLEEP did not close the eyes of the Earl of Oxford or his son; for although the success or defeat of the Duke of Burgundy could not now be of importance to their own private or political affairs, yet the father did not cease to interest himself in the fate of his former companion in arms; and the son, with the fire of youth, always eager after novelty,* expected to find something to advance or thwart his own progress in every remarkable event which agitated the world.

Arthur had risen from his bed, and was in the act of attiring himself, when the tread of a horse arrested his attention. He had no sooner looked out of the window, than exclaiming, "News, my father, news from the army!" he rushed into the street, where a cavalier, who appeared to have ridden very hard, was inquiring for the two Philipsons, father and son. He had no difficulty in recognising Colvin, the master of the Burgundian ordnance. His ghastly look bespoke distress of mind; his disordered array and broken armour, which seemed rusted with rain, or stained with blood, gave the intelligence of some affray in which he had probably been worsted; and so exhausted was his gallant steed, that it was with difficulty the animal could stand upright. The condition of the rider was not much better. When he alighted from his horse to greet Arthur, he reeled so much that he

* Cupidus novarum rerum.

would have fallen without instant support. His horny eye had lost the power of speculation; his limbs possessed imperfectly that of motion, and it was with a half suffocated voice that he muttered, "Only fatigue—want of rest and of food."

Arthur assisted him into the house, and refreshments were procured; but he refused all except a bowl of wine, after tasting which he set it down, and looking at the Earl of Oxford with an eye of the deepest affliction, he ejaculated, "The Duke of Burgundy!"

"Slain?" replied the Earl; "I trust not!"

"It might have been better if he were," said the Englishman; "but dishonour has come before death."

"Defeated, then?" said Oxford.

"So completely and fearfully defeated," answered the soldier, "that all that I have seen of loss before was slight in comparison."

"But how, or where?" said the Earl of Oxford; "you were superior in numbers, as we were informed."

"Two to one at least," answered Colvin; "and when I speak of our encounter at this moment, I could rend my flesh with my teeth for being here to tell such a tale of shame. We had sat down for about a week before that paltry town of Murten, or Morat, or whatever it is called. The governor, one of those stubborn mountain bears of Berne, bade us defiance. He would not even condescend to shut his gates, but when we summoned the town, returned for answer, we might enter if we pleased,—we should be suitably received. I would have tried to bring him to reason by a salvo or two of artillery, but the Duke was too much irritated to listen to good counsel. Stimulated by that black traitor, Campo-Basso, he deemed it better to run forward with his whole force upon a place, which, though I could soon have battered it about their German ears, was yet too strong to be carried by swords, lances, and hagbuts. We were beaten off with great loss, and much discouragement to the soldiers. We then commenced more regularly, and my batteries would have brought these mad Switzers to their senses. Walls and ramparts went down before the lusty cannoneers of Burgundy; we were well secured also by entrenchments against those whom we heard of as approaching to raise the siege. But on the evening of the twentieth of this month, we learned that they were close at hand, and Charles, consulting only his own bold spirit, advanced to meet them, relinquishing the advantage of our batteries, and strong position. By his orders, though against my own judgment, I accompanied him with twenty good pieces, and the flower of my people. We broke up on the next morning, and had not advanced far before we saw the lances and thick array of halberds and two-handed swords which crested the mountain. Heaven, too, added its terrors—a thunder-storm, with all the fury of those tempestuous climates, descended on both armies, but did most annoyance to ours, as our troops, especially the Italians, were more sensible to the torrents of rain which poured down, and the rivulets which, swelled into torrents, inundated and disordered our position. The Duke for once saw it necessary to alter his purpose of instant battle. He rode up to me, and directed me to de-

VOL. VII.

fend with the cannon the retreat which he was about to commence, adding, that he himself would in person sustain me with the men-at-arms. The order was given to retreat. But the movement gave new spirit to an enemy already sufficiently audacious. The ranks of the Swiss instantly prostrated themselves in prayer—a practice on the field of battle which I have ridiculed—but I will do so no more. When, after five minutes, they sprung again on their feet, and began to advance rapidly, sounding their horns and crying their war-cries with all their usual ferocity—behold, my lord, the clouds of heaven opened, shedding on the confederates the blessed light of the returning sun, while our ranks were still in the gloom of the tempest. My men were discouraged. The host behind them was retreating; the sudden light thrown on the advancing Switzers showed along the mountains a profusion of banners, a glancing of arms, giving to the enemy the appearance of double the numbers that had hitherto been visible to us. I exhorted my followers to stand fast, but in doing so I thought a thought, and spoke a word, which was a grievous sin. 'Stand fast, my brave cannoneers,' I said, 'we will presently let them hear louder thunders, and show them more fatal lightnings, than their prayers have put down!'—My men shouted—But it was an impious thought—a blasphemous speech—and evil came after it. We levelled our guns on the advancing masses as fairly as cannon were ever pointed—I can vouch it, for I laid the Grand Duchess of Burgundy myself—Ah, poor Duchess! what rude hands manage thee now!—The volley was fired, and ere the smoke spread from the muzzles, I could see many a man, and many a banner, go down. It was natural to think such a discharge should have checked the attack; and whilst the smoke hid the enemy from us, I made every effort again to load our cannon, and anxiously endeavoured to look through the mist to discover the state of our opponents. But ere our smoke was cleared away, or the cannon again loaded, they came headlong down on us, horse and foot, old men and boys, men-at-arms and varlets, charging up to the muzzle of the guns, and over them, with total disregard to their lives. My brave fellows were cut down, pierced through, and overrun, while they were again loading their pieces, nor do I believe that a single cannon was fired a second time."

"And the Duke?" said the Earl of Oxford, "did he not support you?"

"Most loyally and bravely," answered Colvin, "with his own body guard of Walloons and Burgundians. But a thousand Italian mercenaries went off, and never showed face again. The pass, too, was encumbered with the artillery, and in itself narrow, bordering on mountains and cliffs, a deep lake close behind. In short, it was a place totally unfit for horsemen to act in. In spite of the Duke's utmost exertions, and those of the gallant Flemings who fought around him, all were borne back in complete disorder. I was on foot, fighting as I could, without hopes of my life, or indeed thoughts of saving it, when I saw the guns taken and my faithful cannoneers slain. But I saw Duke Charles hard pressed, and took my horse from my page that held him—Thou, too, art lost, my poor orphan boy!—I could only aid Mon-

55

seigneur de la Croye and others to extricate the Duke. Our retreat became a total rout; and when we reached our rear-guard, which we had left strongly encamped, the banners of the Switzers were waving on our batteries, for a large division had made a circuit through mountain passes known only to themselves, and attacked our camp, vigorously seconded by that accursed Adrian de Bubenbürg, who sallied from the beleaguered town, so that our entrenchments were stormed on both sides at once.—I have more to say, but having ridden day and night to bring you these evil tidings, my tongue clings to the roof of my mouth, and I feel that I can speak no more. The rest is all flight and massacre, disgraceful to every soldier that shared in it. For my part, I confess my contumelious self-confidence and insolence to man, as well as blasphemy to Heaven. If I live, it is but to hide my disgraced head in a cowl, and expiate the numerous sins of a licentious life."

With difficulty the broken-minded soldier was prevailed upon to take some nourishment and repose, together with an opiate, which was prescribed by the physician of King René, who recommended it as necessary to preserve even the reason of his patient, exhausted by the events of the battle, and subsequent fatigue.

The Earl of Oxford, dismissing other assistance, watched alternately with his son at Colvin's bedside. Notwithstanding the draught that had been administered, his repose was far from sound. Sudden starts, the perspiration which started from his brow, the distortions of his countenance, and the manner in which he clenched his fists and flung about his limbs, showed that in his dreams he was again encountering the terrors of a desperate and forlorn combat. This lasted for several hours; but about noon fatigue and medicine prevailed over nervous excitation, and the defeated commander fell into a deep and untroubled repose till evening. About sunset he awakened, and, after learning with whom and where he was, he partook of refreshments, and without any apparent consciousness of having told them before, detailed once more all the particulars of the battle of Murten.

"It were little wide of truth," he said, "to calculate, that one half of the Duke's army fell by the sword, or were driven into the lake. Those who escaped are great part of them scattered, never again to unite. Such a desperate and irretrievable rout was never witnessed. We fled like deer, sheep, or any other timid animals, which only remain in company because they are afraid to separate, but never think of order or of defence."

"And the Duke?" said the Earl of Oxford.

"We hurried him with us," said the soldier, "rather from instinct than loyalty, as men flying from a conflagration snatch up what they have of value, without knowing what they are doing. Knight and knave, officer and soldier, fled in the same panic; and each blast of the horn of Uri in our rear added new wings to our flight."

"And the Duke?" repeated Oxford.

"At first he resisted our efforts, and strove to turn back on the foe; but when the flight became general, he galloped along with us, without a word spoken or a command issued. At first we thought his silence and passiveness, so unusual in a temper so fiery, were

fortunate for securing his personal safety. But when we rode the whole day, without being able to obtain a word of reply to all our questions,—when he sternly refused refreshments of every kind, though he had tasted no food all that disastrous day,—when every variation of his moody and uncertain temper was sunk into silent and sullen despair, we took counsel what was to be done, and it was by the general voice that I was dispatched to entreat that you, for whose counsels alone Charles has been known to have had some occasional deference, would come instantly to his place of retreat, and exert all your influence to awaken him from this lethargy, which may otherwise terminate his existence."

"And what remedy can I interpose?" said Oxford. "You know how he neglected my advice, when following it might have served my interest as well as his own. You are aware that my life was not safe among the miscreants that surrounded the Duke, and exercised influence over him."

"Most true," answered Colvin; "but I also know he is your ancient companion-in-arms, and it would ill become me to teach the noble Earl of Oxford what the laws of chivalry require. For your lordship's safety, every honest man in the army will give willing security."

"It is for that I care least," said Oxford, indifferently; "and if indeed my presence can be of service to the Duke,—if I could believe that he desired it"—

"He does—he does, my lord!" said the faithful soldier, with tears in his eyes. "We heard him name your name, as if the words escaped him in a painful dream."

"I will go to him, such being the case," said Oxford—"I will go instantly. Where did he purpose to establish his head-quarters?"

"He had fixed nothing for himself on that or other matters; but Monsieur de Contay named La Riviere, near Salins, in Upper Burgundy, as the place of his retreat."

"Thither, then, will we, my son, with all haste of preparation. Thou, Colvin, hadst better remain here, and see some holy man, to be assoilzied for thy hasty speech on the battle-field of Morat. There was offence in it without doubt, but it will be ill atoned for by quitting a generous master when he hath most need of your good service; and it is but an act of cowardice to retreat into the cloister, till we have no longer active duties to perform in this world."

"It is true," said Colvin, "that should I leave the Duke now, perhaps not a man would stay behind that could stell a cannon properly. The sight of your lordship cannot but operate favourably on my noble master, since it has waked the old soldier in myself. If your lordship can delay your journey till to-morrow, I will have my spiritual affairs settled, and my bodily health sufficiently restored, to be your guide to La Riviere; and, for the cloister, I will think of it when I have regained the good name which I have lost at Murten. But I will have masses said, and these right powerful, for the souls of my poor cannoneers."

The proposal of Colvin was adopted, and Oxford, with his son, attended by Thiebault, spent the day in preparation, excepting the time necessary to take

formal leave of King René, who seemed to part with them with regret. In company with the ordnance officer of the discomfited Duke, they traversed those parts of Provence, Dauphiné, and Franche Comté, which lie between Aix and the place to which the Duke of Burgundy had retreated; but the distance and inconvenience of so long a route consumed more than a fortnight on the road, and the month of July 1466 was commenced, when the travellers arrived in Upper Burgundy, and at the Castle of La Riviere, about twenty miles to the south of the town of Salins. The castle, which was but of small size, was surrounded by very many tents, which were pitched in a crowded, disordered, and unsoldierlike manner, very unlike the discipline usually observed in the camp of Charles the Bold. That the Duke was present there, however, was attested by his broad banner, which, rich with all its quarterings, streamed from the battlements of the castle. The guard turned out to receive the strangers, but in a manner so disorderly, that the Earl looked to Colvin for explanation. The master of the ordnance shrugged up his shoulders, and was silent.

Colvin having sent in notice of his arrival, and that of the English Earl, Monsieur de Contay caused them presently to be admitted, and expressed much joy at their arrival.

"A few of us," he said, "true servants of the Duke, are holding council here, at which your assistance, my noble Lord of Oxford, will be of the utmost importance. Messieurs De la Croye, De Craon, Rubempré, and others, nobles of Burgundy, are now assembled to superintend the defence of the country at this exigence."

They all expressed delight to see the Earl of Oxford, and had only abstained from thrusting their attentions on him the last time he was in the Duke's camp, as they understood it was his wish to observe incognito.

"His Grace," said De Craon, "has asked after you twice, and on both times by your assumed name of Philipson."

"I wonder not at that, my Lord of Craon," replied the English nobleman; "the origin of the name took its rise in former days, when I was here during my first exile. It was then said, that we poor Lancastrian nobles must assume other names than our own, and the good Duke Philip said, as I was brother-in-arms to his son Charles, I must be called after himself, by the name of Philipson. In memory of the good sovereign, I took that name when the day of need actually arrived, and I see that the Duke thinks of our early intimacy by his distinguishing me so.—How fares his Grace?"

The Burgundians looked at each other, and there was a pause.

"Even like a man stunned, brave Oxford," at length De Contay replied. "Sieur d'Argentin, you can best inform the noble Earl of the condition of our sovereign."

"He is like a man distracted," said the future historian of that busy period. "After the battle of Granson, he was never, to my thinking, of the same sound judgment as before. But then, he was capricious, unreasonable, peremptory, and inconsistent, and resented every counsel that was offered, as if it had been meant in insult; was jealous of the least

trespass in point of ceremonial, as if his subjects were holding him in contempt. Now there is a total change, as if this second blow had stunned him, and suppressed the violent passions which the first called into action. He is silent as a Carthusian, solitary as a hermit, expresses interest in nothing, least of all in the guidance of his army. He was, you know, anxious about his dress; so much so, that there was some affectation even in the rudenesses which he practised in that matter. But, woe's me, you will see a change now! he will not suffer his hair or nails to be trimmed or arranged. He is totally heedless of respect or disrespect towards him, takes little or no nourishment, and uses strong wines, which, however, do not seem to affect his understanding; he will hear nothing of war or state affairs, as little of hunting or of sport. Suppose an anchorite brought from a cell to govern a kingdom, you see in him, except in point of devotion, a picture of the fiery active Charles of Burgundy."

"You speak of a mind deeply wounded, Sieur d'Argentin," replied the Englishman. "Think you it fit I should present myself before the Duke?"

"I will inquire," said Contay; and leaving the apartment, returned presently, and made a sign to the Earl to follow him.

In a cabinet, or closet, the unfortunate Charles reclined in a large arm-chair, his legs carelessly stretched on a footstool, but so changed that the Earl of Oxford could have believed what he saw to be the ghost of the once fiery Duke. Indeed, the shaggy length of hair which, streaming from his head mingled with his beard; the holowness of the caverns, at the bottom of which rolled his wild eyes; the falling in of the breast, and the advance of the shoulders, gave the ghastly appearance of one who has suffered the final agony which takes from mortality the signs of life and energy. His very costume (a cloak flung loosely over him) increased his resemblance to a shrouded phantom. De Contay named the Earl of Oxford; but the Duke gazed on him with a lustreless eye, and gave him no answer.

"Speak to him, brave Oxford," said the Burgundian in a whisper; "he is even worse than usual, but perhaps he may know your voice."

Never, when the Duke of Burgundy was in the most palmy state of his fortunes, did the noble Englishman kneel to kiss his hand with such sincere reverence. He respected in him, not only the afflicted friend, but the humbled sovereign, upon whose tower of trust the lightning had so recently broken. It was probably the falling of a tear upon his hand which seemed to awake the Duke's attention, for he looked towards the Earl, and said, "Oxford—Philipson—my old—my only friend, hast thou found me out in this retreat of shame and misery?"

"I am not your only friend, my lord," said Oxford. "Heaven has given you many affectionate friends among your natural and loyal subjects. But though a stranger, and saving the allegiance I owe to my lawful sovereign, I will yield to none of them in the respect and deference which I have paid to your Grace in prosperity, and now come to render to you in adversity."

"Adversity indeed," said the Duke; "irremediable intolerable adversity! I was lately Charles of Bur-

gundy, called the Bold—now am I twice beaten by a scum of German peasants; my standard taken, my men-at-arms put to flight, my camp twice plundered, and each time of value more than equal to the price of all Switzerland fairly lost; myself hunted like a caitiff goat or chamois—The utmost spite of hell could never accumulate more shame on the head of a sovereign!”

“On the contrary, my lord,” said Oxford, “it is a trial of Heaven, which calls for patience and strength of mind. The bravest and best knight may lose the saddle; he is but a laggard who lies rolling on the sand of the lists after the accident has chanced.”

“Ha, laggard, sayst thou?” said the Duke, some part of his ancient spirit awakened by the broad taunt, “Leave my presence, sir, and return to it no more, till you are summoned thither—”

“Which I trust will be no later than your Grace quits your dishabille, and disposes yourself to see your vassals and friends with such ceremony as befits you and them,” said the Earl composedly.

“How mean you by that, Sir Earl? You are unmannerly.”

“If I be, my lord, I am taught my ill breeding by circumstances. I can mourn over fallen dignity; but I cannot honour him who dishonours himself, by bending, like a regardless boy, beneath the scourge of evil fortune.”

“And who am I that you should term me such?” said Charles, starting up in all his natural pride and ferocity; “or who are you but a miserable exile, that you should break in upon my privacy with such disrespectful upbraiding?”

“For me,” replied Oxford, “I am, as you say, an unrespected exile; nor am I ashamed of my condition, since unshaken loyalty to my King and his successors has brought me to it. But in you, can I recognise the Duke of Burgundy in a sullen hermit, whose guards are a disorderly soldiery, dreadful only to their friends; whose councils are in confusion for want of their sovereign, and who himself lurks, like a lamed wolf in its den, in an obscure castle, waiting but a blast of the Switzer’s horn to fling open its gates, which there are none to defend; who wears not a knightly sword to protect his person, and cannot even die like a stag at bay, but must be worried like a hunted fox?”

“Death and hell, slanderous traitor!” thundered the Duke, glancing a look at his side, and perceiving himself without a weapon.—“It is well for thee I have no sword, or thou shouldst never boast of thine insolence going unpunished.—Contay, step forth like a good knight, and confute the calumniator. Say, are not my soldiers arrayed, disciplined, and in order?”

“My lord,” said Contay, trembling (brave as he was in battle) at the frantic rage which Charles exhibited, “there are a numerous soldiery yet under your command, but they are in evil order, and worse disciplined, I think, than they were wont.”

“I see it—I see it,” said the Duke; “idle and evil counsellors are ye all.—Hearken, Sir of Contay, what have you and the rest of you been doing, holding as you do large lands and high fiefs of us, that I cannot stretch my limbs on a sick-bed, when my heart is half broken, but my troops must fall into such

scandalous disorder as exposes me to the scorn and reproach of each beggarly foreigner?”

“My lord,” replied Contay, more firmly, “we have done what we could. But your Grace has accustomed your mercenary generals, and leaders of Free Companies, to take their orders only from your own mouth, or hand. They clamour also for pay, and the treasurer refuses to issue it without your Grace’s order, as he alleges it might cost him his head; and they will not be guided and restrained either by us, or those who compose your council.”

The Duke laughed sternly, but was evidently somewhat pleased with the reply.

“Ha, ha,” he said, “it is only Burgundy who can ride his own wild horses, and rule his own wild soldiery. Hark thee, Contay—To-morrow I ride forth to review the troops—for what disorder has passed, allowance shall be made. Pay also shall be issued—but woe to those who shall have offended too deeply! Let my grooms of the chamber know to provide me fitting dress and arms. I have got a lesson (glancing a dark look at Oxford), and I will not again be insulted without the means of wreaking my vengeance. Begone, both of you. And, Contay, send the treasurer hither with his accounts, and woe to his soul if I find aught to complain of! Begone, I say, and send him hither.”

They left the apartment with suitable obeisance. As they retired, the Duke said, abruptly, “Lord of Oxford, a word with you. Where did you study medicine! In your own famed university, I suppose. Thy physic hath wrought a wonder. Yet, Doctor Philipson, it might have cost thee thy life.”

“I have ever thought my life cheap,” said Oxford, “when the object was to help my friend.”

“Thou art indeed a friend,” said Charles, “and a fearless one. But go—I have been sore troubled, and thou hast tasked my temper closely. To-morrow we will speak further; meantime, I forgive thee, and I honour thee.”

The Earl of Oxford retired to the Council-hall, where the Burgundian nobility, aware of what had passed, crowded around him with thanks, compliments, and congratulations. A general bustle now ensued; orders were hurried off in every direction. Those officers who had duties to perform which had been neglected, hastened to conceal or to atone for their negligence. There was a general tumult in the camp, but it was a tumult of joy; for soldiers are always most pleased when they are best in order for performing their military service, and license or inactivity, however acceptable at times, are not, when continued, so agreeable to their nature as strict discipline and a prospect of employment.

The treasurer, who was, luckily for him, a man of sense and method, having been two hours in private with the Duke, returned with looks of wonder, and professed, that never, in Charles’s most prosperous days, had he showed himself more acute in the department of finance, of which he had but that morning seemed totally incapable; and the merit was universally attributed to the visit of Lord Oxford whose timely reprimand had, like the shot of a cannon dispersing foul mists, awakened the Duke from his black and bilious melancholy.

On the following day, Charles reviewed his troops

with his usual attention, directed new levies, made various dispositions of his forces, and corrected the faults of their discipline by severe orders, which were enforced by some deserved punishments (of which the Italian mercenaries of Campo-Basso had a large share), and rendered palatable by the payment of arrears, which was calculated to attach them to the standard under which they served.

The Duke also, after consulting with his council, agreed to convoke meetings of the States in his different territories, redress certain popular grievances, and grant some boons which he had hitherto denied; and thus began to open a new account of popularity with his subjects, in place of that which his rashness had exhausted.

CHAPTER XXXV

— Here's a weapon now,
Shall shake a conquering general in his tent,
A monarch on his throne, or reach a prelate,
However holy be his offices,
E'en while he serves the altar.

Old Play.

FROM this time all was activity in the Duke of Burgundy's court and army. Money was collected, soldiers were levied, and certain news of the Confederates' motions only were wanting to bring on the campaign. But although Charles was, to all outward appearance, as active as ever, yet those who were more immediately about his person were of opinion that he did not display the soundness of mind, or the energy of judgment, which had been admired in him before these calamities. He was still liable to fits of moody melancholy, similar to those which descended upon Saul, and was vehemently furious when aroused out of them. Indeed, the Earl of Oxford himself seemed to have lost the power which he had exercised over him at first. Nay, though in general Charles was both grateful and affectionate towards him, he evidently felt humbled by the recollection of his having witnessed his impotent and disastrous condition, and was so much afraid of Lord Oxford being supposed to lead his counsels, that he often repelled his advice, merely, as it seemed, to show his own independence of mind.

In these froward humours, the Duke was much encouraged by Campo-Basso. That wily traitor now saw his master's affairs tottering to their fall, and he resolved to lend his lever to the work, so as to entitle him to a share of the spoil. He regarded Oxford as one of the most able friends and counsellors who adhered to the Duke; he thought he saw in his looks that he fathomed his own treacherous purpose, and therefore he hated and feared him. Besides, in order perhaps to colour over, even to his own eyes, the abominable perfidy he meditated, he affected to be exceedingly enraged against the Duke for the late punishment of marauders belonging to his Italian bands. He believed that chastisement to have been inflicted by the advice of Oxford; and he suspected that the measure was pressed with the hope of discovering that the Italians had not pillaged for their own emolument only, but for that of their commander. Believing that Oxford was thus hostile to him, Campo-Basso would have speedily found means to take him out of his path, had not the Earl himself found it

prudent to observe some precautions; and the lords of Flanders and Burgundy, who loved him for the very reasons for which the Italian abhorred him, watched over his safety with a vigilance, of which he himself was ignorant, but which certainly was the means of preserving his life.

It was not to be supposed that Ferrand of Lorraine should have left his victory so long unimproved; but the Swiss confederates, who were the strength of his forces, insisted that the first operations should take place in Savoy and the Pays de Vaud, where the Burgundians had many garrisons, which, though they received no relief, yet were not easily or speedily reduced. Besides, the Switzers being, like most of the national soldiers of the time, a kind of militia, most of them returned home, to get in their harvest, and to deposit their spoil in safety. Ferrand, therefore, though bent on pursuing his success with all the ardour of youthful chivalry, was prevented from making any movement in advance until the month of December, 1466. In the meantime, the Duke of Burgundy's forces, to be least burdensome to the country, were cantoned in distant places of his dominions, where every exertion was made to perfect the discipline of the new levies. The Duke, if left to himself, would have precipitated the struggle by again assembling his forces, and pushing forward into the Helvetian territories. But though he inwardly foamed at the recollection of Granson and Murten, the memory of these disasters was too recent to permit such a plan of the campaign. Meantime, weeks glided past, and the month of December was far advanced, when, one morning, as the Duke was sitting in council, Campo-Basso suddenly entered, with a degree of extravagant rapture in his countenance, singularly different from the cold, regulated, and subtle smile which was usually his utmost advance towards laughter. "*Guantes*," * he said, "*Guantes*, for luck's sake, if it please your Grace."

"And what of good fortune comes nigh us?" said the Duke,—"methought she had forgot the way to our gates."

"She has returned to them, please your Highness, with her cornucopia full of choicest gifts, ready to pour her fruit, her flowers, her treasures, on the head of the sovereign of Europe most worthy to receive them."

"The meaning of all these?" said Duke Charles; "riddles are for children."

"The harebrained young madman Ferrand, who calls himself of Lorraine, has broken down from the mountains, at the head of a desultory army of scapegraces like himself; and what think you,—ha! ha! ha! they are overrunning Lorraine, and have taken Nancy—ha! ha! ha!"

"By my good faith, Sir Count," said Contay, astonished at the gay humour with which the Italian treated a matter so serious, "I have seldom heard a fool laugh more gaily at a more scurvy jest, than you, a wise man, laugh at the loss of the principal town of the province we are fighting for."

"I laugh," said Campo-Basso, "among the spears, as my warhorse does—ha! ha!—among the trumpets."

* *Guantes*, used by the Spanish as the French say *étrennes*, or the English handsell or luckpenny—phrases used by inferiors to their patrons as the bringers of good news.

I laugh also over the destruction of the enemy, and the dividing of the spoil, as eagles scream their joy over the division of their prey; I laugh"—

"You laugh," said the Lord of Contay, waxing impatient, "when you have all the mirth to yourself, as you laughed after our losses at Granson and Murten."

"Peace, sir!" said the Duke. "The Count of Campo-Basso has viewed the case as I do. This young knight-errant ventures from the protection of his mountains; and Heaven deal with me as I keep my oath, when I swear that the next fair field on which we meet shall see one of us dead! It is now the last week of the old year, and before Twelfth-Day we will see whether he or I shall find the bean in the cake.—To arms, my lords; let our camp instantly break up, and our troops move forward towards Lorraine. Send off the Italian and Albanian light cavalry, and the Stradiots, to scour the country in the van—Oxford, thou wilt bear arms in this journey, wilt thou not?"

"Surely," said the Earl. "I am eating your Highness's bread; and when enemies invade, it stands with my honour to fight for your Grace as if I was your born subject. With your Grace's permission, I will dispatch a pursuivant, who shall carry letters to my late kind host, the Landamman of Unterwalden, acquainting him with my purpose."

The Duke having given a ready assent, the pursuivant was dismissed accordingly, and returned in a few hours, so near had the armies approached to each other. He bore a letter from the Landamman, in a tone of courtesy and even kindness, regretting that any cause should have occurred for bearing arms against his late guest, for whom he expressed high personal regard. The same pursuivant also brought greetings from the family of the Biedermans to their friend Arthur, and a separate letter, addressed to the same person, of which the contents ran thus:—

"Rudolf Donnerhugel is desirous to give the young merchant, Arthur Philipson, the opportunity of finishing the bargain which remained unsettled between them in the castle-court of Geierstein. He is the more desirous of this, as he is aware that the said Arthur has done him wrong, in seducing the affections of a certain maiden of rank, to whom he, Philipson, is not, and cannot be, any thing beyond an ordinary acquaintance. Rudolf Donnerhugel will send Arthur Philipson word, when a fair and equal meeting can take place on neutral ground. In the meantime, he will be as often as possible in the first rank of the skirmishers."

Young Arthur's heart leapt high as he read the defiance, the piqued tone of which showed the state of the writer's feelings, and argued sufficiently Rudolf's disappointment on the subject of Anne of Geierstein, and his suspicion that she had bestowed her affections on the youthful stranger. Arthur found means of dispatching a reply to the challenge of the Swiss, assuring him of the pleasure with which he would attend his commands, either in front of the line or elsewhere, as Rudolf might desire.

Meantime the armies were closely approaching to each other, and the light troops sometimes met. The Stradiots from the Venetian territory, a sort of cavalry resembling that of the Turks, performed much of that

service on the part of the Burgundian army, for which, indeed, if their fidelity could have been relied on, they were admirably well qualified. The Earl of Oxford observed, that these men, who were under the command of Campo-Basso, always brought in intelligence that the enemy were in indifferent order, and in full retreat. Besides, information was communicated through their means, that sundry individuals, against whom the Duke of Burgundy entertained peculiar personal dislike, and whom he specially desired to get into his hands, had taken refuge in Nancy. This greatly increased the Duke's ardour for retaking that place, which became perfectly ungovernable when he learned that Ferrand and his Swiss allies had drawn off to a neighbouring position called Saint Nicholas, on the news of his arrival. The greater part of the Burgundian counsellors, together with the Earl of Oxford, protested against his besieging a place of some strength, while an active enemy lay in the neighbourhood to relieve it. They remonstrated on the smallness of his army, on the severity of the weather, on the difficulty of obtaining provisions; and exhorted the Duke, that having made such a movement as had forced the enemy to retreat, he ought to suspend decisive operations till spring. Charles at first tried to dispute and repel these arguments; but when his counsellors reminded him that he was placing himself and his army in the same situation as at Granson and Murten, he became furious at the recollection, foamed at the mouth, and only answered, by oaths and imprecations, that he would be master of Nancy before Twelfth-Day.

Accordingly, the army of Burgundy sat down before Nancy, in a strong position, protected by the hollow of a water-course, and covered with thirty pieces of cannon, which Colvin had under his charge.

Having indulged his obstinate temper in thus arranging the campaign, the Duke seemed to give a little more heed to the advice of his counsellors touching the safety of his person, and permitted the Earl of Oxford, with his son, and two or three officers of his household, men of approved trust, to sleep within his pavilion, in addition to the usual guard.

It wanted three days of Christmas when the Duke sat down before Nancy, and on that very evening a tumult happened which seemed to justify the alarm for his personal safety. It was midnight, and all in the ducal pavilion were at rest, when a cry of treason arose. The Earl of Oxford, drawing his sword, and snatching up a light which burned beside him, rushed into the Duke's apartment, and found him standing on the floor totally undressed, but with his sword in his hand, and striking around him so furiously, that the Earl himself had difficulty in avoiding his blows. The rest of his officers rushed in, their weapons drawn and their cloaks wrapped around their left arms. When the Duke was somewhat composed, and found himself surrounded by his friends, he informed them, with rage and agitation, that the officers of the Secret Tribunal had, in spite of the vigilant precautions taken, found means to gain entrance into his chamber, and charged him, under the highest penalty, to appear before the Holy Vehme upon Christmas night.

The bystanders heard this story with astonishment, and some of them were uncertain whether they ought to consider it as a reality, or a dream of the Duke's irritable fancy. But the citation was found on the Duke's toilette, written, as was the form, upon parchment, signeted with three crosses, and stuck to the table with a knife. A slip of wood had been also cut from the table. Oxford read the summons with attention. It named as usual a place, where the Duke was cited to come unarmed and unattended, and from which it was said he would be guided to the seat of judgment.

Charles, after looking at the scroll for some time, gave vent to his thoughts.

"I know from what quiver this arrow comes," he said. "It is shot by that degenerate noble, apostate priest, and accomplice of sorcerers, Albert of Geierstein. We have heard that he is among the motley group of murderers and outlaws, whom the old fiddler of Provence's grandson has raked together. But, by Saint George of Burgundy! neither monk's cowl, soldier's casque, nor conjuror's cap, shall save him after such an insult as this. I will degrade him from knighthood, hang him from the highest steeple in Nancy, and his daughter shall chuse between the meanest herd-boy in my army, and the convent of *filles repentées*!"

"Whatever are your purposes, my lord," said Contay, "it were surely best be silent, when, from this late apparition, we may conjecture that more than we wot of may be within hearing."

The Duke seemed struck with this hint, and was silent, or at least only muttered oaths and threats betwixt his teeth, while the strictest search was made for the intruder on his repose. But it was in vain.

Charles continued his researches, incensed at a flight of audacity higher than ever had been ventured upon by these Secret Societies, who, whatever might be the dread inspired by them, had not as yet attempted to cope with sovereigns. A trusty party of Burgundians were sent on Christmas night to watch the spot (a meeting of four cross roads) named in the summons, and make prisoners of any whom they could lay hands upon; but no suspicious persons appeared at or near the place. The Duke not the less continued to impute the affront he had received to Albert of Geierstein. There was a price set upon his head; and Campo-Basso, always willing to please his master's mood, undertook that some of his Italians, sufficiently experienced in such feats, should bring the obnoxious baron before him, alive or dead. Colvin, Contay, and others, laughed in secret at the Italian's promises.

"Subtle as he is," said Colvin, "he will lure the wild vulture from the heaven before he gets Albert of Geierstein into his power."

Arthur, to whom the words of the Duke had given subject for no small anxiety, on account of Anne of Geierstein, and of her father for her sake, breathed more lightly on hearing his menaces held so cheaply.

It was the second day after this alarm that Oxford felt a desire to reconnoitre the camp of Ferrand of Lorraine, having some doubts whether the strength and position of it were accurately reported. He obtained the Duke's consent for this purpose, who at

the same time made him and his son a present of two noble steeds of great power and speed, which he himself highly valued.

So soon as the Duke's pleasure was communicated to the Italian Count, he expressed the utmost joy that he was to have the assistance of Oxford's age and experience upon an exploratory party, and selected a chosen party of an hundred Stradiots, whom he said he had sent sometimes to skirmish up to the very beards of the Switzers. The Earl showed himself much satisfied with the active and intelligent manner in which these men performed their duty, and drove before them and dispersed some parties of Ferrand's cavalry. At the entrance of a little ascending valley, Campo-Basso communicated to the English nobleman, that if they could advance to the farther extremity, they would have a full view of the enemy's position. Two or three Stradiots then spurred on to examine this defile, and, returning back, communicated with their leader in their own language, who, pronouncing the passage safe, invited the Earl of Oxford to accompany him. They proceeded through the valley without seeing an enemy, but on issuing upon a plain at the point intimated by Campo-Basso, Arthur, who was in the van of the Stradiots, and separated from his father, did indeed see the camp of Duke Ferrand within half a mile's distance; but a body of cavalry had that instant issued from it, and were riding hastily towards the gorge of the valley, from which he had just emerged. He was about to wheel his horse and ride off, but, conscious of the great speed of the animal, he thought he might venture to stay for a moment's more accurate survey of the camp. The Stradiots who attended him did not wait his orders to retire, but went off, as was indeed their duty, when attacked by a superior force.

Meantime, Arthur observed that the Knight, who seemed leader of the advancing squadron, mounted on a powerful horse that shook the earth beneath him, bore on his shield the Bear of Berne, and had otherwise the appearance of the massive frame of Rudolf Donnerhugel. He was satisfied of this when he beheld the cavalier halt his party, and advance towards him alone, putting his lance in rest, and moving slowly, as if to give him time for preparation. To accept such a challenge, in such a moment, was dangerous, but to refuse it was disgraceful; and while Arthur's blood boiled at the idea of chastising an insolent rival, he was not a little pleased at heart that their meeting on horseback gave him an advantage over the Swiss, through his perfect acquaintance with the practice of the tourney, in which Rudolf might be supposed more ignorant.

They met, as was the phrase of the time, "manful under shield." The lance of the Swiss glanced from the helmet of the Englishman, against which it was addressed, while the spear of Arthur, directed right against the centre of his adversary's body, was so justly aimed, and so truly seconded by the full fury of the career, as to pierce, not only the shield which hung round the ill-fated warrior's neck, but a breast-plate, and a shirt of mail which he wore beneath it. Passing clear through the body, the steel point of the weapon was only stopped by the back-piece of the unfortunate cavalier, who fell headlong from his

horse, as if struck by lightning, rolled twice or thrice over on the ground, tore the earth with his hands, and then lay prostrate a dead corpse.

There was a cry of rage and grief among those men-at-arms whose ranks Rudolf had that instant left, and many couched their lances to avenge him; but Ferrand of Lorraine, who was present in person, ordered them to make prisoner, but not to harm the successful champion. This was accomplished, for Arthur had not time to turn his bridle for flight, and resistance would have been madness.

When brought before Ferrand, he raised his visor, and said, "Is it well, my lord, to make captive an adventurous Knight, for doing his devoir against a personal challenger?"

"Do not complain, Sir Arthur of Oxford," said Ferrand, "before you experience injury—You are free, Sir Knight. Your father and you were faithful to my royal aunt Margaret, and although she was my enemy, I do justice to your fidelity in her behalf; and from respect to her memory, disinherited as she was like myself, and to please my grandfather, who I think had some regard for you, I give you your freedom. But I must also care for your safety during your return to the camp of Burgundy. On this side of the hill we are loyal and true-hearted men, on the other they are traitors and murderers.—You, Sir Count, will, I think, gladly see our captive placed in safety."

The Knight to whom Ferrand addressed himself, a tall stately man, put himself in motion to attend on Arthur, while the former was expressing to the young Duke of Lorraine the sense he entertained of his chivalrous conduct. "Farewell, sir Arthur de Vere," said Ferrand. "You have slain a noble champion, and to me a most useful and faithful friend. But it was done nobly and openly, with equal arms, and in the front of the line, and evil befall him who entertains feud first!" Arthur bowed to his saddle-bow. Ferrand returned the salutation, and they parted.

Arthur and his new companion had ridden but a little way up the ascent, when the stranger spoke thus:—

"We have been fellow-travellers before, young man, yet you remember me not."

Arthur turned his eyes on the cavalier, and observing that the crest which adorned his helmet was fashioned like a vulture, strange suspicions began to cross his mind, which were confirmed, when the Knight, opening his helmet, showed him the dark and severe features of the Priest of Saint Paul's.

"Count Albert of Geierstein!" said Arthur.

"The same," replied the Count, "though thou hast seen him in other garb and head gear. But tyranny drives all men to arms, and I have resumed, by the licence and command of my superiors, those which I had laid aside. A war against cruelty and oppression is holy as that waged in Palestine, in which priests bear armour."

"My Lord Count," said Arthur, eagerly, "I cannot too soon entreat you to withdraw to Sir Ferrand of Lorraine's squadron. Here you are in peril, where no strength or courage can avail you. The Duke has placed a price on your head; and the country betwixt this and Nancy swarms with Stradiots and Italian light horsemen."

"I laugh at them," answered the Count. "I have not lived so long in a stormy world, amid intrigues of war and policy, to fall by the mean hand of such as they—besides thou art with me, and I have seen but now that thou canst bear thee nobly."

"In your defence, my lord," said Arthur, who thought of his companion as the father of Anne of Geierstein, "I should try to do my best."

"What, youth!" replied Count Albert, with a stern sneer, that was peculiar to his countenance; "wouldst thou aid the enemy of the lord under whose banner thou servest, against his waged soldiers?"

Arthur was somewhat abashed at the turn given to his ready offer of assistance, for which he had expected at least thanks; but he instantly collected himself, and replied, "My lord Count Albert, you have been pleased to put yourself in peril to protect me from partisans of your party—I am equally bound to defend you from those of our side."

"It is happily answered," said the Count;—"yet I think there is a little blind partisan, of whom troubadours and minstrels talk, to whose instigation I might, in case of need, owe the great zeal of my protector."

He did not allow Arthur, who was a good deal embarrassed, time to reply, but proceeded: "Hear me, young man—Thy lance has this day done an evil deed to Switzerland, to Berne, and Duke Ferrand, in slaying their bravest champion. But to me, the death of Rudolf Donnerhugel is a welcome event. Know that he was, as his services grew more indispensable, become importunate in requiring Duke Ferrand's interest with me for my daughter's hand. And the Duke himself, the son of a princess, blushed not to ask me to bestow the last of my house—for my brother's family are degenerate mongrels—upon a presumptuous young man, whose uncle was a domestic in the house of my wife's father, though they boasted some relationship, I believe, through an illegitimate channel, which yonder Rudolf was wont to make the most of, as it favoured his suit."

"Surely," said Arthur, "a match with one so unequal in birth, and far more in every other respect, was too monstrous to be mentioned."

"While I lived," replied Count Albert, "never should such union have been formed, if the death both of bride and bridegroom by my dagger could have saved the honour of my house from violation. But when I—I whose days, whose very hours are numbered—shall be no more, what could prevent an undaunted suitor, fortified by Duke Ferrand's favour, by the general applause of his country, and perhaps by the unfortunate prepossession of my brother Arnold, from carrying his point against the resistance and scruples of a solitary maiden?"

"Rudolf is dead," replied Arthur, "and may Heaven assoilzie him from guilt! But were he alive, and urging his suit on Anne of Geierstein, he would find there was a combat to be fought——"

"Which has been already decided," answered Count Albert. "Now, mark me, Arthur de Vere! My daughter has told me of the passages betwixt you and her. Your sentiments and conduct are worthy of the noble house you descend from, which I well know ranks with the most illustrious in Europe. You are indeed disinherited, but so is Anne of Geier-

stein, save such pittance as her uncle may impart to her of her paternal inheritance. If you share it together till better days (always supposing your noble father gives his consent, for my child shall enter no house against the will of its head), my daughter knows that she has my willing consent, and my blessing. My brother shall also know my pleasure. He will approve my purpose; for though dead to thoughts of honour and chivalry, he is alive to social feelings, loves his niece, and has friendship for thee and for thy father. What say'st thou, young man, to taking a beggarly Countess, to aid thee in the journey of life? I believe—nay, I prophesy (for I stand so much on the edge of the grave, that methinks I command a view beyond it), that a lustre will one day, after I have long ended my doubtful and stormy life, beam on the coronets of De Vere and Geierstein."

De Vere threw himself from his horse, clasped the hand of Count Albert, and was about to exhaust him in thanks; but the Count insisted on his silence.

"We are about to part," he said. "The time is short—the place is dangerous. You are to me, personally speaking, less than nothing. Had any one of the many schemes of ambition which I have pursued led me to success, the son of a banished Earl had not been the son-in-law I had chosen. Rise and remount your horse—thanks are displeasing when they are not merited."

Arthur arose, and, mounting his horse, threw his raptures into a more acceptable form, endeavouring to describe how his love for Anne, and efforts for her happiness, should express his gratitude to her father; and, observing that the Count listened with some pleasure to the picture he drew of their future life, he could not help exclaiming,—“And you, my lord—you who have been the author of all this happiness, will you not be the witness and partaker of it? Believe me, we will strive to soften the effect of the hard blows which fortune has dealt to you, and should a ray of better luck shine upon us, it will be the more welcome that you can share it.”

“Forbear such folly,” said the Count Albert of Geierstein. “I know my last scene is approaching.—Hear and tremble. The Duke of Burgundy is sentenced to die, and the Secret and Invisible Judges, who doom in secret, and avenge in secret, like the Deity, have given the cord and the dagger to my hand.”

“Oh! cast from you these vile symbols!” exclaimed Arthur, with enthusiasm; “let them find butchers and common stabbers to do such an office, and not dishonour the noble Lord of Geierstein.”

“Peace, foolish boy,” answered the Count. “The oath by which I am sworn is higher than that clouded sky, more deeply fixed than those distant mountains. Nor think my act is that of an assassin, though for such I might plead the Duke’s own example. I send not hirelings, like these base Stradiots, to hunt his life, without imperilling mine own. I give not his daughter—innocent of his offences—the choice betwixt a disgraceful marriage and a discreditable retreat from the world. No, Arthur de Vere, I seek Charles with the resolved mind of one, who, to take the life of an adversary, exposes himself to certain death.”

“I pray you speak no farther of it,” said Arthur, very anxiously. “Consider I serve for the present the Prince whom you threaten—”

VOL. VII.

“And art bound,” interrupted the Count, “to unfold to him what I tell you. I desire you should do so; and though he hath already neglected a summons of the Tribunal, I am glad to have this opportunity of sending him personal defiance. Say to Charles of Burgundy, that he has wronged Albert of Geierstein. He who is injured in his honour loses all value for his life, and whoever does so has full command over that of another man. Bid him keep himself well from me, since, if he see a second sun of the approaching year rise over the distant Alps, Albert of Geierstein is forsworn.—And now begone, for I see a party approach under a Burgundian banner. They will ensure your safety, but should I remain longer, would endanger mine.”

So saying, the Count of Geierstein turned his horse and rode off.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Faint the din of battle bray'd
Distant down the heavy wind;
War and Terror fled before,
Wounds and Death were left behind.

MICKLE.

ARTHUR, left alone, and desirous perhaps to cover the retreat of Count Albert, rode towards the approaching body of Burgundian cavalry, who were arrayed under the Lord Contay’s banner.

“Welcome, welcome,” said that nobleman advancing hastily to the young knight. “The Duke of Burgundy is a mile hence, with a body of horse to support the reconnoitring party. It is not half an hour since your father galloped up, and stated that you had been led into an ambushade by the treachery of the Stradiots, and made prisoner. He has impeached Campo-Basso of treason, and challenged him to the combat. They have both been sent to the camp, under charge of the Grand Marshal, to prevent their fighting on the spot, though I think our Italian showed little desire to come to blows. The Duke holds their gages, and they are to fight upon Twelfth-Day.”

“I doubt that day will never dawn for some who look for it,” said Arthur; “but if it do, I will myself claim the combat, by my father’s permission.”

He then turned with Contay, and met a still larger body of cavalry under the Duke’s broad banner. He was instantly brought before Charles. The Duke heard, with some apparent anxiety, Arthur’s support of his father’s accusations against the Italian, in whose favour he was so deeply prejudiced. When assured that the Stradiots had been across the hill, and communicated with their leader just before he encouraged Arthur to advance, as it proved, into the midst of an ambush, the Duke shook his head, lowered his shaggy brows, and muttered to himself,—“Ill will to Oxford, perhaps—these Italians are vindictive.”—Then raising his head, he commanded Arthur to proceed.

He heard with a species of ecstasy the death of Rudolf Donnerhugel, and, taking a ponderous gold chain from his own neck, flung it over Arthur’s.

“Why, thou hast forestalled all our honours, young Arthur—this was the biggest bear of them all—the rest are but sucking whelps to him! I think I

have found a youthful David to match their huge thick-headed Goliath. But the idiot, to think his peasant hand could manage a lance! Well, my brave boy—what more? How camest thou off? By some wily device or agile stratagem, I warrant.”

“Pardon me, my lord,” answered Arthur, “I was protected by their chief, Ferrand, who considered my encounter with Rudolf Donnerhugel as a personal duel; and desirous to use fair war, as he said, dismissed me honourably, with my horse and arms.”

“Umph!” said Charles, his bad humour returning; “your Prince Adventurer must play the generous—Umph—well, it belongs to his part, but shall not be a line for me to square my conduct by. Proceed with your story, Sir Arthur de Vere.”

As Arthur proceeded to tell how and under what circumstances Count Albert of Geierstein named himself to him, the Duke fixed on him an eager look, and trembled with impatience as he fiercely interrupted him with the question—“And you—you struck him with your poniard under the fifth rib, did you not?”

“I did not, my Lord Duke—we were pledged in mutual assurance to each other.”

“Yet you knew him to be my mortal enemy?” said the Duke. “Go, young man, thy lukewarm indifference has cancelled thy merit. The escape of Albert of Geierstein hath counterbalanced the death of Rudolf Donnerhugel.”

“Be it so, my lord,” said Arthur, boldly. “I neither claim your praises, nor deprecate your censure. I had to move me in either case motives personal to myself—Donnerhugel was my enemy, and to Count Albert I owe some kindness.”

The Burgundian nobles who stood around, were terrified for the effect of this bold speech. But it was never possible to guess with accuracy how such things would affect Charles. He looked around him with a laugh—“Hear you this English cockerel, my lords—what a note will he one day sound, that already crows so bravely in a prince’s presence?”

A few horsemen now came in from different quarters, recounting that the Duke Ferrand and his company had retired into their encampment, and the country was clear of the enemy.

“Let us then draw back also,” said Charles, “since there is no chance of breaking spears to-day. And thou, Arthur de Vere, attend me closely.”

Arrived in the Duke’s pavilion, Arthur underwent an examination, in which he said nothing of Anne of Geierstein, or her father’s designs concerning him, with which he considered Charles as having nothing to do; but he frankly conveyed to him the personal threats which the Count had openly used. The Duke listened with more temper, and when he heard the expression, “That a man who is desperate of his own life might command that of any other person,” he said, “But there is a life beyond this, in which he who is treacherously murdered, and his base and desperate assassin, shall each meet their deserts.” He then took from his bosom a gold cross, and kissed it, with much appearance of devotion. “In this,” said he, “I will place my trust. If I fail in this world, may I find grace in the next.—Ho, Sir Marshal!” he exclaimed—“Let your prisoners attend us.”

The Marshal of Burgundy entered with the Earl of

Oxford, and stated that his other prisoner, Campo-Basso, had desired so earnestly that he might be suffered to go and post his sentinels on that part of the camp entrusted to the protection of his troops, that he, the Marshal, had thought fit to comply with his request.

“It is well,” said Burgundy, without further remark—“Then to you, my Lord Oxford, I would present your son, had you not already locked him in your arms. He has won great *los* and honour, and done me brave service. This is a period of the year when good men forgive their enemies;—I know not why,—my mind was little apt to be charged with such matters,—but I feel an unconquerable desire to stop the approaching combat betwixt you and Campo-Basso. For my sake, consent to be friends, and to receive back your gage of battle, and let me conclude this year—perhaps the last I may see—with a deed of peace.”

“My lord,” said Oxford, “it is a small thing you ask of me, since your request only enforces a Christian duty. I was enraged at the loss of my son. I am grateful to Heaven and your Grace for restoring him. To be friends with Campo-Basso is to me impossible. Faith and treason, truth and falsehood, might as soon shake hands and embrace. But the Italian shall be to me no more than he has been before this rupture; and that is literally nothing. I put my honour in your Grace’s hands;—if he receives back his gage, I am willing to receive mine. John de Vere needs not be apprehensive that the world will suppose that he fears Campo-Basso.”

The Duke returned sincere thanks, and detained the officers to spend the evening in his tent. His manners seemed to Arthur to be more placid than he had ever seen them before, while to the Earl of Oxford they recalled the earlier days in which their intimacy commenced, ere absolute power and unbounded success had spoiled Charles’s rough, but not ungenerous disposition. The Duke ordered a distribution of provisions and wine to the soldiers, and expressed an anxiety about their lodgings, the cure of the wounded, and the health of the army, to which he received only unpleasing answers. To some of his counsellors, apart, he said, “Were it not for our vow, we would relinquish this purpose till spring, when our poor soldiers might take the field with less of suffering.”

Nothing else remarkable appeared in the Duke’s manner, save that he inquired repeatedly after Campo-Basso, and at length received accounts that he was indisposed, and that his physician had recommended rest; he had therefore retired to repose himself, in order that he might be stirring on his duty at peep of day, the safety of the camp depending much on his vigilance.

The Duke made no observation on the apology, which he considered as indicating some lurking disinclination, on the Italian’s part, to meet Oxford. The guests at the ducal pavilion were dismissed an hour before midnight.

When Oxford and his son were in their own tent, the Earl fell into a deep reverie, which lasted nearly ten minutes. At length, starting suddenly up, he said, “My son, give orders to Thiebault and thy yeomen to have our horses before the tent by break of day, or rather before it; and it would not be amiss if

you ask our neighbour Colvin to ride along with us. I will visit the outposts by day-break."

"It is a sudden resolution, my lord," said Arthur.

"And yet it may be taken too late," said his father.

"Had it been moonlight, I would have made the rounds to-night."

"It is as dark as a wolf's throat," said Arthur.

"But wherefore, my lord, can this night in particular excite your apprehensions?"

"Son Arthur, perhaps you will hold your father credulous. But my nurse, Martha Nixon, was a northern woman, and full of superstitions. In particular, she was wont to say, that any sudden and causeless change of a man's nature, as from licence to sobriety, from temperance to indulgence, from avarice to extravagance, from prodigality to love of money, or the like, indicates an immediate change of his fortunes—that some great alteration of circumstances, either for good or evil (and for evil most likely, since we live in an evil world) is impending over him whose disposition is so much altered. This old woman's fancy has recurred so strongly to my mind, that I am determined to see, with mine own eyes, ere to-morrow's dawn, that all our guards and patrols around the camp are on the alert."

Arthur made the necessary communications to Colvin and to Thiebault, and then retired to rest.

It was ere day-break of the first of January, 1477, a period long memorable for the events which marked it, that the Earl of Oxford, Colvin, and the young Englishman, followed only by Thiebault and two other servants, commenced their rounds of the Duke of Burgundy's encampment. For the greater part of their progress, they found sentinels and guards all on the alert and at their posts. It was a bitter morning. The ground was partly covered with snow,—that snow had been partly melted by a thaw, which had prevailed for two days, and partly congealed into ice by a bitter frost, which had commenced the preceding evening, and still continued. A more dreary scene could scarcely be witnessed.

But what were the surprise and alarm of the Earl of Oxford and his companions, when they came to that part of the camp which had been occupied the day before by Campo-Basso and his Italians, who, reckoning men-at-arms and Stradiots, amounted to nigh two thousand men. Not a challenge was given—not a horse neighed—no steeds were seen at picquet—no guard on the camp. They examined several of the tents and huts—they were empty.

"Let us back to alarm the camp," said the Earl of Oxford, "here is treachery."

"Nay, my lord," said Colvin, "let us not carry back imperfect tidings. I have a battery an hundred yards in advance, covering the access to this hollow way; let us see if my German cannoneers are at their post, and I think I can swear that we shall find them. The battery commands a narrow pass, by which alone the camp can be approached, and if my men are at their duty, I will pawn my life that we make the pass good till you bring up succours from the main body."

"Forward then, in God's name!" said the Earl of Oxford.

They galloped, at every risk, over broken ground, slippery with ice in some places, encumbered with snow in others. They came to the cannon, judiciously

placed to sweep the pass, which rose towards the artillery on the outward side, and then descended gently from the battery into the lower ground. The waning winter moon, mingling with the dawning light, showed them that the guns were in their places, but no sentinel was visible.

"The villains cannot have deserted," said the astonished Colvin—"But see, there is light in their cantonment.—Oh, that unhallowed distribution of wine! Their usual sin of drunkenness has beset them. I will soon drive them from their revelry."

He sprung from his horse, and rushed into the tent from whence the light issued. The cannoneers, or most of them, were still there, but stretched on the ground, their cups and flagons scattered around them; and so drenched were they in wassail, that Colvin could only, by commands and threats, awaken two or three, who, staggering, and obeying him rather from instinct than sense, reeled forward to man the battery. A heavy rushing sound, like that of men marching fast, was now heard coming up the pass.

"It is the roar of a distant avalanche," said Arthur.

"It is an avalanche of Switzers, not of snow," said Colvin.—"Oh, these drunken slaves!—The cannon are deeply loaded and well pointed—this volley must check them if they were fiends, and the report will alarm the camp sooner than we can do. But, oh, these drunken villains!"

"Care not for their aid," said the Earl; "my son and I will each take a linstock, and be gunners for once."

They dismounted, and bade Thiebault and the grooms look to the horses, while the Earl of Oxford and his son took each a linstock from one of the helpless gunners, three of whom were just sober enough to stand by their guns.

"Bravo!" cried the bold Master of Ordnance, "never was a battery so noble. Now, my mates—your pardon, my lords, for there is no time for ceremony,—and you, ye drunken knaves, take heed not to fire till I give the word, and, were the ribs of these trampers as flinty as their Alps, they shall know how old Colvin loads his guns."

They stood breathless, each by his cannon. The dreaded sound approached nearer and more near, till the imperfect light showed a dark and shadowy but dense column of men, armed with long spears, pole-axes, and other weapons, amidst which banners dimly floated. Colvin suffered them to approach to the distance of about forty yards, and then gave the word fire. But his own piece alone exploded; a slight flame flashed from the touch-hole of the others, which had been spiked by the Italian deserters, and left in reality disabled, though apparently fit for service. Had they been all in the same condition with that fired by Colvin, they would probably have verified his prophecy; for even that single discharge produced an awful effect, and made a long lane of dead and wounded through the Swiss column, in which the first and leading banner was struck down.

"Stand to it yet," said Colvin, "and aid me, if possible, to reload the piece."

For this, however, no time was allowed. A stately form, conspicuous in the front of the staggered column, raised up the fallen banner, and a voice as

of a giant exclaimed, "What, countrymen; have you seen Murten and Granson, and are you daunted by a single gun?—Berne—Uri—Schwitz—banners forward! Unterwalden, here is your standard!—Cry your war-cries, wind your horns; Unterwalden, follow your Landamman!"

They rushed on like a raging ocean, with a roar as deafening, and a course as impetuous. Colvin, still labouring to reload his gun, was struck down in the act. Oxford and his son were overthrown by the multitude, the closeness of which prevented any blows being aimed at them. Arthur partly saved himself by getting under the gun he was posted at; his father, less fortunate, was much trampled upon, and must have been crushed to death but for his armour of proof. The human inundation, consisting of at least four thousand men, rushed down into the camp, continuing their dreadful shouts, soon mingled with shrill shrieks, groans, and cries of alarm.

A broad red glare rising behind the assailants, and putting to shame the pallid lights of the winter morning, first recalled Arthur to a sense of his condition. The camp was on fire in his rear, and resounded with all the various shouts of conquest and terror that are heard in a town which is stormed. Starting to his feet, he looked around him for his father. He lay near him senseless, as were the gunners, whose condition prevented their attempting an escape. Having opened his father's casque, he was rejoiced to see him give symptoms of re-animation.

"The horses, the horses!" said Arthur. "Thiebault, where art thou?"

"At hand, my lord," said that trusty attendant, who had saved himself and his charge by a prudent retreat into a small thicket, which the assailants had avoided that they might not disorder their ranks.

"Where is the gallant Colvin?" said the Earl; "get him a horse, I will not leave him in jeopardy."

"His wars are ended, my lord," said Thiebault; "he will never mount steed more."

A look and a sigh, as he saw Colvin, with the ramrod in his hand, before the muzzle of the piece, his head cleft by a Swiss battle-axe, was all the moment permitted.

"Whither must we take our course?" said Arthur to his father.

"To join the Duke," said the Earl of Oxford. "It is not on a day like this that I will leave him."

"So please you," said Thiebault, "I saw the Duke, followed by some half score of his guards, riding at full speed across this hollow water-course, and making for the open country to the northward. I think I can guide you on the track."

"If that be so," replied Oxford, "we will mount and follow him. The camp has been assailed on several places at once, and all must be over since he has fled."

With difficulty they assisted the Earl of Oxford to his horse, and rode as fast as his returning strength permitted, in the direction which the Provençal pointed out. Their other attendants were dispersed or slain.

They looked back more than once on the camp, now one great scene of conflagration, by whose red and glaring light they could discover on the ground the traces of Charles's retreat. About three miles

from the scene of their defeat, the sound of which they still heard, mingled with the bells of Nancy, which were ringing in triumph, they reached a half-frozen swamp, round which lay several dead bodies. The most conspicuous was that of Charles of Burgundy, once the possessor of such unlimited power—such unbounded wealth. He was partly stripped and plundered, as were those who lay round him. His body was pierced with several wounds, inflicted by various weapons. His sword was still in his hand, and the singular ferocity which was wont to animate his features in battle, still dwelt on his stiffened countenance. Close behind him, as if they had fallen in the act of mutual fight, lay the corpse of Count Albert of Geierstein; and that of Ital Schreckenwald, the faithful though unscrupulous follower of the latter, lay not far distant. Both were in the dress of the men-at-arms composing the Duke's guard, a disguise probably assumed to execute the fatal commission of the Secret Tribunal. It is supposed that a party of the traitor Campo-Basso's men had been engaged in the skirmish in which the Duke fell, for six or seven of them, and about the same number of the Duke's guards, were found near the spot.

The Earl of Oxford threw himself from his horse, and examined the body of his deceased brother-in-arms, with all the sorrow inspired by early remembrance of his kindness. But as he gave way to the feelings inspired by so melancholy an example of the fall of human greatness, Thiebault, who was looking out on the path they had just pursued, exclaimed, "To horse, my lord! here is no time to mourn the dead, and little to save the living—the Swiss are upon us."

"Fly thyself, good fellow," said the Earl; "and do thou, Arthur, fly also, and save thy youth for happier days. I cannot and will not fly farther. I will render me to the pursuers: if they take me to grace, it is well; if not, there is ONE above that will receive me to his."

"I will not fly," said Arthur, "and leave you defenceless; I will stay and share your fate."

"And I will remain also," said Thiebault; "the Switzers make fair war when their blood has not been heated by much opposition, and they have had little enough to day."

The party of Swiss which came up proved to be Sigismund, with his brother Ernest, and some of the youths of Unterwalden. Sigismund kindly and joyfully received them to mercy; and thus, for the third time, rendered Arthur an important service, in return for the kindness he had expressed towards him.

"I will take you to my father," said Sigismund, "who will be right glad to see you; only that he is ill at ease just now for the death of brother Rudiger, who fell with the banner in his hand, by the only cannon that was fired this morning; the rest could not bark; Campo-Basso had muzzled Colvin's mastiffs, or we should many more of us have been served like poor Rudiger. But Colvin himself is killed."

"Campo-Basso then was in your correspondence?" said Arthur.

"Not in ours—we scorn such companions—but some dealing there was between the Italian and Duke Ferrand; and having disabled the cannon, and filled the German gunners soundly drunk, he came off to

our camp with fifteen hundred horse, and offered to act with us. 'But no, no!' said my father,—'traitors come not into our Swiss host;' and so, though we walked in at the door which he left open, we would not have his company. So he marched with Duke Ferrand to attack the other extremity of the camp, where he found them entrance by announcing them as the return of a reconnoitring party."

"Nay, then," said Arthur, "a more accomplished traitor never drew breath, nor one who drew his net with such success."

"You say well," answered the young Swiss. "The Duke will never, they say, be able to collect another army."

"Never, young man," said the Earl of Oxford, "for he lies dead before you."

Sigismund started; for he had an inherent respect, and somewhat of fear, for the lofty name of Charles the Bold, and could hardly believe that the mangled corpse, which now lay before him, was once the personage he had been taught to dread. But his surprise was mingled with sorrow, when he saw the body of his uncle, Count Albert of Geierstein.

"Oh, my uncle;" he said—"my dear uncle Albert, has all your greatness and your wisdom brought you to a death, at the side of a ditch, like any crazed beggar?—Come, this sad news must be presently told to my father, who will be concerned to hear of his brother's death, which will add gall to bitterness, coming on the back of poor Rudiger's. It is some comfort, however, that father and uncle never could abide each other."

With some difficulty, they once more assisted the Earl of Oxford to horseback, and were proceeding to set forward, when the English lord said,—“You will place a guard here, to save these bodies from farther dishonour, that they may be interred with due solemnity.”

"By our Lady of Einsiedlen! I thank you for the hint," said Sigismund. "Yes, we should do all that the church can for uncle Albert. It is to be hoped he has not gambled away his soul beforehand, playing with Satan at odds and evens. I would we had a priest to stay by his poor body; but it matters not, since no one ever heard of a demon appearing just before breakfast."

They proceeded to the Landamman's quarters, through sights and scenes which Arthur, and even his father, so well accustomed to war in all its shapes, could not look upon without shuddering. But the simple Sigismund, as he walked by Arthur's side, contrived to hit upon a theme so interesting as to divert his sense of the horrors around them.

"Have you farther business in Burgundy, now this Duke of yours is at an end?"

"My father knows best," said Arthur; "but I apprehend we have none. The Duchess of Burgundy, who must now succeed to some sort of authority in her late husband's dominion, is sister to this Edward of York, and a mortal enemy to the House of Lancaster, and to those who stood by it faithfully. It were neither prudent nor safe to tarry where she has influence."

"In that case," said Sigismund, "my plan will fadge bravely. You shall go back to Geierstein, and take up your dwelling with us. Your father will be

a brother to mine, and a better one than uncle Albert, whom he seldom saw or spoke with, while with your father he will converse from morning till night, and leave us all the work of the farm. And you, Arthur, you shall go with us, and be a brother to us all, in place of poor Rudiger, who was, to be sure, my real brother, which you cannot be; nevertheless, I did not like him so well, in respect he was not so good-natured. And then Anne—cousin Anne—is left all to my father's charge, and is now at Geierstein—and you know, King Arthur, we used to call her Queen Guenover."

"You spoke great folly then," said Arthur.

"But it is great truth—For, look you, I loved to tell Anne tales of our hunting, and so forth, but she would not listen a word till I threw in something of King Arthur, and then I warrant she would sit still as a heath-hen when the hawk is in the heavens. And now Donnerhugel is slain, you know you may marry my cousin when you and she will, for nobody hath interest to prevent it."

Arthur blushed with pleasure under his helmet, and almost forgave that new-year's morning all its complicated distresses.

"You forget," he replied to Sigismund, with as much indifference as he could assume, "that I may be viewed in your country with prejudice on account of Rudolf's death."

"Not a whit, not a whit; we bear no malice for what is done in fair fight under shield. It is no more than if you had beat him in wrestling or at quoits—only it is a game cannot be played over again."

They now entered the town of Nancy; the windows were hung with tapestry, and the streets crowded with tumultuous and rejoicing multitudes, whom the success of the battle had relieved from great alarm for the formidable vengeance of Charles of Burgundy.

The prisoners were received with the utmost kindness by the Landamman, who assured them of his protection and friendship. He appeared to support the death of his son Rudiger with stern resignation.

"He had rather," he said, "his son fell in battle, than that he should live to despise the old simplicity of his country, and think the object of combat was the gaining of spoil. The gold of the dead Burgundy," he added, "would injure the morals of Switzerland more irretrievably than ever his sword did their bodies."

He heard of his brother's death without surprise, but apparently with emotion.

"It was the conclusion," he said, "of a long tissue of ambitious enterprises, which often offered fair prospects, but uniformly ended in disappointment."

The Landamman farther intimated that his brother had apprised him that he was engaged in an affair of so much danger, that he was almost certain to perish in it, and had bequeathed his daughter to her uncle's care, with instructions respecting her.

Here they parted for the present, but shortly after, the Landamman inquired earnestly of the Earl of Oxford, what his motions were like to be, and whether he could assist them.

"I think of chusing Bretagne for my place of refuge," answered the Earl, "where my wife has dwelt

since the battle of Tewkesbury expelled us from England."

"Do not so," said the kind Landamman, "but come to Geierstein with the Countess, where, if she can, like you, endure our mountain manners and mountain fare, you are welcome as to the house of a brother, to a soil where neither conspiracy nor treason ever flourished. Bethink you, the Duke of Bretagne is a weak prince, entirely governed by a wicked favourite, Peter Landais. He is as capable—I mean the minister—of selling brave men's blood, as a butcher of selling bullock's flesh; and you know, there are those, both in France and Burgundy, that thirst after yours."

The Earl of Oxford expressed his thanks for the proposal, and his determination to profit by it, if approved of by Henry of Lancaster, Earl of Richmond, whom he now regarded as his sovereign.

To close the tale, about three months after the battle of Nancy, the banished Earl of Oxford resumed his name of Philipson, bringing with his lady some remnants of their former wealth, which enabled them to procure a commodious residence near to Geierstein; and the Landamman's interest in the state procured for them the right of denizenship. The high blood, and the moderate fortunes, of Anne of Geierstein and Arthur de Vere, joined to their mutual inclination, made their marriage in every respect rational; and Annette, with her bachelor, took up

their residence with the young people, not as servants, but mechanical aids in the duties of the farm,—an assistance very necessary in the part, which required much superintendence; for Arthur continued to prefer the chase to the labours of husbandry, which was of little consequence, as his separate income amounted, in that poor country, to opulence. Time glided on, till it amounted to five years since the exiled family had been inhabitants of Switzerland. In the year 1482, the Landamman Biederman died the death of the righteous, lamented universally, as a model of the true and valiant, simple-minded and sagacious chiefs, who ruled the ancient Switzers in peace, and headed them in battle. In the same year, the Earl of Oxford lost his noble Countess.

But the star of Lancaster, at that period, began again to culminate, and called the banished lord and his son from their retirement, to mix once more in politics. The treasured necklace of Margaret was then put to its destined use, and the produce applied to levy those bands which shortly after fought the celebrated battle of Bosworth, in which the arms of Oxford and his son contributed so much to the success of Henry VII. This changed the destinies of De Vere and his lady. Their Swiss farm was conferred on Annette and her husband; and the manners and beauty of Anne of Geierstein attracted as much admiration at the English Court as formerly in the Swiss Chalet.

Tales of a Grandfather;

BEING

STORIES TAKEN FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY.

FIRST SERIES.

PREFACE.

THESE Tales were written in the interval of other avocations, for the use of the young Relative to whom they are inscribed. They embrace at the same time some attempt at a general view of Scottish History, with a selection of its more picturesque and prominent points. Having been found useful to the young person for whom the compilation was made, they are now given to the public, in the hope that they may be a source of instruction for others. The compilation, though professing to be only Tales, or Narratives from the Scottish Chronicles, will, nevertheless, be found to contain a general idea of the history of that country, from the period when it has general interest.

The Compiler may here mention, that, after commencing his task in a manner obvious to the most limited capacity, of which the Tale of Macbeth is an example, he was led to take a different view of the subject, by finding that a style considerably more elevated was more interesting to his juvenile reader. There is no harm, but on the contrary there is benefit, in presenting a child with ideas somewhat beyond his easy and immediate comprehension. The difficulties thus offered, if not too great or too frequent, stimulate curiosity, and encourage exertion.

Abbotsford, 10th Oct. 1827.

DEDICATION.

TO HUGH LITTLEJOHN, ESQ.

MUCH RESPECTED SIR,

ALTHOUGH I have not yet arrived at the reverend period of life which may put me once more on a level with yours, yet I find myself already better pleased to seek an auditor of your age, who is usually contented to hear the same story repeated twenty times over, than to attempt instructing the more critical hearers among my contemporaries, that are apt to object to any tale twice told. It is, therefore, probable that had we been to remain near to each other, I should have repeated to you many of the stories contained in this book more than once. But, since that has ceased to be the case, I have nothing remaining save to put them in this shape, in which you may read them over as often as you have a mind.

I have in this little book imitated one with which you are well acquainted,—I mean the collection of Stories taken from the History of England, and which has been so deservedly popular.

As you, however, happen to be a person of quick study, and great penetration, it is my purpose to write a little work, which may not only be useful to you at the age of five or six years, which I think

may be about your worship's present period of life, but which may not be beneath your attention, either for style or matter, at the graver term of eight, or even ten years old. When, therefore, you find anything a little too hard for you to understand at this moment, you must consider that you will be better able to make out the sense a year or two afterwards; or perhaps you may make a great exertion, and get at the meaning, just as you might contrive to reach something placed upon a high shelf, by standing on your tiptoes, instead of waiting till you grow a little taller. Or who knows but papa will give you some assistance, and that will be the same as if he set you upon a stool that you might reach down what you wanted.

And so farewell, my dear Hugh Littlejohn. If you should grow wiser and better from what you read in this book, it will give great pleasure to your very affectionate

GRANDFATHER.

CHAPTER I.

How Scotland and England came to be separate Kingdoms.

ENGLAND is the southern, and Scotland is the northern part of the celebrated island called Great Britain. England is greatly larger than Scotland, and the ground is much richer, and produces better crops. There are also a great many more men in England, and both the gentlemen and the country people are richer, and have better food and clothing there than in Scotland.

Scotland, on the contrary, is full of hills, and huge moors and wildernesses, which bear no corn, and afford but little food for flocks of sheep or herds of cattle. But the level ground that lies along the great rivers is more fertile, and produces good crops. The natives of Scotland are accustomed to live more hardily in general than those of England.

Now, as these two nations live in the different ends of the same island, and are separated by large and stormy seas from other parts of the world, it seems natural that they should have been friendly to each other, and that they should have lived under the same government. Accordingly, about two hundred years ago, the King of Scotland becoming King of England, as I will tell you in another part of this book, the two nations have ever since then been joined into one great kingdom, which is called Great Britain.

But, before this happy union of England and Scotland, there were many long, cruel, and bloody wars, between the two nations; and, far from helping or assisting each other, as became good neighbours and friends, they did each other all the harm and injury

that they possibly could, by invading each other's territories, killing their subjects, burning their towns, and taking their wives and children prisoners. This lasted for many many hundred years, and I am about to tell you the reason why the land was so divided.

A long time since, eighteen hundred years ago and more, there was a brave and warlike people, called the Romans, who undertook to conquer the whole world, and subdue all countries, so as to make their own city of Rome the head of all the nations upon the face of the earth. And after conquering far and near, at last they came to Britain, and made a great war upon the inhabitants, called the British, or Britons, whom they found living there. The Romans, who were a very brave people, and well armed, beat the British, and took possession of almost all the flat part of the island, which is now called England, and also of a part of the south of Scotland. But they could not make their way into the high northern mountains of Scotland, where they could hardly get anything to feed their soldiers, and where they met with much opposition from the inhabitants.

Then the wild people of Scotland, whom the Romans had not been able to subdue, began to come down from their mountains, and make inroads upon that part of the country which had been conquered by the Romans.

These people of Scotland were not one nation, but two, called the Scots and the Picts; they often fought against each other, but they always joined together against the Romans and the Britons, who had been subdued by them. At length, the Romans thought they would prevent these Picts and Scots from coming into the southern part of Britain, and laying it waste. For this purpose, they built a very long wall between the one side of the island and the other, so that none of the Scots or Picts should come into the country on the south side of the wall; and they made towers on the wall, and camps, with soldiers, from place to place; so that, at the least alarm, the soldiers might hasten to defend any part of the wall which was attacked. This first Roman wall was built between the two great Friths of the Clyde and the Forth, just where the island of Britain is at the narrowest, and some parts of it are to be seen at this day. You can see it on the map.

The wall defended the Britons for a time, and the Scots and Picts were shut out from the fine rich land, and enclosed within their own mountains. But they were very much displeased with this, and assembled themselves in great numbers, and climbed over the wall in spite of all that the Romans could do to oppose them. A man of the name of Grahame is said to have been the first soldier who got over, and the common people still call the remains of the wall Grahame's Dike.

Now the Romans, finding that this first wall could not keep out the Barbarians (for so they called the Picts and the Scots), thought they would give up a large portion of the country to them, and perhaps it might make them quiet. So they built a new wall, and a much stronger one than the first, sixty miles farther back from the Picts and Scots. Yet the Barbarians made as many furious attacks to get over this second wall as ever they had done to break through the former. But the Roman soldiers defend-

ed the second wall so well, that the Scots and Picts could not break through it, though they often came round the end of the wall by sea, in boats made of ox-hides stretched upon hoops, landed on the other side, and did very much mischief. In the meantime the poor Britons led a very unhappy life; for the Romans, when they subdued their country, had taken away all their arms, and they had lost the habit of using them, or of defending themselves, and trusted entirely to the protection of the Romans.

But at this time great quarrels, and confusion, and wars, took place at Rome. So the Roman Emperor sent to the soldiers whom he had maintained in Britain, and ordered that they should immediately return to their own country, and leave the Britons to defend their wall as well as they could, against their unruly and warlike neighbours, the Picts and Scots. The Roman soldiers were very sorry for the poor Britons, but they could do no more to help them than by repairing the wall of defence. They therefore built it all up, and made it as strong as if it were quite new. And then they took to their ships, and left the island.

After the departure of the Romans, the Britons were quite unable to protect the wall against the Barbarians; for, since their conquest by the Romans, they had become a weak and cowardly people. So the Picts and the Scots wasted and destroyed their country, and took away their boys and girls to be slaves, and seized upon their sheep, and upon their cattle, and burnt their houses, and did them every sort of mischief. Thus at last the Britons, finding themselves quite unable to resist these barbarous people, invited into Britain to their assistance a number of men from Germany, who were called Anglo-Saxons. Now, these were a very brave and warlike people, and they came in their ships from Germany, and landed in the south part of Britain, and helped the Britons to fight with the Scots and Picts, and drove them back again into the hills and fastnesses of their own country, to the north of the wall which the Romans built; and they were never afterwards so troublesome to their neighbours.

But the Britons were not much the better for the defeat of their northern enemies; for the Saxons, when they had come into Britain, and saw what a beautiful rich country it was, and how the people were not able to defend it, resolved to take the land to themselves, and to make the Britons their slaves and servants. The Britons were very unwilling to have their country taken from them by the people they had called in to help them, and so strove to oppose them; but the Saxons were stronger and more warlike than they, and defeated them so often, that they at last got possession of all the level and flat land in the south part of Britain. However, the bravest part of the Britons fled into a very hilly part of Britain, which is called Wales, and there they defended themselves against the Saxons for a great many years; and their descendants still speak the ancient British language, called Welsh. In the meantime, the Anglo-Saxons spread themselves throughout all the south part of Britain, and the name of the country was changed, and it was no longer called Britain, but England; which means the land of the Anglo-Saxons, who had conquered it.

While the Saxons and Britons were thus fighting together, the Scots and the Picts, after they had been driven back behind the Roman wall, also quarrelled and fought between themselves; and at last, after a great many battles, the Scots got completely the better of the Picts. The common people say that the Scots destroyed them entirely; but I think it is not likely that they could kill such great numbers of people. Yet it is certain they must have slain many, and driven others out of the country, and made the rest their servants and slaves; at least the Picts were never heard of in history after these great defeats, and the Scots gave their own name to the north part of Britain, as the Angles, or Anglo-Saxons, did to the south part: and so came the name of Scotland, the land of the Scots; and England, the land of the English. The two kingdoms were divided from each other, first by the river Tweed, then by a great range of hills and wildernesses, and then by a branch of the sea called the Frith of Solway. The division is not very far from the old Roman wall. The wall itself has been long suffered to go to ruins; but, as I have already said, there are some parts of it still standing, and it is curious to see how it runs as straight as an arrow over high hills, and through great bogs and morasses.

You see, therefore, that Britain was divided between three different nations, who were enemies to each other.—There was England, which was the richest and best part of the island, and which was inhabited by the English. Then there was Scotland, full of hills and great lakes, and difficult and dangerous precipices, wild heaths, and great morasses. This country was inhabited by the Scots, or Scottish men. And there was Wales, where the remains of the ancient British had fled, to obtain safety from the Saxons.

The Welsh defended their country for a long time, but the English got possession of it at last. But they were not able to become masters of Scotland, though they tried it very often. The two countries were under different kings, who fought together very often and very desperately; and thus you see the reason why England and Scotland, though making parts of the same island, were for a long time great enemies to each other. Papa will show you the two countries on the map, and you must take notice how Scotland is all full of hills, and wild moors covered with heather.—But now I think upon it, Mr Hugh Littlejohn is a traveller, and has seen Scotland and England too with his own eyes. However, it will do no harm to look at the map.

The English are very fond of their fine country; they call it Old England, and think it the finest land that the sun shines upon. And the Scots are also very proud of their own country, with its great lakes and mountains; and, in the old language of the country, they call it "The land of the lakes and mountains, and the brave men;" and often, also, the Land of Cakes, because the people live a good deal upon cakes made of oatmeal, instead of wheaten bread. But both England and Scotland are now parts of the same kingdom, and there is no use in asking which is the best country, or has the bravest men.

This is but a dull chapter, Mr Littlejohn. But as we

VOL. VII.

are to tell many stories about Scotland and England, it is best to learn what sort of countries we are talking about. The next story shall be more entertaining.

CHAPTER II.

The Story of Macbeth.

SOON after the Scots and Picts had become one people, as I told you before, there was a King of Scotland called Duncan, a very good old man. He had two sons; one was called Malcolm, and the other Donaldbane. But King Duncan was too old to lead out his army to battle, and his sons were too young to help him.

At this time Scotland, and indeed France and England, and all the other countries of Europe, were much harassed by the Danes. These were a very fierce, warlike people, who sailed from one place to another and landed their armies on the coast, burning and destroying everything wherever they came. They were heathens, and did not believe in the Bible, but thought of nothing but battle and slaughter, and making plunder. When they came to countries where the inhabitants were cowardly, they took possession of the land, as I told you the Saxons took possession of Britain. At other times, they landed with their soldiers, took what spoil they could find, burned the houses, and then got on board, hoisted sails, and away again. They did so much mischief, that people put up prayers to God in the churches to deliver them from the rage of the Danes.

Now, it happened in King Duncan's time, that a great fleet of these Danes came to Scotland and landed their men in Fife, and threatened to take possession of that province. So a numerous Scottish army was levied to go to fight with them. The King, as I told you, was too old to command his army, and his sons were too young. So he sent out one of his near relations, who was called Macbeth; he was son of Finel, who was Thane, as it was called, of Glamis. The governors of provinces were at that time, in Scotland, called Thanes; they were afterwards termed Earls.

This Macbeth, who was a brave soldier, put himself at the head of the Scottish army, and marched against the Danes. And he carried with him a relation of his own, called Banquo, who was Thane of Lochaber, and was also a very brave man. So there was a great battle fought between the Danes and the Scots, and Macbeth and Banquo defeated the Danes, and drove them back to their ships, leaving a great many of their soldiers both killed and wounded. Then Macbeth and his army marched back to a town in the North of Scotland, called Forres, rejoicing on account of their victory.

Now there lived at this time three old women in the town of Forres, whom people thought were witches, and supposed they could tell what was to come to pass. Nobody would believe such folly now-a-days, except low and ignorant creatures, such as those who consult gipsies in order to have their fortunes told; but in those early times the people were much more ignorant, and even great men, like Macbeth, believed that such persons as these witches of Forres could tell what was to come to pass afterwards, and listened to the nonsense they told them,

as if the old women had really been prophetesses. The old women saw that they were respected and feared, so that they were tempted to impose upon people, by pretending to tell what was to happen to them, and they got presents for doing so.

So the three old women went and stood by the wayside, in a great moor or heath near Forres, and waited till Macbeth came up. And then, stepping before him as he was marching at the head of his soldiers, the first woman said, "All hail, Macbeth—hail to thee, Thane of Glamis." The second said, "All hail, Macbeth—hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor." Then the third, wishing to pay him a higher compliment than the other two, said, "All hail Macbeth, that shalt be King of Scotland." Macbeth was very much surprised to hear them give him these titles; and while he was wondering what they could mean, Banquo stepped forward, and asked them whether they had nothing to tell about him as well as about Macbeth. And they said that he should not be so great as Macbeth, but that though he himself should never be a king, yet his children should succeed to the throne of Scotland, and be kings for a great number of years.

Before Macbeth was recovered from his surprise, there came a messenger to tell him that his father was dead, so that he was become Thane of Glamis by inheritance. And there came a second messenger from the King, to thank Macbeth for the great victory over the Danes, and tell him that the Thane of Cawdor had rebelled against the King, and that the King had taken his office from him, and had sent to make Macbeth Thane of Cawdor as well as Glamis. Thus the two first old women seemed to be right in giving him these two titles. I dare say they knew something of the death of Macbeth's father, and that the government of Cawdor was intended for Macbeth, though he had not heard of it.

However, Macbeth seeing a part of their words come to be true, began to think how he was to bring the rest to pass, and make himself King, as well as Thane of Glamis and Cawdor. And Macbeth had a wife, who was a very ambitious wicked woman, and when she found out that her husband thought of raising himself up to be King of Scotland, she encouraged him by all means in her power, and persuaded him that the only way to get possession of the crown was to kill the good old king, Duncan. Macbeth was very unwilling to commit so great a crime, for he knew what a good king Duncan had been, and he recollected how he was his relation, and had been always very kind to him, and had intrusted him with the command of his army, and had bestowed on him the government or thanedom of Cawdor. But his wife continued telling him what a foolish cowardly thing it was in him not to take the opportunity of making himself King, when it was in his power to gain what the witches promised him. So the wicked advice of his wife, and the prophecy of these wretched old women, at last brought Macbeth to think of murdering his King and his friend. The way in which he accomplished his crime, made it still more abominable.

Macbeth invited Duncan to come to visit him, at a great castle near Inverness; and the good King, who had no suspicions of his kinsman, accepted the invi-

tation very willingly. Macbeth and his lady received the King and all his retinue with much appearance of joy, and made a great feast, as a subject would do to make his King welcome. About the middle of the night, the King desired to go to his apartment, and Macbeth conducted him to a fine room, which had been prepared for him. Now, it was the custom, in those barbarous times, that wherever the King slept, two armed men slept in the same chamber, in order to defend his person, in case he should be attacked by any one during the night. But the wicked Lady Macbeth had made these two watchmen drink a great deal of wine, and had besides put some drugs into the liquor, so that when they went to the King's apartment they both fell asleep, and slept so soundly, that nothing could awaken them.

Then the cruel Macbeth came into King Duncan's bed-room about two in the morning. It was a terrible stormy night; but the noise of the wind and of the thunder could not awaken the King, as he was old and weary with his journey; neither could it awaken the two sentinels. They all slept soundly. So Macbeth having come into the room, and stepped gently over the floor, he took the two dirks which belonged to the sentinels, and stabbed poor old King Duncan to the heart, and that so effectually, that he died without giving even a groan. Then Macbeth put the bloody daggers into the hands of the sentinels, and he daubed their faces over with blood, that it might appear as if they had committed the murder. Macbeth was frightened at what he had done, but his wife made him wash his hands and go to bed.

Early in the morning, the nobles and gentlemen who attended on the King, assembled in the great hall of the castle, and there they began to talk of what a dreadful storm it had been the night before. But Macbeth could scarcely understand what they said, for he was thinking on something much worse and more frightful than the storm, and was wondering what would be said when they heard of the murder. They waited for some time, but finding the King did not come from his apartment, one of the noblemen went to see whether he was well or not. But when he came into the room, he found poor King Duncan lying stiff, and cold, and bloody, and the two sentinels, with their dirks or daggers covered with blood, both fast asleep. As soon as the Scottish nobles saw this terrible sight, they were greatly astonished and enraged; and Macbeth made believe as if he were more enraged than any of them, and, drawing his sword, before any one could prevent him, he killed the two attendants of the King who slept in the bed-chamber, pretending to think they had been guilty of murdering King Duncan.

When Malcolm and Donaldbane, the two sons of the good King, saw their father slain in this strange manner within Macbeth's castle, they became afraid that they might be put to death likewise, and fled away out of Scotland; for notwithstanding all the excuses which he could make, they still believed that Macbeth had killed their father. Donaldbane fled into some distant islands, but Malcolm, the eldest son of Duncan, went to the court of England, where he begged for assistance from the English King, to place him on the throne of Scotland as his father's successor.

In the meantime, Macbeth took possession of the kingdom of Scotland, and thus all his wicked wishes seemed to be fulfilled. But he was not happy. He began to reflect how wicked he had been in killing his friend and benefactor, and how some other person, as ambitious as he was himself, might do the same thing to him. He remembered, too, that the old women had said, that the children of Banquo should succeed to the throne after his death, and therefore he concluded that Banquo might be tempted to conspire against him, as he had himself done against King Duncan. The wicked always think other people are as bad as themselves. In order to prevent this supposed danger, he hired ruffians to watch in a wood, where Banquo and his son Fleance sometimes used to walk in the evening, with instructions to attack them, and kill both father and son. The villains did as they were ordered by Macbeth; but while they were killing Banquo, the boy Fleance made his escape from their wicked hands, and fled from Scotland into Wales. And it is said, that long afterwards, his children came to possess the Scottish crown.

Macbeth was not the more happy that he had slain his brave friend and cousin Banquo. He knew that men began to suspect the wicked deeds which he had done, and he was constantly afraid that some one would put him to death as he had done his old sovereign, or that Malcolm would obtain assistance from the King of England, and come to make war against him, and take from him the Scottish kingdom. So, in this great perplexity of mind, he thought he would go to the old women, whose words had first put into his mind the desire of becoming a king. It is to be supposed, that he offered them presents, and that they were cunning enough to study how to give him some answer, which should make him continue in the belief that they could prophesy what was to happen in future times. So they answered to him that he should not be conquered or lose the crown of Scotland, until a great forest, called Birnam Wood, should come to attack him in a strong castle situated on a high hill called Dunsinane. Now, the hill of Dunsinane is upon the one side of a valley, and the forest of Birnam is upon the other. There are twelve miles distance, betwixt them, and besides that, Macbeth thought it was impossible that the trees could ever come to the assault of the castle. He therefore resolved to fortify his castle on the hill of Dunsinane very strongly, as being a place in which he would always be sure to be safe. For this purpose he caused all his great nobility and thanes to send in stones, and wood, and other things wanted in building, and to drag them with oxen up to the top of the steep hill where he was building the castle.

Now, among other nobles who were obliged to send oxen, and horses, and materials, to this laborious work, was one called Macduff, the Thane of Fife. Macbeth was afraid of this thane, for he was very powerful, and was accounted both brave and wise; and Macbeth thought he would most probably join with Prince Malcolm, if ever he should come from England with an army. The King, therefore, had a private hatred against the Thane of Fife, which he kept concealed from all men, until he should have some opportunity of putting him to death as he had done Duncan and Banquo. Macduff, on his part,

kept upon his guard, and went to the King's court as seldom as he could, thinking himself never safe unless while in his own castle of Kennoway, which is on the coast of Fife, near to the mouth of the Frith of Forth.

It happened, however, that the King had summoned several of his nobles, and Macduff, the Thane of Fife, amongst others, to attend him at his new castle of Dunsinane; and they were all obliged to come, none dared stay behind. Now, the King was to give the nobles a great entertainment, and preparations were made for it. In the meantime, Macbeth rode out with a few attendants, to see the oxen drag the wood and the stones up the hill, for enlarging and strengthening the castle. So they saw most of the oxen trudging up the hill with great difficulty, for the ascent is very steep, and the burdens were heavy, and the weather was extremely hot. At length Macbeth saw a pair of oxen so tired that they could go no farther up the hill, but fell down under their load. Then the King was very angry, and demanded to know who it was among his thanes that had sent oxen so weak and so unfit for labour, when he had so much work for them to do. Some one replied that the oxen belonged to Macduff, the Thane of Fife. "Then," said the King in great anger, "since the Thane of Fife sends such worthless cattle as these to do my labour, I will put his own neck into the yoke, and make him drag the burdens himself."

There was a friend of Macduff who heard these angry expressions of the King, and hastened to communicate them to the Thane of Fife, who was walking in the hall of the King's castle while dinner was preparing. The instant that Macduff heard what the king had said, he knew he had no time to lose in making his escape; for whenever Macbeth threatened to do mischief to any one, he was sure to keep his word.

So Macduff snatched up from the table a loaf of bread, called for his horses and his servants, and was galloping back to his own province of Fife before Macbeth and the rest of the nobility were returned to the castle. The first question which the King asked was, what had become of Macduff? and being informed that he had fled from Dunsinane, he ordered a body of his guards to attend him, and mounted on horseback himself to pursue the thane, with the purpose of putting him to death.

Macduff, in the mean time, fled as fast as horses' feet could carry him; but he was so ill provided with money for his expenses, that, when he came to the great ferry over the river Tay, he had nothing to give to the boatmen who took him across, excepting the loaf of bread which he had taken from the King's table. The place was called, for a long time afterwards, the Ferry of the Loaf.

When Macduff got into his province of Fife, which is on the other side of the Tay, he rode on faster than before, towards his own castle of Kennoway, which, as I told you, stands close by the sea-side; and when he reached it, the king and his guards were not far behind him. Macduff ordered his wife to shut the gates of the castle, draw up the drawbridge, and on no account to permit the King or any of his soldiers to enter. In the meantime, he went to the small harbour belonging to the castle, and caused a ship

which was lying there to be fitted out for sea in all haste, and got on board himself, in order to escape from Macbeth.

In the mean time, Macbeth summoned the lady to surrender the castle, and to deliver up her husband. But Lady Macduff, who was a wise and a brave woman, made many excuses and delays, until she knew that her husband was safely on board the ship, and had sailed from the harbour. Then she spoke boldly from the wall of the castle to the King, who was standing before the gate still demanding entrance, with many threats of what he would do if Macduff was not given up to him.

"Do you see," she said, "yon white sail upon the sea? Yonder goes Macduff to the Court of England. You will never see him again, till he comes back with young Prince Malcolm to pull you down from the throne, and to put you to death. You will never be able to put your yoke, as you threatened, on the Thane of Fife's neck."

Some say that Macbeth was so much incensed at this bold answer, that he and his guards attacked the castle and took it, killing the brave lady and all whom they found there. But others say, and I believe more truly, that the King, seeing that the Castle of Kennoway was very strong, and that Macduff had escaped from him, and was embarked for England, departed back to Dunsinane without attempting to take Macduff's Castle of Kennoway. The ruins of the castle are still to be seen.

There reigned at that time in England a very good King, called Edward the Confessor. I told you that Prince Malcolm, the son of Duncan, was at his court soliciting assistance to recover the Scottish throne. The arrival of Macduff greatly aided the success of his petition; for the English King knew that Macduff was a brave and a wise man. As he assured Edward that the Scots were tired of the cruel Macbeth, and would join Prince Malcolm if he were to enter Scotland at the head of an army, the king ordered a great warrior, called Siward, Earl of Northumberland, to enter Scotland with an army, and assist Prince Malcolm in the recovery of his father's crown.

Then it happened as Macduff had said, for the Scottish thanes and nobles would not fight for Macbeth, but joined Prince Malcolm and Macduff against him; so that at length he shut himself up in his castle of Dunsinane, where he thought himself safe, according to the old women's prophecy, until Birnam Wood should come against him. He boasted of this to his followers, and encouraged them to make a valiant defence, assuring them of certain victory. At this time Malcolm and Macduff were come as far as Birnam Wood, and lay encamped there with their army. The next morning, when they were to march across the broad valley to attack the castle of Dunsinane, Macduff advised that every soldier should cut down a bough of a tree and carry it in his hand, that the enemy might not be able to see how many men were coming against them.

Now, the sentinel who stood on Macbeth's castle-wall, when he saw all these branches which the soldiers of Prince Malcolm carried, ran to the king, and informed him that the Wood of Birnam was moving towards the castle of Dunsinane. The king at first called him a liar, and threatened to put him to death;

but when he looked from the walls himself, and saw the appearance of a forest approaching from Birnam, he knew the hour of his destruction was come. His followers, too, began to be disheartened, and to fly from the castle, seeing their master had lost all hopes.

Macbeth, however, recollected his own bravery, and sallied desperately out at the head of the few followers who remained faithful to him. He was killed after a furious resistance, fighting hand to hand with Macduff in the thick of the battle. Prince Malcolm mounted the throne of Scotland, and reigned long and prosperously. He rewarded Macduff by declaring that his descendant should lead the vanguard of the Scottish army in battle, and place the crown on the king's head at the ceremony of coronation. King Malcolm also created the Thanes of Scotland earls, after the title adopted in the Court of England.

CHAPTER III.

The Feudal System, and the Norman Conquest.

THE conduct of Edward the Confessor, King of England, in the story of Macbeth, was very generous and noble. He sent a large army and his general Siward to assist to dethrone the tyrant Macbeth, and to place Malcolm, the son of the murdered King Duncan, upon the throne; and we have seen how, with assistance of Macduff, they fortunately succeeded. But King Edward never thought of taking any part of Scotland to himself in the confusion occasioned by the invasion; for he was a good man, and was not ambitious or covetous of what did not belong to him. It had been well both for England and Scotland that there had been more such good and moderate kings, as it would have prevented many great quarrels, long wars, and terrible bloodshed.

But good King Edward the Confessor did not leave any children to succeed him on the throne. He was succeeded by a king called Harold, who was the last monarch of the Saxon race that ever reigned in England. The Saxons, you recollect, had conquered the Britons, and now there came a new enemy to attack the Saxons. These were the Normans, a people who came from France, but were not originally Frenchmen. Their forefathers were a colony of those Northern pirates, whom we mentioned before as plundering all the sea-coasts which promised them any booty. They were frequently called Northmen or Normans. A large body of them landed on the north part of France, and compelled the king of that country to yield up to them the possession of a large territory, or province, called Neustria, the name of which was changed to Normandy, when it became the property of these Northmen, or Normans. This province was governed by the Norman chief, who was called a duke, from a Latin word signifying a general. He exercised all the powers of a king within his dominions of Normandy, but, in consideration of his being possessed of a part of the territories of France, he acknowledged the king of that country for his sovereign, and became what was called his vassal.

This connexion of a king, as sovereign, with his princes and great men as vassals, must be attended to and understood, in order that you may comprehend the history which follows. A great king, or sovereign prince, gave large provinces, or grants of land, to his

dukes, earls, and noblemen, and each of them possessed nearly as much power, within his own district, as the king did in the rest of his dominions. But then the vassal, whether duke, earl, or lord, or whatsoever he was, was obliged to come with a certain number of men to assist the sovereign, when he was engaged in war; and, in time of peace, he was bound to attend on his court when summoned, and do homage to him—that is, acknowledge that he was his master and liege lord. In like manner, the vassals of the crown, as they were called, divided the lands which the king had given them into estates, which they bestowed on knights and gentlemen, whom they thought fitted to follow them in war, and to attend them in peace; for they, too, held courts, and administered justice, each in his own province. Then the knights and gentlemen, who had these estates from the great nobles, distributed the property among an inferior class of proprietors, some of whom cultivated the land themselves, and others by means of husbandmen and peasants, who were treated as a sort of slaves, being bought and sold like brute beasts, along with the farms which they laboured.

Thus, when a great king, like that of France or England, went to war, he summoned all his crown vassals to attend him, with the number of armed men corresponding to his fief, as it was called, that is, the territory which had been granted to each of them. The prince, duke, or earl, in order to obey the summons, called upon all the gentlemen to whom he had given estates, to attend his standard with their followers in arms. The gentlemen, in their turn, called on the Franklins, a lower order of gentry, and upon the peasants, and thus the whole force of the kingdom was assembled in one array. This system of holding lands for military service, that is, for fighting for the sovereign when called upon, was called the **FEUDAL SYSTEM**. It was general through all Europe for a great many ages.

But as many of these great crown vassals, as, for example, the Dukes of Normandy, became extremely powerful, they were in the custom of making peace and war at their own hand, without the knowledge or consent of the King of France, their sovereign. In the same manner, the vassals of these great dukes and princes frequently made war on each other, for war was the business of every one; while the poor bondsman, who cultivated the ground, was subjected to the greatest hardships, and plundered and ill-treated by whichever side had the better. The nobles and gentlemen fought on horseback, arrayed in armour of steel, richly ornamented with gold and silver, and were called knights or squires. They used long lances, with which they rode fiercely against each other, and swords, and clubs or maces, to fight hand to hand, when the lance was broken. Inferior persons fought on foot, and were armed with bows and arrows, which, according to their form, were called long-bows or cross-bows, and served to kill men at a distance, instead of guns and cannon, which were not then invented. The poor husbandmen were obliged to come to the field of battle with such arms as they had, and it was no uncommon thing to see a few of these knights and squires ride over and put to flight many hundreds of them; for the gentry were armed in complete armour, so that they could

receive little hurt, and the poor peasants had scarce clothes sufficient to cover them. You may see coats of the ancient armour preserved in the Tower of London and elsewhere, as matters of curiosity.

It was not a very happy time this, when there was scarcely any law, but the strong took every thing from the weak at their pleasure; for as almost all the inhabitants of the country were obliged to be soldiers, it naturally followed that they were engaged in continual fighting.

The great crown-vassals, in particular, made constant war upon one another, and sometimes upon the sovereign himself, though to do so was to forfeit their fiefs, or the territories which he had bestowed upon them. But they took the opportunity, when they were tolerably certain that he would not have strength sufficient to punish them. In short, no one could maintain his right longer than he had the power of defending it; and this induced the poor and helpless to throw themselves under the protection of the brave and powerful—acknowledge themselves their vassals and subjects, and do homage to them, in order that they might obtain their safeguard.

While things were in this state, William, the Duke of Normandy, and the leader of that valiant people, whose ancestors had conquered that province, began, upon the death of good King Edward the Confessor, to consider the season as favourable for an attempt to conquer the wealthy kingdom of England. He pretended King Edward had named him his heir; but his surest reliance was upon a strong army of his brave Normans, to whom were joined many knights and squires from distant countries, who hoped, by assisting this Duke William in his proposed conquest, to obtain from him good English estates, under the regulations which I have described.

The Duke of Normandy landed in Sussex in the year one thousand and sixty-six after the birth of our blessed Saviour. He had an army of sixty thousand chosen men for accomplishing his bold enterprise. Harold, who had succeeded Edward the Confessor on the throne of England, had been just engaged in repelling an attack upon England by the Norwegians, and was now called upon to oppose this new and more formidable invasion. The armies of England and Normandy engaged in a desperate battle near Hastings, and the victory was long obstinately contested. The Normans had a great advantage, from having amongst them large bands of archers who used the long-bow, and greatly annoyed the English, who had but few bowmen to oppose them; yet the victory remained doubtful, though the battle had lasted from nine in the morning until the close of the day, when an arrow pierced through King Harold's head, and he fell dead on the spot. The English then retreated from the field; and Duke William used his advantage with so much skill and dexterity, that he made himself master of all England, and reigned there under the title of William the Conqueror. He divided great part of the rich country of England among his Norman followers, who held lands of him for military service, according to the rules of the feudal system, of which I gave you some account. The Anglo-Saxons, you may well suppose, were angry at this, and attempted several times to rise against King William, and drive him and his soldiers back to Normandy. But they

were always defeated; and so King William came to be more severe upon these Anglo-Saxons, and took away their lands, and their high rank and appointments, until he left scarce any of them in possession of great estates, or offices of rank, but put his Normans above them, as masters in every situation.

Thus the Saxons who had conquered the British, as you have before read, were, in their turn, conquered by the Normans, deprived of their property, and reduced to be the servants of those proud foreigners. To this day, though several of the ancient nobility of England claim to be descended from the Normans, there is scarcely a nobleman, and very few gentry, who can show that they are descended of the Saxon blood, William the Conqueror took so much care to deprive the conquered people of all power and importance.

It must have been a sad state of matters in England, when the Normans were turning the Saxons out of their estates and habitations, and degrading them from being freemen into slaves. But good came out of it in the end; for these Normans were not only one of the bravest people that ever lived, but they were possessed of more learning and skill in the arts than the Saxons. They introduced the custom of building large and beautiful castles and churches, whereas the Saxons had only miserable houses made of wood. The Normans introduced the use of the long-bow also, which became so general, that the English were accounted the best archers in the world, and gained many battles by their superiority in that military art. The Normans lived also in a more civilized manner than the Saxons, and observed among each other the rules of civility and good breeding, of which the Saxons were ignorant. The Norman barons were also great friends to national liberty, and would not allow their kings to do any thing contrary to their privileges, but resisted them whenever they attempted any thing beyond the power which was given to them by law. Schools were set up in various places by the Norman princes, and learning was encouraged. Large towns were also founded in different places of the kingdom, and received favour from the kings, who desired to have the assistance of the townsmen, in case of any dispute with their nobility. Thus the Norman conquest, though a most unhappy and disastrous event at the time it took place, rendered England, in the end, a more wise, more civilized, and more powerful country, than it had been before; and you will find many such cases in history, my dear child, in which it has pleased the providence of God to bring great good out of what seems, at first sight, to be unmingled evil.

This chapter may seem to have little to do with Scottish history, yet the Norman conquest of England produced a great effect upon their neighbours. In the first place, a very great number of the Saxons who fled from the cruelty of William the Conqueror, retired into Scotland, and this had a considerable effect in civilizing the southern parts of that country; for if the Saxons were inferior to the Normans in arts and in learning, they were, on the other hand, superior to the Scots. But afterwards a number of the Normans themselves came to settle in Scotland. King William could not satisfy the whole of them, and some, who were discontented, and thought they

could mend their fortunes, repaired to the Scottish court, and were welcomed by King Malcolm, called Cean-More, that is, Great Head, the son of King Duncan. He was desirous to retain these brave men in his service, and for that purpose he gave them great grants of land, to be held for military services. And thus the feudal system was introduced into Scotland as well as England, and went on gradually gaining strength, till it became the general law of the country, as indeed it was that of Europe at large.

Now a dispute arose out of this feudal law, which occasioned a most dreadful quarrel between England and Scotland; and though Master Littlejohn be no great lawyer, it is necessary he should try all he can to understand it, for it is a very material point in history.

While the English were fighting among themselves, and afterwards with the Normans, the Scottish kings had been enlarging their dominions at the expense of their neighbours, and had possessed themselves, in a great measure, of the northern provinces of England, called Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. After much fighting and disputing, it was agreed that the King of Scotland should keep these English provinces,—not as an independent sovereign, however, but as a vassal of the King of England; and that he should do homage for the same to the English king, and attend him to the field of battle when summoned. But this homage and this military service were not paid on account of the kingdom of Scotland, which had never, since the beginning of the world, been under the dominion of the English king, but was, and had always remained independent, a free state, having sovereigns and monarchs of its own. It may seem strange to Master Littlejohn, how a King of Scotland should be vassal for that part of his dominions which lay in England, and an independent prince when he was considered as King of Scotland; but this might easily happen, according to the regulations of the feudal system. William the Conqueror himself stood in the same situation, for he held his great dukedom of Normandy and his other possessions in France, as a vassal of the King of France, by whom it had been granted as a fief to his ancestor Rollo; but he was, at the same time, the independent sovereign of England, which he had gained possession of by his victory at Hastings.

The English kings, however, occasionally took opportunities to insinuate, that the homage paid by the Scottish kings was not only for the provinces which they at this time possessed in England, but also for the kingdom of Scotland. The Scottish kings, on the contrary, although they rendered the homage and services demanded, as holding large possessions within the boundaries of England, uniformly and positively refused to permit it to be said or supposed, that they were subject to any claim of homage on account of the kingdom of Scotland. This was one cause of the wars which took place betwixt the countries, in which the Scots maintained their national independence, and, though frequently defeated, were often victorious, and threatened, upon more than one occasion, to make extensive acquisitions of territory at the expense of their neighbours. The Scottish King William, called the Lion, because he bore that animal painted on his shield, being taken prisoner at a battle near Newcastle, in the year 1174, was obliged, before

he could obtain his freedom, to surrender his claim of independence, and agree to pay homage for Scotland. But Richard the First of England gave up the claim fifteen years afterwards, as having been unjustly extorted from William during his captivity, and reserved to himself only the homage due for the lands which the King of Scotland held out of the boundaries of his own kingdom, and within those of England.

This generous behaviour of Richard of England was attended with such good effects, that it almost put an end to all wars and quarrels betwixt England and Scotland for more than a hundred years, during which time, with one or two brief interruptions, the nations lived in great harmony together. This was greatly to the happiness of both, and might in time have led to their becoming one people, for which Nature, which placed them both in the same island, seemed to have designed them. Intercourse for the purpose of traffic became more frequent. Some of the Scotch and English families formed marriages and friendships together, and several powerful lords and barons had lands both in England and Scotland. All seemed to promise peace and tranquillity betwixt the two kingdoms, until a course of melancholy accidents having nearly extinguished the Scottish royal family, tempted the English monarch again to set up his unjust pretensions to be sovereign of Scotland, and gave occasion to a series of wars, fiercer and more bloody than any which had hitherto taken place betwixt the countries.

CHAPTER IV.

Death of Alexander of Scotland, and Usurpation of King Edward the First.

SEVEN kings of Scotland had reigned in succession, after Malcolm Canmore, the son of Duncan, who recovered the kingdom from Macbeth. Their reigns occupied a period of nigh two hundred years. Some of them were very able men; all of them were well-disposed, good sovereigns, and inclined to discharge their duty towards their subjects. They made good laws; and considering the barbarous and ignorant times they lived in, they appear to have been men as deserving of praise as any race of kings who reigned in Europe during the period. Alexander, the third of that name and the last of these seven princes, was an excellent sovereign. He defeated a great invasion of the Norwegians and Danes, as they landed from their ships, in the battle of Largs. He also acquired, and added to the Scottish dominions, the Hebrides, or islands which lie to the west of Scotland, and which did not till his time belong to that kingdom. He maintained great friendship with England, but would never yield up any part of the rights of Scotland. He was, in short, a brave and excellent prince. Alexander III. married Margaret, daughter of Henry III. of England; but unhappily all the children who were born of that marriage died before their father. After the death of Queen Margaret, Alexander married another wife; but he did not live to have any family. As he was riding in the dusk of the evening, along the sea coast of Fife, betwixt Burntisland and Kinghorn, he approached too near the brink of the precipice, and his horse starting or stumbling, he was thrown over the rock, and

killed on the spot. It is now no less than five hundred and forty-two years since Alexander's death, yet the people of the country still point out the very spot where it happened, and which is called the King's Crag. The very melancholy consequences which followed Alexander's death, made the manner of it long remembered. A sort of elegy is also preserved, in which his virtues, and the misfortunes which followed his death, are mentioned. It is the oldest specimen of the Scottish language which is known to remain in existence; but as you would not understand it otherwise, I am obliged to alter it a little:—

When Alexander our king was dead,
Who Scotland led in love and le',
Away was wealth of ale and bread,
Of wine and wax, of game and glee.
Then pray to God, since only he
Can succour Scotland in her need,
That placed is in perplexity I

Another legend says, that a wise man, who is called Thomas the Rhymer, and about whom many stories are told, had said to a great Scottish nobleman, called the Earl of March, that the sixteenth day of March should be the stormiest day that ever was witnessed in Scotland. The day came, and was remarkably clear, mild, and temperate. But while they were all laughing at Thomas the Rhymer on account of his false prophecy, an express brought the news of the King's death. "There," said Thomas; "that is the storm which I meant, and there was never tempest which will bring more ill luck to Scotland." This story may very possibly be false; but the general belief in it serves to show, that the death of Alexander the Third was looked upon as an event of the most threatening and calamitous nature.

The full consequences of the evil were not visible at first; for, although all Alexander's children had, as we have already said, died before him, yet one of them, who had been married to Eric, King of Norway, had left a daughter named Margaret, upon whom, as the grand-daughter and nearest heir of the deceased prince, the crown of Scotland devolved. The young Princess, called by our historians the Maid of Norway, was residing at her father's court.

While the crown of Scotland thus passed to a young girl, the King of England began to consider by what means he could avail himself of circumstances, so as to unite it with his own. This King was Edward, called the First, because he was the first of the Norman line of princes so called. He was a very brave man, and a good soldier,—wise, too, skilful, and prudent, but unhappily, very ambitious, and desirous of extending his royal authority caring much whether he did so by right means, or by those which are unjust. And although it is a great sin to covet that which does not belong to you, and a still greater to endeavour to possess yourself of it by any unfair practices, yet his desire of adding the kingdom of Scotland to that of England was so great, that Edward the First was unable to resist it.

The mode by which the English king at first endeavoured to accomplish his object was a very just one. He proposed a marriage betwixt the Maiden of Norway, the young Queen of Scotland, and his own eldest son, called Edward after himself. A treaty was entered into for this purpose; and had the mar-

riage been effected, and been followed by children, the union of England and Scotland might have taken place more than three hundred years sooner than it did, and an immeasurable quantity of money and bloodshed would probably have been saved. But it was not the will of Heaven that this desirable union should be accomplished till many long years of war and distress had afflicted both these nations. The Maiden of Norway, the young Queen of Scotland, sickened and died, and all the treaty for the marriage was ended with her life.

The kingdom of Scotland was troubled, and its inhabitants sunk into despair at the death of their young Princess. There was not any descendant of Alexander the Third remaining who could be considered as his direct and undeniable heir; and many of the great nobles who were more or less distantly related to the royal family, prepared each of them to assert a right to the crown, began to assemble forces and form parties, and threatened the country with a civil war, which is the greatest of all misfortunes. The number of persons who set up claims to the crown was no fewer than ten, all of them forming pretensions on some relationship more or less distant to the royal family. These claimants were most of them powerful, from their rank and the number of their followers; and, if they should dispute the question of right by the sword, it was evident that the whole country would be at war from one sea to the other.

To prevent this great dilemma, it is said the Scottish nobility resolved to submit the question respecting the succession of their kingdom to Edward I. of England, who was one of the wisest princes of his time, and to request of him to settle, as umpire, which of the persons claiming the throne of Scotland was to be preferred to the others. The people of Scotland are said to have sent ambassadors to Edward, to request his interference as judge; but he had already determined to regulate the succession of the kingdom of Scotland, not as a mere umpire, having no authority but the desire of the parties, but as himself a person principally concerned; and for this purpose he resolved to revive the old pretext of his having right to the feudal sovereignty of Scotland, which, as we have before seen, had been deliberately renounced by his generous predecessor Richard the First.

With this purpose, Edward of England summoned the nobility and clergy of Scotland to meet him at the Castle of Norham, a large and strong fortress, which stands on the English side of the Tweed, on the line where that river divides England from Scotland. They met there on the 9th June 1291, and the King of England appeared before them, surrounded by the high officers of his court. He was a very handsome man, and so tall, that he was popularly known by the name of Longshanks, that is, long legs. The Justiciary of England then informed the nobility and clergy of Scotland, in King Edward's name, that before he could proceed to decide who should be the vassal King of Scotland, it was necessary that they should acknowledge the King of England's right as Lord Paramount, or sovereign of that kingdom.

The nobles and churchmen of Scotland were surprised to hear the King of England propose a claim

which had never been admitted, except for a short time, in order to procure the freedom of King William the Lion, and which had been afterwards renounced for ever by Richard the First. They refused to give any answer until they should consult together by themselves. "By St Edward," said the King, "whose crown I wear, I will make good my just rights, or perish in the attempt!" He dismissed the assembly, however, allowing the Scots a delay of three weeks.

The Scottish nobility being thus made aware of King Edward's selfish and ambitious designs, ought to have assembled their forces together, and declared that they would defend the rights and independence of their country. But they were much divided among themselves, and without any leader; and the competitors who laid claim to the crown, were mean-spirited enough to desire to make favour with King Edward, in expectation that he would raise to the throne him whom he should find most willing to subscribe to his own claims of paramount superiority.

Accordingly, the second assembly of the Scottish nobility and clergy took place without any one having dared to state any objection to that which the King of England proposed however unreasonable they knew his pretensions to be. They were assembled in a large open place, called Upsettlington, opposite to the Castle of Norham, but on the northern or Scottish side of the river. The Chancellor of England then demanded of such of the candidates as were then present, whether they acknowledged the King of England as Lord Paramount of Scotland, and whether they were willing to receive and hold the crown of Scotland, as awarded by Edward, in that character. They all answered that they were willing to do so; and thus, rather than hazard their own claims by offending King Edward, these unworthy candidates consented to resign the independence of their country, which had been so long and so bravely defended.

Upon examining the claims of the candidates, the right of succession to the throne of Scotland was found to lie chiefly betwixt Robert Bruce, the Lord of Annandale, and John Baliol, who was the Lord of Galloway. Both were great and powerful barons; both were of Norman descent, and had great estates in England as well as Scotland; lastly, both were descended from the Scottish royal family, by a daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon. Edward, upon due consideration, declared Baliol to be King of Scotland, always to be held under him as the Lord Paramount or sovereign thereof. John Baliol closed the disgraceful scene, by doing homage to the King of England, and acknowledging that he was his liege vassal and subject.

Soon after this remarkable, and to Scotland most disgraceful, transaction, King Edward began to show to Baliol that it was not his purpose to be satisfied with a bare acknowledgment of his right of sovereignty, but that he was determined to exercise it with severity on every possible occasion. He did this, no doubt, with the purpose that he might provoke Baliol to some act of resistance, which would give him a pretext for depriving him of the kingdom altogether as a disobedient subject, and taking it un-

der his own government in his usurped character of Lord Paramount. He therefore encouraged the Scottish subjects to appeal from the courts of Baliol to his own; and as Baliol declined making appearance in the English courts of justice, or answering there for what he had done as King of Scotland, Edward insisted upon having possession of three principal fortresses of Scotland—Berwick, Roxburgh, and Jedburgh. Baliol surrendered, or at least agreed to surrender, the castles; but he perceived that it was Edward's intention gradually to destroy his power entirely, and stung at once with shame and fear, he entered into a league with France, raised a great army, and invaded England, the dominions of him whom he had so lately acknowledged his Lord Paramount or sovereign. At the same time, he sent a letter to Edward, formally renouncing his dependence upon him. Edward replied, in Norman French, "Ha! dares this idiot commit such folly? Since he will not attend on us, as is his duty, we will go to him." He accordingly assembled a powerful army, amongst which came Bruce, who had formerly contended for the crown of Scotland with Baliol, and who now hoped to gain it upon his forfeiture. Edward defeated the Scottish army in a great battle near Dunbar, and Baliol, who appears to have been a mean-spirited man, gave up the contest. He came before Edward in the Castle of Roxburgh, and there made a most humiliating submission. He appeared in a mean dress, without sword, royal robes, or arms of any kind, and bearing in his hand a white wand. He there confessed, that through bad counsel and folly he had rebelled against his liege lord, and, in atonement, he resigned the kingdom of Scotland, with the inhabitants, and all rights to their obedience and duty, to their liege lord King Edward. He was then permitted to retire uninjured.

Baliol being thus removed, Bruce expressed his hopes of being allowed to supply his place, as tributary or dependent King of Scotland. But Edward answered him sternly, "Have we nothing, think you, to do but to conquer kingdoms for you?" By which expression the English King plainly expressed that he intended to keep Scotland to himself, and he proceeded to take such measures as made his purpose still more evident.

Edward marched through Scotland at the head of a powerful army, compelling all ranks of people to submit to him. He removed to London the records of the Kingdom of Scotland; and was at the pains to transport to the Abbey Church at Westminster, a great stone, upon which it had been the national custom to place the King of Scotland when he was crowned for the first time. He did this to show that he was absolute master of Scotland, and that the country was in future to have no other King but himself, and his descendants the Kings of England. The stone is still preserved, and to this day the King's throne is placed upon it at the time when he is crowned. Last of all, King Edward placed the government of Scotland in the hands of the Earl of Surrey, a brave nobleman; Hugh Cressingham, a clergyman, whom he named Chief Treasurer; and William Ormesby, whom he appointed the chief judge of the kingdom. He placed English soldiers in all the castles and strongholds of Scotland, from

the one end of the kingdom to the other; and not trusting the Scottishmen themselves, he placed English governors in most of the provinces of the kingdom.

We may here remark, my dear child, that a little before he thus subdued Scotland, this same Edward the First had made conquest of Wales, that mountainous part of the island of Britain, into which the Britons had retreated from the Saxons, and where, until the reign of this artful and ambitious prince, they had been able to maintain their independence. In subduing Wales, Edward had acted as treacherously and more cruelly than he had done in Scotland; since he had hanged the last Prince of Wales, when he became his prisoner, for no other crime than because he defended his country against the English, who had no right to it. Perhaps Edward thought to himself, that, by uniting the whole island of Britain under one king and one government, he would do so much good by preventing future wars, as might be an excuse for the force and fraud which he made use of to bring about his purpose. But, my dear child, God, who sees into our hearts, will not bless those measures which are wicked in themselves, because they are used under a pretence of bringing about that which is good. We must not do evil even that good may come of it; and the happy prospect that England and Scotland would be united under one government, was so far from being brought nearer by Edward's unprincipled usurpation, that the hatred and violence of national antipathy which arose betwixt the sister countries, removed to a distance almost incalculable the prospect of their becoming one people, for which nature seemed to design them.

CHAPTER V.

The Story of Sir William Wallace.

I TOLD you, my dear Hugh, that Edward the First of England had reduced Scotland almost entirely to the condition of a conquered country, although he had obtained possession of the kingdom less by his bravery, than by cunningly taking advantage of the disputes and divisions that followed amongst the Scots themselves after the death of Alexander the Third.

The English, however, had actually obtained possession of the country, and governed it with much rigour. The Lord High Justice Ormesby called all men to account, who would not take the oath of allegiance to King Edward. Many of the Scots refused this, as what the English King had no right to demand from them. Such persons were called into the courts of justice, fined, deprived of their estates, and otherwise severely punished. Then Hugh Cressingham, the English Treasurer, tormented the Scottish people, by collecting money from them under various pretexts. The Scots were always a poor people, and their own native kings had treated them with much kindness, and seldom required them to pay any taxes. They were, therefore, extremely enraged at finding themselves obliged to pay to the English Treasurer much larger sums of money than their own good kings had ever demanded from them; and they became exceedingly dissatisfied.

Besides these modes of oppression, the English soldiers, who, I told you, had been placed in garrison in the different castles of Scotland, thought themselves masters of the country, treated the Scots with great contempt, took from them by main force whatever they had a fancy to, and if the owners offered to resist, abused them, beat and wounded, and sometimes killed them; for which acts of violence the English officers did not check or punish their soldiers. Scotland was, therefore, in great distress, and the inhabitants, exceedingly enraged, only wanted some leader to command them to rise up in a body against the English, or *Southern* men, as they called them, and recover the liberty of their country, which had been destroyed by Edward the First.

Such a leader arose in the person of WILLIAM WALLACE, whose name is still so often mentioned in Scotland. It is a great pity we do not know exactly the history of this brave man; for, at the time when he lived, every one was so busy fighting, that there was no person to write down the history of what took place; and afterwards, when there was more leisure for composition, the truths that were collected were greatly mingled with falsehood. What I shall tell you of him, is generally believed to be true.

William Wallace was none of the high nobles of Scotland, but the son of a private gentleman, called Wallace of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, near Paisley. He was very tall and handsome, and one of the strongest and bravest men who ever lived. He had a very fine countenance, with a quantity of fair hair, and was particularly dexterous in the use of all weapons which were then used. Wallace, like all the Scottishmen of high spirit, had looked with great indignation upon the usurpation of the crown by Edward, and upon the insolencies which the English soldiers committed on his countrymen. It is said, that when he was very young, he went a-fishing for sport in the river of Irvine, near Ayr. He had caught a good many trouts, which were carried by a boy, who attended him with a fishing-basket, as is usual with anglers. Two or three English soldiers, who belonged to the garrison of Ayr, came up to Wallace, and insisted, with their usual insolence, on taking the fish from the boy. Wallace was contented to allow them a part of the trouts, but he refused to part with the whole basket-full. The soldiers insisted, and from words came to blows. Wallace had no better weapon than the butt-end of his fishing-rod; but he struck the foremost of the Englishmen so hard under the ear with it, that he killed him on the spot; and getting possession of his sword, he fought with so much fury that he put the others to flight, and brought home his fish safe and sound. The English governor of Ayr sought for him, to punish him with death for this action; but Wallace lay concealed among the hills and great woods till the matter was forgotten, and then appeared in another part of the country. He is said to have had other adventures of the same kind, in which he gallantly defended himself, sometimes when alone, sometimes with very few companions, against superior numbers of the English, until at last his name became generally known as a terror to them.

But the action which occasioned his finally rising in arms, is believed to have happened in the town of

Lanark. Wallace was at this time married to a lady of that place, and residing there with his wife. It chanced, as he walked in the market-place, dressed in a green garment, with a rich dagger by his side, that an Englishman came up and insulted him on account of his finery, saying, a Scotchman had no business to wear so gay a dress, or carry so handsome a weapon. It soon came to a quarrel, as on many former occasions; and Wallace having killed the Englishman, fled to his own house, which was speedily assaulted by all the English soldiers. While they were endeavouring to force their way in at the front of the house, Wallace escaped at a back-door, and got in safety to a rugged and rocky glen, called the Cartland Crag, all covered with bushes and trees, and full of high precipices, in the vicinity of Lanark, where he knew he should be safe from the pursuit of the English soldiers. In the meantime, the governor of Lanark, whose name was Hazelrigg, burned Wallace's house, and put his wife and servants to death; and by doing this, increased to the highest pitch, as you may well believe, the hatred which Wallace had always borne against the English. Hazelrigg also proclaimed him an outlaw, and offered a reward to any one who should bring him to an English garrison, alive or dead.

On the other hand, Wallace soon collected a body of men, outlawed like himself, or willing to become so, rather than any longer to endure the oppression of the English. One of his earliest expeditions was directed against Hazelrigg, whom he killed, and thus avenged the death of his wife. He fought skirmishes with the soldiers who were sent against him, often defeated them, and at length became so well known and so formidable, that multitudes began to resort to his standard, until he was at the head of an army, with which he proposed to restore his country to independence.

About this time is said to have taken place a memorable event, which the Scottish people call the *Barns of Ayr*. It is said, the English governor of Ayr had invited the greater part of the Scottish nobility and gentry in the western parts, to meet him at some large buildings called the Barns of Ayr, for the purpose of friendly conference upon the affairs of the nation. But the English Earl entertained the treacherous purpose of putting the Scottish gentlemen to death. The English soldiers had halters with running nooses ready prepared, and hung upon the beams which supported the roof, and as the Scottish gentlemen were admitted by two and two at a time, the nooses were thrown over their heads, and they were pulled up by the necks, and thus hanged or strangled to death. Among those who were slain in this base and treacherous manner, was, it is said, Sir Ranald Crawford, Sheriff of the County of Ayr, and uncle to William Wallace.

When Wallace heard of what had befallen, he was dreadfully enraged, and collecting his men in a wood near to the town of Ayr, he resolved to be revenged on the authors of this great crime. The English in the meanwhile made much feasting, and when they had eaten and drunk plentifully, they lay down to sleep in the same large barns in which they had murdered the Scottish gentlemen. But Wallace learning that they kept no guard or watch, not suspecting there were

any enemies so near them, directed a woman, who knew the place, to mark with chalk the doors of the lodgings where the Englishmen lay. Then he sent a party of men, who, with strong ropes, made all the doors so fast on the outside, that those within could not open them. On the outside the Scots had prepared heaps of straw, to which they set fire, and the Barns of Ayr, being themselves made of wood, were soon burning in a bright flame. Then the English were awakened, and endeavoured to get out to save their lives. But the doors, as I told you, were secured on the outside, and bound fast with ropes; and, besides, the blazing houses were surrounded by the Scotch, who forced those who got out to run back into the fire, or else put them to death on the spot; and thus, great numbers perished miserably. Many of the English were lodged in a convent, but they had no better fortune than the others; for the Prior, as he was called, of the convent, caused all the friars to arm themselves, and attacking their English guests, they put most of them to the sword. This was called the *Friar of Ayr's Blessing*. We cannot tell if this story of the *Barns of Ayr* be exactly true; but it is probable there is some foundation for it, as it is universally believed in that country.

Thus Wallace's party grew daily stronger and stronger, and many of the Scottish nobles joined with him. Amongst those was Sir William Douglas, the Lord of Douglasdale, and the head of a great family often mentioned in Scottish history. There was also Sir John the Grahame, who became Wallace's bosom friend and greatest confidant. Many of these great noblemen, however, deserted the cause of the country on the approach of the Earl of Surrey, the English governor, at the head of a numerous and well-appointed army. They thought that Wallace would be unable to withstand the attack of so many disciplined soldiers, and hastened to submit themselves to the English, for fear of losing their estates. Wallace, however, remained undismayed, and at the head of a considerable army. He had taken up his camp upon the northern side of the river Forth, near the town of Stirling. The river was there crossed by a long wooden bridge, about a mile above the spot where the present bridge is situated.

The English general approached the banks of the river on the southern side. He sent two clergymen to offer a pardon to Wallace and his followers, on condition that they would lay down their arms. But such was not the purpose of the high-minded champion of Scotland.

"Go back to the Earl of Warren," said Wallace, "and tell him we value not the pardon of the King of England. We are not here for the purpose of treating of peace, but of abiding battle and restoring freedom to our country. Let the English come on;—we defy them to their very beards!"

The English, upon hearing this haughty answer, called loudly to be led to the attack. The Earl of Warren hesitated, for he was a skilful soldier, and he saw that to approach the Scottish army, his troops must pass over the long, narrow, wooden bridge; so that those who should get over first, might be attacked by Wallace with all his forces, before those who remained behind could possibly come to their assistance. He therefore inclined to delay the battle. But Cressingham the Treasurer, who was

ignorant and presumptuous, insisted that it was their duty to fight, and put an end to the war at once; and Warren gave way to his opinion, although Cressingham, being a churchman, could not be so good a judge of what was fitting as he himself, an experienced officer.

The English army began to cross the bridge, Cressingham leading the van, or foremost division of the army; for, in those military days, even clergymen wore armour and fought in battle. The danger took place which Warren had foreseen. Wallace suffered a considerable part of the English army to pass the bridge, without offering any opposition; but when about one half were over, and the bridge was crowded with those who were following, he charged them who had crossed with his whole army, slew a very great number, and drove the rest into the river Forth, where the greater part were drowned. The rest of the English, who remained on the southern bank of the river, fled in great confusion, having first set fire to the wooden bridge, that the Scots might not pursue them. Cressingham was killed in the very beginning of the battle; and the Scots detested him so much, that they flayed the skin from his dead body, and kept pieces of it, in memory of the revenge they had taken upon the English Treasurer. Some say they made saddle-girths of this same skin, a purpose for which I do not think it could be very fit. It must be owned to have been a dishonourable thing of the Scots to insult the dead body of their enemy, and shows that they must have been then a ferocious and barbarous people.

The remains of Warren's great army fled out of Scotland after this defeat; and the Scots taking arms on all sides, attacked the castles in which the English soldiers continued to shelter themselves, and took most of them by force or stratagem. Many wonderful stories are told of Wallace's exploits on these occasions; some of which are no doubt true, while others are either invented, or very much exaggerated. It seems certain, however, that he defeated the English in several combats, chased them almost entirely out of Scotland, regained the towns and castles of which they had possessed themselves, and recovered for a time the complete freedom of the country. He even marched into England, and laid Cumberland and Northumberland waste, where the Scottish soldiers, in revenge for the mischief which the English had done in their country, committed great cruelties. Wallace did not approve of their killing the people who were not in arms, and he endeavoured to protect the clergymen and others, who were not able to defend themselves. "Remain with me," he said to the priests of Hexham, a large town in Northumberland, "for I cannot protect you from my soldiers when you are out of my presence."—The troops who followed Wallace received no pay, because he had no money to give them; and that was one great reason why he could not keep them under restraint, or prevent their doing much harm to the defenceless country people. He remained in England more than three weeks, and did a great deal of mischief to the country.

Edward I was in Flanders when all these events took place. You may suppose he was very angry when he learned that Scotland, which he thought

completely subdued, had risen into a great insurrection against him, defeated his armies, killed his Treasurer, chased his soldiers out of their country, and invaded England with a great force. He came back from Flanders in a great rage, and determined not to leave Scotland till he had finally conquered that kingdom; so he assembled a very fine army, and marched into Scotland.

In the meantime the Scots prepared to defend themselves, and chose Wallace to be Governor or Protector of the kingdom, because they had no king at the time. He was now titled Sir William Wallace, Protector or Governor of the Scottish nation. But although Wallace, as we have seen, was the best soldier and bravest man in Scotland, and therefore the most fit to be placed in command at this critical period, when the King of England was coming against them with such great forces, yet the nobles of Scotland envied him this important situation, because he was not a man born in high rank, or enjoying a large estate. So great was their jealousy of Sir William Wallace, that they did not seem very willing to bring forward their forces, or fight against the English, because they would not have him to be general. This was base and mean conduct, and it was attended with great disasters to Scotland. Yet notwithstanding this unwillingness of the great nobility to support him, Wallace assembled a large army; for the middling, but especially the lower classes, were very much attached to him. He marched boldly against the King of England, and met him near the town of Falkirk. Most of his army were on foot, because, as I already told you, in those days only the nobility and great men of Scotland fought on horseback. The English King, on the contrary, had a very large body of the finest cavalry in the world, Normans and English, all armed in complete armour. He had also the celebrated archers of England, who were said to carry twelve Scotsmen's lives under their girdles; because they carried each of them twelve arrows stuck into their belt, and they were expected to kill a man with every arrow.

The Scotch had some good archers from the Forest of Ettrick, who fought under command of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill; but they were not nearly equal in number to the English. Far the greater part of the Scottish army were placed thick and close together, and laid all their spears so close, point over point, that it seemed as difficult to break through them, as through the wall of a strong castle. When the two armies were drawn up facing each other, Wallace said to his soldiers, "I have brought you to the ring, let me see how you can dance;" meaning, I have brought you to the decisive field of battle, let me see how bravely you can fight.

The English made the attack. King Edward, though he saw the close ranks, and undaunted appearance, of the Scottish infantry, resolved nevertheless to try whether he could not ride them down with his fine cavalry. Accordingly, he gave his horsemen orders to advance. They charged accordingly, at the full gallop. It must have been a terrible thing to have seen these fine horses riding as hard as they could against the long lances, which were held out by the Scots to keep them back; and there was a dreadful cry arose when they came against each other. How-

ever, the Scots stood their ground, with their long spears; many of the foremost of the English horses were thrown down, and the riders were killed as they lay rolling, unable to rise, owing to the weight of their heavy armour. But the Scottish horse did not come to the assistance of their infantry, but fled away from the battle. It is supposed that this was owing to the treachery or ill-will of the nobility, who were jealous of Wallace. But it must be considered that the Scots cavalry were very few in number; and that they had much worse arms, and weaker horses, than their enemies. The English cavalry attempted again and again to disperse the deep and solid ranks in which Wallace had stationed his foot soldiers. But they were repeatedly beaten off with loss, nor could they make their way through that wood of spears, as it is called by one of the English historians. King Edward then commanded his archers to advance; and these approaching within arrow-shot of the Scottish ranks, poured on them such close and dreadful volleys of arrows, that it was impossible to sustain them. It happened, at the same time, that Sir John Stewart was killed by a fall from his horse; and the archers of Ettrick Forest, whom he was bringing forward to oppose those of King Edward, were killed in great numbers around him. Their bodies were afterwards distinguished among the slain, as being the tallest and handsomest men of the army.

The spearmen of the Scottish army being thus thrown into some degree of confusion, by the loss of those who were slain by the arrows of the English, the heavy cavalry of Edward again charged, and broke through the ranks, which were already disordered. Sir John Grahame, Wallace's great friend and companion, was slain, with many other brave soldiers; and the Scots, having lost a very great number of men, were at length obliged to take to flight.

This fatal battle was fought upon 22d July, 1298. Sir John the Grahame lies buried in the churchyard of Falkirk. A tombstone was laid over him, which has been three times renewed since his death. The inscription bears, "That Sir John the Grahame, equally remarkable for wisdom and courage, and the faithful friend of Wallace, being slain in battle by the English, lies buried in this place." A large oak tree in the adjoining forest was long shown as the spot where Wallace slept before the battle, or, as others said, in which he hid himself after the defeat. Nearly forty years ago, Grandpapa saw some of its roots; but the body of the tree was even then entirely decayed, and there is not now, and has not been for many years, the least vestige of it to be seen.

After this fatal defeat of Falkirk, Sir William Wallace seems to have resigned his office of Governor of Scotland. Several nobles were named guardians in his place, and continued to make resistance to the English armies; and they gained many advantages, particularly near Roslin, where a body of Scots, commanded by John Comyn of Badenoch, who was one of the Guardians of the kingdom, and a distinguished commander, called Simon Fraser, defeated three armies, or detachments, of English in one day.

Nevertheless, the King of England possessed so much wealth, and so many means of raising soldiers, that he sent army after army into the poor oppressed country of Scotland, and obliged all its nobles and

great men, one after another, to submit themselves once more to his yoke. Sir William Wallace alone, or with a very small band of followers, refused either to acknowledge the usurper Edward, or to lay down his arms. He continued to maintain himself among the woods and mountains of his native country for no less than seven years after his defeat at Falkirk, and for more than one year after all the other defenders of Scottish liberty had laid down their arms. Many proclamations were sent out against him by the English, and a great reward was set upon his head; for Edward did not think he could have any secure possession of his usurped kingdom of Scotland while Wallace lived. At length he was taken prisoner, and, shame it is to say, a Scotchman called Sir John Menteith, was the person by whom he was seized and delivered to the English. It is generally said that he was made prisoner at Robroyston, near Glasgow, and the tradition of the country bears, that the signal made for rushing upon him and taking him at unawares, was, when one of his pretended friends, who betrayed him, should turn a loaf, which was placed on the table, with its bottom or flat side uppermost. And in after times it was reckoned ill-breeding to turn a loaf in that manner, if there was a person named Menteith in company; since it was as much as to remind him that his namesake had betrayed Sir William Wallace, the Champion of Scotland.

Whether Sir John Menteith was actually the person by whom Wallace was betrayed is not perfectly certain. He was, however, the individual by whom the patriot was made prisoner, and delivered up to the English, for which his name and his memory have been long loaded with disgrace.

Edward having thus obtained possession of the person whom he considered as the greatest obstacle to his complete conquest of Scotland, resolved to make Wallace an example to all Scottish patriots who should in future venture to oppose his ambitious projects. He caused Wallace to be brought to trial in Westminster-hall, before the English judges, and produced him there, crowned, in mockery, with a green garland, because they said he had been king of outlaws and robbers among the Scottish woods. He was accused of having been a traitor to the English crown; to which he answered, "I could not be a traitor to Edward, for I was never his subject." He was then accused of having killed many men, and done much evil. He replied, with the same calm resolution, "that it was true, he had killed very many Englishmen, but it was because they had come to subdue and oppress his native country of Scotland; and far from repenting what he had done, he declared he was only sorry that he had not put to death many more of them."

Notwithstanding that Wallace's defence was a good one, both in law and in common sense (for surely every one has not only a right to fight in defence of his native country, but is bound in duty to do so), the English Judges condemned him to be executed. So this brave patriot was dragged upon a sledge to the place of execution, where his head was struck off, and his body divided into four quarters, which, according to the cruel custom of the time, were exposed upon pikes of iron upon London Bridge, and were termed the limbs of a traitor.

No doubt King Edward thought that, by exercising this great severity towards so distinguished a patriot as Sir William Wallace, he would terrify all the Scots into obedience, and so be able in future to reign over their country without resistance. But though Edward was a powerful, a brave, and a wise king, and though he took the most cautious, as well as the most strict measures, to preserve the obedience of Scotland, yet his claim, being founded in injustice and usurpation, was not permitted by Providence to be established in security or peace. Sir William Wallace, that immortal supporter of the independence of his country, was no sooner deprived of his life in the cruel and unjust manner I have told you, than other patriots arose to assert the cause of Scottish liberty.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the Rise of Robert the Bruce.

I HOPE, my dear child, that you have not forgotten that all the cruel wars in Scotland arose out of the debate between the great lords who claimed the throne after King Alexander the Third's death, which induced the Scottish nobility rashly to submit the decision of that matter to King Edward of England, and thus opened the way to his endeavouring to seize the kingdom of Scotland to himself. You recollect, also, that he had dethroned John Baliol, on account of his attempting to restore the independence of Scotland; and that John Baliol had resigned the crown of Scotland into the hands of Edward as Lord Paramount. This John Baliol, therefore, was very little respected in Scotland; he had renounced the kingdom, and had been absent from it for fifteen years, during the greater part of which time he remained a prisoner in the hands of the King of England.

It was therefore natural that such of the people of Scotland as were still determined to fight for the freedom of their country from the English yoke, should look around for some other king, under whom they might unite themselves, to combat the power of England.

The feeling was universal in Scotland, that they would not any longer endure the English government; and therefore such great Scottish nobles as believed they had right to the crown, began to think of standing forward to claim it.

Amongst these, the principal candidates (supposing John Baliol, by his renunciation and captivity, to have lost all right to the kingdom), were two powerful noblemen. The first was Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, the grandson of that elder Robert Bruce, who, as you have heard, disputed the throne with John Baliol. The other was John Comyn, or Cuming, of Badenoch, usually called the Red Comyn, to distinguish him from his kinsman, the Black Comyn, so named from his swarthy complexion. These two great and powerful barons had taken part with Sir William Wallace in the wars against England; but, after the defeat of Falkirk, being fearful of losing their great estates, and considering the freedom of Scotland as beyond the possibility of being recovered, both Bruce and Comyn had not only submitted themselves to Edward, and acknowledged his

title as King of Scotland, but even borne arms, along with the English, against such of their countrymen as still continued to resist the usurper. But the feelings of Bruce concerning the baseness of this conduct are said, by the old tradition of Scotland, to have been awakened by the following accident. In one of the numerous battles, or skirmishes, which took place at the time between the English and their adherents on the one side, and the insurgent or patriotic Scottish upon the other, Robert the Bruce was present, and assisted the English to gain the victory. After the battle was over, he sat down to his dinner without washing his hands, on which there were spots of blood, which he had shed during the action. The English lords observing this, whispered to each other in mockery, "Look at that Scotsman, who is eating his own blood!" Bruce heard what they said, and began to reflect, that the blood upon his hands might be indeed called his own, since it was that of his brave countrymen, who were fighting for the independence of Scotland, whilst he was assisting its oppressors, who only laughed at and mocked him for his unnatural conduct. He was so much shocked and disgusted, that he arose from table, and going into a neighbouring chapel, shed many tears, and, asking pardon of God for the great crime he had been guilty of, made a solemn vow that he would atone for it, by doing all in his power to deliver Scotland from the foreign yoke. Accordingly, he left, it is said, the English army, and never joined them again, but remained watching an opportunity for restoring the freedom of his country.

Now, this Robert the Bruce was a remarkably brave and strong man: there was no man in Scotland that was thought a match for him except Sir William Wallace; and now that Wallace was dead, Bruce was held the best warrior in Scotland. He was very wise and prudent, and an excellent general; that is, he knew how to conduct an army, and place them in order for battle, as well or better than any great man of his time. He was generous, too, and courteous by nature; but he had some faults, which perhaps belonged as much to the fierce period in which he lived as to his own character. He was rash and passionate, and in his passion, he was sometimes relentless and cruel.

Robert the Bruce had fixed his purpose, as I told you, to attempt once again to drive the English out of Scotland, and he desired to prevail upon Sir John the Red Comyn, who was his rival in his pretensions to the throne, to join with him in expelling the foreign enemy by their common efforts. With this purpose, Bruce posted down from London to Dumfries, on the borders of Scotland, and requested an interview with John Comyn. They met in the church of the Minors in that town, before the high altar. What passed betwixt them is not known with certainty; but they quarrelled, either concerning their mutual pretensions to the crown, or because Comyn refused to join Bruce in the proposed insurrection against the English; or, as many writers say, because Bruce charged Comyn with having betrayed to the English his purpose of rising up against King Edward. It is, however, certain, that they came to high and abusive words, until at length Bruce, who I told you was extremely passionate, forgot the sacred character of

the place in which they stood, and struck Comyn a blow with his dagger. Having done this rash deed, he instantly ran out of the church and called for his horse. Two gentlemen of the country, *Lindesay* and *Kirkpatrick*, friends of Bruce, were then in attendance on him. Seeing him pale, bloody, and in much agitation, they eagerly inquired what was the matter.

"I doubt," said Bruce, "that I have slain the Red Comyn."

"Do you leave such a matter to doubt?" said *Kirkpatrick*; "I will make sicker"—that is, I will make certain.

Accordingly, he and his companion *Lindesay*, rushing into the church, dispatched the wounded Comyn with their daggers. His uncle, Sir Robert Comyn, was slain at the same time.

The slaughter of Comyn was a cruel action, and the historian of Bruce observes, that it was followed by the displeasure of Heaven, for no man ever went through more misfortunes than Robert Bruce, although he at length rose to great honour.

After the slaughter of Comyn, Bruce might be called desperate. He had committed an action which was sure to bring down upon him the vengeance of all Comyn's relations, the resentment of the King of England, and the displeasure of the Church, on account of having slain his enemy within consecrated ground. He determined, therefore, to bid them all defiance at once, and to assert his pretensions to the throne of Scotland. He drew his own followers together, summoned to meet him such barons as still entertained hopes of the freedom of the country, and was crowned king at the Abbey of Scone, the usual place where the Kings of Scotland assumed their authority.

Everything relating to the ceremony was hastily performed. A small circlet of gold was hurriedly made, to represent the ancient crown of Scotland, which Edward had carried off to England. The Earl of Fife, descendant of the brave *Macduff*, whose duty it was to have placed the crown on the king's head, would not give his attendance. But the ceremonial was performed by his sister, *Isabella*, Countess of Buchan, though without the consent either of her brother or husband. A few barons, whose names ought to be dear to their country, joined Bruce in his attempt to vindicate the independence of Scotland.

Edward was dreadfully incensed when he heard that, after all the pains which he had taken, and all the blood which had been spilled, the Scots were making this new attempt to shake off his authority. Though now old, feeble, and sickly, he made a solemn vow, at a great festival, in presence of all his court, that he would take the most ample vengeance upon Robert the Bruce and his adherents; after which he would never again draw his sword upon a Christian, but would only fight against the unbelieving Saracens for the recovery of the Holy Land. He marched against Bruce accordingly, at the head of a powerful army.

The commencement of Bruce's undertaking was most disastrous. He was crowned on the 29th March, 1306. On the 18th May he was excommunicated by the Pope, a sentence which excluded him from all the benefits of religion, and authorised any one to kill him. Finally, on the 19th June, the new king was com-

pletely defeated near Methven by the English Earl of Pembroke. Robert's horse was killed under him in the action, and he was for a moment a prisoner. But he had fallen into the power of a Scottish knight, who, though he served in the English army, did not chuse to be the instrument of putting Bruce into their hands, and allowed him to escape. The conquerors executed their prisoners with their usual cruelty. Among these were some gallant young men of the first Scottish families—Hay, ancestor of the Earls of Errol, Somerville, Fraser, and others, who were most mercilessly put to death.

Bruce, with a few brave adherents, among whom was the young Lord of Douglas, who was afterwards called the Good Lord James, retired into the Highland mountains, where they were chased from one place of refuge to another, placed in great danger, and underwent many hardships. The Bruce's wife, now Queen of Scotland, with several other ladies, accompanied her husband and his few followers during their wanderings. There was no other way of providing for them save by hunting and fishing. It was remarked, that Douglas was the most active and successful in procuring for the unfortunate ladies such supplies as his dexterity in fishing or in killing deer could furnish to them.

Driven from one place in the Highlands to another, Bruce attempted to force his way into Lorn, but he found enemies everywhere. The M'Dougals, a powerful family, then called Lords of Lorn, were friendly to the English, and putting their men in arms, attacked Bruce and his wandering companions as soon as they attempted to enter their country. The chief of these M'Dougals, called John of Lorn, hated Bruce on account of his having slain the Red Comyn in the church at Dumfries, to whom this M'Dougal was nearly related. Bruce was again defeated by this chief, through force of numbers, at a place called Dalry; but he showed, amidst his misfortunes, the greatness of his strength and courage. He directed his men to retreat through a narrow pass, and placing himself last of the party, he fought with and slew such of the enemy as attempted to press hard on them. Three followers of M'Dougal, a father and two sons, called M'Androsser, all very strong men, when they saw Bruce thus protecting the retreat of his followers, made a vow that they would either kill or make him prisoner. The whole three rushed on the king at once. The king was on horseback, in the strait pass we have described, betwixt a steep hill and a deep lake. He struck the first man who came up and seized his bridle, such a blow with his sword as cut off his hand and freed the bridle. The man bled to death. The other brother had seized him in the meantime by the leg, and was attempting to throw him from horseback. The king, setting spurs to his horse, made the animal suddenly spring forward, so that the Highlander fell under the horse's feet, and, as he was endeavouring to rise again, the king cleft his head in two with his sword. The father, seeing his two sons thus slain, flew at Robert Bruce, and grasped him by the mantle so close to his body, that he could not have room to wield his long sword. But with the heavy pommel, or, as others say, with an iron hammer which hung at his saddle-bow, the king struck this third assailant so dreadful a blow, that he

dashed out his brains. Still, however, the Highlander kept his dying grasp on the king's mantle; so that, to be free of the dead body, Bruce was obliged to undo the brooch, or clasp, by which it was fastened, and leave that and the mantle itself behind him. The brooch, which fell thus into the possession of M'Dougal of Lorn, is still preserved in that ancient family as a memorial that the celebrated Robert Bruce once narrowly escaped falling into the hands of their ancestor. Robert greatly resented this attack upon him; and when he was in happier circumstances, did not fail to take his revenge on M'Dougal, or, as he is usually called, John of Lorn.

The king met with many such encounters amidst his dangerous and dismal wanderings; yet, though almost always defeated by the numbers of the English, and of such Scots as sided with them, he still kept up his own spirits and those of his followers. He was a better scholar than was usual in those days, when, except clergymen, few people learned to read and write. But King Robert could do both very well; and we are told, that he sometimes read aloud to his companions to amuse them, when they were crossing the great Highland lakes in such wretched leaky boats as they could find for that purpose.

At last dangers increased so much around the brave King Robert, that he was obliged to separate himself from the ladies and his queen; for the winter was coming on, and it would be impossible for the women to endure this wandering sort of life when the frost and snow should arrive. So he left his queen, with the Countess of Buchan and others, in the only castle which remained to him, which was called Kildrummie, and is situated near the head of the river Don in Aberdeenshire. The king also left his youngest brother, Nigel Bruce, to defend the castle against the English; and he himself, with his second brother Edward, who was a very brave man, but still more rash and passionate than Robert himself, went over to an island called Rachrin, on the coast of Ireland, where Bruce and the few men that followed his fortunes passed the winter of 1306. In the meantime, ill luck seemed to pursue all his friends in Scotland. The Castle of Kildrummie was taken by the English, and Nigel Bruce, a beautiful and brave youth, was cruelly put to death by the victors. The ladies who had attended on Robert's queen, as well as the queen herself, and the Countess of Buchan, were thrown into strict confinement, and treated with the utmost severity. This news reached Bruce while he was residing in a miserable dwelling at Rachrin, and reduced him to the point of despair.

It was probably about this time that an incident took place, which, although it rests only on tradition in the families of the name of Bruce, is rendered probable by the manners of the times. After receiving the last displeasing intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens; by which he thought, perhaps, he might deserve the forgiveness of Heaven for

the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the church at Dumfries.

But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland, while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking, which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the infidels out of Palestine, though the superstition of his age might think otherwise.

While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay, and his eye was attracted by a spider, which hanging at the end of a long thread of his own spinning, was endeavouring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing himself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which he meant to stretch his web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials, and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country again."

While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread on the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards sustained any considerable check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce, so completely persuaded of the truth of this story, that they would not on any account kill a spider, because it was such an insect which had shown the example of perseverance, and given a signal of good luck, to their great namesake.

Having determined to renew his efforts to obtain possession of Scotland, notwithstanding the smallness of the means which he had for accomplishing so great a purpose, the Bruce removed himself and his followers from Rachrin to the island of Arran, which lies in the mouth of the Clyde. The King landed, and inquired at the first woman he met, what armed men were in the island. She returned for answer, that there had arrived there very lately a body of armed strangers, who had defeated an English officer, who was governor of the Castle of Brathwick, had killed him and most of his men, and were now amusing themselves with hunting about the island. The King having caused himself to be guided to the woods which these strangers most frequented, there blew his horn repeatedly. Now, the chief of the strangers who had taken the castle, was James Douglas, whom

we have already mentioned as one of the best of Bruce's friends. When he heard Robert Bruce's horn, he knew the sound well, and cried out, that yonder was the King, he knew by his manner of blowing. So he and his companions hastened to meet King Robert, and there was great joy on both sides.

The Bruce was now within sight of Scotland, and not distant from his own family possessions, where the people were most likely to be attached to him. He began immediately to form plans with Douglas, how they might best renew their enterprise against the English. The Douglas resolved to go disguised to his own country, and raise his followers, in order to have revenge on an English nobleman called Lord Clifford, upon whom Edward had conferred his estates, and who had taken up his residence in the castle of Douglas.

Bruce, on his part, opened a communication with the opposite coast of Carrick, by means of one of his followers called Cuthbert. This person had directions, that if he should find the countrymen in Carrick disposed to take up arms against the English, he was to make a fire on a headland, or lofty cape, called Turnberry, opposite to the island of Arran. The appearance of this fire on this place was to be a signal to Bruce to put to sea with such men as he had, who were not more than three hundred in number, for the purpose of landing in Carrick and joining the insurgents.

Bruce and his men watched eagerly for the signal, but for some time in vain. At length a fire on Turnberry head became visible, and the King and his followers merrily betook themselves to their ships and galleys, concluding their Carrick friends were all in arms, and ready to join with them. They landed on the beach at midnight, where they found their spy Cuthbert alone in waiting for them, with very bad news. Lord Percy, he said, was in the country, with two or three hundred Englishmen, and had terrified the people so much, both by actions and threats, that none of them dared to think of rebelling against King Edward.

"Traitor!" said Bruce, "why, then, did you make the signal?"

"Alas," replied Cuthbert, "the fire was not made by me, but by some other person, for what purpose I know not; but as soon as I saw it burning, I knew that you would come over, thinking it my signal, and therefore I came down to wait for you on the beach, to tell you how the matter stood."

Bruce, after some hesitation, determined that since he had been thus brought to the mainland of Scotland, he would remain there, and take such adventure and fortune as Heaven should send him.

Accordingly, he began to skirmish with the English so successfully, as obliged the Lord Percy to quit Carrick. He then dispersed his men upon various adventures against the enemy, in which they were generally successful. But then, on the other hand, the King being left with small attendance, or sometimes almost alone, ran great risk of losing his life by treachery, or by open violence. Several of these incidents are very interesting. I will tell you some of them.

At one time, a near relation of Bruce's in whom he

entirely confided, was induced by the bribes of the English to attempt to put him to death. This villain, with his two sons, watched Bruce one morning, till he saw him separated from all his men, excepting a little boy, who waited on him as a page. The father had a sword in his hand, one of the sons had a sword and a spear, the other had a sword and a battle-axe. Now, when the King saw them so well armed, when there were no enemies near, he began to call to mind some hints which had been given to him, that these men intended to murder him. He had no weapons excepting his sword; but his page had a bow and arrow. He took them both from the little boy, and bade him stand at a distance; "for," said the King, "if I overcome these traitors, thou shalt have enough of weapons; but if I am slain by them, you may make your escape, and tell Douglas and my brother to revenge my death." The boy was very sorry, for he loved his master; but he was obliged to do as he was bidden.

In the meantime the traitors came forward upon Bruce, that they might assault him at once. The King called out to them, and commanded them to come no nearer, upon peril of their lives; but the father answered with flattering words, pretending great kindness, and still continuing to approach his person. Then the King again called to them to stand. "Traitors," said he, "ye have sold my life for English gold; but you shall die if you come one foot nearer to me." With that he bent the page's bow; and as the old conspirator continued to advance, he let the arrow fly at him. Bruce was an excellent archer; he aimed his arrow so well, that it hit the father in the eye, and penetrated from that into his brain, so that he fell down dead. Then the two sons rushed on the King. One of them fetched a blow at him with an axe, but missed his stroke, and stumbled, so that the King with his great sword cut him down before he could recover his feet. The remaining traitor ran on Robert Bruce with his spear; but the King, with a sweep of his sword, cut the steel head off the villain's weapon, and then killed him before he had time to draw his sword. Then the little page came running, very joyful of his master's victory; and the King wiped his bloody sword, and looking upon the dead bodies, said, "These might have been reputed three gallant men, if they had resisted the temptation of covetousness."

In the present day, it is not necessary that generals, or great officers, should fight with their own hand, because they have only to direct their followers; their artillery and their soldiers shoot at the enemy, and men seldom mingle together, and fight hand to hand. But in the ancient times, kings and great lords were obliged to put themselves into the very front of the battle, and fight like ordinary men, with the lance and other weapons. It was, therefore, of great consequence that they should be strong men, and dexterous in the use of their arms. Robert Bruce was so remarkably active and powerful, that he came through a great many personal dangers, in which he must otherwise have been slain. I will tell you another of his adventures, which I think will amuse you.

After the death of these three traitors, Robert the Bruce continued to keep himself concealed in his

own earldom of Carrick, and in the neighbouring country of Galloway, until he should have matters ready for a general attack upon the English. He was obliged, in the meantime, to keep very few men with him, both for the sake of secrecy, and from the difficulty of finding provisions. Now, many of the people of Galloway were unfriendly to Bruce. They lived under the government of one M'Dougal, related to the Lord of Lorn, who, as I before told you, had defeated Robert Bruce, at Dalry, and very nearly killed or made him prisoner. These Galloway men had heard that Bruce was in their country, with no more than sixty men with him; so they resolved to attack him by surprise, and for this purpose they got two hundred men together, and brought with them two or three bloodhounds. These animals were trained to chase a man by the scent of his footsteps, as foxhounds chase a fox, or beagles or harriers chase a hare. Although the dog does not see the person whose trace he is put upon, he follows him over every step he has taken. At that time these bloodhounds, or sleuth-hounds (so called from *slot*, or *sleut*, a word which signifies the scent left by an animal of chase), were used for the purpose of pursuing great criminals. The men of Galloway thought themselves secure, that if they missed taking Bruce, or killing him at the first onset, and if he should escape into the woods, they would find him out by means of these bloodhounds.

The good King Robert Bruce, who was always watchful and vigilant, had received some information about the intention of this party to come upon him suddenly and by night. Accordingly, he quartered his party of sixty men on the farther side of a deep and swift-running river, that had very steep and rocky banks. There was but one ford by which this river could be crossed in that neighbourhood, and that ford was deep and narrow, so that two men could scarcely get through abreast; the bank on which they were to land on the other side was steep, and the path which led upwards from the water's edge extremely narrow and difficult.

Bruce caused his men to lie down to take some sleep, at a place about half a mile distant from the river, while he himself, with two attendants, went down to watch the ford, through which the enemy must needs pass before they could come to the place where King Robert's men were lying. He stood for some time looking at the ford, and thinking how easily the enemy might be kept from passing there, providing it was bravely defended, when he heard at a distance the baying of hounds, which was always coming nearer and nearer. This was the bloodhound which was tracing the King's steps to the ford where he had crossed, and the two hundred Galloway men were along with the animal, and guided by it. Bruce thought of going back to awaken his men; but then he thought that it might be some shepherd's dog. "My men," he said, "are sorely tired; I will not disturb their sleep for the yelping of a cur, till I know something more of the matter." So he stood and listened; and by and by, as the cry of the hound came nearer, he began to hear a trampling of horses, and the voices of men, and the ringing and clattering of armour, and then he was sure the enemy were coming to the river side. Then the King thought,

"If I go back to give my men the alarm, these Galloway men will get through the ford without opposition, and that would be a pity, since it is a place so advantageous to make defence against them." So he looked again at the steep path, and the deep river, and he thought it gave him so much advantage, that he himself could defend the passage with his own hand, until his men came to assist him. His armour was so good and strong that he had no fear of their arrows, and therefore the combat was not so very unequal as it must have otherwise been. He therefore sent his followers to waken his men, and remained alone by the bank of the river.

In the meanwhile, the noise and trampling of the horses increased, and the moon being bright, Bruce saw the glancing arms of about two hundred men, who came down to the opposite bank of the river. The men of Galloway, on their part, saw but one solitary figure guarding the ford, and the foremost of them plunged into the river without minding him. But as they could only pass the ford one by one, the Bruce, who stood high above them on the bank where they were to land, killed the foremost man with a thrust of his long spear, and with a second thrust stabbed the horse, which fell down, kicking and plunging in his agonies, on the narrow path, and so prevented the others from getting out of the river. Bruce had thus an opportunity of dealing his blows at pleasure among them, while they could not strike at him again. In the confusion, five or six of the enemy were slain, or, having been borne down the current, were drowned in the river. The rest were terrified, and drew back.

But when they looked again, and saw they were opposed by only one man, they themselves being so many, they cried out, that their honour would be lost for ever if they did not force their way; and encouraged each other with loud cries to plunge through, and assault him. But by this time the King's soldiers came up to his assistance, and the Galloway men retreated, and gave up their enterprise.

I will tell you another story of this brave Robert Bruce during his wanderings. His adventures are as curious and entertaining as those which men invent for story books, with this advantage, that they are all true. About this time, and when the Bruce was yet at the head of but few men, Sir Aymer de Valence, who was Earl of Pembroke, together with John of Lorn, came into Galloway, each of them being at the head of a large body of men. John of Lorn had a bloodhound with him, which it was said had formerly belonged to Robert Bruce himself; and having been fed by the King with his own hands, it became attached to him, and would follow his footsteps anywhere, as dogs are well known to trace their masters' steps, whether they be bloodhounds or not. By means of this hound, John of Lorn thought he would certainly find out Robert Bruce, and take revenge on him for the death of his relation Comyn.

When these two armies advanced upon Robert Bruce, he at first thought of fighting with the English Earl, but becoming aware that John of Lorn was moving round with another large body to attack him in the rear, he resolved to avoid fighting at that time, lest he should be oppressed by numbers. For this purpose, the King divided the men he had with him

into three bodies, and commanded them to retreat by three different ways, thinking the enemy would not know which to pursue. He also appointed a place at which they were to assemble again. But when John of Lorn came to the place where the army of Bruce had been thus divided, the bloodhound took his course after one of these divisions, neglecting the other two, and then John of Lorn knew that the King must be in that party; so he also neglected the two other divisions of the Scots, and followed that which the dog pointed out, with all his men.

The King again saw that he was followed by a large body, and being determined to escape from them if possible, he made all the people who were with him disperse themselves different ways, thinking thus that the enemy must lose trace of him. Bruce kept only one man along with him, and that was his own foster-brother, or the son of his nurse. When John of Lorn came to the place where Bruce's companions had dispersed themselves, the bloodhound, after it had snuffed up and down for a little, quitted the footsteps of all the others, and ran barking upon the track of two men out of the number. Then John of Lorn knew that one of these two must needs be King Robert. Accordingly, he commanded five of his men that were speedy of foot to chase after him, and either make him prisoner, or slay him. They started off accordingly, and ran so fast, that they gained sight of Robert and his foster-brother. The King asked his companion what help he could give him, and his foster-brother answered he was ready to do his best. So these two turned on the five men of John of Lorn, and killed them all. It is to be supposed they were better armed than the others were, as well as more strong and desperate.

But by this time Bruce was very much fatigued, and yet they dared not sit down to take any rest; for whenever they stopt for an instant, they heard the cry of the bloodhound behind them, and knew by that, that their enemies were coming up fast after them. At length, they came to a wood, through which ran a small river. Then Bruce said to his foster-brother, "Let us wade down this stream for a great way, instead of going straight across, and so this unhappy hound shall lose the scent; for if we were once clear of him, I should not be afraid of getting away from the pursuers." Accordingly, the King and his attendant walked a great way down the stream, taking care to keep their feet in the water, which could not retain any scent where they had stepped. Then they came ashore on the further side from the enemy, and went deep into the wood before they stopped to rest themselves. In the meanwhile, the hound led John of Lorn straight to the place where the King went into the water, but there the dog began to be puzzled, not knowing where to go next; for you are well aware that the running water could not retain the scent of a man's foot like that which remains on turf. So, John of Lorn seeing the dog was at a fault, as it is called, that is, had lost the track of that which he pursued, he gave up the chase, and returned to join with Aymer de Valence.

But King Robert's adventures were not yet ended. His foster-brother and he had rested themselves in the woods, but they had got no food, and were become extremely hungry. They walked on, however,

in hopes of coming to some habitation. At length, in the midst of the forest, they met with three men that looked like thieves or ruffians. They were well armed, and one of them bore a sheep on his back, which it seemed as if they had just stolen. They saluted the King civilly; and he, replying to their salutation, asked them where they were going. The men answered, they were seeking for Robert Bruce, for that they intended to join with him. The King answered, that if they would go with him, he would conduct them where they would find the Scottish King. Then the man who had spoken changed countenance, and Bruce, who looked sharply at him, began to suspect that the ruffian guessed who he was, and that he and his companions had some design against his person, in order to gain the reward which had been offered for his life.

So he said to them, "My good friends, as we are not well acquainted with each other, you must go before us, and we will follow near to you."—"You have no occasion to suspect any harm from us," answered the man.—"Neither do I suspect any," said Bruce; "but this is the way in which I chuse to travel."

The men did as he commanded, and thus they travelled till they came together to a waste and ruinous cottage, where the men proposed to dress some part of the sheep, which their companion was carrying. The King was glad to hear of food; but he insisted that there should be two fires kindled, one for himself and his foster-brother at one end of the house, the other at the other end for their three companions. The men did as he desired. They broiled a quarter of mutton for themselves, and gave another to the King and his attendant. They were obliged to eat it without bread or salt; but as they were very hungry, they were glad to get food in any shape, and partook of it very heartily.

Then so heavy a drowsiness fell on King Robert, that, for all the danger he was in, he could not help desiring to sleep. But first, he desired his foster-brother to watch while he slept, for he had great suspicion of their new acquaintances. His foster-brother promised to keep awake, and did his best to keep his word. But the King had not been long asleep ere his foster-brother fell into a deep slumber also, for he had undergone as much fatigue as the King. When the three villains saw the King and his attendant asleep, they made signs to each other, and rising up at once, drew their swords with the purpose to kill them both. But the King slept but lightly, and little noise as the traitors made in rising, he was awakened by it, and starting up, drew his sword, and went to meet them. At the same moment he pushed his foster-brother with his foot, to awaken him, and he started up; but ere he got his eyes cleared to see what was about to happen, one of the ruffians that were advancing to slay the King, killed him with a stroke of his sword. The King was now alone, one man against three, and in the greatest danger of his life; but his amazing strength, and the good armour which he wore, freed him once more from this great danger, and he killed the three men, one after another. He then left the cottage, very sorrowful for the death of his faithful foster-brother, and took his direction towards the place where he

had directed his men to assemble after their dispersion. It was now near night, and the place of meeting being a farm-house, he went boldly into it, where he found the mistress, an old true-hearted Scots-woman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a stranger enter, she asked him who and what he was. The King answered that he was a traveller, who was journeying through the country.

"All travellers," answered the good woman, "are welcome here for the sake of one."

"And who is that one," said the King, "for whose sake you make all travellers welcome?"

"It is our lawful King, Robert the Bruce," answered the mistress, "who is the lawful lord of this country; and although he is now pursued and hunted after with hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him King over all Scotland."

"Since you love him so well, dame," said the King, "know that you see him before you. I am Robert the Bruce."

"You!" said the good woman, in great surprise; "and wherefore are you thus alone?—where are all your men?"

"I have none with me at this moment," answered Bruce, "and therefore I must travel alone."

"But that shall not be," said the brave old dame, "for I have two stout sons, gallant and trusty men, who shall be your servants for life and death."

So she brought her two sons, and though she well knew the dangers to which she exposed them, she made them swear fidelity to the King; and they afterwards became high officers in his service.

Now, the loyal old woman was getting every thing ready for the King's supper, when suddenly there was a great trampling of horse heard round the house. They thought it must be some of the English, or John of Lorn's men, and the goodwife called upon her sons to fight to the last for King Robert. But shortly after, they heard the voice of the good Lord James of Douglas, and of Edward Bruce, the King's brother, who had come with a hundred and fifty horsemen to this farm-house, according to the instructions that the King had left with them at parting.

Robert the Bruce was right joyful to meet his brother, and his faithful friend Lord James, and had no sooner found himself once more at the head of of such a considerable body of followers, than, forgetting hunger and weariness, he began to inquire where the enemy who had pursued them so long had taken up their quarters; "for," said he, "as they must suppose us totally scattered and fled, it is likely that they will think themselves quite secure, and disperse themselves into distant quarters and keep careless watch."

"That is very true," answered James of Douglas, "for I passed a village where there are two hundred of them quartered, who had placed no sentinels; and if you have a mind to make haste, we may surprise them this very night, and do them more mischief than they have been able to do us during all this day's chase."

Then there was nothing but mount and ride; and as the Scots came by surprise on the body of English whom Douglas had mentioned, and rushed suddenly into the village where they were quartered, they easily dispersed and cut them to pieces; thus doing

their pursuers more injury than they themselves had received during the long and severe pursuit of the preceding day.

The consequence of those successes of King Robert were, that soldiers came to join him on all sides, and that he obtained several victories both over Sir Aymer de Valence, Lord Clifford, and other English commanders, until at length the English were afraid to venture into the open country as formerly, unless when they could assemble themselves in considerable bodies. They thought it safer to lie still in the towns and castles which they had garrisoned, and wait till the King of England should once more come to their assistance.

CHAPTER VII.

Of the Exploits of Douglas and of Randolph.

WHEN King Edward the First heard that Scotland was again in arms against him, he marched down to the Borders, as I have already told you, with many threats of what he would do to avenge himself on Bruce and his party, whom he called rebels. But he was now old and feeble, and while he was making his preparations, he was taken very ill, and after lingering a long time, at length he died on the 6th July, 1307, in full sight of Scotland, and not three miles from its frontier. His hatred to that country was so inveterate, that his thoughts of revenge seemed to occupy his mind on his death-bed. He made his son promise never to make peace with Scotland until the nation was subdued. He gave also very singular directions concerning the disposal of his dead body. He ordered that it should be boiled in a cauldron till the flesh parted from the bones, and that then the bones should be wrapped up in a bull's hide, and carried at the head of the English army, as often as the Scots attempted to recover their freedom. He thought that he had inflicted such distresses on the Scots, and invaded and defeated them so often, that his very dead bones would terrify them. His son, Edward the Second, did not chuse to execute this strange injunction, but caused his father to be buried in Westminster Abbey; where his tomb is still to be seen, bearing for an inscription, *HERE LIES THE HAMMER OF THE SCOTTISH NATION*. And, indeed, it was true, that during his life he did them as much injury as a hammer does to the substances which it dashes to pieces.

Edward the Second was a weak prince, and neither so brave nor so wise as his father. He marched a little way into Scotland with the large army which Edward the First had collected, but went back again without fighting, which gave great encouragement to Bruce's party.

Several of the Scottish nobility now took arms, and declared for King Robert, and fought with the English troops and garrisons. The most distinguished of these was the Good Lord James of Douglas, whom we have often mentioned before. Some of his most memorable exploits respected his own castle of Douglas, in which, being a fortress, and strongly situated, the English had placed a large garrison. James of Douglas saw, with great displeasure, his castle filled with English soldiers, and with great quantities of corn, and cattle, and wine, and ale, and

other provisions, which they were preparing to enable them to assist the English army with provisions. So he resolved, if possible, to be revenged upon the captain of the garrison and his soldiers.

For this purpose, Douglas went in disguise to the house of one of his old servants, called Thomas Dickson, a strong, faithful, and bold man, and laid a scheme for taking the castle. A holiday was approaching, called Palm Sunday. Upon this day, it was common, in the Roman Catholic times, that the people went to church in procession, with green boughs in their hands. Just as the English soldiers, who had marched down from the castle, got into church, one of Lord James's followers raised the cry of *Douglas, Douglas!* which was the shout with which that family always began battle. Thomas Dickson, and some friends whom he had collected, instantly drew their swords, and killed the first Englishman that they met. But as the signal had been given too soon, Dickson was borne down and slain. Douglas and his men presently after forced their way into the church. The English soldiers attempted to defend themselves, but being taken by surprise and unprepared, they were, for the greater part, killed or made prisoners, and that so suddenly, and with so little noise, that their companions in the castle never heard of it. So that when Douglas and his men approached the castle gate, they found it open, and that part of the garrison which were left at home, busied cooking provisions for those that were at church. So Lord James got possession of his own castle without difficulty, and he and his men ate up all the good dinner which the English had made ready. But Douglas dared not stay there, lest the English should come in great force and besiege him; and therefore he resolved to destroy all the provisions which the English had stored up in the castle, and to render the place unavailing to them.

It must be owned he executed this purpose in a very cruel and shocking manner, for he was much enraged at the death of Thomas Dickson. He caused all the barrels containing flour, meal, wheat, and malt, to be knocked in pieces, and their contents mixed on the floor; then he staved the great hogsheads of wine and ale, and mixed the liquor with the stores; and last of all, he killed his prisoners, and flung the dead bodies among this disgusting heap, which his men called, in derision of the English, the Douglas Larder. Then he flung dead horses into the well to destroy it—after which he set fire to the castle; and finally marched away, and took refuge with his followers in the hills and forests. "He loved better," he said, "to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak." That is, he loved better to keep in the open field with his men, than to shut himself and them up in castles.

When Clifford, the English General, heard what had happened, he came to Douglas Castle with a great body of men, and rebuilt all the defences which Lord James had destroyed, and cleared out the well, and put a good soldier, named Thirlwall, to command the garrison, and desired him to be on his guard, for he suspected that Lord James would again attack him. And indeed Douglas, who did not like to see the English in his father's castle, was resolved to take the first opportunity of destroying this garrison, as he had

done the former. For this purpose he had recourse to stratagem. He laid a part of his followers in ambush in the wood, and sent fourteen men, disguised like countrymen, driving cattle past the gates of the castle. As soon as Thirlwall saw this, he swore that he would plunder the Scots drovers of their cattle, and came out, with a considerable part of his garrison, for that purpose. He had followed the cattle past the place where Douglas was lying concealed, when all of a sudden the Scotsmen threw off their carriers' cloaks, and appearing in armour, cried the cry of Douglas, and, turning back suddenly, ran to meet the pursuers; and before Thirlwall could make any defence, he heard the same war-cry behind him, and saw Douglas coming up with those Scots who had been lying in ambush. Thirlwall himself was killed, fighting bravely in the middle of his enemies, and only a very few of his men found their way back to the castle.

When Lord James had thus slain two English commanders or governors of his castle, and was known to have made a vow that he would be revenged on any one who should dare to take possession of his father's house, men became afraid; and it was called, both in England and Scotland, the Perilous Castle of Douglas, because it was so dangerous to any Englishman who was stationed there. Now, in those warlike times, Master Littlejohn, you must know, that the ladies would not marry any man who was not very brave and valiant, so that a coward, let him be ever so rich or high-born, was held in universal contempt. And thus it was the fashion for the ladies to demand proofs of the courage of their lovers, and for those knights who desired to please the ladies, to try some extraordinary deed of arms, to show their bravery and deserve their favour.

At the time we speak of, there was a young lady in England, whom many knights and noblemen asked in marriage, because she was extremely wealthy and very beautiful. Once upon a holiday she made a great feast, to which she asked all her lovers, and numerous other gallant knights; and after the feast she arose, and told them that she was much obliged to them for their good opinion of her, but as she desired to have for her husband a man of the most incontestable courage, she had formed her resolution not to marry any one, save him who should defend the Castle of Douglas against the Scots for a year and a day. Now this made some silence among the gentlemen present; for although the lady was rich and beautiful, yet there was great danger in placing themselves within the reach of the Good Lord James of Douglas. At last a brave young knight started up and said, that for the love of that lady, he was willing to keep the Perilous Castle for a year and a day, if the King pleased to give him leave. The King of England was satisfied, and well pleased to get a brave man to hold a place so dangerous. Sir John Wilton was the name of this gallant knight. He kept the castle very safely for some time; but Douglas at last, by a stratagem, induced him to venture out with a part of the garrison, and then set upon them and slew them. Sir John Wilton himself was killed, and a letter from the lady was found in his pocket. Douglas was sorry for his unhappy end, and did not put to death any of the prisoners as he had formerly done, but dismissed them in safety to the next English garrison.

Other great lords besides Douglas were now exerting themselves to attack and destroy the English. Amongst those was Sir Thomas Randolph, whose mother was a sister of King Robert. He had joined with the Bruce when he first took up arms. Afterwards being made prisoner by the English, when the King was defeated at Methven, as I told you, Sir Thomas Randolph was obliged to join the English to save his life. He remained so constant to them, that he was with Aymer de Valence and John of Lorn, when they forced the Bruce to disperse his little band; and he followed the pursuit so close that he made his uncle's standard-bearer prisoner, and took his banner. Afterwards, however, he was himself made prisoner at a solitary house on Linewater by the Good Lord James Douglas, who brought him captive to the King. Robert reproached his nephew for having deserted his cause; and Randolph, who was very hot-tempered, answered insolently, and was sent by King Robert to prison. Shortly after the uncle and nephew were reconciled, and Sir Thomas Randolph, created Earl of Murray by the King, was ever afterwards one of Bruce's best supporters. There was a sort of rivalry between Douglas and him, which should do the boldest and most hazardous actions. I will just mention one or two circumstances, which will show you what awful dangers were to be encountered by these brave men, in order to free Scotland from the enemies and invaders.

While Robert Bruce was gradually getting possession of the country, and driving out the English, Edinburgh, the principal town of Scotland, remained with its strong castle in possession of the invaders. Sir Thomas Randolph was extremely desirous to gain this important place, but, as you well know, the castle is situated on a very steep and lofty rock, so that it is difficult or almost impossible even to get up to the foot of the walls, much more to climb over them.

So while Randolph was considering what was to be done, there came to him a Scottish gentleman named Francis, who had joined Bruce's standard, and asked to speak with him in private. He then told Randolph that in his youth he had lived in the Castle of Edinburgh, and that his father had then been keeper of the fortress. It happened at that time that Francis was much in love with a lady, who lived in a part of the town beneath the castle, which is called the Grassmarket. Now as he could not get out of the castle by day to see his mistress, he had practised a way of clambering by night down the castle crag on the south side, and returning up at his pleasure; when he came to the foot of the wall he made use of a ladder to get over it, as it was not very high on that point, those who built it having trusted to the steepness of the crag. Francis had gone and come so frequently in this dangerous manner, that though it was now long ago, he told Randolph he knew the road so well, that he would undertake to guide a small party of men by night to the bottom of the wall, and as they might bring ladders with them, there would be no difficulty in scaling it. The great risk was, that of their being discovered by the watchmen while in the act of ascending the cliff, in which case every man of them must have perished.

Nevertheless Randolph did not hesitate to attempt

the adventure. He took with him only thirty men (you may be sure they were chosen for activity and courage), and came one dark night to the foot of the crag, which they began to ascend under the guidance of Francis, who went before them, upon his hands and feet, up one cliff, down another, and round another, where there was scarce room to support themselves. All the while these thirty men were obliged to follow in a line, one after the other, by a path that was fitter for a cat than a man. The noise of a stone falling, or a word spoken from one to another, would have alarmed the watchmen. They were obliged, therefore, to move with the greatest precaution. When they were far up the crag, and near the foundation of the wall, they heard the guards going their rounds, to see that all was safe in and about the castle. Randolph and his party had nothing for it but to lie close and quiet each man under the crag, as he happened to be placed, and trust that the guards would pass by without noticing them. And while they were waiting in breathless alarm, they got a new cause of fright. One of the soldiers of the castle, willing to startle his comrades, suddenly threw a stone from the wall, and cried out, "Aha, I see you well!" The stone came thundering down over the heads of Randolph and his men, who naturally thought themselves discovered. If they had stirred, or made the slightest noise, they would have been entirely destroyed, for the soldiers above might have killed every man of them, merely by rolling down stones. But being courageous and chosen men, they remained quiet, and the English soldiers, who thought their comrade was merely playing them a trick (as, indeed, he was), passed on, without farther examination.

Then Randolph and his men got up, and came in haste to the foot of the wall, which was not above twice a man's height in that place. They planted the ladders they had brought, and Francis mounted first to show them the way; Sir Andrew Grey, a brave knight, followed him, and Randolph himself was the third man who got over. Then the rest followed. When once they were within the walls, there was not so much to do, for the garrison were asleep and unarmed, excepting the watch, who were speedily destroyed. Thus was Edinburgh Castle taken in the year 1312-13.

It was not, however, only by the exertions of great and powerful barons, like Randolph and Douglas, that the freedom of Scotland was to be accomplished. The stout yeomanry, and the bold peasantry of the land, who were as desirous to enjoy their cottages in honourable independence, as the nobles were to reclaim their castles and estates from the English, contributed their full share in the efforts which were made to deliver the country from the invaders. I will give you one instance among many.

There was a strong castle near Linlithgow, or Lithgow, as the word is more generally pronounced, where an English governor, with a powerful garrison, lay in readiness to support the English cause, and used to exercise much severity upon the Scottish in the neighbourhood. There lived at no great distance from this stronghold, a farmer, a bold and stout man, whose name was Binnock, or, as it is now pronounced, Binning. This man saw, with great joy, the progress

which the Scottish were making in recovering their country from the English, and resolved to do something to help his countrymen, by getting possession, if it were possible, of the castle of Lithgow. But the place was very strong, situated by the side of a lake, defended not only by gates, which were usually kept shut against strangers, but also by a portcullis. A portcullis is a sort of door formed of cross-bars of iron, like a grate. It has not hinges like a door, but is drawn up by pulleys, and let down when any danger approaches. It may be let go in a moment, and then falls down into the doorway; and as it has great iron spikes at the bottom, it crushes all that it lights upon; and in case of a sudden alarm, a portcullis may be let suddenly fall to defend the entrance when it is not possible to shut the gates. Binnock knew this very well, but he resolved to be provided against this risk also when he attempted to surprise the castle.

So he spoke with some bold courageous countrymen, and engaged them in his enterprise, which he accomplished thus.

Binnock had been accustomed to supply the garrison of Linlithgow with hay, and he had been ordered by the English governor to furnish some cartloads, of which they were in want. He promised to bring it accordingly, but in the night before he drove the hay to the castle, he stationed a party of his friends, as well armed as possible, near the entrance, where they could not be seen by the garrison, and gave them directions that they should come to his assistance as soon as they should hear him cry a signal, which was to be, "Call all, call all." Then he loaded a great waggon with hay. But in the waggon he placed eight strong men, well armed, lying flat on their breasts, and covered over with hay, so that they could not be seen. He himself walked carelessly beside the waggon; and he chose the stoutest and bravest of his servants to be the driver, who carried at his belt a strong axe or hatchet. In this way Binnock approached the castle early in the morning; and the watchman, who only saw two men, Binnock being one of them, with a cart of hay, which they expected, opened the gates, and raised up the portcullis, to permit them to enter the castle. But as soon as the cart had gotten under the gateway, Binnock made a sign to his servant, who with his axe suddenly cut asunder the *soam*, that is, the yoke which fastens the horses to the cart, and the horses finding themselves free, naturally started forward, the cart remaining behind. At the same moment, Binnock cried, as loud as he could, "Call all, call all;" and drawing his sword, which he had under his country habit, he killed the porter. The armed men then jumped up from under the hay where they lay concealed, and rushed on the English guard. The Englishmen tried to shut the gates, but they could not, because the cart of hay remained in the gateway, and prevented the folding-doors from being closed. The portcullis was also let fall, but the grating was caught on the cart, and so could not drop to the ground. The men who were in ambush near the gate, hearing the cry, "Call all, call all," ran to assist those who had leaped out from amongst the hay; the castle was taken, and all the Englishmen killed or made prisoners. King Robert rewarded Binnock by bestowing on him an estate, which his posterity long afterwards enjoyed.

Perhaps you may be tired, my dear child, of such stories; yet I will tell you how the great and important castle of Roxburgh was taken from the English, and then we will pass to other subjects.

You must know, Roxburgh was then a very large castle, situated near where two fine rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, join to each other. Being within five or six miles of England, the English were extremely desirous of retaining it, and the Scots equally so of obtaining possession of it. I will tell you how it was taken.

It was upon the night of what is called Shrovetide, a holiday which Roman Catholics paid great respect to, and solemnized with much gaiety and feasting. Most of the garrison of Roxburgh Castle were feasting and drinking, but still they had set watches on the battlements of the castle, in case of any sudden attack; for as the Scots had succeeded in so many enterprises of the kind, and as Douglas was known to be in the neighbourhood, they conceived themselves obliged to keep a very strict guard.

There was also an Englishwoman, the wife of one of the officers, who was sitting on the battlements with her child in her arms; and looking out on the fields below, she saw some black objects, like a herd of cattle, straggling near the foot of the wall, and approaching the ditch or moat of the castle. She pointed them out to the sentinel, and asked him what they were. "Pooh, pooh," said the soldier, "it is farmer such a man's cattle," (naming a man whose farm lay near to the castle;) "the goodman is keeping a jolly Shrovetide, and has forgot to shut up his bullocks in their yard; but if the Douglas come across them before morning, he is likely to rue his negligence." Now these creeping objects which they saw from the castle-wall were no real cattle, but Douglas himself and his soldiers, who had put black cloaks above their armour, and were creeping about on hands and feet, in order, without being observed, to get so near to the foot of the castle wall as to be able to set ladders to it. The poor woman, who knew nothing of this, sat quietly on the wall, and began to sing to her child. You must know that the name of Douglas was become so terrible to the English, that the women used to frighten their children with it, and say to them when they behaved ill, that they "would make the Black Douglas take them." And this soldier's wife was singing to her child,

"Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The Black Douglas shail not get ye."

"You are not so sure of that," said a voice close beside her. She felt at the same time a heavy hand, with an iron glove, laid on her shoulder, and when she looked round, she saw the very Black Douglas she had been singing about standing close beside her,—a tall, swarthy, strong man. At the same time, another Scotsman was seen ascending up the walls, near to the sentinel. The soldier gave the alarm, and rushed at the Scotsman, whose name was Simon Ledehouse, with his lance; but Simon parried the blow, and closing with the sentinel, struck him a deadly blow with his dagger. The rest of the Scots followed up to assist Douglas and Ledehouse, and the castle was taken. Many of the soldiers were put

to death, but Douglas protected the woman and the child. I dare say she made no more songs about the Black Douglas.

While Douglas, Randolph, and other true-hearted patriots, were thus taking castles and strongholds from the English, King Robert, who had now a considerable army under his command, marched through the country, beating and dispersing such bodies of English as he met on his way. He went to the north country, where he conquered the great and powerful family of Comyn, who retained great ill-will against him for having slain their relation, the Red Comyn, in the church at Dumfries. They had joined the English with all their forces; but now, as the Scots began to get uppermost, they were very much distressed. Bruce caused more than thirty of them to be beheaded on one day, and the place where they are buried is called "the Grave of the headless Comyns."

Neither did Robert Bruce forget John Mac-Dougal of Lorn, who had defeated him at Dalry, and very near made him prisoner, or slain him, by the hands of his vassals, the M'Androssers, and had afterwards pursued him with a bloodhound. When John of Lorn heard that Robert was marching against him, he hoped to defend himself by taking possession of a very strong pass on the side of one of the largest mountains in Scotland, Cruachan Ben. The ground was very strait, having great rocks on the one hand, and on the other deep precipices, sinking down on a great lake, called Lochawe; so that John of Lorn thought himself perfectly secure, as he could not be attacked except in front, and by a very difficult path. But Robert Bruce, when he saw how his enemies were posted, sent a party of light-armed archers, under command of Douglas, with directions to go, by a distant and difficult road, around the northern side of the hill, and thus to attack the men of Lorn in the rear as well as in front; behind, that is, as well as before. He had signals made when Douglas arrived at the place appointed. The King then advanced upon the Lorn men in front, when they raised a shout of defiance, and began to shoot arrows and roll stones down the path, with great confidence in their own security. But when they were attacked by the Douglas and his archers in the rear, they lost courage and fled. Many were slain among the rocks and precipices, and many were drowned in the lake, and the great river which runs out of it. John of Lorn only escaped by means of his boat, which he had in readiness upon the lake. Thus King Robert had full revenge upon him, and deprived him of a great part of his territory.

The English had now scarcely any place of importance left in Scotland, excepting Stirling, which was besieged, or rather blockaded, by Edward Bruce, the King's brother. To blockade a town or castle, is to quarter an army around it, so as to prevent those within from getting provisions. This was done at Stirling, till Sir Philip Mowbray, who commanded the castle, finding that he was likely to be reduced to extremity, for want of provisions, made an agreement with Edward Bruce, that he would surrender the castle, providing he were not relieved by the King of England before Midsummer. Sir Edward agreed to these terms, and allowed Mowbray to go

to London, to tell King Edward of the conditions he had made. But when King Robert heard what his brother had done, he thought it was too great a risk, since it obliged him to venture a battle with the full strength of Edward II, who had under him England, Ireland, Wales, and great part of France, and could within the time allowed assemble a much more powerful army than the Scots could, even if all Scotland were fully under the King's authority. Sir Edward answered his brother with his natural audacious spirit, "Let Edward bring every man he has; we will fight them, were they more." The King admired his courage, though it was mingled with rashness.—"Since it is so, brother," said he, "we will manfully abide battle, and assemble all who love us, and value the freedom of Scotland, to come with all the men they have, and help us to oppose King Edward, should he come with his army to rescue Stirling."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Battle of Bannockburn.

KING EDWARD II, as we have already said, was not a wise and brave man like his father, but a foolish prince, who was governed by unworthy favourites, and thought more of pleasure than of governing his kingdom. His father Edward I would have entered Scotland at the head of a large army, before he had left Bruce time to conquer back so much of the country. But we have seen, that, very fortunately for the Scots, that wise and skilful, though ambitious king, died when he was on the point of marching into Scotland. His son Edward had afterwards neglected the Scottish war, and thus lost the opportunity of defeating Bruce, when his force was but small. But now, when Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor of Stirling, came to London to tell the King that Stirling, the last Scottish town of importance which remained in possession of the English, was to be surrendered if it were not relieved by force of arms before midsummer; then all the English nobles called out, it would be a sin and shame to permit the fair conquest which Edward I had made, to be forfeited to the Scots, for want of fighting. It was, therefore, resolved, that the King should go himself to Scotland, with as great forces as he could possibly muster.

King Edward the Second, therefore, assembled one of the greatest armies which a King of England ever commanded. There were troops brought from all his dominions. Many brave soldiers from the French provinces which the King of England enjoyed in France.—many Irish, many Welsh,—and all the great English nobles and barons, with their followers, were assembled in one great army. The number was not less than one hundred thousand men.

King Robert the Bruce summoned all his nobles and barons to join him, when he heard of the great preparation which the King of England was making. They were not so numerous as the English by many thousand men. In fact, his whole army did not very much exceed thirty thousand men, and they were much worse armed than the wealthy Englishmen; but then Robert, who was at their head, was one of the most expert generals of the time; and the officers he had under him, were his brother Edward, his

nephew Randolph, his faithful follower, the Douglas; and other brave and experienced leaders, who commanded the same men that had been accustomed to fight and gain victories under every disadvantage of situation and numbers.

The King, on his part, studied how he might supply, by address and stratagem, what he wanted in numbers and strength. He knew the superiority of the English, both in their heavy-armed cavalry, which were much better mounted and armed than those of the Scots, and in the archery, in which art the English were better trained than any people in the world. Both these advantages he resolved to provide against. With this purpose, Bruce led his army down into a plain near Stirling, called the Park, near which, and beneath it, the English army must needs pass through a boggy country, broken with water-courses, while the Scots occupied hard dry ground. He then caused all the ground upon the front of his line of battle, where cavalry were likely to act, to be dug full of holes, about as deep as a man's knee. They were filled with light brushwood, and the turf was laid on the top, so that it appeared a plain field, while in reality it was all full of these pits as a honeycomb is of holes. He also, it is said, caused steel spikes, called calthrops, to be scattered up and down in the plain, where the English cavalry were most likely to advance, trusting to lame and destroy their horses. When his army was drawn up, the line stretched north and south. On the south, it was terminated by the banks of the brook called Bannockburn, which are so rocky, that no troops could come on them there. On the left, the Scottish line extended near to the town of Stirling. Bruce reviewed his troops very carefully; all the useless servants, and drivers of carts, and such like, of whom there were very many, he ordered to go behind a height called the Gillies'-hill, that is, the Servants'-hill. He then spoke to the soldiers, and expressed his determination to gain the victory, or to lose his life on the field of battle. He desired that all those who did not propose to fight to the last, would leave the field before the battle began, and that none would remain except those who were determined to take the issue of victory or death, as God should send it.

When the main body of his army was thus placed in order, the King posted Randolph, with a body of horse, near to the Church of St Ninian's, commanding him to use the utmost diligence to prevent any succours from being thrown into Stirling Castle. He then dismissed James of Douglas, and Sir Robert Keith, the Marschal of the Scottish army, in order that they might survey as nearly as they could the English force, which was now approaching from Falkirk. They returned with information, that the approach of that vast host was one of the most beautiful and terrible sights which could be seen,—that the whole country seemed covered with men-at-arms on horse and foot,—that the number of standards, banners, and pennons (all flags of different kinds), made so gallant a show, that the bravest and most numerous host in Christendom might be alarmed to see King Edward moving against them.

It was upon the 23d of June (1314) the King of

Scotland heard the news, that the English army were approaching Stirling. He drew out his army, therefore, in the order which he had before resolved upon. After a short time, Bruce, who was looking out anxiously for the enemy, saw a body of English cavalry trying to get into Stirling from the eastward. This was the Lord Clifford, who, with a chosen body of eight hundred horse, had been detached to relieve the castle.

"See, Randolph," said the King to his nephew, "there is a rose fallen from your chaplet." By this he meant, that Randolph had lost some honour, by suffering the enemy to pass where he had been commanded to hinder them. Randolph made no reply, but rushed against Clifford with little more than half his number. The Scots were on foot. The English turned to charge them with their lances, and Randolph drew up his men in close order to receive them. He seemed to be in so much danger, that Douglas asked leave of the King to go and assist him. The King refused him permission.

"Let Randolph," he said, "redeem his own fault; I cannot break the order of battle for his sake." Still the danger appeared greater, and the English horse seemed entirely to encompass the small handful of Scottish infantry. "So please you," said Douglas to the King, "my heart will not suffer me to stand idle and see Randolph perish—I must go to his assistance." He rode off accordingly; but long before they had reached the place of combat, they saw the English horses galloping off, many with empty saddles.

"Halt!" said Douglas to his men; "Randolph has gained the day: since we were not soon enough to help him in the battle, do not let us lessen his glory by approaching the field." Now, that was nobly done; especially as Douglas and Randolph were always contending which should rise highest in the good opinion of the King and the nation.

The van of the English army now came in sight, and a number of their bravest knights drew near to see what the Scottish were doing. They saw King Robert dressed in his armour, and distinguished by a gold crown, which he wore over his helmet. He was not mounted on his great war-horse, because he did not expect to fight that evening. But he rode on a little pony up and down the ranks of his army, putting his men in order, and carried in his hand a short battle-axe made of steel. When the King saw the English horsemen draw near, he advanced a little before his own men, that he might look at them more nearly.

There was a knight among the English, called Sir Henry de Bohun, who thought this would be a good opportunity to gain great fame to himself, and put an end to the war, by killing King Robert. The King being poorly mounted, and having no lance, Bohun galloped on him suddenly and furiously, thinking, with his long spear, and his big strong horse, easily to bear him down to the ground. King Robert saw him, and permitted him to come very near, then suddenly turned his pony a little to one side, so that Sir Henry missed him with the lance-point, and was in the act of being carried past him by the career of his horse. But as he passed, King Robert rose up in his stirrups, and struck Sir Henry on the head with his battle-axe so terrible a blow, that it broke

to pieces his iron helmet as if it had been a nut-shell, and hurled him from his saddle. He was dead before he reached the ground. This gallant action was blamed by the Scottish leaders, who thought Bruce ought not to have exposed himself to so much danger, when the safety of the whole army depended on him. The King only kept looking at his weapon, which was injured by the force of the blow, and said, "I have broken my good battle-axe."

The next morning, being the 24th June, at break of day, the battle began in terrible earnest. The English as they advanced saw the Scots getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks bare-footed, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They kneeled down as he passed, and prayed to Heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, "They kneel down—they are asking forgiveness." "Yes," said a celebrated English baron, called Ingelram de Umphraville, "but they ask it from God, not from us—these men will conquer, or die upon the field."

The English King ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows, and began to shoot so closely together, that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas day. They killed many of the Scots, and might, as at Falkirk and other places, have decided the victory; but Bruce, as I told you before, was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men-at-arms well mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers, and as they had no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand, they were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish horsemen, and thrown into total confusion.

The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers, and to attack the Scottish line. But coming over the ground which was dug full of pits, the horses fell into these holes, and the riders lay tumbling about, without any means of defence, and unable to rise from the weight of their armour. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder; and the Scottish King, bringing up more of his forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

On a sudden, an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp had, as I told you, been sent behind the army to a place called the Gillies'-hill. But now, when they saw that their masters were like to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for a new army coming up to sustain the Scots, and losing all heart, began to shift every man for himself. Edward himself left the field as fast as he could ride, and was closely pursued by Douglas with a party of horse, who followed him as far as Dunbar, where the English had still a friend in the governor, Patrick Earl of March. The Earl received Edward in his forlorn condition, and furnished him with a fishing skiff, or small ship, in which he escaped to England, having entirely lost his fine army, and a great number of his bravest nobles.

The English never before or afterwards lost so

dreadful a battle as that of Bannockburn, nor did the Scots ever gain one of the same importance. Many of the best and bravest of the English nobility and gentry, as I have said, lay dead on the field; a great many more were made prisoners; and the whole of King Edward's immense army was dispersed or destroyed.

The English, after this great defeat, were no longer in a condition to support their pretensions to be masters of Scotland, or to continue, as they had done for nearly twenty years, to send armies into that country to overcome it. On the contrary, they became scarce able to defend their own frontiers against Robert Bruce and his soldiers.

There were several battles fought within England itself, in which the English had greatly the worst. One of these took place near Mitton, in Yorkshire. So many priests took part in the fight, that the Scottish called it the Chapter of Mitton. A meeting of the clergymen belonging to a cathedral is called a Chapter. There was great slaughter in and after the action. The Scots laid waste the country of England as far as the gates of York, and enjoyed for the time a considerable superiority over their ancient enemies, who had so lately threatened to make them subjects of England.

Thus did Robert Bruce arise from the condition of an exile, hunted with bloodhounds like a stag or beast of prey, to the rank of an independent sovereign, universally acknowledged to be one of the wisest and bravest kings who then lived. The nation of Scotland was also raised once more from the state of a distressed and conquered province to that of a free and independent state, governed by its own laws, and subject to its own princes; and although the country was, after the Bruce's death, often subjected to great loss and distress, both by the hostility of the English, and by the unhappy civil wars among the Scots themselves, yet they never afterwards lost the freedom for which Wallace had laid down his life, and which King Robert had recovered, no less by his wisdom than by his weapons. And therefore most just it is, that while the country of Scotland retains any recollection of its history, the memory of these brave warriors and faithful patriots ought to be remembered with honour and gratitude.

CHAPTER IX.

Concerning the exploits of Edward Bruce, the Douglas, Randolph Earl of Murray, and the Death of Robert Bruce.

You will be naturally curious to hear what became of Edward, the brother of Robert Bruce, who was so courageous and at the same time so rash. You must know that the Irish, at that time, had been almost fully conquered by the English; but becoming weary of them, the Irish chiefs, or at least a great many of them, invited Edward Bruce to come over, drive out the English, and become their king. He was willing enough to go, for he had always a high courageous spirit, and desired to obtain fame and dominion by fighting. Edward Bruce was as good a soldier as his brother, but not so prudent and cautious; for, except in the affair of killing the Red Comyn, which was a wicked and violent action, Robert Bruce showed

himself as wise as he was courageous. However, he was well contented that his brother Edward, who had always fought so bravely for him, should be raised up to be King of Ireland. Therefore king Robert not only gave him an army to assist in making the conquest, but passed over the sea to Ireland himself in person, with a considerable body of troops to assist him. The Bruces gained several battles, and penetrated far into Ireland; but the English forces were too numerous, and so many of the Irish joined with them rather than with Edward Bruce, that King Robert and his brother were obliged to retreat before them.

The chief commander of the English was a great soldier, called Sir Edmond Butler, and he had assembled a much greater army than Edward Bruce and his brother King Robert had to oppose to him. The Scots were obliged to retreat every morning, that they might not be forced to battle by an army more numerous than their own.

I have often told you, that King Robert the Bruce was a wise and a good prince. But a circumstance happened during this retreat, which showed he was also a kind and humane man. It was one morning, when the English, and their Irish auxiliaries, were pressing hard upon Bruce, who had given his army orders to continue a hasty retreat,—for a battle with a much more numerous army, and in the midst of a country which favoured his enemies, would have been extremely imprudent,—on a sudden, just as King Robert was about to mount his horse, he heard a woman shrieking in despair. "What is the matter?" said the king; and he was informed by his attendants, that a poor woman, a laundress, or washerwoman, mother of an infant who had been just born, was about to be left behind the army, as being too weak to travel. The mother was shrieking for fear of falling into the hands of the Irish, who were accounted very cruel, and there were no carriages or means of sending the woman and her infant on in safety. They must needs be abandoned if the army retreated.

King Robert was silent for a moment when he heard this story, being divided betwixt the feelings of humanity, occasioned by the poor woman's distress, and the danger to which a halt would expose his army. At last he looked round on his officers, with eyes which kindled like fire. "Ah, gentlemen," he said, "never let it be said that a man who was born of a woman, and nursed by a woman's tenderness, should leave a mother and an infant to the mercy of barbarians. In the name of God, let the odds and the risk be what they will, I will fight Edmond Butler rather than leave these poor creatures behind me. Let the army, therefore, draw up in line of battle, instead of retreating."

The story had a singular conclusion; for the English general, seeing that Robert the Bruce halted and offered him battle, and knowing that the Scottish king was one of the best generals then living, conceived that he must have received some large supply of forces, and was afraid to attack him. And thus Bruce had an opportunity to send off the poor woman and her child, and then to retreat at his leisure, without suffering any inconvenience from the halt.

But Robert was obliged to leave the conquest of Ireland to his brother Edward, being recalled by

pressing affairs to his own country. Edward, who was rash as he was brave, engaged, against the advice of his best officers, in battle with an English general, called Sir Piers de Birmingham. The Scots were surrounded on all sides, but continued to fight valiantly, and Edward Bruce showed the example, by fighting in the very front of the battle. At length, a strong English champion, called John Maupas, engaged Edward Bruce hand to hand; and they fought till they killed each other. Maupas was found lying after the battle upon the body of Edward Bruce; both were dead men. After Edward Bruce's death, the Scots gave up further attempts to conquer Ireland.

Robert Bruce continued to reign gloriously for several years, and was so constantly victorious over the English, that the Scots seemed for the time to have acquired a complete superiority over their neighbours. But then we must remember, that Edward II, who then reigned in England, was a foolish prince, and listened to bad counsels; so it is no wonder that he was beaten by so wise and experienced a general as Robert Bruce, who had fought his way to the crown through so many disasters.

In the last year of Robert the Bruce's reign, he became extremely sick and infirm, chiefly owing to a disorder called the leprosy, which he had caught during the hardships and misfortunes of his youth, when he was so frequently obliged to hide himself in woods and morasses, without a roof to shelter him. He lived at a castle on the beautiful banks of the river Clyde, near to where it joined the sea; and his chief amusement was to go upon the river, and down to the sea in a ship, which he kept for his pleasure. He was no longer able to sit upon his war-horse, or to lead his army to the field.

While Bruce was in this feeble state, Edward II King of England died, and was succeeded by his son Edward III. He turned out afterwards to be one of the wisest and bravest kings whom England ever had; but at this time he was very young, and under the entire management of his mother, who governed by means of a wicked favourite called Mortimer.

The war between the English and the Scotch still lasting at that time, Bruce sent his two great commanders, the Good Lord James Douglas, and Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray, to lay waste the counties of Northumberland and Durham, and distress the English as much as they could.

Their soldiers were about twenty thousand men in number, all lightly armed, and mounted on horses that were but small in height, but excessively active. The men themselves carried no provision, except a bag of oatmeal; and each had at his saddle a small plate of iron called a girdle, on which, when they pleased, they could bake the oatmeal into cakes. They killed the cattle of the English, as they travelled through the country, roasted the flesh on wooden spits, or boiled it in the skins of the animals themselves, putting in a little water with the beef, to prevent the fire from burning the hide to pieces. This was rough cookery. They made their shoes, or rather sandals, in as coarse a way, cutting them out of the raw hide of the cattle, and fitting them to their ancles, like what are now called short gaiters. As this sort of buskin had the hairy side of the hide outermost, the English

called those who wore them *rough-footed Scots*, and sometimes, from the colour of the hide, *red-shanks*.

As the army needed to carry nothing with them, either for provisions or ammunition, the Scots moved with amazing speed, from mountain to mountain, and from glen to glen, pillaging and destroying the country wheresoever they came. In the meanwhile, the young King of England pursued them with a much larger army; but, as it was encumbered by the necessity of carrying provisions in great quantities, and by the slow motions of men in heavy armour, they could not come up with the Scots, although they saw every day the smoke of the houses and villages which they were burning. The King of England was extremely angry; for, though only a boy of sixteen years old, he longed to fight the Scots, and to chastise them for the mischief they were doing to his country; and he grew so impatient, that he offered a large reward to any one who would show him where the Scottish army were.

At length, after the English host had suffered severe hardships by want of provisions, and fatiguing journeys through fords, and swamps, and morasses, a gentleman named Rokeby came into the camp, and claimed the reward which the King had offered. He told the King that he had been made prisoner by the Scots, and that they had said they should be as glad to meet the English King as he to see them. Accordingly, Rokeby guided the English army to the place where the Scots lay encamped.

But the English King was no nearer to the battle which he desired, for Douglas and Randolph, knowing the force and numbers of the English army, had taken up their camp on a steep hill, at the bottom of which ran a deep river, having a channel filled with large stones, so that there was no possibility for the English to attack the Scots without crossing the water, and then climbing up the hill in the very face of their enemy,—a risk which was too great to be attempted.

Then the King sent a message of defiance to the Scottish generals, inviting them either to draw back their forces, and allow him freedom to cross the river, and time to place his army in order of battle, on the other side, that they might fight fairly, or offering, if they liked it better, to permit them to cross over to his side without opposition, that they might join battle on a fair field. Randolph and Douglas did nothing but laugh at this message. They said, when they fought, it should be at their own pleasure, and not because the King of England chose to ask for a battle. They reminded him, insultingly, how they had been in his country for many days, burning, taking spoil, and doing what they thought fit. If the King was displeased with this, they said, he must find his way across the river to fight them, the best way he could.

The English King, determined not to quit sight of the Scots, encamped on the opposite side of the river to watch their motions, thinking that want of provisions would oblige them to quit their strong position on the mountains. But the Scots once more showed Edward their dexterity in marching, by leaving their encampment, and taking up another post, even stronger and more difficult to approach than the first which they had occupied. King Edward followed, and again encamped opposite to his dexterous and

troublesome enemies, in hopes to bring them to a battle, when he might easily hope to gain a victory, having more than double the number of the Scottish army, all troops of the very best quality.

While the armies lay thus opposed to each other, Douglas resolved to give the young King of England a lesson in the art of war.—At the dead of night, he left the Scottish camp with a small body of chosen horse, not above two hundred, well armed. He crossed the river in deep silence, and came to the English camp, which was but carelessly guarded. Seeing this, Douglas rode past the English sentinels as if he had been an officer of the English army, saying.—“Ha, Saint George! you keep bad watch here.”—In these days, you must know, the English used to swear by Saint George, as the Scottish did by Saint Andrew. Presently after, Douglas heard an English soldier, who lay stretched by the fire, say to his comrade,—“I cannot tell what is to happen us in this place; but, for my part, I have a great fear of the Black Douglas playing us some trick.”—“You shall have cause to say so,” thought Douglas to himself.

When he had thus got into the midst of the English camp without being discovered, he drew his sword, and cut asunder the ropes of a tent, calling out his usual war-cry,—“Douglas, Douglas! English thieves, you are all dead men.” His followers immediately began to cut down and overturn the tents, cutting and stabbing the English soldiers as they endeavoured to get to arms.

Douglas forced his way to the pavilion of the King himself, and very nearly carried that young prince prisoner out of the middle of his great army. Edward's chaplain, however, and many of his household, stood to arms bravely in his defence, while the young King escaped by creeping away beneath the canvas of his tent. The chaplain and several of the King's officers were slain; but the whole camp was now alarmed and in arms, so that Douglas was obliged to retreat, which he did by bursting through the English at the side of the camp opposite to that by which he had entered. Being separated from his men in the confusion, he was in great danger of being slain by an Englishman, who encountered him with a great club. He killed him, but with considerable difficulty; and then blowing his horn to collect his men, who soon gathered around him, he returned to the Scottish camp, having sustained very little loss.

Edward, much mortified at the insult which he had received, became still more desirous of chastising these audacious adversaries, and one of them at least was not unwilling to afford him an opportunity of revenge. This was Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray. He asked Douglas when he returned to the Scottish camp, “What he had done?”—“We have drawn some blood.”—“Ah,” said the Earl, “had we gone all together to the night attack, we would have discomfited them.”—“It might well have been so,” said Douglas, “but the risk would have been too great.”—“Then will we fight them in open battle,” said Randolph, “for if we remain here, we shall in time be famished for want of provisions.”—“Not so,” replied Douglas; “we will deal with this great army of the English as the fox did with the fisherman in the fable.”—“And how was that?” said the

Earl of Murray. Here the Douglas told him this story:—

“A fisherman,” he said, “had made a hut by a river side, that he might follow his occupation of fishing. Now, one night he had gone out to look after his nets, leaving a small fire in his hut; and when he came back, behold there was a fox in the cabin, taking the liberty to eat one of the finest salmon he had taken. ‘Ho, Mr Robber!’ said the fisherman, drawing his sword, and standing in the door-way to prevent the fox's escape; ‘you shall presently die the death.’ The poor fox looked for some hole to get out at, but saw none; whereupon he pulled down with his teeth a mantle, which was lying on the bed, and dragged it across the fire. The fisherman ran to snatch his mantle from the fire—the fox flew out at the door with the salmon;—and so will we escape the great English army by subtlety, and without risking battle with so large an army.”

Randolph agreed to act by Douglas's counsel, and the Scots army kindled great fires through their encampment, and made a noise and shouting, and blowing of horns, as if they meant to remain all night there, as before. But in the mean time, Douglas had caused a road to be cut through two miles of a great morass which lay in their rear, and which it would otherwise have been impossible that the army could have crossed; and through this passage, which the English never suspected, Douglas and Randolph, and all their men, moved at the dead of night. They did not leave so much as an errand-boy behind, and so bent their march towards Scotland, leaving the English disappointed and affronted.—Great was their wonder in the morning, when they saw the Scottish camp empty, and found no living men in it, but two or three English prisoners tied to trees, whom they had left with an insulting message to the King of England, saying, “If he were displeased with what they had done, he might come and revenge himself in Scotland.”

The place where the Scots fixed this famous encampment, was in the forest of Weardale, in the bishoprick of Durham; and the road which they cut for the purpose of their retreat, is still called the *Shorn Moss*.

After this a peace was concluded with Robert Bruce, on terms highly honourable to Scotland, for the English King renounced all pretensions to the sovereignty of the country; and, moreover, gave his sister, a princess called Joanna, to be wife to Robert Bruce's son, called David. This treaty was very advantageous for the Scots. It was called the *treaty of Northampton*, because it was concluded at that town, in the year 1328.

Good King Robert did not long survive this joyful event. He was not aged more than four-and-fifty years, but, as I said before, his illness was caused by the hardships which he sustained during his youth, and at length he became very ill. Finding that he could not recover, he assembled around his bedside the nobles and counsellors in whom he most trusted. He told them, that now, being on his death-bed, he sorely repented all his misdeeds, and particularly that he had in his passion killed Comyn, with his own hand, in the church and before the altar. He said that if he had lived, he had intended to go to Jeru-

saalem, to make war upon the Saracens, who held the Holy Land. But since he was about to die, he requested of his dearest friend and bravest warrior, and that was the Good Lord James Douglas, that he should carry his heart to the Holy Land.

To make you understand the meaning of this request, I must tell you, that at this time a people called Saracens, who believed in the false prophet Mahomet, had obtained by conquest possession of Jerusalem, and the other cities and places which are mentioned in the Holy Scripture; and the Christians of Europe, who went thither as pilgrims to worship at these places, where so many miracles had been wrought, were insulted by these heathen Saracens. Hence many armies of Christians went from their own countries out of every kingdom of Europe, to fight against these Saracens; and believed that they were doing a great service to religion, and that what sins they had committed would be pardoned by God Almighty, because they had taken a part in this which they called a holy warfare. You may remember that Bruce thought of going upon this expedition when he was in despair of recovering the crown of Scotland, and now he desired his heart to be carried to Jerusalem after his death, and requested Lord James of Douglas to take the charge of it. Douglas wept bitterly as he accepted this office,—the last mark of the Bruce's confidence and friendship.

The King soon afterwards expired, and his heart was taken out from his body and embalmed, that is, prepared with spices and perfumes, that it might remain a long time fresh and uncorrupted. Then the Douglas caused a case of silver to be made, into which he put the Bruce's heart, and wore it around his neck, by a string of silk and gold. And he set forward for the Holy Land, as it was called, with a gallant train of the bravest men in Scotland, who, to show their value and sorrow for their brave king Robert Bruce, resolved to attend his heart to the city of Jerusalem. It had been much better for Scotland if the Douglas and they had staid at home to defend their own country, which was shortly afterwards in great want of their assistance.

Neither did Douglas ever get to the end of his journey. In going to Palestine, he landed in Spain, where the Saracen King or Sultan of Grenada, called Osmyn, was invading the realms of Alphonso, the Spanish King of Castile. King Alphonso received Douglas with great honour and distinction, and people came from all parts to see the great soldier, whose fame was well known through every part of the Christian world. King Alphonso easily persuaded him, that he would do good service to the Christian cause, by assisting him to drive back the Saracens of Grenada, before proceeding on his voyage to Jerusalem. Lord Douglas and his followers went accordingly to a great battle against Osmyn, and had little difficulty in defeating the Saracens who were opposed to them. But being ignorant of the mode of fighting among the cavalry of the East, the Scots pursued the chase too far, and the Moors, when they saw them scattered and separated from each other, turned suddenly back, with a loud cry of *Allah illah Allah*, which is their shout of battle, and surrounded such of the Scottish knights and squires as had advanced too hastily.

In this new skirmish, Douglas saw Sir William St Clair of Roslyn fighting desperately, surrounded by many Moors, who were hewing at him with their sabres. "Yonder worthy knight will be slain," Douglas said, "unless he have present help." With that he galloped to his rescue, but was himself also surrounded by many Moors. When he found the enemy press so thick round him, as to leave him no chance of escaping, he took from his neck the Bruce's heart, and speaking to it, as he would have done to the King had he been alive,—“Pass first in fight,” he said, “as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee, or die.” He then threw the King's heart among the enemy, and rushing forward to the place where it fell, was there slain. His body was found lying above the silver case, as if it had been his last object to defend the Bruce's heart.

This Good Lord James of Douglas was one of the best and wisest soldiers that ever drew a sword. He was said to have fought in seventy battles, being beaten in thirteen, and victorious in fifty-seven. The English accused him of being cruel; and it is said that he had such a hatred at the English archers, that when he made one of them prisoner, he would not dismiss him until he was either blinded of his right eye, or had the first finger of his right hand struck off. The Douglas's Larder also seems a very cruel story; but the hatred at that time betwixt the two countries was at a high pitch, and Lord James was much irritated at the death of his faithful servant Thomas Dickson; on ordinary occasions, he was mild and gentle to his prisoners. The Scottish historians describe the Good Lord James as one who was never dejected by bad fortune, or unduly elated by that which was good. They say he was modest and gentle in time of peace, but had a very different countenance upon a day of battle. He was tall, strong, and well made, of a swarthy complexion, with dark hair, from which he was called the Black Douglas. Notwithstanding the many battles in which he had fought, his face had escaped without a wound. A brave Spanish knight at the court of King Alphonso, whose face was scarred by the marks of Moorish sabres, expressed wonder that Douglas's countenance should be unmarked with wounds. Douglas replied modestly, he thanked God, who had always enabled his hands to guard and protect his face.

Many of Douglas's followers were slain in the battle in which he himself fell. The rest resolved not to proceed on their journey to Palestine, but to return to Scotland. After the time of the Good Lord James, the Douglasses have carried upon their shields a bloody heart, with a crown upon it, in memory of this expedition of Lord James to Spain with the Bruce's heart. In those times men painted such emblems on their shields, that they might be known by them in battle, for their helmet hid their face, and now, as men no longer wear armour in battle, the devices, as they are called, belonging to particular families, are engraved upon their seals or upon their silver plate, or painted upon their carriages.

Thus, for example, there was one of the brave knights who was in the company of Douglas, and was appointed to take charge of the Bruce's heart home-

wards again, who was called Sir Simon Lockhard of Lee. He took afterwards for his device, and painted on his shield, a man's heart, with a padlock upon it, in memory of Bruce's heart, which was padlocked in the silver case. For this reason, men changed Sir Simon's name from Lockhard to Lockhart, and all who are descended from Sir Simon are called Lockhart to this day. Did you ever hear of such a name, Mr Hugh Littlejohn?

Well, the Scottish knights who remained alive returned to their own country. They brought back the heart of the Bruce, and the bones of the Good Lord James. These last were buried in the church of Saint Bride, where Thomas Dickson and Douglas held so terrible a Palm-Sunday. The Bruce's heart was buried below the high altar in Melrose Abbey. As for his body, it was interred in the midst of the church of Dunfermline, under a marble stone. But the church becoming afterwards ruinous, and the roof falling down with age, the monument was broken to pieces, and nobody could tell where it stood. But a little while before Master Hugh Littlejohn was born, which I take to be six or seven years ago, when they were repairing the church at Dunfermline, and removing the rubbish, lo! they found fragments of the marble tomb of Robert Bruce. Then they began to dig farther, thinking to find the body of this celebrated monarch; and at length they came to the skeleton of a tall man, and they knew it must be that of King Robert, both because he is known to have been buried in a winding sheet of cloth of gold, of which many fragments were found about this skeleton, and also because the breastbone appeared to have been sawed through, in order to take out the heart. So orders were sent from the King's Court of Exchequer to guard the bones carefully, until a new tomb should be prepared, into which they were laid with great respect. A great many gentlemen and ladies attended, and almost all the common people in the neighbourhood. And as the church would not hold the numbers, they were allowed to pass through it, one after another, that each one, the poorest as well as the richest, might see all that remained of the great King Robert Bruce, who restored the Scottish monarchy. Many people shed tears; for there was the wasted skull, which once was the head that thought so wisely and boldly for his country's deliverance; and there was the dry bone, which had once been the sturdy arm that killed Sir Henry de Bohun, between the two armies, at a single blow, on the evening before the battle of Bannockburn.

It is more than five hundred years since the body of Bruce was first laid into the tomb; and how many millions of men have died since that time, whose bones could not be recognised, or their names known, any more than those of inferior animals! It was a great thing to see that the wisdom, courage, and patriotism of a King, could preserve him for such a long time in the memory of the people over whom he once reigned. But then, my dear child, you must remember, that it is only desirable to be remembered for praiseworthy and patriotic actions, such as those of Robert Bruce. It would be better for a prince to be forgotten like the meanest peasant, than to be recollected for actions of tyranny or oppression.

CHAPTER X.

Of the Government of Scotland.

I FEAR, my dear Hugh, that this will be rather a dull Chapter, and somewhat difficult to be understood; but if you do not quite comprehend it at the first reading, you may perhaps do so upon a second trial, and I will strive to be as plain and distinct as I can.

As Scotland was never so great or so powerful as during the reign of Robert Bruce, it is a fit time to tell you the sort of laws by which the people were governed and lived in society together.

And first, you must observe, that there are two kinds of government, one called *despotic*, or *absolute*, in which the King can do whatever he pleases with his subjects—seize upon their property, or deprive them of their lives at pleasure. This is the case of almost all the kingdoms of the East, where the Kings, Emperors, Sultans, or whatever other name they bear, may do whatever they like to their subjects, without being controlled by any one. It is very unfortunate for the people who live under such a government, and the subjects can be considered as no better than slaves, having no life nor property safe as soon as the King chuses to take it. Some Kings, it is true, are good men, and use the power which is put into their hands only to do good to the people. But then others are thoughtless, and cunning and wicked persons contrive to get their confidence, by flattery and other base means, and lead them to do injustice, even when perhaps they themselves do not think of it. And, besides, there are bad Kings, who, if they have the uncontrolled power of taking the money and the goods of their subjects, of throwing them into prison, or putting them to death at their pleasure, are apt to indulge their cruelty and their greediness at the expense of the people, and are called by the hateful name of Tyrants.

Those states are therefore a thousand times more happy which have what is called a free government; that is, where the King himself is subject to the laws, and cannot rule otherwise than by means of them. In such governments, the King is controlled and directed by the laws, and can neither put a man to death, unless he has been found guilty of some crime for which the law condemns him to die, nor force him to pay any money beyond what the laws give the Sovereign a right to collect for the general expenses of the state. Almost all the nations of modern Europe have been originally free governments, but in several of them the Kings have acquired a great deal too much power, although not to such an unbounded degree as we find in the Eastern countries. But other countries, like that of Great Britain, have had the good fortune to retain a free constitution, which protects and preserves those who live under it from all oppression, or arbitrary power. We owe this blessing to our brave ancestors, who were at all times ready to defend these privileges with their lives; and we are, on our part, bound to hand them down, in as ample form as we received them, to the posterity who shall come after us.

In Scotland, and through most countries of Europe, the principles of freedom were protected by the feudal system, which was now universally introduced. You recollect that the King, according to that system, bestowed large estates upon the nobles and great barons, who were called vassals, for the fiefs, or possessions which they thus received from the King, and were obliged to follow him when he summoned them to battle, and to attend upon his great council, in which all matters concerning the affairs of the kingdom were considered, and resolved upon. It was in this Great Council, now called a Parliament, that the laws of the kingdom were resolved upon, or altered, at the pleasure, not of the King alone, nor of the Council alone, but as both the King and Council should agree together. I must now tell you particularly how this Great Council was composed, and who had the privilege of sitting there.

At first, there is no doubt that every vassal who held lands directly of the crown, and a baron, or royal vassal, not only had the right, but was obliged to attend the Great Council of the kingdom. Accordingly all the great nobility usually came on the King's summons; but then it was very inconvenient and expensive for men of smaller estates to be making long journeys to the Parliament, and remaining, perhaps, for many days, or weeks, absent from their own families, and their own business. Besides, if all the royal vassals, or freeholders, as they began to be called, had chosen to attend, the number would have been far too great for any purpose of deliberation—it would scarce have been possible to find a room sufficient to hold such a meeting, nor would it be possible for any one to have spoken so as to have made himself understood by such an immense multitude. From this it happened, that instead of attending all of them in their own persons, the lesser barons, as the smaller freeholders were called, to distinguish them from the great nobles, assembled in their different districts, or shires, as the divisions of the country are called, and there made choice of one or two of the wisest and most experienced of their number to attend the Parliament, or Great Council, in the name, and to take care of the interest, of the whole body. Thus, the crown vassals who attended upon and composed the Parliament, or the National Council of Scotland, came to consist of two different bodies, namely, the Peers, or Great Nobility, whom the King especially summoned, and such of the lesser Barons who were sent to represent the crown vassals in the different shires or counties of Scotland. But besides these two different classes, the Great Council also contained the representatives of the clergy, and of the boroughs, or considerable towns.

In the times of the Roman Catholic religion, the churchmen exercised very great power and authority in every kingdom of Europe, and omitted no opportunity by which their importance could be magnified. It is therefore not wonderful, that the chief men of the clergy, such as the bishops, and those abbots of the great abbeys as were called Mitred Abbots, from their being entitled to wear mitres, like bishops, should have obtained seats in Parliament. They were admitted there for the purpose of looking after the affairs of the church, and ranked along with the Peers, or Nobles having titles.

It remains to mention the boroughs. You must know, that, in order to increase the commerce and industry of the country, and also to establish some balance against the immense power of the great Lords, the Kings of Scotland, from an early period, had been in the use of granting considerable privileges to many of the towns in their dominions, which, in consequence of the charters which they obtained from the crown, were termed royal boroughs. The citizens of these boroughs had the privilege of electing their own magistrates, and had considerable revenues, some from lands conferred on them by the King, others from tolls and taxes upon commodities brought into the town. These revenues were laid out by the magistrates (usually called the Provost and Bailies) for the use of the town. The same magistrates, in these warlike days, led out the burghers, or townsmen, to battle, either in defence of the town's lands and privileges, which were often attacked by the great lords and barons in their neighbourhood, or for the purpose of fighting against the English. The burghers were all well trained to arms, and were obliged to attend the king's army, or host, whenever they were summoned to do so. Besides other privileges, the boroughs had the very important right to send representatives, or commissioners, who sat in Parliament to look after the interest of the towns which they represented, as well as to assist in the general affairs of the nation.

You may here remark, that there the Scottish Parliament entirely resembled the English in the nature of its constitution. But there was this very material difference in the mode of transacting business, that in England, the peers, or great nobility, with the bishops, and great abbots, sat, deliberated, and voted in a body by themselves, which was called the House of Lords, or of Peers, and the representatives of the counties, or shires, together with those of the boroughs, occupied a different place of meeting, and were called the Lower House, or House of Commons. In Scotland, on the contrary, the nobles, prelates, representatives for the shires, and delegates for the boroughs, all sat in the same apartment, and debated and voted as members of the same assembly. Since the union of the kingdoms of England and Scotland, the Parliament, which represents both countries, sits and votes in two distinct bodies, called the two Houses of Parliament, and there are many advantages attending that form of conducting the national business.

You now have some idea of the nature of the Parliament, or Grand Council of the nation, and of the various classes of persons who had a right to sit there. I am next to tell you, that they were summoned together and dismissed by the King's orders; and that all business belonging to the nation was transacted by their advice and opinion. Whatever measures they proposed passed into laws, on receiving the consent of the King, which was intimated by touching with the sceptre the laws which were passed by the Parliament. Thus you see that the laws by which the country was governed, were, in a great measure, of the people's own making, being agreed to by their representatives in Parliament. When, in particular, it was necessary to raise money for any public purpose, there was a necessity for obtaining

the consent of Parliament, both as to the amount of the sum, and the manner in which it was to be collected; so that the King could not raise any money from the subjects, without the approbation of his Grand Council.

It may be said, in general, of the Scottish laws, that they were as wisely adapted for the purpose of government as those of any state in Europe at that early period; nay, more, that they exhibit the strongest marks of foresight and sagacity. But it was the great misfortune of Scotland, that the good laws which the Kings and Parliaments agreed upon were not carried steadily into execution; but, on the contrary, were broken through and neglected, just as if they did not exist at all. I will endeavour to explain some of the causes of this negligence.

The principal evil was the great power of the nobility, which was such as to place them almost beyond the control of the King's authority. The great noblemen had obtained the power of administering justice each upon his own estate; and therefore the whole power of detecting, trying, and punishing crimes, rested in the first place with these great men. Now, most of those great lords were much more interested in maintaining their own authority, and extending their own power, within the provinces which they occupied, than in promoting general good order and tranquillity through the country at large. They were almost constantly engaged in quarrels with each other, and often with the King himself. Sometimes they fought amongst themselves, sometimes they united together against the King. On all occasions they were disposed for war, rather than peace, and therefore took little care to punish the criminals who offended against public order. Instead of bringing to trial the persons who committed murder, robbery, and other violent actions, they often protected them, and enlisted them in their own immediate service, and frequently, from revenge or ambition, were actually the private encouragers of the mischief which these men perpetrated.

The judged names by the King, and acting under his authority, had a right indeed to apprehend and to punish such offenders against the public peace, when they could get hold of them. But then it was very difficult to seize upon many of the persons accused of such acts of violence, when the powerful lords in whose territory they lived were disposed to assist them in concealing themselves, or making their escape. And even when the king's courts were able to seize such culprits, there was a law which permitted the lord on whose territory the crime had been committed, to demand that the accused persons should be delivered up to him, to be tried in his own court. A nobleman or baron making such a demand, was, indeed, obliged to give security that he would execute justice on the persons within a certain reasonable time. But such was the weakness of the royal government, and such the great power of the nobility, and the barons of high rank, that if they once got the persons accused into their own hand, they might easily contrive either to let him escape, or to have him acquitted after a mock trial. Thus, it was always difficult, and often impossible to put in execution the good laws which were made in the Scottish Parliament, on account of the great power possessed by the

nobles, who, in order to preserve and extend their own authority, threw all manner of interruption in the way of public justice.

Each of these nobles within the country which was subject to him, more resembled a king himself than a subject of the Monarch of Scotland, and in one or two instances, we shall see that some of them became so powerful as to threaten to dispossess the kings of their throne and dominions. The very smallest of them often made war on each other without the king's consent, and thus there was a universal scene of disorder and bloodshed through the whole country. These disorders seemed to be rendered perpetual by a custom which was called by the name of *deadly feud*. When two men of different families quarrelled, and the one injured or slew the other, the relatives of the deceased or wronged person, knowing that the laws could afford them no redress, set about obtaining revenge, by putting to death some relation of the individual who had done the injury, without regarding how innocent the subject of their vengeance might have been of the original cause of offence. Then the others in their turn again endeavoured to execute a similar revenge upon some one of the family who had first received the injury; and thus the quarrel was carried on from father to son, and often lasted betwixt families that were neighbours, and ought to have been good friends, for several generations, during which time they were said to be at *deadly feud* with each other.

From the want of due exercise of the laws, and from the revengeful disposition which led to such long and fatal quarrels, the greatest distresses followed to the country. When, for example, the Kings of Scotland assembled their armies, in order to fight against the English, who were then the public enemy, they could bring together indeed a number of brave nobles, with their followers, but there always was great difficulty, and sometimes an absolute impossibility of making them act together, each being jealous of his own authority; and many of them engaged in personal quarrels either of their own making, or such as existed in consequence of this fatal and cruel custom of *deadly feud*, which having been originally perhaps some quarrel of little importance, had become inveterate by the cruelties and crimes which had been committed on both sides, and was handed down from father to son. It is true, that under a wise and vigorous prince, like Robert the Bruce, these too powerful barons were overawed by his wisdom and authority. But we will see too often, that when kings and generals of inferior capacity were at their head, their quarrels amongst themselves often subjected them to defeat and to disgrace. And this accounts for a fact which we will often have occasion to notice, that when the Scottish engaged in great battles with large armies, in which, of course, many of these proud independent nobles were assembled, they were frequently defeated by the English; whereas, when they fought in smaller bodies with the same enemy, they were very often victorious over them, because at such times, the Scots were agreed among themselves, and obeyed the commands of one leader, without pretending to dispute his authority.

These causes of private crimes and public defeat, subsisted even in the midland counties of Scotland, such as the three Lothians, Fifeshire, and other pro-

vinces, where the King generally resided, and where he necessarily possessed most power to maintain his own authority, and enforce the execution of the laws. But there were two great divisions of the country, the Highlands namely, and the Borders, which were so much wilder and more barbarous than the others, that they might be said to be altogether without law; and although they were subjected in name to the King of Scotland, yet when he desired to execute any justice in either of these great districts, he could not do so otherwise than by marching there in person, at the head of a strong body of forces, and seizing upon the offenders, and putting them to death with little or no form of trial. Such a rough course of justice, perhaps, made these disorderly countries quiet for a short time, but it rendered them still more averse to the royal government in their hearts, and disposed on the slightest occasion to break out, either into disorders amongst themselves, or into open rebellion. I must give you some more particular account of these wild and uncivilized districts of Scotland, and of the particular sort of people who were their inhabitants, that you may know what I mean when I speak of Highlanders and Borderers.

The Highlands of Scotland, so called from the rocky and mountainous character of the country, consists of a very large proportion of the northern parts of Scotland. It was into these pathless wildernesses that the Romans drove the ancient inhabitants of Great Britain; and it was from these that they afterwards sallied to invade and distress that part of Britain which the Romans had conquered, and in some degree civilized. The inhabitants of the Highlands spoke, and still speak, a language totally different from the Lowland Scotch. That last language does not greatly differ from English, and the inhabitants of both countries easily understand each other, though neither of them comprehend the Gaelic, which is the language of the Highlanders. The dress of these mountaineers was also different from that of the Lowlanders. They wore a plaid, or mantle of frieze, or of a striped stuff called tartan, one end of which being wrapt round the waist, formed a short petticoat, which descended to the knee, while the rest was wrapt around them like a sort of a cloak. They had buskins made of raw hide; and those who could get a bonnet, had that covering for their heads, though many never wore one during their whole lives, but had only their own shaggy hair tied back by a leathern strap. They went always armed, carrying bows and arrows, large swords, which they wielded with both hands, called claymores, pole-axes, and daggers for close fight. For defence, they had a round wooden shield, or target, stuck full of nails; and their great men had shirts of mail, not unlike to the flannel shirts now worn, only composed of links of iron instead of threads of worsted; but the common men were so far from desiring armour, that they sometimes threw their plaid saway, and fought in their shirts, which they had very long and large, after the Irish fashion.

This part of the Scottish nation was divided into clans, that is tribes. The persons composing each of these clans believed themselves all to be descended, at some distant period, from the same common ancestor, whose name they usually bore. Thus, one

tribe was called MacDonald, which signifies the sons of Donald; another MacGregor, or the sons of Gregor; MacNiel, the sons of Niel, and so on.

Every one of these tribes had its own separate chief, or commander, whom they supposed to be the immediate descendant of the great father of the tribe from whom they were all descended. To this chief they paid the most unlimited obedience, and willingly followed his commands in peace or war, not caring though, in doing so, they transgressed the laws of the King, or went into rebellion against the King himself. Each tribe lived in a valley, or district of the mountains, separated from the others; and they often made war upon, and fought desperately with each other. But with Lowlanders they were always at war. They differed from them in language, in dress, and in manners; and they believed that the richer grounds of the low country had formerly belonged to their ancestors, and therefore they made incursions upon it, and plundered it without mercy. The Lowlanders, on the other hand, equal in courage and superior in discipline, gave many severe checks to the Highlanders, and thus there was almost constant war or discord between them, though natives of the same country.

Some of the most powerful of the Highland chiefs set up as independent sovereigns. Such were the famous Lords of the Isles, called Macdonald, to whom the Islands called the Hebrides, lying on the north-west of Scotland, might be said to belong in property. These petty sovereigns made alliances with the English in their own name. They took the part of Robert the Bruce in the wars, and joined him with their forces. We will find that, after his time, they gave great disturbance to Scotland. The Lords of Lorn, MacDougal by name, were also extremely powerful; and you have seen that they were able to give battle to Bruce, and to defeat him, and place him in the greatest jeopardy. He revenged himself afterwards by driving John of Lorn out of the country, and by giving great part of his possessions to his own nephew, Sir Colin Campbell, who became the first of the great family of Argyle, which afterwards enjoyed such power in the Highlands.

Upon the whole, you can easily understand; that these Highland clans, living among such high and inaccessible mountains, and paying obedience to no one save their own chiefs, should have been very instrumental in disturbing the tranquillity of the kingdom of Scotland. They had many virtues, being a kind, brave, and hospitable people, and remarkable for their fidelity to their chiefs. But they were restless, revengeful, fond of plunder, and delighting rather in war than in peace, in disorder than in repose.

The Border countries were in a state little more favourable to a quiet or peaceful government. In some respects the inhabitants of the counties of Scotland lying opposite to England, greatly resembled the Highlanders, and particularly in their being, like them, divided into clans, and having chiefs, whom they obeyed in preference to the king, or the officers whom he placed among them. How clanship came to prevail in the Highlands and Borders, and not in the provinces which separated them from each other, it is not easy to conjecture, but the fact was so.

The Borders are not, indeed, so mountainous and inaccessible a country as the Highlands, but they also are full of hills, especially on the more western part of the frontier, and were in early times covered with forests, and divided by small rivers and morasses into dales and valleys, where the different clans lived, making war sometimes on the English, sometimes on each other, and sometimes on the more civilized country which lay behind them.

But though the Borderers resembled the Highlanders in their mode of government and habits of plundering, and, as it may be truly added, in their disobedience to the general government of Scotland, yet they differed in many particulars. The Highlanders fought always on foot, the Borderers were all horsemen; the Borderers spoke the same language with the Lowlanders, wore the same sort of dress, and carried the same arms. Being accustomed to fight against the English, they were also much better disciplined. But in point of obedience to the Scottish government, they were not much different from the clans of the north.

Military officers, called Wardens, were appointed along the Borders, to keep these unruly people in order, but as these Wardens were generally themselves chiefs of clans, they did not do much to mend the evil. Robert the Bruce committed great part of the charge of the Borders to the Good Lord James of Douglas, who discharged his trust with great fidelity. But the power which the family of Douglas thus acquired, proved afterwards, in the hands of his successors, very dangerous to the crown of Scotland.

Thus you see how much the poor country of Scotland was torn to pieces by the quarrels of the nobles, the weakness of the laws, the disorders of the Highlands, and the restless incursions of the Borderers. If Robert the Bruce had lived, and preserved his health, he would have done much to bring the country to a more orderly state. But Providence had decreed, that in the time of his son and successor, Scotland was to fall back into a state almost as miserable as that from which that great prince rescued it.

CHAPTER XI

Regency and Death of Randolph—Battle of Dupplin—Accession of Edward Baliol to the Throne of Scotland, and his Flight to England—Battle of Halidon Hill, and Return of Baliol.

ROBERT BRUCE, the greatest King who ever wore the Scottish crown, being dead, as you have been told, the kingdom descended to his son David, who was called David the Second, to distinguish him from the first King of that name, who reigned about a hundred years before. This David the Second was only four years old at his father's death; and although we have seen children who thought themselves very wise at that age, yet it is not usual to give them the management of kingdoms. So Randolph, Earl of Moray, of whom you have heard so much, became what is called Regent of the kingdom of Scotland; that is, he exercised the royal authority until the King should be old enough to take the charge upon himself. This wise provision had been made by Bruce, with

consent of the Parliament of Scotland, and was very acceptable to the kingdom.

The Regent was very strict in administering justice. If a husbandman had the plough-irons stolen from his plough when he left them in the field, Randolph caused the Sheriff of the county to pay the value; because it was the duty of that magistrate to protect property left in the open fields. A fellow tried to cheat under colour of this law: he hid his own plough-irons, and pretending they were stolen, claimed the price from the Sheriff, and was paid accordingly the estimated value, which was two shillings. But the fraud being discovered, the Regent caused the man to be hanged.

Upon one occasion, a criminal who had slain a priest, and afterwards fled to Rome and done penance there, was brought before the Regent. The culprit confessed the murder, but pleaded that he had obtained the Pope's pardon. "The Pope," said Randolph, "might pardon you for killing a priest, but his remission cannot avail you for murdering a subject of the King of Scotland." This was asserting a degree of independence of the Pope's authority, which was very unusual among the princes and governors of the time.

While the Regent was sitting in judgment at Wigton, in Galloway, a man stepped forward to complain, that at the very time he was speaking, a company of his enemies were lying in ambush in a neighbouring forest, to put him to death. Randolph sent a party of his attendants to seize the men, and bring them before him. "Is it you," said he, "who lie in wait to kill the King's liege subjects?—To the gallows with them instantly."

Randolph was to be praised for his justice, but not for his severity. He appears to have taken a positive pleasure in putting criminals to death, which marked the ferocity of the times and the turn of his own disposition. Having sent his Coroner before him to Ellandonan Castle in the Highlands, to execute certain thieves and robbers, that officer caused their heads to be hung round the walls of the castle, to the number of fifty. When Randolph came down the lake in a barge, and saw the castle adorned with these grim and bloody heads, he said, "He loved better to look upon them than on any garland of roses he had ever seen."

The efforts of the Regent to preserve the establishment of justice and order were soon interrupted, and he was called upon to take measures for the defence of the country; for Robert Bruce was no sooner in his grave than the enemies of his family began to plot the means of destroying the government which he had established. The principal person concerned in these machinations was Edward Baliol, the son of that John Baliol who was formerly created King of Scotland by Edward I, and afterwards dethroned by him, and committed to prison, when Edward desired to seize upon the country for himself. After being long detained in prison, John Baliol was at length suffered to go to France, where he died in obscurity. But his son Edward Baliol, seeing, as he thought, a favourable opportunity, resolved to renew the claim of his father to the Scottish throne. He came over to England with this purpose, and although Edward III, then King of England, remembering the late successes of

the Scots, did not think it prudent to enter into a war with them, yet Baliol found a large party of powerful English Barons well disposed to aid his enterprise. Their cause of resentment was as follows:—

When Scotland was freed from the dominion of England, all the Englishmen to whom Edward the First, or his successors, had given lands within that kingdom, were of course deprived of them. But there was another class of English proprietors in Scotland, who claimed estates to which they succeeded, not by the grant of the English prince, but by inheritance from Scottish families, to whom they were related; and their pretensions were admitted by Robert Bruce himself, at the treaty of peace made at Northampton, in 1328, in which it was agreed that these English Lords should receive back their Scottish inheritances. Notwithstanding this agreement, Bruce, who did not desire to see Englishmen enjoy land in Scotland, under what pretext soever, refused, or delayed at least, to fulfil this part of the treaty. Hence, upon the death of that monarch, the disinherited Lords resolved to levy forces, and unite themselves with Edward Baliol, to recover their estates, and determined to invade Scotland for that purpose. But their united forces did not amount to more than four hundred men-at-arms, and about four thousand archers and soldiers of every description. This was a small army with which to invade a nation which had defended itself so well against the whole English forces; but Scotland was justly supposed to be much weakened by the death of her valiant King.

A great misfortune befel the country, in the unexpected death of the Regent Randolph, whose experience and valour might have done so much for the protection of Scotland. He had assembled an army, and was busied with preparations for defence against the enterprise of Baliol and the disinherited Lords, when, wasted by a painful and consuming disorder, he died at Musselburgh, July, 1332. The regret of the Scottish nation for the Regent's death was so great, that it has occasioned their historians to allege that he was poisoned by the English; but for this there seems no foundation.

Donald, Earl of Mar, nephew to Robert Bruce, was appointed by the Scottish Parliament to be Regent in the room of the Earl of Moray; but he was without experience as a soldier, and of far inferior talents as a man.

Meantime, the King of England, still affecting to maintain peace with Scotland, prohibited the disinherited Lords from invading Scotland from the English frontier. But he did not object to their equipping a small fleet in an obscure English seaport, for the purpose of accomplishing the same object by sea. They landed in Fife, with Baliol at their head, and defeated the Earl of Fife, who marched hastily to oppose them. They then advanced northward towards Dupplin, near which the Earl of Mar lay encamped with a large army, whilst another, under the Earl of March, was advancing from the southern counties of Scotland to attack the disinherited Lords on the flank and in the rear.

It seemed as if that small handful of men must have been destroyed by the numbers collected to oppose them. But Edward Baliol took the bold resolution of attacking the Regent's army by night, and in their

camp. With this purpose he crossed the Earn, which river divided the two hostile armies. The Earl of Mar had placed no sentries, nor observed any other of the usual precautions against surprise, and the English came upon his army while the men were asleep and totally unprepared. They made a great slaughter amongst the Scots, whose numbers only served to increase the confusion. The Regent was himself slain, with the Earls of Carrick, of Moray, of Menteith, and many other men of eminence. Many thousands of the Scots were slain with the sword, smothered in the flight, or drowned in the river. The English were themselves surprised at gaining, with such inferior numbers, so great and decided a victory.

I said that the Earl of March was advancing with the southland forces, to assist the regent. But upon learning Mar's defeat and death, March acted with so little activity or spirit, that he was not unjustly suspected of being favourably inclined to Baliol's cause. That victorious general now assumed the crown of Scotland, which was placed upon his head at Scoon; a great part of Scotland surrendered to his authority, and it seemed as if the fatal battle of Dupplin, fought 12th August, 1332, had destroyed all the advantages which had been gained in that of Bannockburn.

Edward Baliol made an unworthy use of his success. He hastened again to acknowledge the King of England as his liege lord and superior, although every claim to such supremacy had been renounced, and the independence of Scotland explicitly acknowledged by the treaty of Northampton. He also surrendered to England the strong town and castle of Berwick, and engaged to become his follower in all his wars, at his own charges. Edward III engaged on his part to maintain Baliol in possession of the crown of Scotland. Thus was the kingdom reduced pretty much to the same state of dependence and subjection to England as when the grandfather of Edward placed the father of Baliol on the throne, in the year 1292, about forty years before.

But the success of Baliol was rather apparent than real. The Scottish patriots were in possession of many of the strengths of the country, and the person of the young King David was secured in Dumbarton Castle, one of the strongest fortresses in Scotland, or perhaps in the world.

At no period of her history was Scotland devoid of brave men, able and willing to defend her rights. When the scandalous treaty, by which Baliol had surrendered the independence of his country to Edward, came to be known in Scotland, the successors of Bruce's companions were naturally among the first to assert the cause of freedom. John Randolph, second son of the Regent, had formed a secret union with Archibald Douglas, a younger brother of the Good Lord James, and they proceeded to imitate the actions of their relatives. They suddenly assembled a considerable force, and attacking Baliol, who was feasting near Annan, they cut his guards in pieces, killed his brother, and chased him out of Scotland, in such haste, that he escaped on horseback, without time to clothe himself, or even to saddle his horse.

Archibald Douglas, who afterwards became Earl of Douglas, was a brave man, like his father, but not so good a general, nor so fortunate in his undertakings.

There was another Douglas, called Sir William, a

acnatural son of the Good Lord James, who made a great figure at this period. Although a bastard by birth, he had acquired a large fortune by marrying with the heiress of the Grahames of Dalkeith, and possessed the strong castle of the same name, with the still more important one called the Hermitage, a large and massive fortress situated in the wild country of Liddesdale, within three or four miles of the English Border. This Sir William Douglas, called usually the Knight of Liddesdale, was a very brave man and a valiant soldier; but he was fierce, cruel, and treacherous, so that he did not keep up the reputation of his father, the Good Lord James, as a man of loyalty and honour, although he resembled him in military talents.

Besides these champions, all of whom declared against Baliol, there was Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell, who had married Christian, sister of Robert Bruce, and aunt of the young king David. He had so high a reputation that the Scottish Parliament appointed him Regent, in room of the Earl of Mar, slain at Dupplin.

Edward III of England now formally declared war against Scotland, proposing to support the cause of Baliol, to take possession of Berwick, which that pretended King had yielded up to him, and to chastise the Scots for what he called their rebellion. He placed himself at the head of a great army, and marched towards the frontier.

In the meantime, the war had begun in a manner most unfavourable for Scotland. Sir Andrew Murray, and the Knight of Liddesdale, were both made prisoners in separate skirmishes with the English, and their loss at the time was of the worst consequence to Scotland.

Archibald Douglas, the brother, as I have just said, of the Good Lord James, was hastily appointed Regent, in the room of Sir Andrew Murray, and advanced with a large army to relieve the town of Berwick, then closely besieged by Edward III. with all his host. The garrison made a determined defence, and the Regent endeavoured to relieve them by giving battle to the English, in which he showed more courage than military conduct.

The Scottish army were drawn up on the side of an eminence called Halidon-hill, within two miles of Berwick. King Edward moved with his whole host to attack them. The battle, like that of Falkirk and many others, was decided by that formidable force, the archers of England. They were posted in a marshy ground, from which they discharged their arrows in the most tremendous and irresistible volleys against the Scots, who, drawn up on the slope of the hill, were fully exposed to this destructive discharge, without having the means of answering it.

I have told you before, that these English archers were the best ever known in war. They were accustomed to the use of the bow from the time they were children of seven years old, when they were made to practise with a little bow suited to their size and strength, which was every year exchanged for one larger and stronger, till they were able to draw that of a full-grown man. Besides being thus familiarized with the weapon, the archers of England were taught to draw the bow-string to their right ear, while other European nations only drew it to

their breast. If you try the difference of the posture, you will find that a much longer arrow can be drawn to the ear than to the breast, because the right hand has more room.

While the Scots suffered under these practised and skilful archers, whose arrows fell like hail amongst them, throwing their ranks into disorder, and piercing the finest armour as if it had been pasteboard, they made desperate attempts to descend the hill, and come to close combat. The Earl of Ross advanced to the charge, and had he been seconded by a sufficient body of the Scottish cavalry, he might have changed the fate of the day; but as this was not the case, the Earls of Ross, Sutherland, and Menteith were overpowered and slain, with all their followers, by the English cavalry, who advanced to protect the archers. The defeat of the Scots was then complete. A number of their best and bravest nobility were slain, and amongst them Archibald Douglas, the Regent: very many were made prisoners. Berwick surrendered in consequence of the defeat, and Scotland seemed again to be completely conquered by the English.

Edward once more overran the kingdom, seized and garrisoned castles, extorted from Edward Baliol, the nominal King, the complete cession of great part of the southern counties, named governors of the castles and sheriffs of the counties, and exercised complete authority, as over a conquered country. Baliol, on his part, assumed once more the rule of the northern and western part of Scotland, which he was permitted to retain, under the vassalage of the English monarch. It was the opinion of most people that the Scottish wars were ended, and that there no longer remained a man of that nation who had influence to raise an army, or skill to conduct one.

CHAPTER XII.

Siege of the Castle of Loch Leven—Battle of Kilblene—Siege of Dunbar Castle—Sir Andrew Murray—State of the Country—Tournaments.

THE English, a more powerful and richer nation, better able to furnish forth and maintain large armies, often gained great victories over the Scots; but in return, the Scots had a determined love of independence, and hatred of foreign tyranny, which induced them always to maintain their resistance under the most unfavourable circumstances, and to regain, by slow, stubborn, and continued exertions, the losses which they sustained.

Through the whole country of Scotland, only four castles and a small tower acknowledged the sovereignty of David Bruce, after the battle of Halidon; and it is wonderful to see how the patriots soon afterwards changed, by their efforts, that unfavourable and seemingly desperate state of things. In the several skirmishes and battles which were fought all over the kingdom, the Scots, knowing the country, and having the good-will of the inhabitants, were generally successful, as also in surprising castles and forts, cutting off convoys of provisions which were going to the English, and destroying scattered parties of the enemy; so that, by a long and incessant course of fighting, the patriots gradually regained what they

lost in great battles. I will tell you one or two of the incidents which befell during this bloody war.

Loch Leven Castle, situated on an island upon a large lake, was one of the four which held out in name of David the Bruce, and would not submit to Edward Baliol. The governor was a loyal Scotsman, called Alan Vipont, assisted by Jaques or James Lamby. The castle was besieged by Sir John Stirling, a follower of Baliol, with an army of English. As the besiegers dared not approach the island with boats, Stirling fell on a singular device to oblige the garrison to surrender. There is a small river, called the Leven, which runs out of the eastern extremity of the lake, or loch. Across this stream the besiegers reared a very strong and lofty mound, or barrier, so as to prevent the waters of the Leven from leaving the lake. They expected that the waters of the lake would rise in consequence of being thus confined, and that they would overflow the island, and oblige Vipont to surrender. But Vipont sending out at dead of night a small boat with four men, they made a breach in the mound, and the whole body of water, breaking forth with incredible fury, swept away the tents, baggage, and troops of the besiegers, and nearly destroyed their army. The remains of the English mound are shown to this day, though some doubt has been expressed as to the truth of the incident. It is certain the English were obliged to raise the siege with loss.

While these wars were proceeding with increased fury, the Knight of Liddesdale, and Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell, returned to Scotland, having been freed from their imprisonment, by paying a large ransom; the Earl of March also embraced the party of David Bruce. An equally brave champion was Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalwolsy, who, placing himself at the head of a brave troop of young Scotsmen, chose for his residence the large caves which are still to be seen in the glen of Roslin, from which he used to sally forth and fight with the Englishmen and their adherents. From this place of refuge he sometimes made excursions as far as Northumberland, and drove spoil from that country. No young Scottish soldier was thought fit to pretend to any renown in arms unless he had served in Ramsay's band.

A considerable battle was fought in the north of Scotland, which turned to the advantage of the young King. Kildrummie Castle was one of the four which held out for David Bruce. It was defended by King David's aunt, a venerable matron, Christian Bruce, the wife of Sir Andrew Murray, and the sister of the brave King Robert; for in those warlike days women commanded castles, and sometimes fought in battle. This castle, which was one of the last places of refuge for the patriots, was besieged by David Hastings, the Earl of Athole, one of the disinherited Lords, who, having changed sides more than once during the war, had at length turned entirely to the English party. Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell, who had resumed his office of Regent, resolved to assemble the strongest force which the patriots could muster, and calling together the Knight of Liddesdale, Ramsay, and the Earl of March, he moved against the Earl of Athole, to compel him to raise the siege of Kildrummie, and relieve its heroic defender. All these great nobles were unable to raise above one thousand

men, while Athole had three times that number under his command.

But as the Scots approached the territory of Kildrummie, they were joined by one John Craig. This gentleman belonged to the royalists of Scotland, but having been made prisoner by the Earl of Athole, he had agreed to pay a large ransom, and the morrow was the time appointed for payment. He was therefore anxious to bring about the defeat or death of Athole before the money was paid to him, and thus to save his ransom. With this purpose, he conducted the Scotsmen through the forest of Braemar, where they were joined by the natives of that territory, and thus came suddenly on the Earl of Athole, who lay encamped in the forest. Athole started up in surprise when he saw the enemies appear so unexpectedly; but he was a stout-hearted man, though fickle in his political attachments. He looked at a great rock which lay beside him, and swore an oath that he would not fly that day until that rock should show him the example. A small brook divided the two parties. The Knight of Liddesdale, who led the van of the Scots, advanced a little way down the bank on his side, then taking his spear by the middle, and keeping his own men back with it, he bade them *halt*, which occasioned some murmurs. The Earl of Athole, seeing this pause, exclaimed, "These men are half discomfited;" and rushed to charge them, followed by his men in some disorder. When they had passed the brook, and were ascending the bank on the other side,—“Now is our time,” said the Knight of Liddesdale, and charged down hill with levelled lances, bearing Athole's followers backwards into the ford. He himself, disdaining quarter, was slain under a great oak-tree. This was the battle of Kilblene, fought on Saint Andrew's-day, 1335.

Among the warlike exploits of this period, we must not forget the defence of the Castle of Dunbar by the celebrated Countess of March. Her lord, as we have seen, had embraced the side of David Bruce, and had taken the field with the Regent. The Countess, who from her complexion was termed Black Agnes, by which name she is still familiarly remembered, was a high-spirited and courageous woman, the daughter of that Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, whom I have so often mentioned, and the heiress of his valour and patriotism. The Castle of Dunbar itself was very strong, being built upon a chain of rocks stretching into the sea, having only one passage to the mainland, which was well fortified. It was besieged by Montague, Earl of Salisbury, who employed to destroy its walls great military engines, constructed to throw huge stones, with which machines fortifications were attacked before the use of cannon.

Black Agnes set all his attempts at defiance, and showed herself with her maids on the walls of the castle, wiping the places where the huge stones fell with a clean towel, as if they could do no ill to her castle, save raising a little dust, which a napkin could wipe away.

The Earl of Salisbury then commanded them to bring forward to the assault an engine of another kind, being a species of wooden shed, or house, rolled forward on wheels, with a roof of peculiar strength, which, from resembling the ridge of a hog's back, occasioned the machine to be called a Sow. This,

according to the old mode of warfare, was thrust up to the walls of a besieged castle or city, and served to protect from the arrows and stones of the besieged a party of soldiers placed within the sow, who were in the meanwhile to undermine the wall, or break an entrance through it with pick-axes and mining tools. When the Countess of March saw this engine advanced to the walls of the castle, she called out the Earl of Salisbury in derision, and making a kind of rhyme —

* Beware, Montagow,
For farrow shall thy sow.*

At the same time she made a signal, and a huge fragment of rock, which hung prepared for the purpose, was dropped down from the wall upon the sow, whose roof was thus dashed to pieces. As the English soldiers, who had been within it, were running as fast as they could to get out of the way of the arrows and stones from the wall, Black Agnes called out, "Behold the litter of English pigs!"

The Earl of Salisbury could jest also on such serious occasions. One day he rode near the walls with a knight dressed in armour of proof, having three folds of mail over an acton, or leathern jacket; notwithstanding which, one William Spens shot an arrow with such force that it penetrated all these defences, and reached the heart of the wearer. "That is one of my lady's love-tokens," said the Earl, as he saw the knight fall dead from his horse. "Black Agnes's love-shafts pierce to the heart."

Upon another occasion, the Countess of March had well nigh made the Earl of Salisbury her prisoner. She made one of her people enter into treaty with the besiegers, pretending to betray the castle. Trusting to this agreement, the Earl came at midnight before the gate, which he found open, and the portcullis drawn up. As Salisbury was about to enter, one John Copland, a squire of Northumberland, pressed on before him, and as soon as he passed the threshold, the portcullis was dropped, and thus the Scots missed their principal prey, and made prisoner only a person of inferior condition.

At length, the Castle of Dunbar was relieved by Alexander Ramsay of Dalwolsy, who brought the Countess supplies by sea both of men and provisions. The Earl of Salisbury, learning this, despaired of success, and raised the siege, which had lasted nineteen weeks. The minstrels made songs in praise of the perseverance and courage of Black Agnes. The following lines are nearly the sense of what is preserved:

She kept a stir in tower and trench,
That brawling boisterous Scottish wench:
Came I early, came I late,
I found Agnes at the gate.

The brave Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell, the Regent of Scotland, died in 1338, while the war was raging on all sides. He was a good patriot, and a great loss to his country, to which he had rendered the highest services. There is a story told of him, which shows how composed he could be in circumstances of great danger. He was in the Highlands with a small body of followers, when the King of England came upon him with an army of twenty

thousand. The Regent heard the news, but, being then about to hear mass, did not permit his devotions to be interrupted. When mass was ended, the people around him pressed him to order a retreat. "There is no haste," said Murray, composedly. At length his horse was brought out, he was about to mount, and all expected that the retreat was to commence. But the Regent observed that a strap of his armour had given way, and this interposed new delays. He sent for a particular coffer, out of which he took a piece of skin, and cut and formed with his own hand, and with much deliberation, the strap which he wanted. By this time, the English were drawing very near, and as they were so many in number, some of the Scottish knights afterwards told the historian who narrates the incident, that no space of time ever seemed so long to them as that which Sir Andrew employed in cutting the thong of leather. Now, if this had been done in a mere vaunting or bragging manner, it would have been the behaviour of a vain-glorious fool. But Sir Andrew Murray had already fixed upon the mode of his retreat, and he knew that every symptom of coolness and deliberation which he might show would render his men steady and composed in their turn, from beholding the confidence of their leader. He at length gave the word, and, putting himself at the head of his followers, made a most masterly retreat, during which the English, notwithstanding their numbers, were unable to obtain any advantage over him; so well did the Regent avail himself of the nature of the ground.

You may well imagine, my dear child, that during these long and terrible wars which were waged, when castles were defended and taken, prisoners made, many battles fought, and numbers of men wounded and slain, the state of the country of Scotland was most miserable. There was no finding refuge or protection in the law, at a time when everything was decided by the strongest arm and the longest sword. There was no use in raising crops, when the man who sowed them was not, in all probability, permitted to reap the gain. There was little religious devotion where so much violence prevailed; and the hearts of the people became so much inclined to acts of blood and fury, that all laws of humanity and charity were transgressed without scruple. People were found starved to death in the woods with their families, while the country was so depopulated and void of cultivation, that the wild deer came out of the remote woods, and approached near to cities and the dwellings of men. Whole families were reduced to eat grass, and others, it is said, found a more horrible aliment in the flesh of their fellow creatures. One wretch used to set traps for human beings as if for wild beasts, and subsisted on their flesh. This cannibal was called Christian of the Cleek, from the cleek or hook which he used in his horrid traps.

In the middle of all these horrors, the English and Scottish knights and nobles, when there was any truce between the countries, supplied the place of the wars in which they were commonly engaged, with tournaments and games of chivalry. These were meetings not for the express purpose of fighting, but for that of trying which was the best man-at-arms. But instead of wrestling, leaping, or running races on

foot or horse, the fashion then was that the gentlemen tilted together, that is, rode against each other in armour with their long lances, and tried which could bear the other out of the saddle, and throw him to the ground. Sometimes they fought on foot with swords and axes; and although all was meant in courtesy and fair play, yet lives were often lost in this idle manner, as much as if the contest had been carried on with the purpose of armed battle. In later times they fought with swords purposely blunted on the edge, and with lances which had no steel point; but in the times we speak of at present, they used in tilts and tournaments the same weapons which they employed in wars.

A very noted entertainment of this kind was given both to Scottish and English champions by Henry of Lancaster, then called Earl of Derby, and afterwards King Henry IV of England. He invited the Knight of Liddesdale, the Good Sir Alexander Ramsay, and about twenty other distinguished Scottish men, to a tilting-match, which took place near Berwick. After receiving and entertaining his Scottish guests nobly, the Earl of Derby began to inquire at Ramsay in what manner of armour the knights should tilt together.

"With shields of plate," said Ramsay, "such as men use in tournaments."

This may be supposed a peculiarly weighty and strong kind of armour, intended merely for this species of encounter.

"Nay," said the Earl of Derby, "we shall gain little if we tilt in such safety; let us rather wear the lighter armour which we wear in battle."

"Content are we," answered Sir Alexander Ramsay, "to fight in our silk doublets, if such be your lordship's pleasure."

The Knight of Liddesdale was wounded on the wrist by the splinter of a spear, and was obliged to desist from the exercise. A Scottish knight, called Sir Patrick Grahame, tilted with a warlike English Baron named Talbot, whose life was saved by his wearing two breast-plates. The Scottish lance pierced through both, and sunk an inch into the breast. Had he been only armed as according to agreement, Talbot had been a dead man. Another English knight challenged the Grahame at supper-time, to run three courses with him the next day.

"Dost thou ask to tilt with me?" said the Grahame; "rise early in the morning, confess your sins, and make your peace with God, for you shall sup in Paradise." Accordingly, on the ensuing morning, Grahame run him through the body with his lance, and he died on the spot. Another English knight was also slain, and one of the Scots mortally wounded. William Ramsay was borne through the helmet with a lance, the splinter of the broken spear remaining in his skull, and nailing his helmet to his head. As he was expected to die on the spot, a priest was sent for, who heard him confess his sins, without the helmet being removed.

"Ah, it is a goodly sight," quoth the good Earl of Derby, much edified by this spectacle, "to see a knight make his shrift (that is, confession of his sins) in his helmet. God send me such an ending!"

But when the shrift was over, Alexander Ram-

say, to whom the wounded knight was brother, or kinsman, made him lie down at full length, and with surgery as rough as their pastime, held his friend's head down with his foot, while, by main strength, he pulled the fragment of the spear out of the helmet, and out of the wound. Then William Ramsay started up, and said, "that he should do well enough."

"Lo! what stout hearts men may bear," said the Earl of Derby, as much admiring the surgical treatment as he had done the religious. Whether the patient lived or died, does not appear.

In fixing the prizes, it was settled that the English knights should decide which of the Scottish had done best, and the Scottish should, in like manner, judge the valour of the English. Much equity was shown in the decision on both sides, and the Earl of Derby was munificent in distribution of gifts and prizes. This may serve to show you the amusements of this stirring period, of which war and danger were the sport as well as the serious occupation.

CHAPTER XIII.

Departure of Edward Baliol from Scotland—Return of David II—Death of Sir Alexander Ramsay—Death of the Knight of Liddesdale—Battle of Neville's Cross—Captivity, Liberation, and Death of King David.

NOTWITHSTANDING the valiant defence maintained by the Scots, their country was reduced to a most disastrous state, by the continued wars of Edward III, who was a wise and warlike King as ever lived. Could he have turned against Scotland the whole power of his kingdom, he might probably have effected the complete conquest, which had been so long attempted in vain. But while the wars in Scotland were at the hottest, Edward became also engaged in hostilities with France, having laid claim to the crown of that kingdom. Thus he was obliged to slacken his efforts in Scotland, and the patriots began to gain ground decisively in the dreadful contest which was so obstinately maintained on both sides.

The Scots sent an embassy to obtain money and assistance from the French, and they received supplies of both, which enabled them to recover their castles and towns from the English.

Edinburgh Castle was taken from the invaders by a stratagem. The Knight of Liddesdale, with two hundred chosen men, embarked at Dundee, in a merchant vessel commanded by one William Curry. The shipmaster, on their arrival at Leith, went with a party of his sailors to the Castle, carrying barrels of wine and hampers of provisions, which he pretended it was his desire to sell to the English governor and his garrison. But getting entrance at the gate, under this pretext, they raised the war-shout of Douglas, and the Knight of Liddesdale rushed in with his soldiers and secured the Castle. Perth, and other important places, were also retaken by the Scots; and Edward Baliol retired out of the country, in despair of making good his pretensions to the crown.

The nobles of Scotland, finding the affairs of the kingdom more prosperous, now came to the resolution

of bringing back from France, where he had resided for safety, their young King, David II, and his consort, Queen Joanna. They arrived in 1341.

David II was still a youth, neither did he possess at any period of life the wisdom and talents of his father, the great King Robert. The nobles of Scotland had become each a petty prince on his own estates; they made war on each other as they had done upon the English, and the poor King possessed no power of restraining them. A most melancholy instance of this discord took place, shortly after the young King's return from France.

I have told you how Sir Alexander Ramsay and the Knight of Liddesdale assisted each other in fighting against the English. They were great friends and companions in arms. But Ramsay, having taken by storm the strong Castle of Roxburgh, the King bestowed on him the office of Sheriff of that county, which was before enjoyed by the Knight of Liddesdale. As this was placing another person in his room, the Knight of Liddesdale altogether forgot his old friendship for Ramsay, and resolved to put him to death. He came suddenly upon him with a strong party of men, while he was administering justice at Hawick. Ramsay, having no suspicion of injury from the hand of his old comrade, and having few men with him, was easily overpowered, and being wounded, was hurried away to the lonely Castle of the Hermitage, which stands in the middle of the morasses of Liddesdale. Here he was thrown into a dungeon, where he had no other sustenance except some grain which fell down from a granary above; and after lingering a little while in that dreadful condition, the brave Sir Alexander Ramsay died. This was in 1341. More than five hundred years afterwards, that is, about forty years ago, a mason, digging amongst the ruins of Hermitage Castle, broke into a dungeon, where lay a quantity of chaff, some human bones, and a bridle-bit, which were supposed to mark the vault as the place of Ramsay's death. The bridle-bit was given to grandpapa, who presented it to the present gallant Earl of Dalhousie, a brave soldier, like his ancestor Sir Alexander Ramsay, from whom he is lineally descended.

The King was much displeased at the commission of so great a crime on the person of so faithful a subject. He made some attempts to avenge the murder, but the Knight of Liddesdale was too powerful to be punished, and the King was obliged to receive him again into friendship and confidence. But God in his own good time revenged this cruel murder. About five years after the crime was committed, the Knight of Liddesdale was taken prisoner by the English at the battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham, and is suspected of having obtained his liberty by entering into a treacherous league with the English monarch. He had no time to carry his treason, however, into effect; for, shortly after his liberation, he was slain whilst hunting in Etrick Forest, by his near relation and godson, William Lord Douglas. The place where he fell was called from his name, William-hope. It is a pity that the Knight of Liddesdale committed that great crime of murdering Ramsay, and entered into the treasonable treaty with the King of England. In other respects, he was ranked so high in public esteem, that he was called

the Flower of Chivalry; and an old writer has said of him—"He was terrible in arms, modest and gentle in peace; the scourge of England, and the buckler and wall of Scotland: one whom good success never made presumptuous, and whom evil fortune never discouraged."

We return to the state of Scotland at the time when the young King was restored.—Battles and skirmishes were fought on all sides; but the Scots having gained back the whole of their own country, the war became less inveterate; and although no settled peace took place, yet truces, to endure for a certain number of months and years, were agreed upon from time to time; and the English historians allege, that the Scottish nation were always ready to break them when a tempting opportunity occurred.

Such a truce was in existence about 1346, when Edward the Third being absent in France, and in the act of besieging Calais, David was induced, by the pressing and urgent counsels of the French King, to renew the war, and profit by occasion of the King's absence from England. The young King of Scotland raised, accordingly, a large army, and entering England on the west frontier, he marched eastward towards Durham, harassing and wasting the country with great severity; the Scots boasting, that, now the King and his nobles were absent, there were none in England to oppose them, save priests and base mechanics.

But they were greatly deceived. The lords of the northern counties of England, together with the Archbishop of York, assembled a gallant army. They defeated the vanguard of the Scots, and came upon the main body by surprise. The English army, in which there were many ecclesiastics, bore, as their standard, a crucifix, displayed amid the banners of the nobility. The Scots had taken post among some inclosures, which greatly embarrassed their movements, and their ranks remaining stationary, were, as on former occasions, destroyed by the English arrows. Here Sir John Grahame offered his services to disperse the bowmen, if he were intrusted with a body of cavalry. But although this was the movement which decided the battle of Bannockburn, he could not obtain the means of attempting it. In the meantime the Scottish army fell fast into disorder. The King himself fought bravely in the midst of his nobles, and was wounded twice with arrows. At length he was captured by John Copland, a Northumberland gentleman; the same who was made prisoner at Dunbar. He did not secure his royal captive without resistance; for in the struggle, the King dashed out two of Copland's teeth with his dagger. The left wing of the Scottish army continued fighting long after the rest were routed, and at length made a safe retreat. It was commanded by the Steward of Scotland and the Earl of March. Very many of the Scottish nobility were slain; very many made prisoners. The King himself was led in triumph through the streets of London, and committed to the Tower a close prisoner. This battle was fought at Neville's Cross, near Durham, on 17th October, 1346.

Thus was another great victory gained by the English over the Scots. It was followed by farther ad-

vantages, which gave the victors for a time possession of the country from the Scottish Border, as far as the verge of Lothian. But the Scots, as usual, were no sooner compelled to momentary submission, than they began to consider the means of shaking off the yoke.

William Douglas, son to that Douglas who was killed at Halidon Hill, near Berwick, now displayed his share of that courage and conduct which seemed the birthright of that extraordinary family. He recovered his own territories of Douglasdale, drove the English out of Ettrick Forest, and assisted the inhabitants of Teviotdale in regaining their independence.

On this occasion, indeed, the invasion of the English was not attended with the same extensively bad effects as on former victories obtained by them. The title of Baliol was not again set up, and that nominal sovereign surrendered to the English monarch all his right and interest in the kingdom of Scotland, in testimony of which he presented him a handful of earth belonging to the country, and a crown of gold. Edward, in reward of this surrender of the Scottish crown, fixed a large annual income upon Baliol, who retired from public affairs, and lived ever afterwards in such obscurity, that historians do not even record the period of his death. Nothing which he afterwards did bore the same marks of courage and talent, as the enterprise in which he commanded the Disinherited Barons, and obtained the great victory at the battle of Dupplin. It seems therefore likely, that he had upon that occasion some assistance which he did not afterwards enjoy.

Edward III was not more fortunate in making war on Scotland in his own name, than when he used the pretext of supporting Baliol. He marched into East-Lothian in spring 1355, and committed such ravages that the period was long marked by the name of the *Burned Candlemass*, because so many towns and villages were burned. But the Scots had removed every species of provisions which could be of use to the invaders, and avoided a general battle, while they engaged in a number of skirmishes. In this manner Edward was compelled to retreat out of Scotland, after sustaining much loss.

After the failure of this effort, Edward seems to have despaired of the conquest of Scotland, and entered into terms for a truce, and for setting the King at liberty.

Thus David II at length obtained his freedom from the English, after he had been detained in prison eleven years. The Scots agreed to pay a ransom of one hundred thousand marks, a heavy charge on a country always poor, and exhausted by the late wars. The people were so delighted to see the King once more, that they followed him every where; and, which shows the rudeness of the times, broke even into his private chamber, till, incensed at their troublesome and intrusive loyalty, the King snatched a mace from an officer, and broke with his own royal hand the head of the liege-man who was nearest to him. After this rebuke, saith the historian, he was permitted to be private in his apartment.

The latter years of this King's life have nothing very remarkable, excepting, that after the death of

Joanna of England, his first wife, he made an imprudent marriage with one Margaret Logie, a woman of great beauty, but of obscure family; he was afterwards divorced or separated from her. He had no children by either of his wives. David the Second died at the age of forty-seven years, in the Castle of Edinburgh, 22d February, 1370-1. He had reigned forty-two years, of which eleven were spent in captivity.

CHAPTER XIV,

Accession of Robert Stewart—War of 1385, and Arrival of John de Vienne in Scotland—Battle of Otterburn—Death of Robert II.

As David the Second died childless, the male line of his father, the great Robert Bruce, was at an end. But the attachment of the Scottish nation naturally turned to the line of that heroic prince, and they resolved to confer the crown on a grandson of his by the mother's side. Marjory, the daughter of Robert Bruce, had married Walter, the Lord High Steward of Scotland, and the sixth of his family who had enjoyed that high dignity, in consequence of possessing which the family had acquired the surname of Stewart. This Walter Stewart, with his wife Marjory, were ancestors of that long line of Stewarts who afterwards ruled Scotland, and came at length to be Kings of England also. The last King of the Stewart family lost his kingdoms at the great national Revolution in 1688, and his son and grandsons died in exile. The female line have possession of the crown at this moment, in the person of our sovereign, King George the Fourth. When, therefore, you hear of the line of Stewart, you will know that the descendants of Walter Stewart and Marjory Bruce are the family meant by that term. It is said, that the Stewarts were descended from Fleance, the son of Banquo, whose posterity the witches declared were to be Kings of Scotland, and who was murdered by Macbeth. But this seems a very doubtful tradition.

Walter, the Steward of Scotland, who married Bruce's daughter, was a gallant man, and fought bravely at Bannockburn, where he had a high command. But he died young, and much regretted. Robert Stewart, his son by Marjory Bruce, grandson, of course, of King Robert, was the person now called to the throne. He was a good and kind-tempered prince. When young he had been a brave soldier; but he was now fifty-five years old, and subject to a violent inflammation in his eyes, which rendered them as red as blood. From these reasons he lived a good deal retired, and was not active enough to be at the head of a fierce and unmanageable nation like the Scots.

Robert Stewart's ascent to the throne was not unopposed, for it was claimed by a formidable competitor. This was William Earl of Douglas. That family, in which so many great men had arisen, was now come to a great pitch of power and prosperity, and possessed almost a sovereign authority in the south parts of Scotland. The Earl of Douglas was on the present occasion induced to depart from his claim, upon his son being married with Euphemia, the daughter of Robert II. Stewart therefore was

crowned without farther opposition. But the extreme power of the Douglasses, which raised them almost to a level with the crown, was afterwards the occasion of great national commotion and distress.

There were not many things of moment in the history of Robert II. But the wars with England were less frequent, and the Scots had learned a better way of conducting them. The following instances may be selected.

In 1385, the French finding themselves hard pressed by the English in their own country, resolved to send an army into Scotland, to assist that nation in making war upon the English, and thus finding work for the latter people at home. They sent, therefore, one thousand men-at-arms, knights, and squires, that is, in full armour; and as each of these had four or five soldiers under him, the whole force was very considerable. They sent also twelve hundred suits of complete armour to the Scots, with a large sum of money, to assist them to make war. This great force was commanded by John de Vienne, High-Admiral of France, a brave and distinguished general.

In the mean time, the King of England, Richard II, summoned together, on his side, a larger army perhaps than a king of England had ever before commanded, and moved towards the Scottish Border. The Scots also assembled large forces, and the French Admiral expected there would be a great pitched battle. He said to the Scottish nobles, "You have always said, that if you had some hundred of French men-at-arms to help you, you would give battle to the English. Now, here we are to give you aid—Let us give battle."

The Scottish nobles answered, that they would not run so great a hazard, as risk the fate of the country in one battle; and one of them, probably Douglas, conveyed John de Vienne to a narrow pass, where, unseen themselves, they might see the army of England march through. The Scot made the Admiral remark the great multitude of archers, the number and high discipline of the English men-at-arms, and then asked the Frenchman, as a soldier, whether he could advise the Scottish to oppose these clouds of archers with a few ill-trained Highland bowmen, or encounter with their small trotting nags the onset of the brilliant chivalry of England.

The Admiral de Vienne could not but own that the risk was too unequal. "But yet, if you do not fight," he said, "what do you mean to do? If you do not oppose this great force, the English will destroy your country."

"Let them do their worst," said Douglas, smiling; "they will find but little to destroy. Our people are all retired into woods, hills, and morasses, and have driven off their cattle, which is their only property, along with them. The English will find nothing either to take away or to eat. The houses of the gentlemen are small towers, with thick walls, which even fire will not destroy; as for the common people, they dwell in mere huts, and if the English chuse to burn them, a few trees from the wood is all that is necessary to build them up again."

"But what will you do with your army if you do not fight?" said the Frenchman; "and how will your people endure the distress, and famine,

and plunder, which must be the consequences of the invasion?"

"You shall see that our army will not lie idle," said Douglas; "and as for our Scottish people, they will endure pillage, and they will endure famine, and every other extremity of war; but they will not endure an English master."

The event showed the truth of what Douglas had said. The great army of England entered Scotland on the eastern side of the frontier, and marched on, much embarrassed and distressed for want of provisions, laying waste the villages and what property they found, but finding very little to destroy, and nothing to subsist upon. On the contrary, no sooner did the Scottish nobles learn that the English were fairly engaged in Scotland, than with a numerous army, consisting chiefly of light cavalry, like that led by Douglas and Randolph in 1327, they burst into the western counties of England, where they gained more spoil, and did more damage, in the course of a day or two's march, than the English could have done in Scotland, had they burned the whole country from the Border to Aberdeen.

The English were quickly called back to the defence of their own country, and though there had been no battle, yet from bad roads, want of forage, scantiness of provisions, and similar causes, they had sustained a heavy loss of men and horses; while the Scottish army, on the contrary, had kept good cheer in a country so much richer than their own, and were grown wealthy by plunder. This wise scheme of defence had been recommended to his posterity by the Bruce, as the only effectual mode of defending the Scottish frontier.

As to the French auxiliaries, they quarrelled very much with the reception they met with. They complained that the nation which they came to assist treated them with no kindness or good-will, and that they withheld from them forage, provisions, and other supplies. The Scots replied, on the other hand, that their allies were an expense to them, without being of any use; that their wants were many, and could not be supplied in so poor a country as Scotland; and, finally, that they insulted the inhabitants, and pillaged the country wherever they durst. Nor would the Scots permit the French to leave Scotland till they gave security that they would pay the expenses of their own maintenance. The French knights, who had hoped to acquire both wealth and fame, returned in very bad humour from a kingdom where the people were so wild and uncivilized, and the country so mountainous and poor; where the patches of cultivated land bore no proportion to the extended wastes, and the wild animals were much more numerous than those which were trained to the use of man.

It was from prudence, not from want of courage, that the Scottish avoided great battles with the English. They readily engaged in smaller actions, when they fought with the utmost valour on both sides, till, as an old historian expresses it, sword and lance would endure no longer, and then they would part from each other, saying, "Good day; and thanks for the sport you have shown." A very remarkable instance of such a desperate battle occurred in the year 1388.

The Scottish nobles had determined upon an in-

vasion of England on a large scale, and had assembled a great army for that purpose; but learning that the people of Northumberland were assembling an army on the eastern frontier, they resolved to limit their incursion to that which might be achieved by the Earl of Douglas, with a chosen band of four or five thousand men. With this force he penetrated into the mountainous frontier of England, where an assault was least expected, and issuing forth near Newcastle, fell upon the flat and rich country around, slaying, plundering, burning, and loading his army with spoil.

Percy, Earl of Northumberland, an English noble of great power, and with whom the Douglas had frequently had encounters, sent his two sons, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, to stop the progress of this invasion. Both were gallant knights, but the first, who, from his impetuosity, was called Hotspur, was one of the most distinguished warriors in England, as Douglas was in Scotland. The brothers threw themselves hastily into Newcastle, to defend that important town; and as Douglas, in an insulting manner, drew out his followers before the walls, they came out to skirmish with the Scots. Douglas and Henry Percy encountered personally; and it so chanced that Douglas got possession in the struggle of Hotspur's spear, to the end of which was attached a small ornament of silk, embroidered with pearls, on which was represented a lion, the cognizance, as it is called, of the Percies. Douglas shook this trophy aloft, and declared that he would carry it into Scotland, and plant it on his castle of Dalkeith.

"That," said Percy, "shalt thou never do. I will regain my lance ere thou canst get back into Scotland."

"Then," said Douglas, "come to seek it, and thou shalt find it before my tent."

The Scots army, having completed the purpose of their expedition, began their retreat up the vale of the little river Reed, which afforded a tolerable road running towards the Scottish frontier. They encamped at Otterburn, about twenty miles from the frontier, on the 19th August, 1388.

In the middle of the night, the alarm arose in the Scottish camp that the English host were coming upon them, and the moonlight showed the advance of Sir Henry Percy, with a body of men equal or superior in number to that of Douglas. He had already crossed the Reed water, and was advancing towards the left flank of the Scottish army. Douglas, not chusing to receive the assault in that position, drew his men out of the camp, and with a degree of military skill which could scarce have been expected when his forces were of such an undisciplined character, he altogether changed the position of the army, and presented his troops with their front to the advancing English.

Hotspur, in the meantime, marched his squadrons through the deserted camp, where there were none left but a few servants and stragglers of the army. The interruptions which the English troops met with, threw them a little into disorder, when the moon arising, showed them the Scottish army, who they fancied were retreating, drawn up in complete order, and prepared to fight. The battle commenced with the greatest fury; for Percy and Douglas were the

two most distinguished soldiers of their time, and each army trusted in the courage and talents of their commanders, whose names were shouted on either side. The Scots, who were outnumbered, were at length about to give way, when Douglas, their leader, caused his banner to advance, attended by his best men. He himself, shouting his war-cry of "Douglas!" rushed forward, clearing his way with the blows of his battle-axe, and breaking into the very thickest of the enemy. He fell, at length, under three mortal wounds. Had his death been known, it would probably have decided the battle against the Scots; but the English only knew that some brave man-at-arms had fallen. Meantime the other Scottish nobles pressed forward, and found their General dying among several of his faithful esquires and pages, who lay slain around. A stout priest, called William of North-Berwick, the chaplain of Douglas, was protecting the body of his patron with a long lance.

"How fares it, cousia?" said Sinclair, the first Scottish knight who came up to the wounded leader.

"Indifferently," answered Douglas; "but blessed be God, my ancestors have died in fields of battle, not on down-beds. I sink fast; but let them still cry my war-cry, and conceal my death from my followers. There was a tradition in our family that a dead Douglas should win a field, and I trust it will be this day accomplished."

The nobles did as he had enjoined; they concealed the Earl's body, and again rushed on to the battle, shouting "Douglas! Douglas!" louder than before. The English were weakened by the loss of the brave brothers Henry and Ralph Percy, both of whom were made prisoners, fighting most gallantly, and almost no man of note amongst the English escaped death or captivity. Hence a Scottish poet has said of the name of Douglas,—

Hosts have been known at that dread sound to yield,
And Douglas dead, his name has won the field.

Sir Henry Percy became the prisoner of Sir Hugh Montgomery, who obliged him for ransom to build a castle for him at Penorn in Ayrshire. The battle of Otterburn was disastrous to the leaders on both sides,—Percy being made captive, and Douglas slain on the field. It has been the subject of many songs and poems, and the great historian Froissart says, that, one other action only excepted, it was the best fought battle of that warlike time.

Robert II died 19th April, 1390. His reign did not approach in glory to that of his maternal grandfather Robert Bruce; but it was far more fortunate than that of David II. The claims of Baliol to the crown were not revived; and though the English made more than one incursion into Scotland, they never were able to retain long possession of the country.

CHAPTER XV.

Accession of Robert III.—Disorderly State of the Highlands—Conflict between the Clan Chattan and the Clan Kay, on the North Inch of Perth—Character and Death of the Duke of Rothesay, the Heir Apparent—Capture of Prince James by the English, and death of Robert III.

THE eldest son of Robert II was originally called

John. But it was a popular remark, that the Kings named John, both of France and England, had been unfortunate, and the Scottish people were very partial to the name of Robert, from its having been borne by the Great Bruce. John Stewart, therefore, on ascending the Scottish throne, changed his name to that of Robert III. We shall see, however, that this poor King remained as unfortunate as if his name had been still John.

The disturbances of the Highlands were one of the plagues of his reign. You must recollect that that extensive range of mountains was inhabited by a race of men different in language and manners from the Lowlanders, and divided into families called Clans. The English termed them the Wild Scots, and the French the Scottish Savages; and, in good truth, very wild and savage they seem to have been. The losses which the Low Country had sustained by the English wars had weakened the counties next to the Highlands so much, that they became unable to repress the incursions of the mountaineers, who descended from their hills, took spoil, burned and destroyed, as if in the country of an enemy.

In 1392, a large body of these Highlanders broke down from the Grampian Mountains. The chiefs were called Clan-Donnochy, or sons of Duncan, answering to the clan now called Robertson. A party of the Ogilvies and Lindsays, under Sir Walter Ogilvy, Sheriff of Angus, marched hastily against them, and charged them with their lances. But notwithstanding the advantage of their being mounted and completely sheathed in armour, the Highlanders defended themselves with such ferocity, as to slay the Sheriff and sixty of his followers, and repulse the Lowland gentlemen. To give some idea of their ferocity, it is told that Sir David Lindsay, having in the first encounter run his lance through the body of one of the Highlanders, bore him down and pinned him to the earth. In this condition, and in his dying agonies, the Highlander writhed himself upwards on the spear, and exerted his last strength in fetching a sweeping blow at the armed knight with his two-handed sword. The stroke, made with all the last energies of a dying man, cut through Lindsay's stirrup and steel-boot, and though it did not sever his leg from his body, yet wounded him so severely as to oblige him to quit the field.

It happened, fortunately perhaps for the Lowlands, that the wild Highlanders were as much addicted to quarrel with each other as with their neighbours. Two clans, or rather two leagues or confederacies, composed each of several separate clans, fell into such deadly feud with each other, as filled the whole neighbourhood with slaughter and discord.

When this feud or quarrel could be no otherwise ended, it was resolved the difference should be decided by a combat of thirty men of the Clan Chattan, against the same number of the Clan Kay; that the battle should take place on the North Inch of Perth, a beautiful and level meadow, in part surrounded by the river Tay; and that it should be fought in presence of the King and his nobles. Now, there was a cruel policy in this arrangement; for it was to be supposed that all the best and leading men of each clan would desire to be among the thirty which were to fight for their honour, and it was no less to be ex-

pected that the battle would be very bloody and desperate. Thus, the probable event would be, that both clans, having lost very many of their best and bravest men, would be more easily managed in future. Such was probably the view of the King and his counsellors in permitting this desperate conflict, which, however, was much in the spirit of the times.

The parties on each side were drawn out, armed with sword and target, axe and dagger, and stood looking on each other with fierce and savage aspects, when, just as the signal for fight was expected, the commander of the Clan Chattan perceived that one of his men, whose heart had failed him, had deserted his standard. There was no time to seek another man from the clan, so the chieftain, as his only resource, was obliged to offer a reward to any one who would fight in the room of the fugitive. Perhaps you think it might be difficult to get a man, who, for a small hire, would undergo the perils of a battle; which was likely to be so obstinate and deadly. But in that fighting age, men valued their lives lightly. One Henry Wynd, a citizen of Perth, and a saddler by trade, a little bandy-legged man, but of great strength and activity, and well accustomed to use the broad-sword, offered himself, for half a French crown, to serve on the part of the Clan Chattan in the battle of that day.

The signal was then given by sound of the royal trumpets, and of the great war bagpipes of the Highlanders, and the two parties fell on each other with the utmost fury, their natural ferocity of temper being excited by feudal hatred against the hostile clan, zeal for the honour of their own, and a consciousness that they were fighting in presence of the King and nobles of Scotland. As they fought with the two-handed sword and axe, the wounds they inflicted on each other were of a ghastly size and character. Heads were cloven asunder, limbs were lopped from the trunk. The meadow was soon flooded with blood, and covered with dead and wounded men.

In the midst of the deadly conflict, the chieftain of the Clan Chattan observed that Henry Wynd, after he had slain one of the Clan Kay, drew aside, and did not seem willing to fight more.

"How is this," said he, "art thou afraid?"

"Not I," answered Henry; "but I have done enough of work for half-a-crown."

"Forward and fight," said the Highland chief; "he that doth not grudge his day's work, I will not stint him in his wages."

Thus encouraged, Henry Wynd again plunged into the conflict, and, by his excellence as a swordsman, contributed a great deal to the victory, which at length fell to the Clan Chattan. Ten of the victors, with Henry Wynd, whom the Highlanders called the *Gow Chrom* (that is, the crooked or bandy-legged smith, though he was a saddler, for war-saddles were then made of steel), were left alive, but they were all wounded. Only one of the Clan Kay survived, and he was unhurt. But this single individual dared not oppose himself to eleven men, though all more or less hurt, but throwing himself into the Tay, swam to the other side, and went off to carry to the Highlands the news of his clan's defeat. It is said, he was so ill received by his kinsmen that he put himself to death.

Some part of the above story is matter of tradition, but the general fact is certain. Henry Wynd was

rewarded to the Highland chieftain's best abilities; but it was remarked, that, when the battle was over, he was not able to tell the name of the clan he fought for, replying, when asked on which side he had been, that he was fighting for his own hand. Hence the proverb, "Every man for his own hand, as Harry Wynd fought."

In the mean time troubles, to which we have formerly alluded, broke out in the family of Robert III. The King had been lamed in early youth by the kick of a horse, which had prevented his engaging in war. He was by disposition peaceful, religious, and just, but not firm of mind, and easily imposed on by those about him, and particularly by his brother the Duke of Albany, a man of an enterprising character, but crafty, ambitious, and cruel.

This Prince, the next heir to the crown, if the King's children could be displaced, continued to sow strife and animosity betwixt his father and the Duke of Rothsay, the eldest son of Robert III, and heir to his kingdom. Rothsay was young, gay, and irregular, his father old, and strict in his principles; occasions of quarrel easily arose betwixt them, and Albany represented the conduct of the son to the father in the worst light.

The King and Queen seem to have been of opinion, that the marriage of the Prince might put an end to his idle and licentious course of life. But Albany, whom they consulted, conducted this important affair in a manner disgraceful to the Royal Family. He proceeded upon the principle, that the Prince should marry the daughter of the Scottish noble who was willing to pay the largest sum of money for the honour of connecting himself with the royal family. The powerful George Earl of March, was at first the largest offerer. But although the Prince was contracted to the daughter of that nobleman, yet the match was broken off by Albany, when a still larger sum was offered by the Earl of Douglas, who, having himself married the King's sister, was now desirous that their daughter should wed the heir of the throne. They were married accordingly, but in an evil hour.

The Prince continued to give offence by the levity of his conduct; Albany continued to pour his complaints into the King's ear, and Douglas became also the enemy of his royal son-in-law.

The history of this reign being imperfect, we do not distinctly know what charges were brought against the Duke of Rothsay, or how far they were true or false. But it seems certain that he was delivered up by his father to the power of his uncle of Albany, and his father-in-law the Earl of Douglas, who treated him with the utmost cruelty.

A villain named Ramorgny, with the assistance of Sir William Lindsay, was furnished with a warrant for apprehending and confining the person of the heir apparent of Scotland. Armed with this authority, they seized upon him as he was journeying in Fife, without any suspicion—placed him upon an ordinary work-horse, and conducted him to the strong tower, or castle, of Falkland, belonging to Albany. It was a heavy fall of rain, but the poor Prince was allowed no other shelter than a peasant's cloak. When in that gloomy fortress, he was thrown into a dungeon and deprived of food. It is said that one woman, touched with his lamentations, contrived to bring him

from time to time thin barley cakes, concealed in her veil, which she passed through the bars of his prison; and that another woman supplied him with milk from her own bosom. Both were discovered, and what scanty resources their charity could afford were intercepted, and the unhappy Prince died in the month of March, 1402, of famine, the most severe and lingering mode among the many by which life may be ended.

There is no evidence that the old King, infirm and simple-minded as he was, suspected the foul play which his son had received; but the vengeance of God seemed to menace the country in which such a tragedy had been acted. The Earl of March, incensed at the breach of the contract betwixt his daughter and the Prince, deserted the Scottish cause, and embraced that of England. He fled to Northumberland, and from thence made repeated incursions upon the Scottish frontier.

The Earl of Douglas, placing himself at the head of ten thousand men, made an incursion into England, with banner displayed, and took great spoil. But he was waylaid in returning by the celebrated Hotspur, who, with George of March and others, had assembled a numerous army. Douglas took his ground on an eminence called Homildon, where his numerous ranks were exposed to the English arrows, with the same infatuation as had been displayed at so many other battles, the Scots suffering great loss, for which they were unable to repay the enemy. While they were thus sustaining a dreadfully unequal combat, a bold Scottish knight, named Sir John Swinton, called with a loud voice, "Why do we remain here on this hill-side, to be shot like stags with arrows, when we might rush down upon the English, and dispute the combat hand to hand?" There was a young nobleman in the host, called the Lord of Gordon. The person living whom he most detested was this same Sir John Swinton, because in some private quarrel he had slain Gordon's father. But when he heard him give such resolute and brave advice in that dreadful extremity, he required to be made a knight at Swinton's hand; "for," said he, "from the hand of no wiser leader or braver man can I ask that honour." Swinton granted his prayer, and that done, he and Gordon rushed down side by side with their followers, and made considerable slaughter amongst the English. But not being supported by other chiefs, they were overpowered and cut to pieces. The Scots lost the battle, sustaining a total defeat; and Douglas, wounded, and having lost an eye, fell into the hands of the English as a prisoner.

A singular train of events followed, which belong rather to English than Scottish history, but which it is proper you should know. The Earl of Northumberland, father to Hotspur, had determined to rebel against Henry IV, then King of England. To strengthen their forces, they gave Douglas his liberty, and engaged him to assist them in the civil war which was impending. Douglas came accordingly with a band of his countrymen, and joined Henry Percy, called Hotspur. They marched together into England, and fought a memorable battle with the royal forces, near Shrewsbury. As Henry IV was personally present in the battle, Douglas resolved to seek him out, and end the contest by killing or mak-

ing him prisoner. The King had, however, several other champions in the field, armed and mounted exactly like himself. Of these, Douglas killed no less than three, exclaiming with amazement, as they appeared one after another; so that when at length he encountered the real king, he called out, "Where the devil do all these kings come from?" He attacked Henry himself with the same fury with which he had assaulted those who represented him, overthrew the royal banner, slaying a valiant knight, Sir Thomas Blunt, to whose care it had been committed, and was about to kill the King. But numbers, and especially the valiant Prince of Wales, his son, came to the King of England's assistance; and before Douglas could fight his way forward to Henry, Hotspur was killed by an arrow-shot, and his party were obliged to fly. Douglas at length condescended to fly also, but his horse stumbling in ascending a hill, he was again wounded and taken.

We return to poor King Robert, who was now exhausted by age, infirmities, and family calamity. He had still a remaining son, called James, about eleven years old, and he was probably afraid to intrust him to the keeping of Albany, as his death would have rendered that ambitious Prince next heir to the throne. He resolved, therefore, to send the young Prince to France, under pretence that he would receive a better education there than Scotland could afford him. An English vessel took that on board of which the Prince was sailing to France, and James was sent to London. When Henry heard that the Prince of Scotland was in his power, he resolved to detain him a prisoner. This was very unjust, for the countries of England and Scotland were at peace together at the time. The King sent him to prison, however; saying, that "the Prince would be as well educated at his court as that of France, for that he understood French well." This was said in mockery, but Henry kept his word in this point; and though the Scottish Prince was confined unjustly, he received an excellent education at the expense of the English monarch.

This new misfortune, which placed the only remaining son of the poor old King in the hands of the English, seems to have broken the heart of Robert the Third, who died about a year afterwards, overwhelmed with calamities and infirmity.

CHAPTER XVI.

Regency of Robert, Duke of Albany—Battle of Harlaw—Regency of Murdac, Duke of Albany—Exploits of the Scots in France—Deliverance of James the First from his Captivity in England.

ALBANY, the brother of Robert III, was now Regent of the kingdom, of which he had long possessed the supreme government. He was, it may be supposed, in no great hurry to obtain the release of his nephew Prince James, whose return to Scotland must have ended his own power. He was, as we have seen, a wicked, cruel, and ambitious man; yet he was regular in administering justice, and took great care not to lay any taxes on the people.

Jedburgh Castle, which the English had kept ever since the battle of Durham, had been taken by the Teviotdale Borderers, and it was proposed that it

should be pulled down, in order that it might not again afford the enemy a stronghold on the frontiers. To maintain the men engaged in demolishing this large and strong fortress, it was proposed to lay a small tax of two pennies on each hearth in Scotland, to defray the expense. But the Regent determined to pay it out of his own and the King's revenue, resolved, as he said, that he would not begin his regency by a measure which must afflict the poor.

In other respects, Albany was an unworthy character. He was not even brave, which was a failing uncommon in his age and family; and though he engaged in several wars with England, he did not gain either honour or success in any of them.

One of the most remarkable events during his government was the battle of Harlaw. This was fought by a prince called Donald of the Isles, who possessed all the islands on the west side of Scotland. He was also the proprietor of great estates on the mainland, and aspired to the style of an independent sovereign.

This Donald, in the year 1411, laid claim to the Earldom of Ross, then vacant, which the Regent had determined to bestow on a member of his own family. Donald of the Isles raised ten thousand men, all Highlanders like himself, and invading the north of Scotland, came as far as a place called Harlaw, about ten miles from Aberdeen. Here he was encountered by the Earl of Mar, at the head of an inferior army, but composed of Lowland gentlemen, better armed and disciplined than the followers of Donald. A most desperate battle ensued, in which both parties suffered great loss. On that of Donald, the chiefs of the clans, called Macintosh and Maclean, were both slain, with about a thousand men. Mar lost about five hundred brave gentlemen, amongst them Ogilvy, Scrymgeour, Irvine of Drumn, and other men of rank. But the Highlanders had the worst, and were obliged to retreat after the battle. This was fortunate for Scotland, since otherwise the Highlanders, at that time a wild and barbarous people, would have overrun, and perhaps actually conquered, a great part of the civilized country. The battle of Harlaw was long remembered, owing to the bravery with which the field was disputed.

The Regent Albany died in 1419. He was succeeded in his high office by his son Murdac, Duke of Albany, a man who had neither the vices nor the virtues of his father. Duke Robert was active, crafty, suspicious, and, in one sense at least, wise. The son was indulgent, indolent, and at the same time simple and easy to be imposed upon. Many quarrels and feuds broke out in the country, and even in his own family, which had been suppressed by the strong hand of his father. Little memorable took place in the regency of Murdac, but it was remarkable for the great renown which the Scots won in the wars of France.

I have told you how a body of French knights came to Scotland to assist the Scottish against the English; and you must now know how the Scottish repaid the obligation, by sending over a body of men to assist Charles, King of France, who was in great danger of being completely conquered by Henry V of England, who seemed on the point of expelling him from the kingdom, and possessing

himself of the crown of France. A small army of about six or seven thousand chosen men had gone to France, under the command of John Stewart, Earl of Buchan, the second son of the Regent Robert, Duke of Albany. He had under him Lindsay, Swinton, and other men of consequence and of fame. They gained an important victory over the English, then under command of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V. This Prince, hearing that there was a body of Scots encamped at a town called Baugé, and enraged that the Scots should not only defend their own country from the English, but also come over to give them trouble in France, made a hasty march to surprise them. He left behind him those celebrated archers, who had usually afforded the English means of conquest over the enemy, because he relied upon the rapidity of his motions, as he understood the Scots were observing indifferent discipline, and not keeping a vigilant watch. He arrived at Baugé, followed only by the knights and men-at-arms on horseback. Having forced the passage of a bridge, Clarence was pressing forward at the head of his cavalry, distinguished by the richness of his armour, and by a rich golden coronet which he wore over his helmet. At this moment the Scottish knights charged the enemy. Sir John Swinton galloped against the Duke of Clarence, and unhorsed him with his lance, and the Earl of Buchan dashed out his brains with a battle-axe or mace. A great many English knights and nobles were slain at this encounter, 22d March, 1421. The French King, to reward the valour of the Scots, created the Earl of Buchan Constable of France (one of the highest offices in the kingdom), and Count of Aubigny.

The Scots, incited by the renown and wealth which their countrymen had acquired, came over to France in greater numbers, and the Earl of Douglas himself was tempted to bring over a little army, in which the best and noblest of the gentlemen of the south of Scotland of course enrolled themselves. They who did not go themselves, sent their sons and brothers. Sir Alexander Home of Home had intended to take this course; and his brother, David Home of Wedderburn, was equipped for the expedition. The chief himself came down to the vessel to see Douglas and his brother embark. But when the Earl saw his old companion in arms about to take leave of him, he said, "Ah! Sir Alexander, who would have thought that thou and I should ever have parted?"

"Neither will we part now, my lord," said Sir Alexander; and suddenly changing his purpose, he sent back his brother David to take care of his castle, family, and estate, and going to France with his old friend, died with him at the battle of Verneuil.

The Earl of Douglas, whose military fame was so great, received high honours from the King of France, and was created Duke of Touraine. The Earl was used to ridicule the Duke of Bedford, who then acted as regent for Henry VI in France, and gave him the nickname of *John with the leaden sword*. Upon the 17th August, 1424, Douglas received a message from the Duke of Bedford, that he intended to come and dine and drink wine with him. Douglas well understood the nature of the visit, and sent back word that he should be welcome. The Scots and

French prepared for battle; but the Earl of Douglas, who considered their situation as favourable, recommended that they should receive the attack of the English, instead of advancing to meet them. The French Count de Narbonne, however, insisted that they should attack, instead of remaining in their position; and, putting the French in motion declared he would advance to the fight whether the Scots did so or not. Douglas was thus compelled to advance likewise, but it was in disorder. The English archers in the mean time showered their arrows on the French; their men-at-arms charged; and a total rout of the allied army was the consequence. Douglas and Buchan stood their ground, fought desperately, and died nobly. Home, Lindsay, Swinton, and far the greater part of that brave Scottish band of auxiliaries, were killed on the spot.

The great Earl of Douglas, who was slain at Verneuil, was distinguished from the rest of his family by the name of *Tine-man*, that is, *Lose-man*, as he was defeated in the great battles of Homildon, Shrewsbury, and finally in that of Verneuil, where he lost his life. His contemporary and rival, George Earl of March, was as remarkable for being fortunate; for whether he fought on the Scottish or English side, his party was always victorious. The slender remains of the Scottish forces were adopted by Charles of France as a life-guard; an establishment which was continued for a great many years.

We return now to Scotland, where the Regent Murdac of Albany was so far from being able to guide the affairs of the state, that he could not control his own sons. There were two of them, haughty, licentious young men, who respected neither the authority of God nor man, and that of their father least of all. Their misbehaviour was so great, that Murdac began to think of putting an end to their bad conduct and his own government at the same time, by obtaining the deliverance of the King from English captivity. A singular piece of insolence, on the part of his eldest son, is said to have determined him to this measure.

At this time the amusement of hawking (that is, of taking birds of game by means of trained hawks) was a pastime greatly esteemed by the nobility. The Regent Murdac had one falcon of peculiar excellence, which he valued. His eldest son, Walter Stewart, had often asked this bird of his father, and been as often denied. At length, one day when the Regent had the hawk sitting upon his wrist, in the way that falconers carry such birds, Walter renewed his importunity about the falcon; and when his father again refused it, he snatched it from his wrist, and wrung its neck round. His father, greatly offended at so gross an insult, said, in his anger, "Since thou wilt give me neither reverence nor obedience, I will fetch home one whom we must all obey." From that moment, he began to bargain with the English in good earnest that they should restore James, now King of Scotland, to his own dominions.

The English government were not unwilling to deliver up James, the rather that he had fallen in love with Joan, the Earl of Somerset's daughter, nearly related to the royal family of England. They considered that this alliance would incline the young Prince to peace with England; and that the education

which he had received, and the friendships which he had formed in that country, would incline him to be a good and peaceable neighbour. The Scots agreed to pay a considerable ransom; and upon these terms James, the first of that name, was set at liberty, and returned to become King in Scotland, after eighteen years' captivity.

CHAPTER XVII.

Accession of James I.—Execution of Murdac, Duke of Albany—State of the Highlands—Conspiracy against, and Murder of, James I.—Punishment of the Conspirators.

THIS King James the First was also the first of his unfortunate family who showed a high degree of talent. Robert II and Robert III, his father and grandfather, were both rather amiable as individuals than respected for their endowments as monarchs. But James had received an excellent education, of which his talents had enabled him to make the best use. He was also prudent and just, consulted the interests of his people, and endeavoured, as far as he could, to repress those evils, which had grown up through the partial government of Robert Duke of Albany, the rule of the feeble and slothful Duke Murdac, and the vicious and violent conduct of his sons.

The first vengeance of the laws fell upon Murdac, who, with his two sons, was tried and condemned at Stirling for abuse of the King's authority, committed while Murdac was Regent. They were beheaded at the little eminence at Stirling, which is still shown on the Castle-hill. The Regent from that elevated spot might have a distant view of the magnificent Castle of Doune, which he had built for his residence; and the sons had ample reason to regret their contempt of their father's authority, and to judge the truth of his words, when he said he would bring in one who would rule them all.

James afterwards turned his cares to the Highlands, which were in a state of terrible confusion. He marched into those disturbed districts with a strong army, and seized upon more than forty of the chiefs, by whom these broils and quarrels were countenanced, put many of them to death, and obliged others to find security that they would be quiet in future. Alaster Macdonald, Lord of the Isles, endeavoured to oppose the royal authority; but the measures taken against him by James reduced his power so much, that he was at last obliged to submit to the King's mercy. For this purpose the humbled chief came to Edinburgh secretly, and suddenly appeared in the Cathedral Church, where the King was employed in his devotions upon Easter-day. He was without bonnet, armour, or ornaments, had his legs and arms bare, and his body only covered with a plaid. In this condition he submitted himself to the King's pleasure; and holding a naked sword in his hand by the point, he offered the hilt to the King, in token of his unreserved submission. James forgave him his repeated offences, at the intercession of the Queen and nobles present, but he detained him a prisoner in the strong Castle of Tantallon, in East Lothian. Yet, after this submission of their principal chief, the West Highlanders and people of the

Isles again revolted, under the command of Donald Balloch, the kinsman of Alaster, who landed on the mainland with a considerable force, and defeated the Earls of Mar and of Caithness with great slaughter; but when he heard that James was coming against him, Donald thought it best to retreat to Ireland. James put to death many of his followers. Donald himself was afterwards killed in Ireland, and his head sent to the king.

There is another story, which will show the cruelty and ferocity of these Highland robbers. Another Macdonald, head of a band in Ross-shire, had plundered a poor widow woman, who, in her anger, exclaimed repeatedly that she would go to the King for redress, should she travel to Edinburgh to seek him. "It is a long journey," answered the barbarian; "and that you may perform it the better, I will have you shod for the occasion." Accordingly, he caused a smith to nail shoes to the poor woman's feet, as if they had been those of a horse. The widow, however, being a woman of high spirit, was determined to keep her word; and as soon as her wounds permitted her to travel, she did actually go on foot to Edinburgh, and, throwing herself before James, acquainted him with the cruelty which had been exercised on her. James, in great resentment, caused Macdonald, and twelve of his principal followers, to be seized, and to have their feet shod with iron shoes, in which condition they were exhibited to the public for three days, and then executed.

Thus James I restored a considerable degree of tranquillity to the country, which he found in such a distracted state. He made wise laws for regulating the commerce of the nation, both at home and with other states, and strict regulations for the administration of justice betwixt those who had complaints against one another.

But his greatest labour, and that which he found most difficult to accomplish, was to diminish the power of the great nobles, who ruled like so many kings, each on his own territory and estate, and made war on the King, or upon one another, whenever it was their pleasure to do so. Accordingly, he had several of these great persons brought to trial, and upon their being found guilty, deprived them of their estates. The nobles complained that this was done out of spite against them, and that they were treated with hardship and injustice; and thus discontents were entertained against this good Prince. Another cause of offence was, that to maintain justice, and support the authority of the throne, it was found necessary that some taxes for this purpose should be raised from the subjects; and the Scottish people being poor, and totally unaccustomed to pay any such contributions, they imputed this odious measure to the King's avarice. And thus, though King James was so well-intentioned a king, and certainly the ablest who had reigned in Scotland since the days of Robert Bruce, yet both the high and the low murmured against him, which encouraged some wicked men amongst the nobility to conspire his death.

The chief person in the plot was one Sir Robert Graham, uncle to the Earl of Stratherne. He was bold and ambitious, and highly offended with the King on account of an imprisonment, which he had sustained by the royal command. He drew into the

plot the Earl of Athole, an old man of little talent, by promising to make his son, Sir Robert Stewart, King of Scotland, in place of James. Others were brought into the conspiracy from different motives. To many of their attendants they pretended they only wished to carry away a lady out of the court. To prepare his scheme, Graham retreated into the remote Highlands, and from thence sent a defiance, renouncing his allegiance to the King, and threatening to put his sovereign to death with his own hand. A price was set upon his head, payable to any one who should deliver him up to justice; but he lay concealed in the wild mountains, to prosecute his revenge against James.

The Christmas preceding his murder was appointed by the King for holding a feast at Perth. In his way to that town he was met by a Highland woman, calling herself a prophetess. She stood by the side of the ferry by which he was about to travel to the north, and cried with a loud voice,—“My Lord the King, if you pass this water, you will never return again alive.” The King was struck with this for a moment, because he had read in a book that a king should be slain that year in Scotland; for it often happens, that when a remarkable deed is in agitation, rumours of it get abroad, and are repeated under pretence of prophecies; but which are, in truth, only conjectures of that which seems likely to happen. There was a knight in the court, on whom the King had conferred the name of the King of Love, to whom the King said in jest,—“There is a prophecy that a king shall be killed in Scotland this year; now, Sir Alexander, that must concern either you or me, since we two are the only kings in Scotland.” Other circumstances occurred, which might have prevented the good King’s murder, but none of them were attended to. The King, while at Perth, took up his residence in an abbey of Black-Friars, there being no castle or palace in the town convenient for his residence; and this made the execution of the conspiracy more easy, as his guards were quartered among the citizens.

The day had been spent by the King in sport and feasting, and by the conspirators in preparing for their enterprise. They had destroyed the locks of the doors of the apartment, so that the keys could not be turned; and they had taken away the bars with which the gates were secured, and had provided planks by way of bridges, on which to cross the ditch which surrounded the monastery. At length, on the 20th February, 1437, all was prepared for carrying their treasonable purpose into execution, and Graham came from his hiding-place in the neighbouring mountains, with a party of nigh three hundred men, and entered the gardens of the convent.

The King was in his night-gown and slippers. He had passed the evening gaily with the nobles and ladies of his court, in reading romances, and in singing and music, or playing at chess and tables. The Earl of Athole, and his son Sir Robert Stewart, who expected to succeed James on the throne, were among the last courtiers who retired. At this time James remained standing before the fire, and conversing gaily with the Queen and her ladies before he went to rest. The Highland woman before mentioned again demanded permission to speak with

the King, but was refused, on account of the untimeliness of the hour. All now were ordered to withdraw.

At this moment there was a noise and clashing heard, as of men in armour, and the torches in the garden cast up great flashes of light against the windows. The King then recollected his deadly enemy, Sir Robert Graham, and guessed that he was coming to murder him. He called to the ladies who were left in the chamber to keep the door as well as they could, in order to give him time to escape. He first tried to get out at the windows, but they were fast barred, and defied his strength. By help of the tongs, which were in the chimney, he raised, however, a plank, and let himself down beneath into a narrow vault, used as a common sewer. This had formerly had an opening into the court of the convent, by which he might have made his escape. But all things turned against the unfortunate James; for, two or three days before, he had caused the opening to be built up, because, when he played at ball, the ball used to roll into the vault through that hole.

While the King was in this place of concealment, the conspirators were seeking him through the convent, and, at length, came to the room where the ladies were. The Queen and her women endeavoured, as well as they might, to keep the door shut; and one of them, Catherine Douglas, boldly thrust her own arm across the door, instead of the bar, which had been taken away, as I told you. But the brave lady’s arm was soon broken, and the traitors rushed into the room with swords and daggers drawn, hurting and throwing down such of the women as opposed them. The poor Queen stood half undressed, shrieking aloud, and one of the assassins would have slain her, had it not been for a son of Sir Robert Graham, who said to him, “What would you do to the Queen? She is but a woman—Let us seek the King.”

They accordingly commenced a minute search, but without any success; so they left the apartment, and sought elsewhere about the monastery. In the meanwhile the King turned impatient, and desired the ladies to help him out of the inconvenient lurking place. At this unlucky moment the conspirators returned, one of them having recollected that there was such a vault, and that they had not searched it. And when they tore up the plank, and saw the King standing beneath in the vault, one of them called to the others, “Sirs, I have found the bride for whom we have been seeking all night.” Then, first one, and then another of the villains, brethren of the name of Hall, descended into the vault, with daggers drawn, to have dispatched the unfortunate King, who was standing there in his shirt, without weapons of any kind. But James, who was an active and strong man, threw them both down beneath his feet, and struggled to have got a dagger from one or other of them, in which his hands were severely cut and mangled. Then Sir Robert Graham himself sprung down on the King, who, finding no further defence possible, asked him for mercy, and for leisure to confess his sins to a priest. But Graham replied fiercely, “Thou never hadst mercy on those of thine own blood, nor any one else, therefore thou shalt find no mercy here; and as for a confessor, thou

shalt have none but this sword." So speaking, he thrust the sword through the King's body. And yet it is said, that when he saw his Prince lying bleeding under his feet, he was desirous to have left the enterprise unfinished; but the other conspirators called on Graham to kill the King, otherwise he should himself die by their hands; upon which Graham, with the two men who had descended into the vault before him, fell on the unhappy Prince with their daggers, and slew him by many stabs. There were sixteen wounds in his breast alone.

By this time, but too late, news of this outrage had reached the town, and the household servants of the King, with the people inhabiting the town of Perth, were hastening to the rescue, with torches and weapons. The traitors accordingly caught the alarm, and retreated into the Highlands, losing in their flight only one or two, taken or slain by the pursuers. When they spoke about their enterprise among themselves, they greatly regretted that they had not killed the Queen along with her husband, fearing that she would be active and inexorable in her vengeance.

Indeed their apprehensions were justified by the event, for Queen Joanna made so strict search after the villanous assassins, that in the course of a month, most of them were thrown into prison, and being tried and condemned, they were put to death with new and hideous tortures. The flesh of Robert Stewart, and of a private chamberlain of the King, was torn from their bodies with pincers; while, even in the midst of these horrible agonies, they confessed the justice of their sentences. The Earl of Athole was beheaded, denying at his death that he had consented to the conspiracy, though he admitted that his son had told him of it, to which he had replied, by enjoining him to have no concern in so great a crime. Sir Robert Graham, who was the person with whom the cruel scheme had origin, spoke in defence of it to the last. He had a right to slay the King, he said, for he had renounced his allegiance, and declared war against him; and he expressed his belief, that his memory would be honoured for putting to death so cruel a tyrant. He was tortured in the most dreadful manner before his final execution, and his son was slain before his eyes, whilst he was yet living.

Notwithstanding the greatness of their crime, it was barbarous cruelty to torture these wretched murderers in the manner we have mentioned. But the people were much incensed against them; for though they had murmured against King James while he lived, yet the dismal manner of his death, and the sense that his intentions towards his people were kind and just, caused him to be much regretted. He had also many popular qualities. His face was handsome; and his person strong and active. His mind was well cultivated with ornamental and elegant accomplishments, as well as stored with useful information. He understood music and poetry, and wrote verses, both serious and comic, which are still preserved, and read with interest and entertainment by those who understand the ancient language in which they are composed. The murderer Graham was so far from being remembered with honour for the assassination which he had committed,

that his memory was execrated in a popular rhyme, then generally current:—

Robert Graham,
That slew our King,
God give him shame.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Of the Reign of James II; the Wars with the Douglasses, and the King's Death.

WHEN James I was murdered, his son and heir, James II, was only six years old; so that Scotland was once more plunged into all the discord and confusions of a regency, which were sure to reach their height in a country where even the undisputed sway of a Sovereign of mature age was not held in due respect, and often disturbed by treason and rebellion.

The affairs of the kingdom, during the minority of James II, were chiefly managed by two statesmen who seem to have been men of considerable personal talent, but very little principle or integrity. Sir Alexander Livingston was guardian of the King's person—Sir William Crichton was Chancellor of the kingdom. They debated betwixt themselves the degree of authority attached to their respective offices, and at once engaged in quarrels with each other and with one who was more powerful than either of them—the great Earl of Douglas.

That mighty house was now at the highest pitch of its greatness. The Earl possessed Galloway, Annandale, and other extensive properties in the south of Scotland, where almost all the inferior nobility and gentry acknowledged him as their patron and lord. Thus the Douglasses had at their disposal that part of Scotland which, from its constant wars with England, was most disciplined and accustomed to arms. They possessed the duchy of Touraine and lordship of Longueville in France, and they were connected by intermarriage with the Scottish royal family.

The Douglasses were not only powerful from the extent of lands and territories, but also from the possession of great military talents, which seemed to pass from father to son, and occasioned a proverb, still remembered in Scotland—

So many, so good, as of the Douglasses have been,
Of one surname in Scotland never yet were seen.

Unfortunately, their power, courage, and military skill, were attended with arrogance and ambition, and the Douglasses seemed to have claimed to themselves the rank and authority of sovereign princes, independent of the laws of the country, and of the allegiance due to the sovereign. It was a common thing for them to ride with a retinue of a thousand horse; and as Archibald, the Earl of Douglas of the time, rendered but an imperfect allegiance even to the severe rule of James I, it may be imagined that his power could not be easily restrained by such men as Crichton and Livingston—great, indeed, through the high offices which they held, but otherwise of a degree far inferior to that of Douglas.

But when this powerful nobleman died, in 1438, and was succeeded by his son, a youth of only sixteen years old, the wily Crichton began to spy an occasion to crush the Douglasses, as he hoped, for ever, by the destruction of the youthful Earl and his brother, and

for abating, by this cruel and unmerited punishment, the power and pride of this great family. Crichton proposed to Livingston to join him in this meditated treachery, and, though enemies to each other, the Guardian of the King and the Chancellor of the kingdom united in the vile project of cutting off two boys, whose age alone showed their innocence of the guilt charged upon them. For this purpose flattery and fair words were used to induce William, the youthful Earl of Douglas, and his brother David, with some of their nearest friends, to come to court, and it was pretended that they would be suitable companions and intimates for the young King. An old adherent of the family greatly dissuaded the Earl from accepting this invitation, and exhorted him, if he went to Edinburgh in person, to leave at least his brother David behind him. But the young Earl, thinking that no treachery was intended, could not be diverted from the fatal journey.

The Chancellor Crichton received the Earl of Douglas and his brother on their journey, at his own castle of Crichton, and with the utmost appearance of hospitality and kindness. After remaining a day or two at this place, the two brothers were inveigled to Edinburgh Castle, and introduced to the young King, who, not knowing the further purpose of his guardians, received them with affability, and seemed delighted with the prospect of enjoying their society.

On a sudden the scene began to change. At an entertainment which was served up to the Earl and his brother, the head of a black bull was placed on the table. The Douglasses knew this, according to a custom which prevailed in Scotland, to be the sign of death, and leaped from the table in great dismay. But they were seized by armed men who entered the apartment. They underwent a mock trial, in which all the insolencies of their ancestors were charged against them, and were condemned to immediate execution. The young King wept, and implored Livingston and Crichton to show them mercy, but in vain. They were led out to the court of the Castle, and beheaded without delay. Malcolm Fleming of Cumbernauld, a faithful adherent of their house, shared the same fate.

This barbarous proceeding was as unwise as it was unjust. It did not reduce the power of the Douglasses, but only raised general detestation against those who managed the affairs of James II. A fat, quiet, peaceable person, called James the Gross, indolent from habit of body and temper of mind, became Earl of Douglas, which was probably the reason that no public commotion immediately attended on the murder of the two brothers. But this corpulent dignitary lived only two years, and was in his turn succeeded by his son Archibald who was as active and turbulent as any of his ambitious predecessors, and engaged in various civil broils for the purpose of revenging the death of his kinsmen.

James the Second, in the meanwhile, came to man's estate, and entered on the management of public affairs. He was a handsome man, but his countenance was marked on one side with a broad red spot, which gained him the surname of James with the fiery face. They might have called him James with the fiery temper, in like manner; for, with many good qualities, he had a hot and impetuous

disposition, of which we shall presently see a remarkable instance.

In the beginning of his administration, James employed the assistance of the Earl of Douglas, as lieutenant-general of the kingdom. But that ambitious nobleman was soon disposed to extend his authority to independent power, and the King found it necessary to take from him the dangerous office with which he had intrusted him. Douglas retired to his own castle meditating revenge, whilst the King, on the other hand, looked around for some fitting opportunity of diminishing the power of so formidable a rival.

Douglas was not long of showing his total contempt of the King's authority, and his power of acting for himself.—One of his friends and followers, named Auchinleck, had been slain by the Lord Colville. The criminal certainly deserved punishment, but it ought to have been inflicted by the regular magistrates of the Crown, not by the arbitrary pleasure of a private baron, however great and powerful. Douglas, however, took up the matter as a wrong done to himself, and revenged it by his own authority. He marched a large body of his forces against the Lord Colville, stormed his castle, and put every person within it to death. The King was unable to avenge this insult to his authority.

In like manner, Douglas connived at and encouraged some of his followers in Annandale to ravage and plunder the lands of Sir John Herries, a person of that country, eminently attached to the King. Herries, a man of high spirit and considerable power, retaliated, by wasting the lands of those who had thus injured him. He was defeated and made prisoner by Douglas, who caused him to be executed, although the King sent a positive order, enjoining him to forbear any injury to Herries's person.

But a still more flagrant breach of law, and violation of all respect to the King's authority, happened in the case of Maclellan, the guardian of the young Lord of Bomby, ancestor of the Earls of Kirkcubright. This was one of the few men of consequence in Galloway who, defying the threats of the Earl of Douglas, had refused to join with him against the King. The Earl, incensed at his opposition, suddenly assaulted his castle, made him prisoner, and carried him to the strong castle of Thrieve, in Galloway, situated on an island in the river Dee. The King took a particular interest in Maclellan's fate, the rather that he was petitioned to interfere in his favour by Sir Patrick Gray, the commander of the royal guard, a gentleman much in James's confidence, and constantly attending on his person, and who was Maclellan's near relative, being his uncle on the mother's side. In order to prevent Maclellan from sharing the fate of Colville and Herries, the King wrote a letter to the Earl of Douglas, entreating as a favour, rather than urging as a command, that he would deliver the person of the Tutor of Bomby, as Maclellan was usually entitled, into the hands of his relative, Sir Patrick Gray.

Sir Patrick himself went with the letter to the Castle of Thrieve. Douglas received him just as he had arisen from dinner, and, with much apparent civility, declined to speak with Gray, on the occasion of his coming, until he also had dined, saying, "It

was ill talking between a full man and a fasting." But this courtesy was only a pretence to gain time to do a very cruel action. Guessing that Sir Patrick Gray's visit respected the life of Maclellan, he resolved to hasten his death before opening the King's letter. Thus, while he was feasting Sir Patrick, with every appearance of hospitality, he caused his unhappy kinsman to be led out and beheaded in the court-yard of the Castle.

When the dinner was over, Gray presented the King's letter, which Douglas received, and read over with every testimony of profound respect. He then thanked Sir Patrick for the trouble he had taken in bringing him so gracious a letter from his Sovereign, especially considering he was not at present on good terms with his Majesty. "And," he added, "the King's demand shall instantly be granted, the rather for your sake." The Earl then took Sir Patrick by the hand, and led him to the castle-yard, where the body of Maclellan was still lying.

"Sir Patrick," said he, as his servants removed the bloody cloth which covered the body, "you have come a little too late—there lies your sister's son—but he wants the head—the body is, however, at your service."

"My lord," said Gray, suppressing his indignation, "if you have taken his head, you may dispose of the body as you will."

But, when he had mounted his horse, which he instantly called for, his resentment broke out, in spite of the dangerous situation in which he was placed:—

"My lord," said he, "if I live, you shall bitterly pay for this day's work."

So saying, he turned his horse and galloped off.

"To horse, and chase him!" said Douglas; and if Gray had not been well mounted, he would, in all probability, have shared the fate of his nephew. He was closely pursued till near Edinburgh, a space of fifty or sixty miles.

Besides these daring and open instances of contempt of the King's authority, Douglas entered into such alliances as plainly showed his determination to destroy entirely the royal government. He formed a league with the Earl of Crawford, called Earl Beardie, who had great power in the counties of Angus, Perth, and Kincardine, and with the Earl of Ross, who possessed extensive and almost royal authority in the north of Scotland, by which these three powerful Earls agreed that they should take each other's part in every quarrel, and against every man, the King himself not excepted.

James then plainly saw that some strong measure must be taken, yet it was not easy to determine what was to be done. The league between the three Earls enabled them, if open war was attempted, to assemble a force superior to that of the crown. The King, therefore, dissembled his resentment, and, under pretext of desiring an amicable conference and reconciliation, requested Douglas to come to the royal court at Stirling. Douglas hesitated to accept of this invitation, and, before he actually did so, he demanded and obtained a protection, or safe-conduct, under the Great Seal, pledging the King's promise that he should be permitted to come to the court and to return in safety. And the Earl was more confirmed in his purpose of waiting on the King, because he was

given to understand that the Chancellor Crichton had retired from court in some disgrace, so that he thought himself secure from the plots of that great enemy of his family.

Thus protected, as he thought, against personal danger, Douglas came to Stirling in the end of February, 1452, where he found the King lodged in the Castle of that town, which was and is situated upon a rock rising abruptly from the plain, at the upper end of the town, and only accessible by one gate, which is strongly defended. The numerous followers of Douglas were quartered in the town, but the Earl himself was admitted into the Castle. One of his nearest confidants, and most powerful allies, was James Hamilton of Cadyow, the head of the great house of Hamilton. This gentleman pressed forward to follow Douglas, as he entered the gate. But Livingston, who was in the Castle with the King, struck Hamilton, who was his near relation, upon the face; and when Hamilton, greatly incensed, rushed on him, sword in hand, he repulsed him with a long lance, till the gates were shut against him. Sir James Hamilton was very angry at this usage at the time, but afterwards knew that Livingston acted a friendly part, in excluding him from the danger into which Douglas was throwing himself.

The King received Douglas kindly, and, after some amiable expostulation with him upon his late conduct, all seemed friendship and cordiality betwixt James and his too powerful subject. Supper was presented at seven o'clock, and after it was over, the King led Douglas into the recess of a window in the apartment, where he came on the subject of the Earl's bond with Ross and Crawford, and exhorted him to give it up, as inconsistent with his allegiance and the quiet of the kingdom. Douglas declined to relinquish the treaty which he had formed. The King urged him more imperiously, and the Earl returned a haughty and positive refusal, upbraiding the King, at the same time, with mal-administration of the public affairs. Then the King burst into a rage at his obstinacy, and exclaimed, "By Heaven, my lord, if *you* will not break the league, *this* shall." So saying, he wounded the Earl in the breast with his dagger. Sir Patrick Gray, who had sworn revenge on Douglas for the execution of Maclellan, then struck him on the head with a battle-axe, and others of the King's retinue showed their zeal by wounding the dead body. The corpse did not receive any Christian burial. At least, about forty years since, a skeleton was found buried in the garden, just below the fatal window, which was, with much probability, conjectured to be the remains of the Earl of Douglas, who died thus strangely and unhappily by the hand of his sovereign.

This was a wicked and cruel action on the King's part, bad if it were done in hasty passion, and yet worse if James meditated the possibility of this violence from the beginning, and had determined to use force if Douglas should not yield to persuasion. The Earl had deserved punishment, perhaps even that of death, for many crimes against the state; but the King ought not to have slain him without form of trial, and in his own chamber, after decoying him there under assurance that his person should be safe. Yet this assassination, like that of the Red Comyn at Dumfries, turned to the good of Scotland; for God, my

dearest child, who is often pleased to bring good out of the follies, and even the crimes of men, rendered the death of Comyn the road to the freedom of Scotland, and that of Douglas the cause of the downfall of the Douglas family, which had become too powerful for the peace of the kingdom.

The scene, however, opened very differently from the manner in which it was to end. There were in the town of Stirling four brethren of the murdered Douglas, who had come to wait on him to court. Upon hearing that their elder brother had died in the manner I have told you, they immediately acknowledged James, the eldest of the four, as his successor in the earldom. They then hastened each to the county where he had interest, for they were all great lords, and, collecting their friends and vassals, they returned to Stirling, dragging the safe-conduct, or passport, which had been granted to the Earl of Douglas, at the tail of a serving-man, in order to show their contempt for the King. They then, with the sound of five hundred horns and trumpets, proclaimed King James a false and perjured man. Afterwards they pillaged the town of Stirling, and, not thinking that enough, they sent back Hamilton of Cadyow to burn it to the ground. But the strength of the Castle defied all their efforts; and after this bravado, the Douglasses dispersed themselves to assemble a still larger body of forces.

So many great barons were engaged in alliance with the house of Douglas, that it is said to have been a question in the King's mind, whether he should abide the conflict, or fly to France, and leave the throne to the Earl. At this moment of extreme need, James found a trusty counsellor in his cousin-german, Kennedy, Archbishop of St Andrew's, one of the wisest men of his time. The Archbishop showed his advice in a sort of emblem or parable. He gave the King a bunch of arrows tied together with a thong of leather, and asked him to break them. The King said it was beyond his strength. "That may be the case, bound together as they are," replied the Archbishop, "but if you undo the strap and take the arrows one by one, you may easily break them all in succession. And thus, my Liege, you ought in wisdom to deal with the insurgent nobility. If you attack them while they are united in one mind and purpose, they will be too strong for you; but if you can, by dealing with them separately, prevail on them to abandon their union, you may as easily master them one after the other, as you can break the arrows if you take each singly."

Acting upon this principle, the King made private representations to several of the nobility, to whom his agents found access, showing them that the rebellion of the Douglasses would, if successful, render that family superior to all others in Scotland, and sink the rest of the Peers into men of little consequence. Large gifts of land, treasures, and honours, were liberally promised to those who, in this moment of extremity, should desert the Douglasses and join the King's party. These large promises, and the secret dread of the great predominance of the Douglas family, drew to the King's side many, that had hitherto wavered betwixt their allegiance and their fear of the Earl.

Among these, the most distinguished was the Earl

of Angus, who, although himself a Douglas, being a younger branch of that family, joined on this memorable occasion with the King against his kinsmen, and gave rise to the saying, that "the Red Douglas (such was the complexion of the Angus family) had put down the Black."

The great family of Gordon also declaring for the King, their chief, the Earl of Huntly, collected an army in the north, and marched south as far as Brechin to support the royal authority. Here he was encountered by the Earl of Crawford, who had taken arms for the Douglas party, according to the fatal bond which had cost the Earl William his life. One of the chief leaders in Crawford's army was John Collasse of Bonnymoon (or Balnamoon), who commanded a gallant body of men, armed with bills and battle-axes, on which the Earl greatly relied. But before the action, this John Collasse had asked Crawford to grant him certain lands, that lay convenient for him, and near his house, which the Earl refused to do. Collasse, incensed at the refusal, took an opportunity, when the battle was at the closest, to withdraw from the conflict; upon which Crawford's men, who had been on the point of gaining the victory, lost heart, and were defeated. Other battles were fought in different parts of Scotland between the Douglasses and their allies, and those noblemen and gentlemen who favoured the King. Much blood was spilt, and great mischief done to the country. Among other instances of the desolation of these civil wars, the Earl of Huntly burned one half of the town of Elgin, being that part which inclined to the Douglasses, while he left standing the opposite part of the same street, which was inhabited by citizens attached to his own family. Hence the proverb when a thing is imperfectly finished, that it is, "Half done, as Elgin was burned." Famine and pestilence came to add to the desolation of the country, wasted by a civil war, which occasioned skirmishes, conflagrations, and slaughters, almost in every province of Scotland.

The royal party at length began to gain ground; for the present Earl of Douglas seems to have been a man of less action and decision than was usual with those of his name and family. The Earl of Crawford was one of those who first deserted him, and applied to the King for forgiveness and restoration to favour. The King, though he had many subjects of complaint against this powerful lord, and notwithstanding he had made a vow to destroy the Earl's Castle of Finhaven, and to make the highest stone the lowest, nevertheless granted him a full pardon; and made him a visit at Finhaven, where he accomplished his vow, by getting to the top of the battlements and throwing a small stone, which was lying loose there, down into the moat; thus, in one sense, making the highest stone in the house the lowest, though not by the demolition of the place. By this clemency the minds of the hostile nobles were conciliated, and many began to enter into terms of submission.

But the power of the Douglasses remained unbroken, and it was so great that there was little hope that the struggle would be ended without a desperate battle. At length such an event seemed near approaching. The Earls of Orkney and Angus, acting for the King, had besieged Abercorn, a strong Castle on the Frith of Forth, belonging to the Earl of Dou-

glas. Douglas collected the whole strength which his family and allies could raise, amounting, it is said, to nearly forty thousand men, with which he advanced to raise the siege. The King, on the other hand, having assembled the whole forces of the north of Scotland, advanced to meet Douglas, at the head of an army somewhat superior in numbers to that of the Earl, but inferior in military discipline. Thus everything seemed to render a combat inevitable, the issue of which must have shown whether James Stewart or James Douglas was to wear the Crown of Scotland. The small river of Carron divided the two armies.

But the intrigues of the Archbishop of St Andrew's had made a powerful impression upon many of the nobles who acted with Douglas, and there was a party among his followers, who obeyed him more from fear than affection. Others, seeing a certain degree of uncertainty in Douglas's resolutions, and a want of decision in his actions, began to doubt whether he was a leader fit to conduct so perilous an enterprise. Amongst these last was Sir James Hamilton of Cadyow, already mentioned, who commanded in Douglas's army three hundred horse, and as many infantry, all men of tried discipline and courage. The Archbishop Kennedy was Hamilton's kinsman, and took advantage of their relationship to send a secret messenger to inform him that the King was well disposed to pardon his rebellion, and to show him great favour, provided that he would at that critical moment renounce the cause of Douglas, and return to the King's obedience. These arguments made considerable impression on Hamilton, who nevertheless, having been long the friend and follower of the Earl of Douglas, was loath to desert his old friend in such an extremity.

On the next morning after this secret conference, the King sent a herald to the camp of Douglas, charging him to disperse his followers, on pain that he and his accomplices should be proclaimed traitors, but at the same time promising forgiveness and rewards to all who should leave the rebellious standard of Douglas. Douglas made a mock of this summons; and sounding his trumpets, and placing his men in order, marched stoutly forward to encounter the King's army, who on their side left their camp, and came forward with displayed banners, as if to instant battle. It seems, however, that the message of the herald had made some impression on the followers of Douglas, and perhaps on the Earl himself, by rendering him doubtful of their adherence. He saw, or thought he saw, that his troops were discouraged, and led them back into his camp, hoping to inspire them with more confidence and zeal. But the movement had a different effect; for no sooner had the Earl returned to his tent, than Sir James Hamilton came to expostulate with him, and to require him to say, whether he meant to fight or not, assuring him that every delay was in favour of the King, and that the longer the Earl put off the day of battle, the fewer men he would have to fight it with. Douglas answered contemptuously to Hamilton, that "if he was afraid to stay, he was welcome to go home." Hamilton took the Earl at his word, and leaving the camp of Douglas, went over to the King that very night. The example was so generally followed, that

the army of Douglas seemed suddenly to disband itself, and in the morning the Earl had not a hundred men left in his silent and deserted camp, excepting his own immediate followers. He was obliged to fly into Annandale, where his brothers and followers sustained a severe defeat from the Scotts and other Borderers, near a place called Arkinholme. One of the Earl's brothers fell in the battle, another was wounded and made prisoner, and immediately executed. The third escaped into England, where the Earl also found a retreat. Thus the power of this great and predominant family, which seemed to stand so fair for possessing the crown, fell at length without a struggle; and their greatness, which had been founded upon the loyalty and bravery of the Good Lord James, was destroyed by the rebellious and wavering conduct of the last Earl.

The unfortunate nobleman remained nearly twenty years a banished man in England, and was almost forgotten in his own country until the subsequent reign, when, in 1484, he was defeated and made prisoner, in a small excursion which he had attempted to make upon the frontiers of Annandale. He surrendered to a brother of Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, who, in the Earl's better days, had been his own vassal, and who shed tears at seeing his old master in such a lamentable situation. He even proposed to set him at liberty, and fly with him into England; but Douglas rejected this offer. "I am tired," he said, "of exile; and as there is a reward offered by the King for my head, I had rather it were conferred on you, who were always faithful to me while I was faithful to myself, than on any one else." Kirkpatrick, however, acted kindly and generously. He secured the Earl in some secret abode, and did not deliver him up to the King until he had a promise of his life. Douglas was then ordained to be put into the Abbey of Lindores, to which sentence he submitted calmly, only using a popular proverb, "He that cannot do better must be a monk." He lived in that convent four years afterwards, and with him, as the last of his family, expired the principal branch of these tremendous Earls of Douglas.

Other Scottish families arose upon their ruins, in consequence of the distribution made of their immense forfeited estates, to those who had assisted the King in suppressing their power. Amongst these the Earl of Angus, who, although kinsman to the Earl of Douglas, had sided with the King, received by far the greater share, to an amount, indeed, which enabled the family, as we shall see, to pursue the same ambitious course as that of their kinsfolk of the elder branch, although they neither rose to such high elevation, nor sunk into the same irreparable ruin which was the lot of the original family.

Hamilton also rose into power on the fall of the Douglas. His opportune desertion of his kinsman at Abercorn was accounted good service, and was rewarded with large grants of land, and at last with the hand of the King's eldest daughter in marriage.

Sir David Scott of Kirkurd and Buccleuch obtained also great gifts of land for his clan's service and his own, at the battle of Arkinholme, and began that course of greatness which raised his family to the ducal dignity.

Such, my dear child, is the course of the world, in

which the downfall of one great man or family is the means of advancing others, as a falling tree throws its seed upon the ground, and causes young plants to arise in its room.

The English did not make much war upon Scotland during this reign, being engaged at home with their dreadful civil wars of York and Lancaster. For the same reason, perhaps, the Scots had the advantage in the battle of Sark, and in two other actions.

Relieved from the rivalry of the Douglas, and from the pressure of constant war with England, James II governed Scotland firmly. The kingdom enjoyed considerable tranquillity during his reign; and his last Parliament were able to recommend to him the regular and firm execution of the laws, as to a prince who possessed the full means of discharging his kingly office, without resistance from evil-doers or infringers of justice. This was in 1458. But only two years afterwards all these fair hopes were blighted.

The strong Border Castle of Roxburgh had remained in the hands of the English ever since the fatal battle of Durham. The King was determined to recover this bulwark of the kingdom. Breaking through a truce which existed with England at the time, James summoned together the full force of his kingdom to accomplish this great enterprise. The nobles attended in numbers, and well accompanied, at the summons of a prince who was always respected, and generally successful in his military undertakings. Even Donald of the Isles proved himself a loyal and submissive vassal; and while he came with a force which showed his great authority, he placed it submissively at the disposal of his sovereign. His men were arrayed in the Highland fashion, with shirts of mail, two-handed swords, axes, and bows and arrows; and Donald offered, when the Scots should enter England, that he would march a mile in front of the King's host, and take upon himself the danger of the first onset. But James's first object was the siege of Roxburgh. This strong Castle was situated on an eminence near the junction of Tweed and Teviot; the waters of the Teviot, raised by a dam-head or wear, flowed round the fortress, and its walls were as strong as the engineers of the time could raise. On former occasions it had been taken by stratagem, but James was now to proceed by a regular siege.

With this purpose he established a battery of such large clumsy cannon as were constructed at that time, upon the north side of the river Tweed. The siege had lasted some time, and the army began to be weary of the undertaking, when they received new spirit from the arrival of the Earl of Huntly with a gallant body of fresh troops. The King, out of joy at these succours, commanded his artillery to fire a volley upon the Castle, and stood near the cannon himself, to mark the effect of the shot. The guns of the period were awkwardly framed out of bars of iron, fastened together by hoops of the same metal, somewhat in the same manner in which barrels are now made. They were, therefore, far more liable to accidents than modern cannon, which are cast in one entire solid piece, and then bored hollow by a machine. One of these ill-made guns burst in going off. A

fragment of iron broke James's thigh-bone, and killed him on the spot. Another splinter wounded the Earl of Angus. No other person sustained injury, though many stood around. Thus died James the Second of Scotland, in the twenty-ninth year of his life, after reigning twenty-four years.

This King did not possess the elegant accomplishments of his father; and the manner in which he slew Douglas must be admitted as a stain upon his reputation. Yet he was upon the whole a good Prince, and was greatly lamented by his subjects. A thorn-tree, in the Duke of Roxburgh's park at Fleurs, still shows the spot where he died.

CHAPTER XIX.

Reign of James III—Insurrection of the Homes and Hepburns—Murder of the King.

UPON the lamentable death of James II, the army which lay before Roxburgh was greatly discouraged, and seemed about to raise the siege. But Margaret, the widow of their slain monarch, appeared in their council of war, leading in her eldest son, a child of eight years old, who was the successor to the crown, and spoke to them these gallant words: "Fye, my noble lords, think not now shamefully to give up an enterprise which is so bravely begun, or to abandon the revenge of this unhappy accident which has befallen before this ill-omened castle. Forward, my brave lords, and persevere in your undertaking, and never turn your backs till this siege is victoriously ended. Let it not be said that such brave champions needed to hear from a woman, and a widowed one, the courageous advice and comfort which she ought rather to receive from you." The Scottish nobles received this heroic address with shouts of applause, and persevered in the siege of Roxburgh Castle, until the garrison, receiving no relief, were obliged to surrender the place through famine. The governor is stated to have been put to death; and in the animosity of the Scots against every thing concerned with the death of their King, they levelled the walls of the Castle with the ground, and the Scottish army returned victorious from an enterprise which had cost them so dear.

The minority of James III was more prosperous than that of his father and grandfather. The affairs of state were guided by the experienced wisdom of Bishop Kennedy. Roxburgh was, as we have said, taken and destroyed. Berwick, during the dissensions of the Civil Wars of England, was surrendered to the Scots, and the dominions of the Islands of Orkney and Zetland, which had hitherto belonged to the Kings of Norway, were acquired as the marriage portion of a Princess of Denmark and Norway, who was united in marriage to the King of Scotland.

These favourable circumstances were first interrupted by the death of Archbishop Kennedy; after which event, one family, that of the Boyds, started into such a degree of temporary power as seemed to threaten the public tranquillity. The tutor of James III was Gilbert Kennedy, a wise and grave man, who continued to regulate the studies of the King after the death of his brother the prelate, but unadvisedly called in to his assistance Sir Alexander, the brother of Lord Boyd, as one who was younger and fitter than himself to teach James military exercises. By means

of this appointment, Sir Alexander, his brother Lord Boyd, and two of his sons, became so intimate with the King, that they resolved to take him from under the management of Kennedy entirely. The Court was then residing at Linlithgow, and the King, while abroad on a hunting-party, was persuaded to direct his horse's head to Edinburgh, instead of returning. Kennedy, the tutor, hastened to oppose the King's desire, and seizing his horse by the bridle, wished to lead him back to Linlithgow. Alexander Boyd rushed forward, and striking with a hunting-staff the old man, who had deserved better usage at his hand, forced him to quit the King's rein, and accomplished his purpose of carrying James to Edinburgh, where he entered upon the administration of affairs, and having granted a solemn pardon to the Boyds for whatever violence had occurred in their proceedings, he employed them for a time. Sir Thomas, one of Lord Boyd's sons, was honoured with the hand of the Princess Margaret, the King's eldest sister, and was created Earl of Arran. He deserved even this elevation, by his personal accomplishments, if he approached the character given of him by an English gentleman. He is described as "the most courteous, gentle, wise, kind, companionable, and bounteous Earl of Arran;"—and again, as "a light, able-bodied, well-spoken man, a goodly archer, and a knight most devout, most perfect, and most true to his lady."

Notwithstanding his accomplishments, the sudden rise of his family was followed by as sudden a fall. The King deprived the Boyds of their offices, and caused them to be tried for the violence committed at Linlithgow, notwithstanding the pardon which he himself had granted. Sir Alexander Boyd was condemned and executed. Lord Boyd and his sons escaped, and died in exile. After the death of Sir Thomas (the Earl of Arran), the Princess Margaret was married to the Lord Hamilton, to whom she carried the estate and title of Arran.

It was after the fall of the Boyds that the King came to administer the government in person, and that the defects of his character began to appear. He was timorous, a great failing in a warlike age; and his cowardice made him suspicious of his nobility, and particularly of his two brothers. He was fond of money, and therefore did not use that generosity towards his powerful subjects which was necessary to secure their attachment, but, on the contrary, endeavoured to obtain riches by encroaching upon the rights both of clergy and laity, and thus made himself at once hated and contemptible. He was fond of the fine arts, as they are called; a disposition graceful in a monarch, if exhibited with due regard to his dignity. But he made architects and musicians his principal companions, excluding his nobility from the personal familiarity to which he admitted those whom the haughty barons of Scotland termed masons and fiddlers. Cochran, an architect, Rogers, a musician; Leonard, a smith; Hommel, a tailor; and Torphichen, a fencing-master, were his counsellors and companions. These habits of low society excited the hatred of the nobility, who began to make comparisons betwixt the King and his two brothers, the Dukes of Albany and Mar, greatly to the disadvantage of James.

Both these princes were of appearance and man-

ners such as were then thought most suited to their royal birth. This is the description of the Duke of Albany by an ancient Scottish author: He was well proportioned, and tall in stature, and comely in his countenance, that is to say, broad-faced, red-nosed, large-eared, and having a very awful countenance when it pleased him to speak with those who had displeased him. Mar was of a less stern temper, and gave great satisfaction to all who approached his person, by the mildness and gentleness of his manners. Both princes were excellent in the military exercises of tilting, hunting, hawking, and other personal accomplishments; for which their brother, the King, was unfit, by taste, or from timidity, although they were in those times reckoned indispensable to a man of rank.

Perhaps some excuse for the King's fears may be found in the turbulent disposition of the Scottish nobles, who, like the Douglasses and Boyds, often nourished schemes of ambition, which they endeavoured to gratify by exercising a control over the King's person. The following incident may serve to amuse you, among so many melancholy tales, and at the same time to show you the manners of the Scottish Kings, and the fears which James entertained for the enterprises of the nobility.

About the year 1474, Lord Somerville being in attendance upon the King's court, James III offered to come and visit him at his Castle of Cowthally, near the town of Carnwath, where he then lived in all the rude hospitality of the time, for which he was peculiarly remarkable. It was his custom, when, being from home, he intended to return to the castle with a party of guests, merely to write the words, *Speates and raxes*; that is, spits and ranges: meaning by this hint that there should be a great quantity of food prepared, and that the spits and ranges, or frame-work on which they turn, should be put into employment. Even the visit of the King himself did not induce Lord Somerville to send any other than his usual intimation, only he repeated it three times, and dispatched it to his castle by a special messenger. The paper was delivered to the Lady Somerville, who, having been lately married, was not quite accustomed to read her husband's handwriting, which probably was not very good, in those times when noblemen used the sword more than the pen. So the lady sent for the steward, and, after laying their heads together, instead of reading *Speates and raxes*, *speates and raxes*, *speates and raxes*, they made out the writing to be *Spears and jacks*, *spears and jacks*, *spears and jacks*. Jacks were a sort of leathern doublet, covered with plates of iron, worn as armour by horsemen of inferior rank. They concluded the meaning of these terrible words to be, that Lord Somerville was in some distress, or engaged in some quarrel in Edinburgh, and wanted assistance; so that, instead of killing cattle and preparing for a feast, they collected armed men together, and got ready for a fray. A party of two hundred horsemen were speedily assembled, and were trotting over the moors to Edinburgh, when they observed a large company of gentlemen employed in the sport of hawking, on the side of Corsett-hill. This was the King and Lord Somerville, who were on their road to Cowthally, taking their sport as they went along. The ap-

pearance of a numerous body of armed men soon turned their game to earnest; and the King, who saw the Lord Somerville's banner at the head of the troop, concluded it was some rebellious enterprise against his person, and charged the Baron with treason. Lord Somerville declared his innocence. "Yonder," said he, "are indeed my men and my banner, but I have no knowledge whatever of the cause that has brought them here. But if your Grace will permit me to ride forward, I will soon see the cause of this disturbance. In the meantime, let my eldest son and heir remain as a hostage in your Grace's power, and let him lose his head if I prove false to my duty." The King accordingly permitted Lord Somerville to ride towards his followers, when the matter was soon explained by those who commanded them. The mistake was then only subject of merriment; for the King, looking at the letter, protested he himself would have read it spears and jacks, rather than speates and raxes. When they came to Cowthally, the lady was much out of countenance at the mistake. But the King greatly praised her for the dispatch which she had used in raising men to assist her husband, and said he hoped she would always have as brave a band at his service, when the King and kingdom required them. And thus everything went happily off.

It was natural that a Prince of a timid, and at the same time a severe disposition, such as James III seems to have had, should see with anxiety the hold which his brothers possessed over the hearts of his subjects; and the insinuations of the unworthy familiars of his private hours turned that anxiety and suspicion into deadly and implacable hatred. Various causes combined to induce the mean and obscure favourites of James to sow enmity betwixt him and his brothers. The Homes and Hepburns, families which had risen into additional power after the fall of the Douglasses, had several private disputes with Albany concerning privileges and property belonging to the Earldom of March, which had been conferred on him by his father. Albany was also Lord Warden of the east frontiers, and in that capacity had restrained and disobliged those powerful clans. To be revenged, they made interest with Robert Cochran, the King's principal adviser, and gave him, it is said, large bribes to put Albany out of credit with the King. Cochran's own interest suggested the same vile course, for he must have been sensible that Albany and Mar disapproved of the King's intimacy with him and his companions.

These unworthy favourites, therefore, set themselves to fill the King's mind with apprehensions of dangers which were to arise to him from his brothers. They informed him that the Earl of Mar had consulted witches when and how the King should die, and that it had been answered that he should fall by means of his nearest relations. They brought to James also an astrologer, that is, a man who pretended to calculate future events by the motion of the stars, who told him that in Scotland a Lion should be killed by his own whelps. All these things wrought on the jealous and timid disposition of the King, so that he seized upon both his brethren. Albany was imprisoned in the Castle of Edinburgh, but Mar's fate was instantly decided. The King

VOL. VII.

caused his brother to be put to death by stifling him in a bath, or, as other historians say, by causing him to be bled to death. James III committed this horrid crime, in order to avoid dangers which were in a great measure imaginary; but we shall find that the death of his brother Mar rather endangered than added to his safety.

Albany was in danger of the same fate, but some of his friends in France or Scotland had formed a plan of rescuing him. A small sloop came into the roadstead of Leith, loaded with wine of Gascony, and two small barrels were sent up as a present to the imprisoned Prince. The guard having suffered the casks to be carried to Albany's chamber, the Duke, examining them in private, found that one of them contained a roll of wax, enclosing a letter, exhorting him to make his escape, and promising that the little vessel which brought the wine should be ready to receive him if he could gain the water-side. The letter conjured him to be speedy, as there was a purpose to behead him on the day following. A coil of ropes was also enclosed in the same cask, to effect his descent from the castle-wall, and the precipice upon which it is built. There was a faithful attendant, his chamberlain, imprisoned with him in the same chamber, who promised to assist his master in this perilous undertaking. The first point was to secure the captain of the guard; for which purpose Albany invited him to sup with him, in order, as the Duke pretended, to taste the good wine which had been presented to him. The captain of the guard, having placed his watches where he thought there was danger, came to the Duke's chamber, attended by three of his soldiers, and partook of a collation. After supper, the Duke engaged him in playing at tables and dice; and the captain, seated beside a hot fire, and plied with wine by the chamberlain, began to grow drowsy, as did his attendants, on whom the liquor had not been spared. Then the Duke of Albany, a strong man and desperate, leapt from table, and stabbed the captain with a whinger or dagger, so that he died on the spot. The like he did to two of the captain's men, and the chamberlain dispatched the other, and threw their bodies on the fire. This was the more easily accomplished that the soldiers were intoxicated and stupified. They then took the keys from the captain's pocket, and getting out upon the walls, chose a retired corner, out of the watchmen's sight, to make their perilous descent. The chamberlain tried to go down the rope first, but it was too short, so that he fell and broke his thigh-bone. He then called to his master to make the rope longer. Albany returned to his apartment, and took the sheets from the bed, with which he lengthened the rope, so that he descended the precipice in safety. He then got his chamberlain on his back, and conveyed him to a place of safety, where he might remain concealed till his hurt was cured, and went himself to the sea-side, when, upon the appointed signal, a boat came ashore and took him off to the vessel, in which he sailed for France.

During the night, the guards, who knew that their officer was in the Duke's apartment with four men, could not but suppose that all was safe; but when daylight showed them the rope hanging from the walls, they became alarmed, and hastened to the

Duke's lodgings. Here they found the body of one man lying near the door, and the corpses of the Captain and other two lying upon the fire. The King was much surprised at so strange an escape, and would give no credit to it till he had examined the place with his own eyes.

The death of Mar, and the flight of Albany, increased the insolence of King James's unworthy favourites. Robert Cochran, the mason, rose into great power, and as every man's petition to the King came through his hands, and he expected and received bribes to give his countenance, he amassed so much wealth, that he was able in his turn to bribe the King to confer on him the Earldom of Mar, with the lands and revenues of the deceased Prince. All men were filled with indignation to see the inheritance of the murdered Duke, the son of the King of Scotland, conferred upon a mean upstart like this Cochran. He was guilty of another piece of mal-administration, by mixing the silver coin of the kingdom with brass and lead, and thereby decreasing its real value, while orders were given by proclamation to take it at the same rate as if it were composed of pure silver. The people refused to sell their corn and other commodities for this debased coin, which introduced great distress, confusion, and scarcity. Some one told Cochran, that this money should be called in, and good coin issued in its stead; but he was so confident of the currency of the Cochran-placks, as the people called them, that he said,—“The day I am hanged they may be called in; not sooner.” This speech, which he made in jest, proved true in reality.

In the year 1482, the disputes with England had come to a great height, and Edward IV made preparations to invade Scotland, principally in the hope of recovering the town of Berwick. He invited the Duke of Albany from France to join him in this undertaking, promising to place him on the Scottish throne instead of his brother. This was held out in order to take advantage of the unpopularity of King James, and the general disposition which manifested itself in Scotland in favour of Albany.

But, however discontented with their sovereign, the Scottish nation showed themselves in no way disposed to receive another king from the hands of the English. The Parliament assembled, and unanimously determined on war against Edward the Robber, as they called Edward IV. To support this violent language, James ordered the whole array of the kingdom, that is, all the men who were bound to discharge military service, to assemble at the Borough-moor of Edinburgh, from whence they marched to Lauder, and encamped between the river Leader and the town, to the number of fifty thousand men.

But the great barons, who had there assembled with their followers, were less disposed to advance against the English than to correct the abuses of King James's administration.

Many of the nobility and barons held a secret council in the church of Lauder, where they enlarged upon the evils which Scotland sustained through the insolence and corruption of Cochran and his associates. While they were thus declaiming, Lord Gray requested their attention to a fable. “The

mice,” he said, “being much annoyed by the persecution of the cat, resolved that a bell should be hung about puss's neck, to give notice when she was coming. But though the measure was agreed to in full council, it could not be carried into effect, because no mouse had courage enough to undertake to tie the bell to the neck of their formidable enemy.” This was as much as to say, that though they might make bold resolutions against the King's ministers, yet it would be difficult to find any one courageous enough to act upon them.

Archibald, Earl of Angus, a man of gigantic strength and intrepid courage, and head of that second family of Douglas whom I before mentioned, started up when Gray had done speaking. “I am he,” he said, “who will bell the cat;” from which expression he was distinguished by the name of Bell-the-Cat to his dying day.

While thus engaged, a loud authoritative knocking was heard at the door. This announced the arrival of Cochran, attended by a guard of three hundred men, attached to his own person, dressed in his livery of white, with black facings, and armed with partizans. His own personal appearance corresponded with this magnificent attendance. He was attired in a riding suit of black velvet, and had round his neck a fine chain of gold, whilst a bugle-horn, tipped and mounted with gold, hung down by his side. His helmet was borne before him, richly inlaid with the same metal; even his tent and tent-cords were of silk, instead of ordinary materials. In this gallant guise, having learned there was some council holding among the nobility, he came to see what they were doing, and it was with this purpose that he knocked furiously at the door of the church. Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven, who had the charge of watching the door, demanded who was there. When Cochran answered, “The Earl of Mar,” the nobles greatly rejoiced at hearing he was come, to deliver himself, as it were, into their hands.

As Cochran entered the church, Angus, to make good his promise to bell the cat, met him, and rudely pulled the gold chain from his neck, saying, “A halter would better become him.” Sir Robert Douglas, at the same time, snatched away his bugle-horn, saying, “Thou hast been an hunter of mischief too long.”

“Is this jest or earnest, my lords?” said Cochran, more astonished than alarmed at this rude reception.

“It is sad earnest,” said they, “and that thou and thy accomplices shall feel; for you have abused the King's favour towards you, and now you shall have your reward according to your deserts.”

It does not appear that Cochran or his guards offered any resistance. A part of the nobility went to the King's pavilion, and, while some engaged him in conversation, others seized upon Leonard, Hommel, Torphichen, and the rest, with Preston, one of the only two gentlemen amongst King James's minions, and hastily condemned them to instant death, as having misled the King, and misgoverned the kingdom. The only person who escaped was John Ramsay of Balmain, a youth of honourable birth, who clasped the King round the waist when he saw the others seized upon. Him the nobles spared in re-

spect of his youth, for he was not above sixteen years, and of the King's earnest intercession in his behalf. There was a loud acclamation among the troops, who contended with each other in offering their tent-ropes, and the halters of their horses, to be the means of executing these obnoxious ministers. Cochran, who was a man of audacity, and had first attracted the King's attention by his behaviour in a duel, did not lose his courage, though he displayed it in an absurd manner. He had the vanity to request that his hands might not be tied with a hempen rope, but with a silk-cord, which he offered to furnish from those of his pavilion; but this was only teaching his enemies how to give his feelings additional pain. They told him he was but a false thief, and should die with all manner of shame; and they were at pains to procure a hair-tether, or halter, as still more ignominious than one of hemp. With this they hanged Cochran over the centre of the bridge of Lauder (now demolished), in the middle of his companions, who were suspended on each side of him. When the execution was finished, the lords returned to Edinburgh, where they resolved that the King should remain in the Castle, under a gentle and respectful degree of restraint.

In the meantime, the English obtained possession of Berwick, which important place was never again recovered by the Scots, though they continued to assert their claim to that bulwark of the Eastern Marches. The English seemed disposed to prosecute their advantages; but the Scottish army, having moved to Haddington to fight them, a peace was concluded, partly by the mediation of the Duke of Albany, who had seen the vanity of any hopes which the English had given him, and, laying aside his views upon the crown, seemed desirous to become the means of restoring peace to the country.

The Duke of Albany, and the celebrated Richard Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard the Third), are said to have negotiated the terms of peace, as well between the King and his nobility, as between France and England. They had a personal meeting at Edinburgh with the Council of Scottish Lords who had managed the affairs of the kingdom since the King's imprisonment. The council would pay no respect to the Duke of Gloucester, who, as an Englishman, they justly thought had no right to interfere in the affairs of Scotland; but to the Duke of Albany they showed much reverence, requesting to know what he required at their hands.

"First of all," he said, "I desire that the King, my brother, be set at liberty."

"My Lord," said Archibald Bell-the-Cat, who was their Chancellor, "that shall be presently done, and the rather that you desire it. As to the person who is with you (meaning the Duke of Gloucester), we know him not; neither will we grant anything at his asking. But we know you to be the King's brother, and nearest heir to his Grace after his infant son. Therefore, we put the King's person at your disposal, trusting that he will act by your advice in future, and govern the kingdom, so as not to excite the discontent of the people, or render it necessary for us, who are the nobles of Scotland, to act contrary to his pleasure."

James being thus set at liberty, became, to ap-

pearance, so perfectly reconciled with his brother, the Duke of Albany, that the two royal brothers used the same chamber, the same table, and the same bed. While the King attended to the buildings and amusements in which he took pleasure, Albany administered the affairs of the kingdom, and, for some time, with applause. But the ambition of his temper began again to show itself; the nation became suspicious of his intimate connexion with the English, and just apprehensions were entertained that the Duke aimed still at obtaining the crown by assistance of Richard III, now King of England. The Duke was, therefore, once more obliged to fly into England, where he remained for some time, assisting the English against his countrymen. He was present at that skirmish in 1483, where the old Earl of Douglas was made prisoner, and only escaped by the speed of his horse. Albany soon after retired into France, where he formed a marriage with a daughter of the Earl of Boulogne, by whom he had a son, John, afterwards Regent of Scotland in the days of James V. Albany himself was wounded severely by the splinter of a lance at one of the tournaments, or tilting-matches, which I have described to you, and died in consequence. The fickleness with which he changed from one side to another, disappointed the high ideas which had been formed of his character in youth.

Freed from his brother's superintendence, the King gradually sunk back into those practices which had formerly cost him so dear. To prevent a renewal of the force put on his person, he made a rule that none should appear armed in the royal presence, except the King's Guard, who were placed under the command of that same John Ramsay of Balmain, the only one of his former favourites who had been spared by Bell-the-Cat, and the other nobles, at the insurrection of Lauder Bridge. This gave high offence in a country, where to be without arms was accounted both unsafe and dishonourable.

The King's love of money also grew, as is often the case, more excessive as he advanced in years. He would hardly grant anything, whether as matter of favour or of right, without receiving some gift of gratuity. By this means he accumulated a quantity of treasure, which, considering the poverty of his kingdom, is absolutely marvellous. His "black chest," as his strong box was popularly called, was brimful of gold and silver coins, besides quantities of plate and jewels. But while he hoarded these treasures, he was augmenting the discontent of both the nobility and people; and amid the general sense of the King's weakness, and hatred of his avarice, a general rebellion was at length excited against him.

The King, among other magnificent establishments, had built a great hall, and a royal chapel, within the Castle of Stirling, both of them specimens of finely ornamented Gothic architecture. He had also established a double choir of musicians and singing-men in the chapel, designing that one complete band should attend him wherever he went, to perform divine service before his person, while the other, as complete in every respect, should remain in daily attendance in the royal chapel.

As this establishment necessarily incurred considerable expense, James proposed to annex to it the

revenues of the Priory of Coldinghame, in Berwickshire. This rich Priory had its lands amongst the possessions of the Homes and the Hepburns, who had established it as a kind of right that the Prior should be of one or other of these two families, in order to insure their being favourably treated in such bargains as either of them might have to make with the Church. When, therefore, these powerful clans understood that, instead of a Home or Hepburn being named Prior, the King intended to bestow the revenues of Coldinghame to maintain his Royal Chapel at Stirling, they became extremely indignant, and began to hold a secret correspondence, and form alliances, with all the discontented men in Scotland, and especially with Angus, and such other lords as had been engaged in the affair of Lauder Bridge, who naturally entertained apprehensions that the King would, one day or other, find a means of avenging himself for the slaughter of his favourites, and the restraint which had been imposed on his own person.

By the time that the King heard of this league against him, it had reached so great a head that everything seemed to be prepared for war, since the whole lords of the south of Scotland, who could collect their forces with a rapidity unknown elsewhere, were all in the field, and ready to act. The King, naturally timid, was induced to fly to the North. He fortified the Castle of Stirling, commanded by Shaw of Fintrie, to whom he committed the custody of the Prince his son, and heir-apparent, charging the governor neither to let any one enter the Castle, nor permit any one to leave it, as he loved his honour and his life. Especially he commanded him to let no one have access to his son. His treasures he deposited in Edinburgh Castle; and having thus placed in safety, as he thought, the two things he loved best in the world, he hastened to the north country, where he was joined by the great lords and gentlemen to the north of the Forth; so that it seemed as if the south and the north of Scotland were about to fight against each other.

The King, in passing through Fife, visited the last Earl of Douglas, who had been compelled, as I have before told you, to become a monk in the Abbey of Lindores. He offered him full reconciliation and forgiveness, if he would once more come out into the world, place himself at the head of his vassals, and by the terror of his former authority, withdraw from the banners of the rebel peers such of the southlandmen, as might still remember the fame of Douglas. But the views of the old Earl were turned towards another world, and he replied to the King—"Ah, sir, your Grace has kept me and your black casket so long under lock and key, that the time in which we might have done you good service is passed and gone." In saying this, he alluded to the King's hoard of treasure, which, if he had spent it in time, might have attached many to his person, as he, Douglas, when younger, could have raised men in his behalf; but now the period of getting aid from either source was passed away.

Meanwhile, Angus, Home, Bothwell, and others of the insurgent nobility, determined, if possible, to get into their hands the person of the Prince, resolving that, notwithstanding his being a child, they would avail themselves of his authority to oppose that of his

father. Accordingly, they bribed, with a large sum of money, Shaw, the governor of Stirling Castle, to deliver the Prince (afterwards James IV) into their keeping. When they had possessed themselves of Prince James's person, they collected their army, and published proclamations in his name, intimating that King James III was bringing Englishmen into the country to assist in overturning its liberties,—that he had sold the frontiers of Scotland to the Earl of Northumberland and to the governor of Berwick, and declaring that they were united to dethrone a King whose intentions were so unkingly, and to place his son in his stead. These allegations were false; but the King was so unpopular, that they were listened to and believed.

James, in the meantime, arrived before Stirling at the head of a considerable army, and passing to the gate of the Castle, demanded entrance. But the governor refused to admit him. The King then eagerly demanded his son, to which the treacherous governor replied, that the lords had taken the Prince from him against his will. Then the poor King saw that he was betrayed, and said in wrath, "False villain, thou hast betrayed me; but if I live, thou shalt be rewarded according to thy deserts!" If the King had not been thus treacherously deprived of Stirling Castle, he might, by means of that fortress, have avoided a battle until more forces had come up to his assistance; and, in that case, might have overpowered the rebel lords, as his father did the Douglasses before Abercorn. Yet having with him an army of nearly thirty thousand men, he moved boldly towards the insurgents. The Lord David Lindsay of the Byres, in particular, encouraged the King to advance. He had joined him with a thousand horse and three thousand footmen from the counties of Fife and Kinross; and now riding up to the King on a fiery grey horse, he lighted down, and entreated the King's acceptance of that noble animal, which, whether he had occasion to advance or retreat, would beat every other horse in Scotland, provided the King could keep his saddle.

The King upon this took courage, and advanced against the rebels, confident in his great superiority of numbers. The field of battle was not above a mile or two distant from that where Bruce had defeated the English on the glorious day of Bannockburn, but the fate of his descendant and successor was widely different.

The King's army was divided into three great bodies. Ten thousand Highlanders, under Huntly and Athole, led the van—ten thousand more, from the westland counties, were led by the Lords of Erskine, Graham, and Menteith. The King was to command the rear, in which the burghers sent by the different towns were stationed. The Earl of Crawford and Lord David Lindsay, with the men of Fife and Angus, had the right wing; Lord Ruthven commanded the left, with the people of Strathearn and Stormont.

The King, thus moving forward in order of battle, called for the horse which Lord David Lindsay had given him, that he might ride forward and observe the motions of the enemy. He saw them from an eminence advancing in three divisions, having about six thousand men in each. The Homes and Hepburns had the first division, with the men of the East Bor-

ders and of East Lothian. The next was composed of the Western Borderers, or men of Liddesdale and Annandale, with many from Galloway. The third division consisted of the rebel lords and their choicest followers, bringing with them the young Prince James, and displaying the broad banner of Scotland.

When the King beheld his own ensign unfurled against him, and knew that his son was in the hostile ranks, his heart, never very courageous, began altogether to fail him; for he remembered the prophecy, that he was to fall by his nearest of kin, and also what the astrologer had told him of the Scottish lion which was to be strangled by his own whelps. These idle fears so preyed on James's mind, that they became visible to those around him, who conjured him to retire. But at that moment the battle began.

The Homes and Hepburns attacked the King's vanguard, but were repulsed by the Highlanders with volleys of arrows. On this the Borderers of Liddesdale and Annandale, who bore spears longer than those used in the other parts of Scotland, charged with the wild and furious cries, which they called their *slogan*, and bore down the royal forces opposed to them.

Surrounded by sights and sounds to which he was so little accustomed, James lost his remaining presence of mind, and turning his back, fled towards Stirling. But he was unable to manage the grey horse given him by Lord Lindsay, which, taking the bit in his teeth, ran full gallop down-hill into a little hamlet, where was a mill, called Beaton's Mill. A woman had come out to draw water at the mill-dam, but, terrified at seeing a man in complete armour coming down towards her at full speed, she left her pitcher and fled back into the mill. The sight of the pitcher frightened the King's horse, so that he swerved as he was about to leap the brook, and James, losing his seat, fell to the ground, where, being heavily armed and sorely bruised, he remained motionless. The people came out, took him into the mill, and laid him on a bed. When he came to himself, he demanded the assistance of a priest. The miller's wife asked who he was, and he imprudently replied, "I was your King this morning." With equal imprudence the poor woman ran to the door, and called with loud exclamations for a priest to confess the King. "I am a priest," said an unknown person who had just come up; "lead me to the King." When he saw the King, he kneeled with apparent humility, and asked him, "Whether he was mortally wounded?" James replied, that his hurts were not mortal, if they were carefully looked to; but, in the mean time, he desired to be confessed, and receive pardon of his sins from a priest, according to the fashion of the Catholic church. "This shall presently give thee pardon," answered the assassin; and, drawing a poniard, he stabbed the King four or five times to the very heart; then took the body on his back and departed, no man opposing him, and no man knowing what he did with the body.

Who this murderer was has never been discovered, nor whether he was really a priest or not. There were three persons, Lord Gray, Stirling of Keir, and one Borthwick, a priest, observed to pursue the King closely, and it was supposed that one or other of them did the bloody deed. It is remarkable that Gray was the son of that Sir Patrick, commonly called

Cowe Gray, who assisted James II to dispatch Douglas in Stirling Castle. It would be a singular coincidence if the son of this active agent in Douglas's death should have been the actor in that of King James's son.

The battle did not last long after the King left the field, the royal party drawing off towards Stirling, and the victors returning to their camp. It was fought upon the 18th June, 1488.

Thus died King James the Third, an unwise and unwarlike Prince; although, setting aside the murder of his brother the Earl of Mar, his character is rather that of a weak and avaricious man, than of a cruel and criminal sovereign. His taste for the fine arts would have been becoming in a private person, though it was carried to a pitch which interfered with his duties as a sovereign. He fell, like most of his family, in the flower of his age, being only thirty-six years old.

CHAPTER XX.

Reign of James IV.—Naval Exploits of Sir Andrew Wood—Trial of Lord Lindsay of the Byres—Invasion of England in behalf of Perkin Warbeck—Treaty with England, and Marriage of James with Margaret, Daughter of Henry VII.

THE fate of James III was not known for some time. He had been a patron of naval affairs; and on the great revolt in which he perished, a brave sea-officer, Sir Andrew Wood of Largo, had taken the King's side, and was lying in the Frith of Forth, not far distant from the coast where the battle was fought. He had sent ashore his boats, and brought off several wounded men of the King's party, amongst whom it was supposed might be the King himself.

Anxious to ascertain this important point, the lords sent to Sir Andrew Wood to come on shore, and appear before their council. Wood agreed, on condition that two noblemen of distinction, Lords Seton and Fleming, should go on board his ships, and remain there as hostages for his safe return.

The brave seaman presented himself before the Council and the young King in the town of Leith. As soon as the Prince saw Sir Andrew, who was a goodly person, and richly dressed, he went towards him, and said, "Sir, are you my father?"

"I am not your father," answered Wood, the tears falling from his eyes; "but I was your father's servant while he lived, and shall be so to lawful authority until the day I die."

The Lords then asked what men they were who had come out of his ships, and again returned to them on the day of the battle of Sauchie.

"It was I and my brother," said Sir Andrew undauntedly, "who were desirous to have bestowed our lives in the King's defence."

They then directly demanded of him, whether the King was on board his ships? To which Sir Andrew replied with the same firmness, "He is not on board my vessels. I wish he had been there, as I should have taken care to have kept him safe from the traitors who have murdered him, and whom I trust to see hanged and drawn for their demerits."

These were bitter answers; but the Lords were obliged to endure them, without attempting any revenge, for fear the seamen had retaliated upon

Fleming and Seton. But when Sir Andrew had returned on board his ship, they sent for the best seamen in the town of Leith, and offered them a reward if they would attack Sir Andrew Wood and his two ships, and make him prisoner, to answer for his insolent conduct to the Council. But Captain Barton, one of the best mariners in Leith, replied to the proposal by informing the council, that though Sir Andrew had but two vessels, yet they were so well furnished with artillery, and Sir Andrew himself was so brave and skilful, that no two ships in Scotland would be a match for him.

James IV afterwards received Sir Andrew Wood into high favour; and he deserved it by his exploits. In 1490, a squadron of five English vessels came into the Forth, and plundered some Scottish merchant-ships. Sir Andrew sailed against them with his two ships, the *Flower* and the *Yellow Carvel*, took the five English vessels, and, making their crews and commanders prisoners, presented them to the King at Leith. Henry VII of England was so much incensed at this defeat, that he sent a stout sea-captain, called Stephen Bull, with three strong ships, equipped on purpose, to take Sir Andrew Wood. They met him near the mouth of the Frith, and fought with the utmost courage on both sides, attending so much to the battle, and so little to anything else, that they let their ships drift with the tide, so that the action, which began off Saint Abb's Head, ended in the Frith of Tay. At length Stephen Bull and his three ships were taken. Sir Andrew again presented the prisoners to the King, who sent them back to England, with a message to Henry VII, that the Scots could fight by sea as well as land.

To return to the Lords who had gained the victory at Sauchie. They took a resolution, which appears an act of daring effrontery. They resolved to try some of the principal persons who had assisted King James III in the late civil commotion, as if in so doing they had committed treason against James IV, although the last was not, and could not be king, till after his father's death. They determined to begin with Lord David Lindsay of the Byres, a man well acquainted with military matters, but otherwise blunt and ignorant; so they thought it would be no difficult matter to get him to submit himself to the King's pleasure, when they proposed to take a fine in money from him, or perhaps confiscate some part of his lands. This they thought would encourage others to submit in like manner; and thus the conspirators proposed to enrich themselves, and to impoverish those who had been their enemies.

It was on the 10th May, 1489, that Lord David Lindsay was called upon before the Parliament, then sitting at Edinburgh, to defend himself against a charge of treason, which stated, "that he had come in arms to Sauchie with the King's father against the King himself, and had given the King's father a sword and good horse, counselling him to devour the King's Grace here present."

Lord Lindsay knew nothing about the forms of law-affairs, but hearing himself repeatedly called upon to answer to this accusation, he started up, and told the nobles of the Parliament they were all villains and traitors themselves, and that he would prove them to be such with his sword. The late King, he said, had

been cruelly murdered by villains, who had brought the Prince with them to be a pretext and colour for their enterprise. "And," said the stout old lord, addressing himself personally to the King, who was present in Parliament, "if your Grace's father were still living, I would fight for him to the death, and stand in no awe of these false lurdans—(that is, villains). Or, if your Grace had a son who should come in arms against you, I would take your part against his abettors, and fight in your cause against them, three men against six. Trust me, that though they cause your Grace to believe ill of me, I will prove in the end more faithful than any of them."

The Lord Chancellor, who felt the force of these words, tried to turn off their effect, by saying to the King, that Lord Lindsay was an old-fashioned man, ignorant of legal forms, and not able to speak reverently in his Grace's presence. "But," said he, "he will submit himself to your Grace's pleasure, and you must not be severe with him;" and, turning to the Lord David, he said, "It is best for you to submit to the King's will, and his Grace will be good to you."

Now you must know, that the Lord David had a brother named Patrick Lindsay, who was as good a lawyer as Lord Lindsay was a soldier. The two brothers had been long upon bad terms; but when this Mr Patrick saw the Chancellor's drift, he trod upon his elder brother's foot, to make him understand that he ought not to follow the advice given him, nor come into the King's will, which would be in fact confessing himself guilty. The Lord David, however, did not understand the hint. On the contrary, as he chanced to have a sore toe, the tread of his brother's foot was painful to him, so that he looked fiercely at him and said, "Thou art too pert to stamp upon my foot—if it were out of the King's presence, I would strike thee upon the face."

But Mr Patrick, without regarding his brother's causeless anger, fell on his knees before the assembled nobles, and besought that he might have leave to plead for his brother; "for," said he, "I see no man of law will undertake his cause for fear of displeasing the King's Grace; and though, my Lord, my brother and I have not been friends for many years, yet my heart will not suffer me to see the native house from which I am descended perish for want of assistance."

The King having granted Mr Patrick Lindsay liberty of speech in his brother's behalf, he began by objecting to the King's sitting in judgment in a case, in which he was himself a party, and had been an actor. "Wherefore," said Mr Patrick, "we object to his presence to try this cause, in which, being a party, he ought not to be a judge. Therefore we require him, in God's name, to rise and leave the Court, till the question be considered and decided." The Lord Chancellor and the Lords having conversed together, found that this request was reasonable. So the young king was obliged to retire into an inner apartment, which he resented as a species of public affront.

Mr Patrick next endeavoured to procure favour, by entreating the Lords, who were about to hear the cause, to judge it with impartiality, and as they would wish to be dealt with themselves, were they in mis-

fortune, and some party adverse to them possessed of power.

"Proceed and answer to the accusation," said the Chancellor. "You shall have justice at our hands."

Then Mr Patrick brought forward a defence in point of legal form, stating, that the summons required that the Lord Lindsay should appear forty days after citation, whereas the forty days were now expired; so that they could not be legally compelled to answer to the accusation until summoned anew.

This also was found good law; and Lord David Lindsay, and the other persons accused, were dismissed for the time, nor were any proceedings ever resumed against them.

Lord David, who had listened to the defences without understanding their meaning, was so delighted with the unexpected consequences of his brother's eloquence, that he broke out into the following rapturous acknowledgment of gratitude:—"Verily, brother, you have fine pyett words, (that is, magpie words). I could not have believed, by Saint Mary, that ye had such words. For this day's labour ye shall have the Mains of Kirk for your day's wage."

The King, on his side, threatened Mr Patrick with a reward of a different kind, saying "he would set him where he should not see his feet for twelve months." Accordingly, he was as good as his word, sending Mr Patrick to be prisoner in the dungeon of the Castle of Rothsay, in the island of Bute, where he lay for one year.

It is curious to find that the King's authority was so limited in one respect, and so arbitrary in another. For it appears, that he was obliged to comply with Patrick Lindsay's remonstrance, and leave the seat of regal justice, when his jurisdiction was declined as that of a partial judge; whilst, on the other hand, he had the right, or at least the power, to subject the objecting party to a long and rigorous imprisonment, for discharging his duty towards his client.

James IV was not long upon the throne ere his own reflections, and the remonstrances of some of the clergy, made him sensible, that his appearance with the rebel Lords against his father in the field of Sauchie was a very sinful action. He did not consider his own youth, nor the enticements of the Lords, who had obtained possession of his person, as any sufficient excuse for having been, in some degree, accessory to his father's death, by appearing in arms against him. He deeply repented the crime, and, according to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic religion, endeavoured to atone for it by various acts of penance. Amongst other tokens of repentance, he caused to be made an iron belt, or girdle, which he wore constantly under his clothes; and every year of his life he added another link of an ounce or two to the weight of it, as if he desired that his penance should not be relaxed, but rather should increase during all the days of his life.

It was perhaps in consequence of these feelings of repentance, that the King not only forgave that part of the nobility which had appeared on his father's side, and abstained from all further persecution against Lord Lindsay and others, but did all in his power to conciliate their affections, without losing those of the other party. The wealth of his father enabled him to be liberal to the nobles on both sides, and at the

same time to maintain a more splendid appearance in his court and royal state than had been practised by any of his predecessors. He was himself expert in all feats of exercise and arms, and encouraged the use of them, and the practice of tilts and tournaments in his presence, in which he often took a share himself. His authority, as it was greater than that of any king who had reigned since the time of James I, was employed for the administration of justice, and the protection of every rank of his subjects, so that he was revered as well as beloved by all classes of his people. Scotland obtained, under his administration, a greater share of prosperity than she had yet enjoyed. She possessed some share of foreign trade; and the success of Sir Andrew Wood, together with the king's exertions in building vessels, made the country be respected, as having a considerable naval power.

These advantages were greatly increased by the unusually long continuance of the peace, or rather the truce, with England. Henry VII had succeeded to the crown of England, after a dreadful series of civil strife, and being himself a wise and sagacious monarch, he was desirous to repair, by a long interval of repose and quiet, the great damage which the country had sustained by the wars of York and Lancaster. He was the more disposed to peace with Scotland, that his own title to the throne of England was keenly disputed, and exposed him more than once to the risk of invasion and insurrection.

On the most memorable of these occasions, Scotland was for a short time engaged in the quarrel. A certain personage, calling himself the second son of Edward IV, supposed to have been murdered in the Tower of London, laid claim to the crown which Henry VII wore. On the part of Henry, this pretended Prince was said to be a lowborn Fleming, named Perkin Warbeck, trained up by the Duchess of Burgundy to play the part which he now assumed. It is not, perhaps, even yet certain whether he was the real person he called himself, or an impostor. In 1496, he came to Scotland at the head of a gallant train of foreigners, and accompanied by about fifteen hundred men, and made the greatest offers to James IV providing he would assist him in his claims against England. James does not appear to have doubted the adventurer's pretensions to the character which he assumed; he received him with favour and distinction, conferred on him the hand of Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntly, the most beautiful woman in Scotland, and disposed himself to lend him assistance to ascend the English throne.

The Scottish King with this view entered Northumberland, and invited the people of that warlike county to join the ranks of the supposed Prince. But the Northumbrians paid no attention to this invitation; and when the adventurer besought James to spare the country, the Scottish monarch answered with a sneer, that it was very kind of him to interfere in behalf of a people that did not seem at all disposed to acknowledge him. The English in 1497 revenged this inroad by an invasion of Berwickshire, in which they took a small castle, called Ayton. No other mischief was done on either side, for James gave up the cause of Perkin Warbeck, satisfied either that he had no right to the throne, or that he had not a

hold on the affections of any considerable party sufficient to make such a right good. The adventurer, abandoned by James, made afterwards an attempt to invade England from Cornwall, and, being made prisoner, was executed at Tyburn. His wife, who had faithfully attended him through all his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Henry VII, who assigned her a pension, and recommended her to the protection of his Queen. She was commonly called, from her grace and beauty, the White Rose of Scotland.

After this short war had been made up by a truce of seven years, Henry's wisdom was employed in converting that truce into a stable and lasting peace, which might, for a length of time at least, unite two nations, whose mutual interest it was to remain friends, although unhappy circumstances had so long made them enemies. The grounds of the inveterate hostility between England and Scotland had been that unhappy claim of supremacy set up by Edward I, and persevered in by all his successors. This was a right which England would not abandon, and to which the Scots, by so many instances of determined resistance, had shown they would never submit. For more than a hundred years there had been no regular treaty of peace betwixt England and Scotland, except for the few years which succeeded the treaty of Northampton. During this long period, the kindred nations had been either engaged in the most inveterate wars, or reposing themselves under the protection of short and doubtful truces.

The wisdom of Henry VII endeavoured to find a remedy for such great evils, by trying what the effects of gentle and friendly influence would avail, where the extremity of force had been employed without effect. The King of England agreed to give his daughter Margaret, a beautiful and accomplished princess, to James IV in marriage. He offered to endow her with an ample fortune; and on that alliance was to be founded a close league of friendship between England and Scotland, the Kings obliging themselves to assist each other against all the rest of the world. Unfortunately for both countries, but particularly so for Scotland, this peace, designed to be perpetual, did not last above ten years. Yet the good policy of Henry VII bore fruit after a hundred years had past away; and in consequence of the marriage of James IV and the Princess Margaret, an end was put to all future national wars, by their great-grandson, James VI of Scotland and I of England, becoming King of the whole island of Great Britain.

The claim of supremacy, asserted by England, is not mentioned in this treaty, which was signed 4th January, 1502; but as the monarchs treated with each other on equal terms, that claim, which had cost such oceans of Scottish and English blood, must be considered as having been virtually abandoned.

This important marriage was celebrated with great pomp. The Earl of Surrey, a gallant English nobleman, had the charge to conduct the Princess Margaret to her new kingdom of Scotland. The King came to meet her at Newbattle Abbey, within six miles of Edinburgh. He was gallantly dressed in a jacket of crimson velvet, bordered with cloth of gold, and had hanging at his back his lure, as it is called, an implement which is used in hawking. He was distinguished by his strength and agility, leaping on

his horse without putting his toe in the stirrup, and always riding full-gallop, follow who could. When he was about to enter Edinburgh with his new bride, he wished her to ride behind him, and made a gentleman mount to see whether his horse would carry double. But as his spirited charger was not broken for that purpose, the King got up before his bride on her palfrey, which was quieter, and so they rode through the town of Edinburgh in procession, in the same manner you may now see a good farmer and his wife riding to church. There were shows prepared to receive them, all in the romantic taste of the age. Thus they found in their way a tent pitched, out of which came a knight armed at all points, with a lady bearing his bugle-horn. Suddenly another knight came up, and took away the lady. Then the first knight followed him, and challenged him to fight. They drew swords accordingly, and fought before the King and Queen for their amusement, till the one struck the sword out of the other's hands, and then the King commanded the battle to cease. In this representation all was sport except the blows, and these were serious enough. Many other military spectacles were exhibited, tilts and tournaments in particular. James, calling himself the Savage Knight, appeared in a wild dress, accompanied by the fierce chiefs from the Borders and Highlands, who fought with each other till several were wounded and slain in these ferocious entertainments. It is said the King was not very sorry to see himself thus rid of these turbulent leaders, whose feuds and depredations contributed so often to the public disturbance.

The sports on occasion of the Queen's marriage, and indeed the whole festivities of King James's reign, and the style of living at his court, showed that the Scots, in his time, were a wealthier and a more elegant people than they had formerly been. James IV was renowned among foreign nations for the splendour of his court, and for the honourable reception which he gave to strangers who visited his kingdom. And we shall see in the next chapter, that his leisure was not entirely bestowed on sport and pastime, but that he also made wise laws for the benefit of the kingdom.

CHAPTER XXI.

Improvement on Scottish Laws—Disputes between England and Scotland—Invasion of England—Battle of Flodden, and Death of James IV.

DURING the season of tranquillity which followed the marriage of James and Margaret, we find that the King, with his Parliament, enacted many good laws for the improvement of the country. The Highlands and Islands were particularly attended to, because, as one of the acts of Parliament expressed it, they had become almost savage for want of justices and sheriffs. Magistrates were therefore appointed, and laws made for the government of these wild and unruly people.

Another most important act of Parliament permitted the King, and his nobles and barons, to let their land, not only for military service, but for a payment in money or in grain; a regulation which tended to introduce quiet peaceful farmers into lands

occupied, but left uncultivated, by tenants of a military character. Regulations also took place for attendance on Parliament, and the representation of the different orders of society in that assembly. The possessors of lands were likewise called on to plant wood, and make enclosures, fish-ponds, and other improvements.

All these regulations show, that the King entertained a sincere wish to benefit his subjects, and entertained liberal views of the mode of accomplishing that object. But the unfortunate country of Scotland was destined never to remain any long time in a state of peace or improvement, and accordingly, towards the end of James's reign, events occurred which brought on a defeat still more calamitous than any which the kingdom had yet received.

While Henry VII, the father-in-law of James, continued to live, his wisdom made him very attentive to preserve the peace which had been established betwixt the two countries, and to remove all the petty causes of quarrel which arose from time to time. But when this wise and cautious monarch died, he was succeeded by his son, Henry VIII, a prince of a bold, haughty, and furious disposition, impatient of control or contradiction, and rather desirous of war than willing to make any concessions for the sake of peace. James IV and he resembled each other, perhaps, too nearly in temper, to admit of their continuing intimate friends.

The military disposition of Henry chiefly directed him to an enterprise against France, and the King of France, on his part, desired much to renew the old alliance with Scotland, in order that the apprehension of an invasion from the Scottish frontiers, might induce Henry to abandon his scheme of attacking France. He knew, that the splendour in which King James lived had exhausted the treasures which his father had left behind him, and he concluded that the readiest way to make him a friend, was to supply him with sums of money, which he could not otherwise have raised. Gold was also freely distributed amongst the councillors and favourites of the Scottish King. This liberality showed to great advantage, when compared with the very opposite conduct of the King of England, who delayed even to pay a legacy which had been left by Henry his father to his sister the Queen of Scotland.

Other circumstances of a different kind tended to create disagreements between England and Scotland. James had been extremely desirous to increase the strength of his kingdom by sea, and its commerce; and Scotland presenting a great extent of sea-coast, and numerous harbours, had at this time a considerable trade. The royal navy, besides one vessel called the Great Michael, supposed to be the largest in the world, consisted, it is said, of sixteen ships of war. He therefore, paid particular attention to naval affairs.

It chanced that one John Barton, a Scottish mariner, had been captured by the Portuguese, as far back as the year 1476. As the King of Portugal refused to make any amends, James granted the family of Barton letters of reprisals, that is, a warrant empowering them to take all Portuguese vessels which should come in their way, until their loss was made up. There were three brothers, all daring

VOL. VI.

men, but especially the eldest, whose name was Andrew Barton. He had two strong ships, the larger called the Lion, the other the Jenny Pirwen, with which it would appear he cruised in the British Channel, stopping not only Portuguese vessels, but also English ships bound for Portugal. Complaints being made to King Henry, he fitted out two vessels, which were filled with chosen men, and placed under the command of Lord Thomas Howard and Sir Edward Howard, both sons to the Earl of Surrey. They found Barton and his vessels cruising in the Downs, being guided to the place by the captain of a merchant vessel, whom Barton had plundered on the preceding day. On proaching the enemy, the noble brothers showed no ensign of war, but put up a willow wand on their mast, as being the emblem of a trading vessel. But when the Scotsman attempted to make them bring to, the English threw out their flags and pennons, and fired a broadside of their ordnance. Barton then knew that he was engaged with the King of England's ships of war. Far from being dismayed at this, he engaged boldly, and, distinguished by his rich dress and bright armour, appeared on his deck with a whistle of gold about his neck, suspended by a chain of the same precious metal, and encouraged his men to fight valiantly. The fight was very obstinate. If we may believe a ballad of the time, Barton's ship was furnished with a peculiar contrivance, suspending large weights, or beams, from his yard-arms, to be dropped down upon the enemy when they should come alongside. To make use of this contrivance, it was necessary that a person should ascend the main-mast, or, in naval language, go aloft. As the English apprehended much mischief from the consequences of this manœuvre, Howard had stationed a Yorkshire gentleman, named Hustler, the best archer in the ship, with strict injunctions to shoot every one who should attempt to go aloft to let fall the beams of Barton's vessel. Two men were successively killed in the attempt, and Andrew Barton himself, confiding in the strong armour which he wore, began to ascend the mast. Lord Thomas Howard called out to the archer to shoot true, on peril of his life. "Were I to die for it," said Hustler, "I have but two arrows left." The first which he shot bounded from Barton's armour without hurting him. As the Scottish mariner raised his arm to climb higher, the archer took aim where the armour afforded him no protection, and wounded him mortally through the right arm-pit. Barton descended from the mast. "Fight on," he said, "my brave hearts, I am a little wounded, but not slain; I will but rest awhile, and then rise and fight again; meantime, stand fast by Saint Andrew's Cross," meaning the Scottish flag, or ensign. He encouraged his men with his whistle, while the breath of life remained. At length, the whistle was heard no longer, and the Howards, boarding the Scottish vessel, found that her daring captain was dead. They carried the Lion into the Thames; and it is remarkable that Barton's ship became the second man-of-war in the English navy. When the Kings wanted to equip a fleet, they hired or pressed into their service merchant vessels, and put soldiers on board of them. The ship called the Great Henry was the first built by the King as his own property,—this captured vessel was the second.

James IV was highly incensed at this insult, as he termed it, on the flag of Scotland, and sent a herald to demand satisfaction. The King of England justified his conduct on the ground of Barton's being a pirate,—a charge which James could not justly deny; but he remained not the less heated and incensed against his brother-in-law. Another misfortune aggravated his resentment.

While Henry VII was yet alive, Sir Robert Ker of Fairnyherst, chief of one branch of the clan of Ker, an officer of James's household, and a favourite of that monarch, held the office of Warden on the Middle Marches of Scotland. In exercising this office with rather unusual strictness, he had given offence to some of the more turbulent English Borderers, who resolved to assassinate him. Three of these, namely, Heron, called the Bastard, because a natural brother of Heron of Ford, with Starhed and Lilburn, surrounded the Scottish Warden, at a meeting upon a day of truce, and killed him with their lances. Henry VII, with the pacific policy which marked his proceedings towards Scotland, agreed to surrender the guilty persons. Lilburn was given up to King James, and died in captivity; Starhed escaped for a time, by flying into the interior parts of England; the Bastard Heron caused it to be rumoured that he was dead of the plague, and made himself be transported in a coffin, so that he passed unsuspected through the party sent to arrest him, and skulked on the Borders, waiting for a quarrel between the kingdoms. Henry VII, anxious to satisfy James, arrested his legitimate brother, and Heron of Ford was delivered up instead of the Bastard. But when Henry VIII and James were about to disagree, both the Bastard Heron and Starhed began to show themselves more publicly. Starhed was soon disposed of, for Sir Andrew, commonly called Dand Ker, the son of the murdered Sir Robert, sent two of his dependants, called Tait, to accomplish his vengeance upon the English Borderer. They surprised and put him to death accordingly, and brought his head to their patron, who exposed it publicly at the Cross of Edinburgh, exulting in the revenge he had taken. But the Bastard Heron continued to rove about the Border, and James IV made the public appearance of this criminal a subject of complaint against Henry VIII, who perhaps was not justly responsible for it.

While James was thus on bad terms with his brother-in-law, France left no measures unattempted which could attach Scotland to her side. Great sums of money were sent to secure the good-will of those courtiers in whom James most confided. The Queen of France, a young and beautiful Princess, flattered James's taste for romantic gallantry, by calling herself his mistress and lady-love, and conjuring him to march three miles upon English ground for her sake. She sent him, at the same time, a ring from her own finger; and her intercession was so powerful, that James thought he could not in honour dispense with her request. This fantastical spirit of chivalry was his own ruin, and very nearly that of the kingdom also.

At length, in June or July, 1513, Henry VIII sailed to France with a gallant army, where he formed the siege of Terouenne. James IV now took a decided step. He sent over his principal herald to the camp

of King Henry before Terouenne, summoning him in haughty terms to abstain from aggressions against James's ally, the King of France, and upbraiding him, at the same time, with the death of Barton, the impunity of the Bastard Heron, and all the subjects of quarrel which had occurred since the death of Henry VII. Henry VIII answered this letter, which he justly considered as a declaration of war, with equal bitterness, treating the King of Scots as a perjured man, because he was about to break the peace which he had solemnly sworn to observe. His summons he rejected with scorn. "The King of Scotland was not," he said, "of sufficient importance to determine the quarrel between England and France." The Scottish herald returned with this message, but not in time to find his master alive.

James had not awaited the return of his embassy to commence hostilities. Lord Home, his Lord High Chamberlain, had made an incursion into England with an army of about three or four thousand men. They collected great booty; but marching carelessly and without order, fell into an ambush of the English Borderers, concealed among the tall broom, by which Millfield plain, near Wooler, was then covered. The Scots sustained a total defeat, and lost near a third of their numbers in slain and wounded. This was a bad commencement of the war.

Meanwhile James, contrary to the advice of his wisest counsellors, determined to invade England with a royal army. The Parliament were unwilling to go into the King's measures. The tranquillity of the country, ever since the peace with England, was recollected, and as the impolitic claim of the supremacy seemed to be abandoned, little remained to stir up the old animosity between the kingdoms. The King, however, was personally so much liked, that he obtained the consent of the Parliament to this fatal and unjust war; and orders were given to assemble all the array of the kingdom of Scotland upon the Borough-moor of Edinburgh, a wide common, in the midst of which the royal standard was displayed from a large stone, or fragment of rock, called the Hare-stone.

Various measures were even in this extremity resorted to for preventing the war. One or two of them seem to have been founded upon a knowledge that the King's temper was tinged with a superstitious melancholy, partly arising from constitutional habits, partly from the remorse which he always entertained for his accession to his father's death. It was to these feelings that the following scene was doubtless addressed:—

As the King was at his devotions in the church of Linlithgow, a figure, dressed in an azure-coloured robe, girt with a girdle, or sash of linen, having sandals on his feet, with long yellow hair, and a grave commanding countenance, suddenly appeared before him. He paid little or no reverence to the royal presence, but pressing up to the desk at which the King was seated, leaned down on it with his arms, and addressed him. This singular-looking person declared, that, "his Mother laid her commands on James to forbear the journey which he purposed, seeing that neither he, nor any who went with him, would thrive in the undertaking." He also cautioned the King against frequenting the society of women, and using

their counsel; "if thou dost," said he, "thou shalt be confounded and brought to shame."

These words spoken, the messenger escaped from among the courtiers so suddenly, that he seemed to disappear. There seems no doubt that this person had been dressed up to represent Saint John, called in Scripture the adopted son of the Virgin Mary. The Roman Catholics believed in the possibility of the souls of departed saints and apostles appearing on earth, and many impostures are recorded in history of the same sort with that I have just told you.

Another story, not so well authenticated, says, that a proclamation was heard at the Market-cross of Edinburgh, at the dead of night, summoning the King, by his name and titles, and many of his nobles and principal leaders, to appear before the tribunal of Pluto within the space of forty days. This also has the appearance of a stratagem, invented to deter the King from his expedition.

But neither these artifices, nor the advice and entreaty of Margaret, the Queen of Scotland, could deter James from his unhappy expedition. He was so well beloved, that he soon assembled a great army, and placing himself at their head, he entered England near the castle of Twisell, on the 22d August, 1513. He speedily possessed himself of the Border fortresses of Norham, Wark, Etall, Ford, and others of less note, and collected a great spoil. Instead, however, of advancing with his army upon the country of England, which lay defenceless before him, the King is said to have trifled away his time, in an intercourse of gallantry with Lady Heron of Ford, a beautiful woman, who contrived to divert him from the prosecution of his expedition until the approach of an English army.

While James lay thus idle on the frontier, the Earl of Surrey, that same noble and gallant knight who had formerly escorted Queen Margaret to Scotland, now advanced at the head of an army of twenty-six thousand men. The Earl was joined by his son Thomas, the Lord High Admiral, with a large body of soldiers who had been disembarked at Newcastle. As the warlike inhabitants of the northern counties gathered fast to Surrey's standard, so, on the other hand, the Scots began to return home in great numbers, because, though, according to the feudal laws, each man had brought with him provisions for forty days, these being now nearly expended, a scarcity began to be felt in James's host. Others went home to place their booty in safety.

Surrey feeling himself the stronger party, became desirous to provoke the Scottish King to fight. He therefore sent James a message, defying him to battle; and the Lord Thomas Howard, at the same time, added a message, that as King James had often complained of the death of Andrew Barton, he, Lord Thomas, by whom that deed was done, was now ready to maintain it with his sword in the front of the fight. James returned for answer, that to meet the English in battle was so much his wish, that had the message of the Earl found him at Edinburgh, he would have laid aside all other business to have met him on a pitched field.

But the Scottish nobles entertained a very different opinion from the King. They held a council, at which Lord Patrick Lindsay was made president, or

chancellor. This was the same person who, in the beginning of the King's reign, had pleaded so well for his brother, to whose titles and estate he afterwards succeeded. He opened the discussion, by telling the council a parable of a rich merchant, who would needs go to play at dice with a common hazarder, or sharper, and stake a rose-noble of gold against a crooked halfpenny. "You, my lords," he said, "will be as unwise as the merchant, if you risk your King, whom I compare to a precious rose-noble, against the English general, who is but an old crooked churl, lying in a chariot. Though the English lose the day, they lose nothing but this old churl and a parcel of mechanics; whereas so many of our common people have gone home, that few are left with us but the prime of our nobility." He therefore gave it as his advice, that the King should withdraw from the army, for safety of his person, and that some brave nobleman should be named by the council, to command in the action. The council agreed to recommend this plan to the King.

But James, who desired to gain fame by his own skill and prowess, suddenly broke in on the council, and told them, with much heat, that they should not put such a disgrace upon him. "I will fight with the English," he said, "though you had all sworn the contrary. Ye may shame yourselves by flight, but you shall not shame me; and as for Lord Patrick Lindsay, who has got the first vote, I vow, that when I return to Scotland, I will cause him to be hanged over his own gate."

In this rash and precipitate resolution to fight at all risks, the King was much supported by the French ambassador, De la Motte. This was remarked by one of our old acquaintances, the Earl of Angus, called Bell-the-Cat, who, though very old, had come out to the field with his Sovereign. He charged the Frenchman with being willing to sacrifice the interests of Scotland to those of his own country, which required that the Scots and English should fight at all hazards; and Angus, like lord Lindsay, alleged the difference between the parties, the English being many of them men but of mean rank, and the Scottish army being the flower of their nobility and gentry. Incensed at his opposition, James said to him scornfully, "Angus, if you are afraid, you may go home." The Earl, on receiving such an insult, left the camp that night; but his two sons remained, and fell in the fatal battle, with two hundred of the name of Douglas.

While King James was in this stubborn humour, the Earl of Surrey had advanced as far as Wooler, so that only four or five miles divided the armies. The English leader inquired anxiously for some guide who was acquainted with the country, which is divided by one or two large brooks, and is, besides, in part mountainous. A person, well mounted and completely armed, rode up, and kneeling before the Earl, offered to be his guide, if he might obtain pardon of an offence of which he had been guilty. The Earl assured him of his forgiveness, providing he had not committed treason against the King of England, or personally wronged any lady—crimes which Surrey declared he would not pardon. "God forbid," said the cavalier, "that I should have been guilty of such shameful sin; I did but assist in killing a

Scotsman, who ruled our Borders too strictly, and often did wrong to Englishmen." So saying, he raised the visor of his helmet, which hid his face, and showed the countenance of the Bastard Heron, who had been a partner in the assassination of Sir Robert Ker, as you were told before. His appearance was most welcome to the Earl of Surrey, who readily pardoned him the death of a Scotsman at that moment, and knew him to be as well acquainted with every pass and path on the eastern frontier, as a life of constant incursion and depredation could make him.

The Scottish army had fixed their camp upon a hill called Flodden, which rises to close in, as it were, the extensive flat called Millfield Plain. This eminence slopes steeply towards the plain, and there is an extended piece of level ground on the top, where the Scots might have drawn up their army, and awaited, at great advantage, the attack of the English. Surrey liked the idea of an assault on that position so ill, that he resolved to try whether he could not prevail on the King to abandon it. He sent a herald to invite James to come down from the height, and join battle in the open plain of Millfield below—reminded him of the readiness with which he had accepted his former challenge—and hinted, that it was the opinion of the English chivalry assembled for battle, that any delay of the encounter would sound to the King's dishonour.

We have seen that James was sufficiently rash and imprudent, but his impetuosity did not reach to the pitch Surrey perhaps expected. He refused to receive the messenger into his presence, and returned for answer to the message, that it was not such as it became an Earl to send to a King.

Surrey, therefore, distressed for provisions, was obliged to resort to another mode of bringing the Scots to action. He moved northward, sweeping round the hill of Flodden, keeping out of the reach of the Scottish artillery, until, crossing the Till near Twisell Castle, he placed himself, with his whole army, betwixt James and his own kingdom. The King suffered him to make this flank movement without interruption, though it must have afforded repeated and advantageous opportunities for attack. But when he saw the English army interposed betwixt him and his dominions, he became alarmed lest he should be cut off from Scotland. In this apprehension he was confirmed by one Giles Musgrave, an Englishman, whose counsel he used upon the occasion, and who assured him, that if he did not descend and fight with the English army, the Earl of Surrey would enter Scotland, and lay waste the whole country. Stimulated by this apprehension, the King resolved to give signal for the fatal battle.

With this view the Scots set fire to their huts, and the other refuse and litter of their camp. The smoke spread along the side of the hill, and under its cover the army of King James descended the eminence, which is much less steep on the northern than the southern side, while the English advanced to meet them, both concealed from each other by the clouds of smoke.

The Scots descended in four strong columns, all marching parallel to each other, having a reserve of

the Lothian men commanded by Earl Bothwell. The English were also divided into four bodies, with a reserve of cavalry led by Dacre.

The first which encountered was the left wing of the Scots, commanded by the Earl of Huntly and Lord Home, which overpowered and threw into disorder the right wing of the English, under Sir Edmund Howard. Sir Edmund was beaten down, his standard taken, and he himself in danger of instant death, when he was relieved by the Bastard Heron, who came up at the head of a band of determined outlaws like himself, and extricated Howard. It is objected to the Lord Home by many Scottish writers, that he ought to have improved his advantage, by hastening to the support of the next division of the Scottish army. It is even pretended, that he replied to those who urged him to go to the assistance of the King, that "the man did well that day who stood and saved himself." But this seems an invention to criminate Home, and to account for the loss of the battle in some other way than by the superiority of the English. In reality, the English cavalry, under Dacre, which acted as a reserve, appear to have kept the victors in check, while Thomas Howard, the Lord High Admiral, who commanded the second division of the English, bore down, and routed the Scottish division commanded by Crawford and Montrose, who were both slain. Thus matters went on the Scottish left.

Upon the extreme right of James's army, a division of Highlanders, consisting of the clans of Mackenzie, Maclean, and others, commanded by the Earl of Lennox and Argyle, were so insufferably annoyed by the volleys of the English arrows, that they broke their ranks and, in despite of the cries, entreaties, and signals of De la Motte, the French ambassador, who endeavoured to stop them, rushed tumultuously down hill, and being attacked at once in flank and rear by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Cheshire and Lancashire, were routed with great slaughter.

The only Scots division which remains to be mentioned, was commanded by James in person, and consisted of the choicest of his nobles and gentry, whose armour was so good, that the arrows made but slight impression upon them. They were all on foot—the King himself had parted with his horse. They engaged the Earl of Surrey, who opposed to them the division which he personally commanded. The Scots attacked with the greatest fury, and, for a time, had the better. Surrey's squadrons were disordered, his standard in great danger, Bothwell and the Scots reserve were coming up, and the English seemed in some risk of losing the battle. But Stanley, who had defeated the Highlanders, came up on one flank of the King's division; the Admiral, who had conquered Crawford and Montrose, assailed them on the other. The Scots showed the most undaunted courage. Uniting themselves with the reserve under Bothwell, they formed themselves into a circle, with their spears extended on every side, and fought obstinately. Bows being now useless, the English advanced on all sides with their bills, a huge weapon which made ghastly wounds. But they could not force the Scots either to break or retire, although the carnage among them was dreadful. James himself died amid his warlike peers and loyal gentry. He was twice wounded with

arrows, and, at length, dispatched with a bill. Night fell without the battle being absolutely decided, for the Scottish centre kept their ground, and Home and Dacre held each other at bay. But during the night, the remainder of the Scottish army drew off in silent despair from the bloody field, on which they left their King, and their choicest nobles and gentlemen.

This great and decisive victory was gained by the Earl of Surrey on 9th September, 1513. The victors lost about five thousand men—the Scots twice that number at least. But the loss lay not so much in the number of the slain, as in their rank and quality. The English lost very few men of distinction. The Scots left on the field the King, two Bishops, two mitred Abbots, twelve Earls, thirteen Lords, and five eldest sons of Peers. The number of gentlemen slain was beyond calculation;—there is scarcely a family of name in Scottish history who did not lose a relation there.

The Scots were much disposed to dispute the fact, that James IV had fallen on Flodden Field. Some said he had retired from the kingdom, and made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Others pretended, that in the twilight, when the fight was nigh ended, four tall horsemen came into the field, having each a bunch of straw on the point of their spears, as a token for them to know each other by. They said these men mounted the King on a dun hackney, and that he was seen to cross the Tweed with them at night-fall. Nobody pretended to say what they did with him, but it was believed he was murdered in Home Castle; and I recollect, about forty years since, that there was a report, that in cleaning the draw-well of that ruinous fortress, the workmen found a skeleton wrapt in a bull's hide, and having a belt of iron round the waist. There was, however, no truth in this rumour. It was this belt of iron, which the Scots founded upon to prove that the body of James could not have fallen into the hands of the English, since they either had not that token to show, or did not produce it. They contended, therefore, that the body over which the enemy triumphed, was not that of James himself, but of one of his attendants, several of whom, they said, were dressed in his armour.

But all these are idle fables, invented and believed because the vulgar love what is mysterious, and readily gave credit to what tended to deprive their enemies of so signal a trophy of victory. The reports are contrary to common sense. Lord Home was the Chamberlain of James IV, and high in his confidence. He had nothing whatever to gain by the King's death, and therefore we must acquit him of a great crime, for which there could be no adequate motive. The consequence of James's death proved, in fact, to be the Earl's ruin, as we shall see presently.

It seems true that the King usually wore the chain of iron in token of his repentance for his father's death, and the share he had in it. But it is not unlikely that he would lay aside such a cumbrous article of dress in a day of battle; or the English may have found it, and thrown it aside as of no value. The body which the English affirm to have been that of James, was found on the field by Lord Dacre and carried by him to Berwick, and presented to Surrey. Both of these Lords knew James's person too well to be mistaken. The body was also acknowledged by his two favourite

attendants, Sir William Scott, and Sir John Forman, who wept at beholding it.

The fate of these relics was singular and degrading. They were not committed to the tomb, for the Pope, being at that time in an alliance with England against France, had laid James under a sentence of excommunication, so that no priest dared pronounce the funeral service over them. The royal corpse was therefore embalmed, and sent to the monastery of Sheen in Surrey. It lay there till the Reformation, when the monastery was given to the Duke of Suffolk; and after that period, the body, which was lapped up in a sheet of lead, was suffered to toss about the house like a piece of useless lumber. Stowe, the historian, saw it flung into a waste room among old pieces of wood, lead, and other rubbish. Some idle workmen, "for their foolish pleasure," says the same writer, hewed off the head; and one Lancelot Young, master-glazier to Queen Elizabeth, finding a sweet smell come from thence, owing, doubtless, to the spices used for embalming the body, carried the head home, and kept it for some time; but in the end, caused the sexton of Saint Michael's, Wood-street, to bury it in the charnel-house.

Such was the end of that King once so proud and powerful. The fatal battle of Flodden in which he was slain, and his army destroyed, is justly considered as one of the most calamitous events in Scottish history.

CHAPTER XXII.

Consequences of the Battle of Flodden—The Queen Dowager Margaret assumes the Regency, and marries the Earl of Angus—The Duke of Albany recalled from France—Contests between his party and that of Margaret—Rencounter between the Douglasses and Hamiltons on the High-street of Edinburgh—Storming of Jedburgh—The Duke of Albany's final departure from Scotland.

THE event of the defeat at Flodden threw all Scotland into a degree of mourning and despair, which is not yet forgotten in the southern counties, on whom a great part of the loss fell, as their inhabitants, soldiers from situation and disposition, composed a considerable portion of the forces which remained with the King's army, and suffered, of course, a great share in the slaughter which took place. The inhabitants of the smaller towns on the Border, as Selkirk, Hawick, Jedburgh, and others, were almost entirely cut off, and their songs and traditions preserve to this day the recollection of their sufferings and losses.

Not only a large proportion of the nobility and of the baronage, who had by right of birth the important task of distributing justice and maintaining order in their domains, but also the magistrates of the burghs, who, in general, had remained with the army, had fallen on the field, so that the country seemed to be left open to invasion and conquest, such as had taken place after the loss of the batties of Dunbar and Halidon-Hill. Yet the firm courage of the Scottish people was displayed in its noblest colours in this formidable crisis;—all were ready to combat, and more disposed, even from the excess of the calamity, to resist than to yield to the fearful consequences which might have been expected.

Edinburgh, the metropolis or capital city of Scotland, set a noble example of the line which should be

adopted under a great national calamity. The provost, bailies, and magistracy of this city had been carried by their duty to the battle, in which most of them, with the burghers and citizens who had followed their standard, had fallen with the King. A certain number of persons called *Presidents*, at the head of whom was George Towrs of Inverleith, had been left with a commission to discharge the duty of magistrates during the absence of those to whom the office belonged. The battle was fought, as we have said, on the ninth of September. On the tenth, being the succeeding day, the news reached Edinburgh, and George Towrs and the other Presidents published on that day a proclamation which would do honour to the annals of any country in Europe. The Presidents must have known that all was lost; but they took every necessary precaution to prevent the public from yielding to a hasty and panic alarm, and to prepare with firmness the means of public defence.

"Whereas," says this remarkable proclamation, "news have arrived, which are yet uncertain, of misfortune which hath befallen the King and his army, we strictly command and charge all persons within the city to have their arms in readiness, and to be ready to assemble at the tolling of the common bell of the town, to repel any enemy who may seek to attack the city. We also discharge all women of the lower class, and vagabonds of every description, from appearing on the street to cry and make lamentations; and we command women of honest fame and character to pass to the churches, and pray for the King and his army, and for our neighbours who are with the King's host." In this way the gallant George Towrs took measures at once for preventing the spreading of terror and confusion by useless laments, and for the defence of the city, if need should arise. The simplicity of the order showed the courage and firmness of those who issued it, under the very great national calamity which had been sustained.

The Earl of Surrey did not, however, make any attempt to invade Scotland, or to take any advantage of the great victory he had obtained, by attempting the conquest of that country. Experience had taught the English, that though it might be easy for them to overrun their northern neighbours, to ravage provinces, and to take castles and cities, yet that the obstinate valour of the Scots, and their love of independence, had always, in the long run, found means of expelling the invaders. With great moderation and wisdom, Henry, or his ministers, therefore resolved rather to conciliate the friendship of the Scots, by foregoing the immediate advantages which the victory of Flodden afforded them, than to commence another invasion, which, however distressing to the Scots, was likely, as in the Bruce and Baliol wars, to terminate in the English also sustaining great loss, and ultimately being again driven out of the kingdom. They remembered that Margaret, the widow of James, was the sister of the King of England—that she must become Regent of the kingdom, and would naturally be a friend to her native country. They knew that the late war had been undertaken by the King of Scotland against the wish of his people; and with noble as well as wise policy, they endeavoured rather to render Scotland once more a friendly

power, than, by invasion and violence, to convert her into an irreconcilable enemy. War therefore followed only on the Borders; but no great attempt against Scotland was made, or apparently meditated.

Margaret, the Queen Dowager, became Regent of Scotland, and guardian of the young King, James V, who, as had been too often the case on former similar occasions, ascended the throne when a child not two years old.

But the authority of Margaret was greatly diminished by a hasty and imprudent marriage which she formed with Douglas, Earl of Angus, the grandson of old Bell-the-Cat. That celebrated person had not long survived the fatal battle of Flodden, in which both his sons had fallen. His grandson, the inheritor of his great name, was a handsome youth, brave, high-born, and with all the ambition of the old Douglasses, as well as with much of their military talents. He was, however, young, rash, and inexperienced; and his elevation to be the husband of the Queen Regent excited the jealousy and emulation of all the other nobles of Scotland, who dreaded the name and the power of the Douglas.

A peace now took place betwixt France and England, and Scotland was included in the treaty; but this can hardly be termed fortunate, considering the distracted state of the country, which, freed from English ravages, was left to prosecute its domestic feuds and quarrels with their usual bloody animosity. The nation, or rather the nobles, disgusted with Margaret's regency, chiefly on account of her marriage with Angus, and that young Lord's love of personal power, now thought of calling back into Scotland John Duke of Albany, son of that Robert who was banished during the reign of James III. This nobleman was the nearest male relation of the King, being the cousin-german of his father. The Queen was by many considered as having forfeited the right of regency by her marriage, and Albany, on his arrival from France, was generally accepted in that character.

John Duke of Albany had been born and bred up in France, where he had large estates; and he seems always to have preferred the interests of that kingdom to those of Scotland, with which he was only connected by hereditary descent. He was a weak and passionate man, taking up opinions too lightly, and driven out of his resolutions too easily. His courage may justly be suspected; and, if not quite a fool, he was certainly not the wise man whom Scotland required for a governor. He brought over with him, however, a large sum of money from France, and, as his manners were pleasing, his birth high, and his pretensions great, he easily got the advantage over Queen Margaret, her husband the Earl of Angus, and other lords who favoured her interest.

After much internal disturbance, Queen Margaret was obliged altogether to retire from Scotland, and to seek refuge at her brother's court, where she bore a daughter, Lady Margaret Douglas, of whom you will hear more hereafter. In the meantime, her party in Scotland was still farther weakened. Lord Home was one of her warmest supporters; this was the same nobleman who commanded the left wing at the battle of Flodden, and was victorious on that day, but

exposed himself to suspicion by not giving assistance to the other divisions of the Scottish army. He and his brethren were enticed to Edinburgh and seized upon, tried and beheaded, upon accusations which are not known. But this severity was so far from confirming Albany's power, that it only excited terror and hatred; and his situation became so difficult, that to his friends in secret he expressed nothing but despair, and wished that he had broken his limbs when he first left his easy and quiet situation in France, to undertake the government of so distracted and unruly a country as Scotland. In fact, he accomplished a retreat to France, and, during his absence, committed the wardenry of the Scottish frontiers to a brave French knight, the Chevalier de la Bastie, remarkable for the beauty of his person, and gallantry of his achievements, but destined, as we shall see, to a tragical fall.

The office of warden had belonged to the Lord Home; and his friends, numerous, powerful, and inhabitants of the eastern frontier to which the office belonged, were equally desirous to avenge the death of their Chief, and to be freed from the dominion of a stranger like De la Bastie, the favourite of Albany, by whose authority Lord Home had been executed. Sir David Home of Wedderburn, one of the fiercest of the name, laid an ambush for the unlucky warden, near Langton, in Berwickshire. De la Bastie was compelled to fly, in hopes to gain the Castle of Dunbar; but, near the town of Dunse, his horse stuck fast in a morass. The pursuers came up, and put him to death. Sir David Home knitted the head, by the long locks which the deceased wore, to the mane of his horse, rode with it in triumph to Home Castle, and placed it on a spear on the highest turret. The hair is said to be yet preserved in the charter-chest of the family. By this cruel deed, Wedderburn considered himself as doing a brave and gallant thing in avenging the death of his chief and kinsman, upon a friend and favourite of the Regent, although it does not appear that De la Bastie had the least concern in Lord Home's execution.

The decline of Albany's power enabled Queen Margaret and her husband to return to Scotland, leaving their infant daughter in the charge of her maternal uncle, King Henry. But after their return to their own country, the Queen Dowager quarrelled, to an irreconcilable pitch, with her husband Angus, who had seized upon her revenues, and paid her little attention or respect, associating with other women, and giving her much cause for uneasiness. She at length separated from him, and endeavoured to procure a divorce. By this domestic discord, the power of Angus was considerably diminished; but he was still one of the first men in Scotland, and might have gained the complete government of the kingdom, had not his power been counterbalanced by that of the Earl of Arran. This nobleman was the head of the great family of Hamilton, who were connected with the royal family by blood, and had such extensive possessions and lordships as enabled him, though inferior in personal qualities to the Earl of Angus, to dispute with that chief of the more modern Douglasses the supreme administration. All, or almost all, the great men of Scotland were in league with one or other of these powerful Earls, and each supported those who followed him, in right or wrong, and

oppressed those who opposed him, without any form of justice but his own pleasure. In this distracted state of things, was impossible for the meanest man in Scotland to obtain success in the best-founded suit, unless he was under the protection either of Angus or Arran; and to whichever he might attach himself, he was sure to become an object of hatred and suspicion to the other. Under pretence, also, of taking a side, and acting for the interests of their party, wicked and lawless men committed violences of every kind, burned, murdered, and plundered; and pretended that they did so in the cause of the Earl of Angus, or of his rival the Earl of Arran.

At length, 30th April, 1520, these two great factions of the Douglasses and the Hamiltons came both to Edinburgh to attend a Parliament, in which it was expected that the western noblemen would in general take part with Arran, while those of the east would side with Angus. One of the strongest supporters of Arran was the Archbishop of Glasgow, James Beaton, a man remarkable for talents, but unfortunately also for profligacy. He was at this time Chancellor of Scotland; and the Hamiltons met within his palace, situated at the bottom of Blackfriars-Wynd, one of those narrow lanes which run down from the High-street of Edinburgh to the Cowgate. The Hamiltons, finding themselves far the more numerous party, were deliberating upon a scheme of attacking the Douglasses, and apprehending Angus. That Earl heard of their intentions, and sent his uncle, Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld (a scholar and a poet), to remonstrate with Beaton, and to remind him, that it was his business, as a churchman, to preserve peace: Angus offering at the same time to withdraw out of the town, if he and his friends should be permitted to do so in safety. The Chancellor had, however, already assumed armour, which he wore under his rochet, or bishop's dress. As he laid his hand on his heart and said, "Upon my conscience, I cannot help what is about to happen," the mail which he wore was heard to rattle—"Ha! my Lord," said the Bishop of Dunkeld, "methinks your conscience clatters!" And leaving him after this rebuke, he hastened back to his nephew, the Earl of Angus, to bid him defend himself like a man. "For me," he said, "I will go to my chamber and pray for you."

Angus collected his followers, and hastened like a sagacious soldier to occupy the High-street of the city. The inhabitants were his friends, and spears were handed out to such of the Douglasses as had them not,—which proved a great advantage, the Hamiltons having no weapons longer than their swords.

In the meantime Sir Patrick Hamilton, a wise and moderate man, brother to the Earl of Arran, advised his brother strongly not to come to blows; but a natural son of the Earl, Sir James Hamilton of Draphane, of a fierce and cruel nature, exclaimed that Sir Patrick only spoke thus, "because he was afraid to fight in his friend's quarrel."

"Thou liest, false bastard!" said Sir Patrick—"I will fight this day where thou darest not be seen."

Immediately they all rushed towards the street, where the Douglasses stood drawn up to receive them.

Now the Hamiltons, though very numerous, could only come at their enemies by thronging out of the little steep lanes which open into the High-street, and the Douglasses had barricaded the entrances with carts, barrels, and suchlike lumber. As they endeavoured to force their way, they were fiercely attacked by the Douglasses with pikes and spears. A few who got out on the street were killed or routed. The Earl of Arran, and his son the bastard, were glad to mount upon a coal-horse, from which they threw the load, and escaped by flight. Sir Patrick Hamilton was killed, with many others; thus dying in a scuffle which he had done all in his power to prevent. The confusion, occasioned by this skirmish, was greatly increased by the sudden appearance of Sir David Home of Wedderburn, the fierce Border leader who slew De la Bastie. He came with a band of eight hundred horse to assist Angus, and finding the skirmish begun, made his way into the city by bursting open one of the gates with sledge-hammers. The Hamiltons fled out of the town in great confusion; and the consequences of this skirmish were such, that the citizens of Edinburgh called it *Clean-the-Causeway*,—because the faction of Arran was, as it were, swept from the streets. This broil gave Angus a great advantage in his future disputes with Arran; but it exhibits a wild picture of the times, when such a conflict could be fought in the midst of a populous city.

A year after this battle, the Duke of Albany returned from France, again to assume the Regency. He appears to have been encouraged to take this step by the King of France, who was desirous of recovering his influence in the Scottish councils, and who justly considered Angus as a friend of England. The Regent being successful in again taking up the reins of government, Angus was in his turn obliged to retire to France, where he spent his time so well, that he returned much wiser and more experienced than he had been esteemed before his banishment. Albany, on the contrary, showed himself neither wiser nor more prosperous than during his first government. He threatened much, and did little. He broke the peace with England, and invaded that country with a large army; then made a dishonourable truce with Lord Dacre, who commanded on the English frontier, and retired without fighting, or doing any thing to support the boasts which he had made. This mean and poor-spirited conduct excited the contempt of the Scottish nation; and the Duke found it necessary to retreat once more to France, that he might obtain from that government money and forces to maintain himself in the Regency, which he seemed to occupy rather for the advantage of that country than of Scotland.

The English, in the meanwhile, maintained the war which Albany had rekindled, by destructive and dangerous incursions on the Scottish frontiers; and that you may know how this fearful kind of warfare was conducted, I will give you some account of the storming of Jedburgh, which happened at this time.

Jedburgh was, after the castle and town of Roxburgh had been demolished, the principal town of the county. It was strongly walled, and inhabited by a class of citizens, whom their neighbourhood to the English frontier made familiar with war. The town

was also near those mountains, in which the boldest of the Scottish Border clans had their abode.

The Earl of Surrey (son of him who had vanquished the Scots at Flodden, and who was now Duke of Norfolk), advanced from Berwick to Jedburgh in September, 1521, with an army of about ten thousand men. The Border chieftains, on the Scottish frontier, could only oppose to this well-appointed army about fifteen or eighteen hundred of their followers; but they were such gallant soldiers, and so willing to engage in battle, that the brave English general, who had served in foreign countries as well as at home, declared he had never met their equal. "Could forty thousand such men be assembled," said Surrey, "it would be a dreadful enterprise to withstand them." But the force of numbers prevailed, and the English carried the place by assault. There were six strong towers within the town, which continued their defence after the walls were surmounted. These were the residences of persons of rank, walled round, and capable of strong resistance. The Abbey also was occupied by the Scots, and most fiercely defended. The battle continued till late in the night, and the English had no way of completing the victory, but by setting fire to the town; and even in this extremity, those who manned the towers and the Abbey continued their defence. The next day Lord Dacre was dispatched to attack the castle of Fairnyherst, within about three miles of Jedburgh, the feudal fortress of that Andrew Ker, a Border chief, formerly mentioned. It was taken, but with great loss to the besiegers. In the evening Lord Dacre, contrary to Surrey's commands, chose to encamp with his cavalry without the limits of the camp which the latter had chosen. About eight at night, when the English leaders were at supper, and concluded all resistance over, Dacre's quarters were attacked, and his horses all cut loose. The terrified animals, upwards of fifteen hundred in number, came galloping down to Surrey's camp, where they were received with showers of arrows and volleys of musketry, for the English soldiers, alarmed by the noise, thought the Scots were storming their entrenchments. Many of the horses ran into Jedburgh, which was still in flames, and were seized and carried off by the Scottish women, accustomed like their husbands to the management of horses. The tumult was so great, that the English imputed it to supernatural interference, and Surrey alleged that the devil was seen visibly six times during the confusion. Such was the credulity of the times; but the whole narrative may give you some notion of the obstinate defence of the Scots, and the horrors of a Border foray.

The Scots, on their side, were victorious in several severe actions, in one of which the Bastard Heron, who had contributed so much to Surrey's success at Flodden, was slain on the field.

The young King of Scotland, though yet a boy, began to show tokens of ill-will towards the French and Albany. Some nobles asked him what should be done with the French, whom the Regent had left behind. "Give them," said James, "to Davie Home's keeping." Sir David Home, you must recollect, was the chieftain who put to death Albany's friend, De la Bastie, and knitted his head by the hair to his saddlebow.

Albany, however, returned again from France

with great supplies of money, artillery, arms, and other provisions for continuing the war. These were furnished by France, because it was the interest of that country at all hazards to maintain the hostility between Scotland and England. The Regent once more, with a fine army, made an attack upon Norham, a castle on the English frontier; but when he had nearly gained this fortress, he suddenly, with his usual cowardice, left off the assault, on learning that Surrey was advancing to its relief. After this second dishonourable retreat, Albany left Scotland, detested and despised alike by the nobles and the common people, who felt that all his undertakings had ended in retreat and disgrace. He took leave of Scotland, never to return, in the month of May, 1524.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Earl of Angus's Accession to the Government—Infectual Attempts of Buccleuch and Lennox to rescue the young King from the power of Angus—Escape of James—Banishment of Angus, and the rest of the Douglasses.

QUEEN MARGARET, who hated her husband Angus, as I have told you, now combined with his enemy Arran, to call James V, her son (though then only twelve years old), to the management of the public affairs; but the Earl of Angus, returning at this crisis from France, speedily obtained a superiority in the Scottish councils, and became the head of those nobles who desired to maintain a friendly alliance with England rather than to continue that league with France, which had so often involved Scotland in quarrels with their powerful neighbour.

Margaret might have maintained her authority, for she was personally much beloved; but it was the fate or the folly of that Queen to form rash marriages. Having obtained a divorce from Angus, she married a young man of little power and inferior rank, named Henry Stewart, a younger son of Lord Evandale. She lost her influence by that ill-advised measure. Angus, therefore, rose to the supreme power in Scotland, possessed himself of the person of the King, transacted everything in the name of James, but by his own authority; and became the complete Regent of Scotland, though without assuming the name.

The talents of the Earl of Angus were equal to the charge imposed on him, and as he reconciled himself to his old rival the Earl of Arran, his power seemed founded on a sure basis. He was able to accomplish a treaty of peace with England, which was of great advantage to the kingdom. But according to the fashion of the times, Angus was much too desirous to confer all the great offices, lands, and other advantages in the disposal of the Crown, upon his own friends and adherents, to the exclusion of all the nobles and gentry, who had either taken part against him in the late struggle for power, or were not decidedly his partisans. The course of justice also was shamefully perverted, by the partiality of Angus for his friends, kinsmen, and adherents.

An old historian says, "that there dared no man strive at law with a Douglas, or yet with the adherent of a Douglas, for if he did he was sure to get the worst of his lawsuit. And," he adds, "although Angus travelled through the country under the pre-

tence of punishing thieves, robbers, and murderers, there were no malefactors so great as those which rode in his own company."

The King, who was now fourteen years old, became disgusted with the sort of restraint in which Angus detained him, and desirous to free himself from his tutelage. His mother had doubtless a natural influence over him, and that also was exerted to the Earl's prejudice. The Earl of Lennox, a wise and intelligent nobleman, near in blood to the King, was also active in fostering his displeasure against the Douglasses, and schemes began to be agitated for taking the person of the King out of the hands of Angus. But Angus was so well established in the government, that his authority could not be destroyed except by military force, and it was not easy to bring such to bear against a man so powerful, and of such a martial character.

At length it seems to have been determined to employ the agency of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, a man of great courage and military talent, head of a numerous and powerful clan, and possessed of much influence on the Borders. He had been once the friend of Angus, and had even scaled the walls of Edinburgh with a great body of his clan, in order to render the party of the Earl uppermost in that city. But of late he had attached himself to Lennox, by whose counsels he seems to have been guided in the enterprise which I am about to give you an account of.

Some excesses had taken place on the Border, probably by the connivance of Buccleuch, which induced Angus to march to Jedburgh, bringing the King in his company, lest he should have made his escape during his absence. He was joined by the clans of Home and Ker, both in league with him, and he had, besides, a considerable body of chosen attendants. Angus was returning from this expedition, and had passed the night at Melrose. The Kers and Homes had taken leave of the Earl, who with the King and his retinue had left Melrose, when a band of a thousand horsemen suddenly appeared on the side of an eminence called Halidon-Hill, and, descending into the valley, interposed between the Earl and the bridge, by which he must pass the Tweed on his return northward.

"Sir," said Angus to the King, "yonder comes Buccleuch, with the Border thieves of Teviotdale and Liddesdale, to interrupt your Grace's passage. I vow to God they shall either fight or fly. You shall halt upon this knoll with my brother George, while we drive off these banditti, and clear the road for your Grace."

The King made no answer, for in his heart he desired that Buccleuch's undertaking might be successful, but he dared not say so.

Angus, meantime, dispatched a herald to charge Buccleuch to withdraw with his forces. Scott replied, "that he was come, according to the custom of the Borders, to show the King his clan and followers, and invite his Grace to dine at his house." To which he added, "that he knew the King's mind as well as Angus." The Earl advanced, and the Borderers, shouting their war-cry of Bellenden, immediately joined battle, and fought stoutly; but the Homes and Kers, who were at no great distance, returned on

hearing the alarm, and coming through the little village of Darnick, set upon Buccleuch's men, and decided the fate of the day. The Border riders fled, but Buccleuch and his followers fought stoutly in their retreat, and turning upon the Kers, slew several of them, in particular Ker of Cessford, a chief of the name, who was killed by the lance of one of the Elliots, a retainer of Buccleuch. His death occasioned a deadly feud between the clans of Scott and Ker, which lasted for a century, and cost much blood. This skirmish took place on the 25th July, 1526. About eighty Scotts were slain on the field of battle, and a sentence was pronounced against Buccleuch and many of his clan, as guilty of high-treason. But after the King had shaken off the yoke of the Douglasses, he went in person to Parliament to obtain the restoration of Buccleuch, who, he declared on his kingly word, had come to Melrose without any purpose of quarrel, but merely to pay his duty to his Prince, and show him the number of his followers. In evidence of which, the King said that the said Wat was not clad in armour, but in a leathern coat (a buff-coat, I suppose), with a black bonnet on his head. The family were restored to their estates accordingly; but Sir Walter Scott was, long afterwards, murdered by the Kers at Edinburgh, in revenge of the death of the Laird of Cessford.

The Earl of Lennox being disappointed in procuring the King's release by means of Buccleuch, now resolved to attempt it in person. He received much encouragement from the Chancellor Beaton (distinguished at the skirmish called Clean-the-Causeway), from the Earl of Glencairn, and other noblemen, who saw with displeasure the Earl of Angus confining the young King like a prisoner, and that all the administration of the kingdom centred in the Douglasses. He assembled an army of ten or twelve thousand men, and advanced upon Edinburgh from Stirling. Angus and Arran, who were still closely leagued together, encountered Lennox, with an inferior force, near the village of Newliston. The rumour that a battle was about to commence soon reached Edinburgh, when Sir George Douglas hastened to call out the citizens in arms, to support his brother, the Earl of Angus. The city-bells were rung, trumpets were sounded, and the King himself was obliged to mount on horseback, to give countenance to the measures of the Douglasses, whom, in his soul, he detested. James was so sensible of his situation, that he tried, by every means in his power, to delay the march of the forces which were mustered at Edinburgh. When they reached the village of Corstorphine, they heard the thunder of the guns, which increased the fierce impatience of George Douglas to reach the field of battle, and also increased the delays of the young King, who was in hopes Angus might be defeated before his brother could come up. George Douglas, perceiving this, addressed the King in language which James never forgot nor forgave.—“Your Grace need not think to escape us,” said this fierce warrior—“if our enemies had hold of you on one side, and we on the other, we would tear you to pieces ere we would let you go.”

Tidings now came from the field of battle that Lennox had been defeated, and that Angus had gained the victory. The young King, dismayed at the news,

now urged his attendants to gallop forward, as much as he had formerly desired them to hang back. He charged them to prevent slaughter, and save lives, especially that of Lennox. Sir Andrew Wood, one of the King's cup-bearers, arrived in the field of battle time enough to save the Earl of Glencairn, who was still fighting gallantly by assistance of some strong ground, though he had scarce thirty men left alive. Wood contrived to convey him safe out of the field. But Lennox, about whose safety the King was so anxious, was already no more. He had been slain, in cold blood, by that blood-thirsty man, Sir James Hamilton of Draphane, who took him from the Laird of Pardivan, to whom he had surrendered himself. This deed seemed to flow from the brutal nature of the perpetrator, who took such a pleasure in shedding blood, that he slashed with his own hand the faces of many of the prisoners. Arran, the father of this ferocious man, bitterly lamented the fate of Lennox, who was his nephew. He was found mourning beside the body, over which he had spread his scarlet cloak. “The hardiest, stoutest, and wisest man that Scotland bore,” he said, “lies here slain.”

After these two victories, the Earl of Angus seemed to be so firmly established in power, that his followers set no bounds to their presumption, and his enemies were obliged to fly and hide themselves. Chancellor Beaton, disguised as a shepherd, fed sheep on Bogrian-Knowe, until he made his peace with the Earls of Angus and Arran, by great gifts, both in money and in church lands. Angus established around the King's person a guard of a hundred men of his own choice, commanded by Douglas of Parkhead; he made his brother George, whom James detested, Master of the Royal Household; and Archibald of Kilspindie, his uncle, Lord Treasurer of the realm. But the close restraint in which the King found himself, only increased his eager desire to be rid of all the Douglasses together. Force having failed in two instances, James had recourse to stratagem.

He prevailed upon his mother, Queen Margaret, to yield up to him the Castle of Stirling, which was her jointure-house, and to put it into the hands of a person whom he could trust. This was done with much secrecy. Thus prepared with a place of refuge, James watched with anxiety an opportunity of flying to it; and he conducted himself with such apparent confidence towards Angus, that the Douglasses were lulled into security, and concluded that the King was reconciled to his state of bondage, and despaired of making his escape.

James was then residing at Falkland, a royal palace conveniently situated for hunting and hawking, in which he seemed to take great pleasure. The Earl of Angus at this period left the court for Lothian, where he had some urgent business—Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie went to Dundee, to visit a lady to whom he was attached—and George Douglas had gone to Saint Andrews, to extort some further advantages from Chancellor Beaton, who was now Archbishop of that see, and Primate of Scotland. There were thus none of the Douglasses left about the King's person, except Parkhead, with his guard of an hundred men, in whose vigilance the others confided.

The King thought the time favourable for his

escape. To lay all suspicion asleep, he pretended he was to rise next morning at an early hour, for the purpose of hunting the stag. Douglas of Parkhead, suspecting nothing, retired to bed after placing his watch. But the King was no sooner in his private chamber, than he called a trusty page, named John Hart:—"Jockie," said he, "dost thou love me?"

"Better than myself," answered the domestic.

"And will you risk anything for me?"

"My life with pleasure," said John Hart.

The King then explained his purpose, and dressing himself in the attire of a groom, he went with Hart to the stable, as if for the purpose of getting the horses ready for the next day's hunt. The guards, deceived by their appearance, gave them no interruption. At the stables three good horses were saddled and in readiness, under charge of a yeoman or groom, whom the King had intrusted with his purpose.

James mounted with his two servants, and galloped, during the whole night, as eager as a bird just escaped from a cage. At day-light he reached the bridge of Stirling, which was the only mode of passing the river Forth, except by boats. It was defended by gates, which the King ordered to be closed, and directed the passage to be watched. He was a weary man when he reached Stirling Castle, where he was joyfully received by the governor, whom he had himself placed in that strong fortress. The drawbridges were raised, the portcullises dropt, guards set, and every measure of defence and precaution resorted to. But the King was so much afraid of again falling into the hands of the Douglasses, that, tired as he was, he would not go to sleep until the keys of the castle were placed in his own keeping, and laid underneath his pillow.

In the morning there was great alarm at Falkland. Sir George Douglas had returned thither on the night of the King's departure, about eleven o'clock. On his arrival, he inquired after the King, and was answered by the porter, as well as the watchmen upon guard, that he was sleeping in his chamber, as he intended to hunt early in the morning. He therefore retired to rest in full security. But the next morning he learned different tidings. One Peter Carmichael, bailie of Abernethy, knocked at the door of his chamber, and asked him if he knew "what the King was doing that morning?"

"He is in his chamber asleep," said Sir George.

"You are mistaken," answered Carmichael; "he passed the bridge of Stirling this last night."

On hearing this, Douglas started up in haste, went to the King's chamber, and knocked for admittance. When no answer was returned, he caused the door to be forced, and when he found the apartment empty, he cried, "Treason!—the King is gone, and none knows whither." Then he sent post to his brother, the Earl of Angus, and sent in every direction to seek the King, and to assemble the Douglasses.

When the truth was known, the adherents of Angus rode in a body to Stirling; but the King was so far from desiring to receive them, that he threatened, by sound of trumpet, to declare any of the name of Douglas a traitor who should approach within twelve miles of his person, or who should

meddle with the administration of government. Some of the Douglasses inclined to resist this proclamation, but the Earl of Angus and his brother resolved to obey it, and withdrew to Linlithgow.

Soon afterwards, the King assembled around him the numerous nobility, who envied the power of Angus and Arran, or had suffered injuries at their hands; and, in open Parliament, accused them of treason, declaring, that he had never been sure of his life all the while that he was in their power. A sentence of forfeiture was, therefore, passed against the Earl of Angus, and he was driven into exile, with all his friends and kinsmen. And thus the Red Douglasses of the house of Angus shared almost the same fate with the Black Douglasses of the elder branch of that mighty House; with this difference, that as they had never risen so high, so they did not fall so irretrievably; for the Earl of Angus lived to return and enjoy his estates in Scotland, where he played a distinguished part. But this was after the death of James V, who retained, during his whole life, an implacable resentment against the Douglasses, and never permitted one of the name to settle in Scotland whilst he lived.

James persevered in this resolution even under circumstances which rendered his unrelenting resentment ungenerous. Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie, the Earl of Angus's uncle, had been a personal favourite of the King before the disgrace of his family. He was so much recommended to James by his great strength, manly appearance, and skill in every kind of warlike exercise, that he was wont to call him his Graysteil, after the name of a champion in a romance then popular. Archibald, becoming rather an old man, and tired of his exile in England, resolved to try the King's mercy. He thought that as they had been so well acquainted formerly, and as he had never offended James personally, he might find favour from their old intimacy. He, therefore, threw himself in the King's way one day as he returned from hunting in the park at Stirling. It was several years since James had seen him, but he knew him at a great distance, by his firm and stately step, and said, "Yonder is my Graysteil, Archibald of Kilspindie." But when they met, he showed no appearance of recognising his old servant. Douglas turned, and still hoping to obtain a glance of favourable recollection, ran along by the King's side; and although James trotted his horse hard against the hill, and Douglas wore a heavy shirt of mail under his clothes, for fear of assassination, yet Graysteil was at the castle gate as soon as the King. James passed him, and entered the castle, but Douglas, exhausted with exertion, sat down at the door, and asked for a cup of wine. The hatred of the King against the name of Douglas was so well known, that no domestic about the court dared procure for the old warrior even this trifling refreshment. The King blamed, indeed, his servants for their discourtesy, and even said, that but for his oath never to employ a Douglas, he would have received Archibald of Kilspindie into his service, as he had formerly known him a man of great ability. Yet he sent his commands to his poor Graysteil to retire to France, where he died heart-broken soon afterwards. Even Henry VIII of England, himself of an unforgiving

temper, blamed the implacability of James on this occasion, and quoted an old proverb,—

A King's face
Should give grace.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Character of James V—His Expedition to punish the Border Freebooters—His Adventures when travelling in Disguise—Rustic Hunting Palace in Athole—Institution of the College of Justice—Gold Mines of Scotland—Encouragement of Learning.

FREED from the stern control of the Douglas family, James V now began to exercise the government in person, and displayed most of the qualities of a wise and good prince. He was handsome in his person, and resembled his father in the love of military exercises, and the spirit of chivalrous honour which James IV loved to display. He also inherited his father's love of justice, and his desire to establish and enforce wise and equal laws, which should protect the weak against the oppression of the great. It was easy enough to make laws, but to put them into vigorous exercise was of much greater difficulty; and in his attempt to accomplish this laudable purpose, James often incurred the ill-will of the more powerful nobles. He was a well-educated and accomplished man, and, like his ancestor, James I, was a poet and a musician. He had, however, his defects. He avoided his father's failing of profusion, having no hoarded treasures to employ on pomp and show; but he rather fell into the opposite fault, being of a temper too parsimonious; and though he loved state and display, he endeavoured to gratify that taste as economically as possible, so that he has been censured as rather close and covetous. He was also, though the foibles seem inconsistent, fond of pleasure, and disposed to too much indulgence. It must be added, that when provoked, he was unrelenting even to cruelty, for which he had some apology, considering the ferocity of the subjects over whom he reigned. But, on the whole, James V was an amiable man, and a good Sovereign.

His first care was to bring the Borders of Scotland to some degree of order. These, as you were formerly told, were inhabited by tribes of men, forming each a different clan as they were called, and obeying no orders, save those which were given by their Chiefs. These Chiefs were supposed to represent the first founder of the name or family. The attachment of the clansmen to the Chief was very great: indeed they paid respect to no one else. In this the Borderers agreed with the Highlanders, as also in their love of plunder, and neglect of the general laws of the country. But the Border men wore no tartan dress, and served almost always on horseback, whereas the Highlanders acted always on foot. You will also remember, that they spoke the Scottish language, and not the Gaelic tongue used by the mountaineers.

The situation of these clans on the frontiers exposed them to constant war; so that they thought of nothing else but collecting bands of their followers together, and making incursions, without much distinction, on the English, on the Lowland Scots, or upon each other. They paid little respect either to

times of truce or to treaties of peace, but exercised their depredations without much regard to either, and often occasioned wars which would not otherwise have taken place.

It is said of a considerable family on the Borders, that when they had consumed all the cattle about the castle, a pair of spurs was placed on the table, in a covered dish, as a hint that they must ride out and fetch more. The chiefs and leading men told down their daughter's portions according to the plunder which they were able to collect in the course of a Michaelmas moon, when its prolonged light allowed them opportunity for their free booting excursions. They were very brave in battle, but in time of peace they were a pest to their Scottish neighbours. As their insolence had risen to a high pitch after the field of Flodden had thrown the country into confusion, James V resolved to take very severe measures against them.

His first step was to secure the persons of the principal chieftains by whom these disorders were privately encouraged. The Earl of Bothwell, the Lord Home, Lord Maxwell, Scott of Buccleuch, Ker of Fairnyherst, and other powerful chiefs, who might have opposed the King's purposes, were seized, and imprisoned in separate fortresses in the low country.

James then assembled an army, in which warlike purposes were united with those of sylvan sport, for he ordered all the gentlemen in the wild districts which he intended to visit, to bring in their best dogs, as if his only purpose had been to hunt the deer in these desolate regions. This was intended to prevent the Borderers from taking the alarm, in which case they would have retreated into their mountains and fastnesses, from whence it would have been difficult to dislodge them.

These men had indeed no distinct idea of the offences which they had committed, and consequently no apprehension of the King's displeasure against them. The laws had been so long silent in that desolate country, that the outrages which were practised by the strong against the weak, seemed to the perpetrators the natural course of society, and to present nothing that was worthy of punishment.

Thus, as the King, in the beginning of his expedition, suddenly approached the Castle of Piers Cockburn of Henderland, that Baron was in the act of providing a great entertainment to welcome him, when James caused him to be suddenly seized on, and executed. Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, met the same fate. But an event of greater importance, was the fate of John Armstrong of Gilnockie, near Langleeholm.

This freebooting chief had risen to great consequence, and the whole neighbouring district of England paid him *black mail*, that is, a sort of tribute, in consideration of which he forbore plundering them. He had a high idea of his own importance, and seems to have been unconscious of having merited any severe usage at the King's hands. On the contrary, he came to meet his sovereign at a place about ten miles from Hawick, called Carlinrigg chapel, richly dressed, and having with him twenty-four gentlemen, his constant retinue, as well attired as himself. The King, incensed to see a freebooter

so gallantly equipped, commanded him instantly to be led to execution, saying, "What wants this knave, save a crown, to be as magnificent as a king?" John Armstrong made great offers for his life, offering to maintain himself, with forty men, ready to serve the King at a moment's notice, at his own expense; engaging never to hurt or injure any Scottish subject, as indeed had never been his practice; and undertaking, that there was not a man in England, of whatever degree, duke, earl, lord or baron, but he would engage, within a certain time, to present to the King, dead or alive. But when the King would listen to none of his offers, he said, very proudly, "I am but a fool to ask grace at a graceless face; but had I guessed you would have used me thus, I would have kept the Border-side, in despite of the King of England and you both; for I well know that King Henry would give the weight of my best horse in gold to know that I am sentenced to die this day."

John Armstrong was led to execution, with all his men, and hanged without mercy. The people of the Lowland countries were glad to be rid of him; but on the Borders he was both missed and mourned, as a brave warrior and a stout man-at-arms against England.

Such were the effects of the terror struck by these general executions, that James was said to have made "the rush bush keep the cow;" that is to say, that even in this lawless part of the country, men dared no longer make free with property, and cattle might remain on their pastures unwatched. James was also enabled to draw profit from the lands which the Crown possessed near the Borders, and is said to have had ten thousand sheep at one time grazing in Ettrick Forest, under the keeping of Andrew Bell, who gave the King as good an account of the profits of the flock, as if they had been grazing in the bounds of Fife, then the most civilized part of Scotland.

On the other hand, the Borders of Scotland were greatly weakened by the destruction of so many brave men; who, notwithstanding their lawless course of life, were true defenders of their country: and there is occasion to censure the extent to which James carried his severity, as being to a certain degree impolitic, and indeed cruel and excessive.

In the like manner James proceeded against the Highland Chiefs; and by executions, forfeitures, and other severe measures, he brought the Northern mountaineers, as he had already done those of the South, into comparative subjection. He then set at liberty the Border Chiefs, and others whom he had imprisoned, lest they should have offered any hindrance to the course of his justice.

As these fiery chieftains, after this severe chastisement, could no longer as formerly attack each other's castles and lands, they were forced to vent their deadly animosities in duels, which were frequently fought in the King's presence, his royal permission being first obtained. Thus Douglas of Drumlanrigg and Charteris of Amisfield did battle together in presence of the King, each having accused the other of high treason. They fought on foot with huge two-handed swords. Drumlanrigg was somewhat blind, or short-sighted, and being in great fury, struck about him without seeing where he hit,

and the Laird of Amisfield was not more successful, for his sword broke in the encounter; upon this, the King caused the battle to cease, and the combatants were with difficulty separated. Thus the King gratified these unruly barons, by permitting them to fight in his own presence, in order to induce them to remain at peace elsewhere.

James V had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order that he might hear complaints which might not otherwise reach his ears, and, perhaps, that he might enjoy amusements which he could not have partaken of in his avowed royal character. This is also said to have been a custom of James IV, his father, and several adventures are related of what befell them on such occasions. One or two of these narratives may help to enliven our story.

When James V travelled in disguise, he used a name which was known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the tenant, that is) of Ballengiech. Ballengiech is a steep pass which leads down behind the Castle of Stirling. Once upon a time, when he was feasting in Stirling, the King sent for some venison from the neighbouring hills. The deer were killed and put on horses' backs, to be transported to Stirling. Unluckily they had to pass the castle-gates of Arnpryor, belonging to a chief of the Buchanans, who had a considerable number of guests with him. It was late, and the company were rather short of victuals, though they had more than enough of liquor. The chief, seeing so much fat venison passing his very door, seized on it; and to the expostulations of the keepers, who told him it belonged to King James, he answered insolently, that if James was King in Scotland, he, Buchanan, was King in Kippen, being the name of the district in which the Castle of Arnpryor lay. On hearing what had happened, the King got on horseback, and rode instantly from Stirling to Buchanan's house, where he found a strong fierce-looking Highlander, with an axe on his shoulder, standing sentinel at the door. This grim warder refused the King admittance, saying, that the Laird of Arnpryor was at dinner, and would not be disturbed. "Yet go up to the company, my good friend," said the King, "and tell him that the Goodman of Ballengiech is come to feast with the King of Kippen." The porter went grumbling into the house, and told his master, that there was a fellow with a red beard, who called himself the Goodman of Ballengiech, at the gate, who said he was come to dine with the King of Kippen. As soon as Buchanan heard these words, he knew that the King was there in person, and hastened down to kneel at James's feet, and to ask forgiveness for his insolent behaviour. But the King, who only meant to give him a fright, forgave him freely, and, going into the castle, feasted on his own venison which Buchanan had intercepted. Buchanan of Arnpryor was ever afterwards called the King of Kippen.

Upon another occasion, King James, being alone and in disguise, fell into a quarrel with some gipsies, or other vagrants, and was assaulted by four or five of them. This chanced to be very near the Bridge of Cramond; so the King got on the bridge, which, as it was high and narrow, enabled him to defend

himself with his sword against the number of persons by whom he was attacked. There was a poor man thrashing corn in a barn near by, who came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle, and seeing one man defending himself against numbers, gallantly took his part with his flail to such good purpose, that the gipsies were obliged to fly. The husbandman then took the King into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way towards Edinburgh, in case he should be again attacked. On the way, the King asked his companion what and who he was. The labourer answered, that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the farm of Braehead, near Cramond, which belonged to the King of Scotland. James then asked the poor man, if there was any wish in the world which he would particularly desire should be gratified; and honest John confessed, he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland were he but proprietor of the farm on which he wrought as a labourer. He then asked the King, in turn, who *he* was; and James replied, as usual, that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small appointment about the palace; but he added, that if John Howieson would come to see him on the next Sunday, he would endeavour to repay his manifold assistance, and, at least, give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes, as you may suppose, and appearing at a postern-gate of the palace, inquired for the Goodman of Ballengiech. The King had given orders that he should be admitted; and John found his friend, the Goodman, in the same disguise which he had formerly worn. The King, still preserving the character of an inferior officer of the household, conducted John Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonder and his remarks. At length he asked him if he should like to see the King; to which John replied, nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offence. The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, undertook that the King would not be angry. "But," said John, "how am I to know his grace from the nobles who will be all about him?"—"Easily," replied his companion; "all the others will be bare-headed—the King alone will wear his hat or bonnet."

So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into a great hall, which was filled by the nobility and officers of the crown. John was a little frightened, and drew close to his attendant; but was still unable to distinguish the King. "I told you that you should know him by his wearing his hat," said his conductor. "Then," said John, after he had again looked around the room, "it must be either you or me, for all but us two are bare-headed."

The King laughed at John's fancy; and, that the good yeoman might have occasion for mirth also, he made him a present of the farm of Braehead, which he had wished so much to possess, on condition that John Howieson, or his successors, should be ready to present an ewer and basin for the King to wash his hands, when his Majesty should come to Holyrood palace, or should pass the Bridge of Cramond. Accordingly, in the year 1822, when George IV came

to Scotland, the descendant of John Howieson of Braehead, who still possesses the estate which was given to his ancestor, appeared at a solemn festival, and offered his Majesty water from a silver ewer, that he might perform the service by which he held his lands.

James V was very fond of hunting, and, when he pursued that amusement in the Highlands, he used to wear the peculiar dress of that country, having a jacket of tartan velvet, with plaid, hose, and everything else corresponding. The accounts for these are in the books of his chamberlain, still preserved.

On one occasion, when the King had an ambassador of the Pope along with him, they were splendidly entertained by the Earl of Athole in a huge and singular rustic palace. It was built of timber, in the midst of a great meadow, and surrounded by moats, or fosses, full of the most delicate fish. It was inclosed and defended by towers, as if it had been a regular castle, and had within it many apartments, which were decked with flowers and branches, so that in treading them one seemed to be in a garden. Here were all kinds of game, and other provisions in abundance, with many cooks to make them ready, and plenty of the most costly spices and wines. The Italian ambassador was greatly surprised to see, amongst rocks and wildernesses, which seemed to be the very extremity of the world, such good lodging and so magnificent an entertainment. But what surprised him most of all, was to see the Highlanders set fire to the wooden castle, as soon as the hunting was over, and the King in the act of departing. "Such is the constant practice of our Highlanders," said James to the ambassador; "however well they may be lodged over night, they always burn their lodging before they leave it." By this the King intimated the predatory and lawless habits displayed by these mountaineers.

The reign of James V was not alone distinguished by his personal adventures and pastimes, but is honourably remembered on account of wise laws made for the government of his people, and for restraining the crimes and violence which were frequently practised among them, especially those of assassination, burning of houses, and driving of cattle, the usual and ready means by which great men avenged themselves of their feudal enemies.

For the decision of civil questions, James V invented and instituted what is called the College of Justice, being the Supreme Court of Scotland in civil affairs. It consisted of fourteen Judges and a President, who heard and decided causes. A certain number of learned men, trained to understand the laws, were appointed to the task of pleading the causes of such as had law-suits before these judges, who constituted what is popularly termed the Court of Session. These men were called advocates; and this was the first establishment of a body, regularly educated to the law, which has ever since been regarded in Scotland as an honourable profession and has produced many great men.

James V used great diligence in improving his navy, and undertook what was at the time rather a perilous task, to sail round Scotland, and cause an accurate survey to be made of the various coasts,

bays, and islands, harbours, and roadsteads of his kingdom, many of which had been unknown to his predecessors even by name.

This active and patriotic Prince ordered the mineral wealth of Scotland to be also inquired into. He obtained miners from Germany, who extracted both silver and gold from the mines of Leadhills, in the upper part of Clydesdale. The gold was of fine quality, and found in quantity sufficient to supply metal for a very elegant gold coin, which, bearing on one side the head of James V wearing a bonnet, has been thence called the Bonnet-piece. It is said, that upon one occasion the King invited the ambassadors of Spain, France, and other foreign countries, to hunt with him in Crawford-moor, the district in which lie the mines I have just mentioned. They dined in the Castle of Crawford, a rude old fortress. The King made some apology for the dinner, which was composed of the game they had killed during the hunting and hawking of the day, but he assured his guests that the dessert would make them some amends, as he had given directions that it should consist of the finest fruits which the country afforded. The foreigners looked at each other in surprise, on hearing the King talk of fruits being produced amidst the black moors and barren mountains around them. But the dessert made its appearance in the shape of a number of covered saucers, one of which was placed before each guest, and being examined, was found full of gold bonnet-pieces, which they were desired to accept as the fruit produced by the mountains of Crawford-moor. This new sort of dessert was no doubt as acceptable as the most delicate fruits of a southern climate. The mines of the country are now wrought only for lead, of which they produce still a very large quantity.

Although, as we have mentioned, James was a good economist, he did not neglect the cultivation of the fine arts. He rebuilt the palace of Linlithgow, which is on a most magnificent plan, and made additions to that of Stirling. He encouraged several excellent poets and learned men, and his usual course of life appears to have been joyous and happy. He was himself a poet of some skill, and he permitted great freedom to the rhymers of his time, in addressing verses to him, some of which conveyed great censure of his government, and others satires on his foibles.

James also encouraged the sciences, but was deceived by a foreigner, who pretended to have knowledge of the art of making gold. This person, however, who was either crack-brained or an impostor, destroyed his own credit by the fabrication of a pair of wings, with which he proposed to fly from the top of Stirling Castle. He actually made the attempt, but as his pinions would not work easily, he fell down the precipice and broke his thigh-bone.

As the kingdom of Scotland, except during a very short and indecisive war with England, remained at peace till near the end of James's reign, and as that monarch was a wise and active prince, it might have been hoped that he at least would have escaped the misfortunes which seemed to haunt the name of Stewart. But a great change, which took place at this period, led James V into a predicament, as unhappy as attended any of his ancestors.

CHAPTER XXV.

Abuses of the Church of Rome—Reformation in England—and in Scotland—War with England, and Death of James V.

YOU remember, my dear child, that James V was nephew to Henry VIII of England, being a son of Margaret, sister of that monarch. This connexion, and perhaps the policy of Henry, who was aware that it was better for both countries that they should remain at peace together, prevented for several years the renewal of the destructive wars between the two divisions of the island. The good understanding would probably have been still more complete, had it not been for the great and general change in religious matters, called in history the Reformation. I must give you some idea of the nature of this alteration, otherwise you cannot understand the consequences to which it led.

After the death of Our Blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, the doctrine which he preached was planted in Rome, the principal city of the great Roman empire, by the Apostle Peter, as it is said; whom the Catholics, therefore, term the first Bishop of Rome. In process of time the Bishops of Rome, who succeeded, as they said, the Apostle in his office, claimed an authority over all others in Christendom. Good and well-meaning persons, in their reverence for the religion which they had adopted, admitted these pretensions without much scrutiny. As the Christian religion was more widely received, the Emperors and Kings who embraced it, thought to distinguish their piety by heaping benefits on the church, and on the Bishops of Rome in particular, who at length obtained great lands and demesnes as temporal Princes; while in their character of clergymen, they assumed the title of Popes, and the full and exclusive authority over all their clergymen in the Christian world. As the people of these times were extremely ignorant, any little knowledge which remained was to be found among the clergy, who had some leisure to study; while the laity, that is, they who were not clergymen, learned little, excepting to tilt, fight, and feast. The Popes of Rome, having established themselves as Heads of the Church, went on, by degrees, introducing into the simple and beautiful system delivered to us in the gospel, other doctrines, many of them inconsistent with, or contradictory of, pure Christianity, and all of them tending to extend the power of the priests over the minds and consciences of other men. It was not difficult for the Popes to make these alterations. For as they asserted they were the visible successors of Saint Peter, they pretended that they were as infallible as the apostle himself, and that all that they published in their ordinances, which they called Bulls, must be believed by all Christian men, as much as if the same had been enjoined in the Holy Scripture itself. We shall notice two or three of these innovations.

Some good men, in an early age of Christianity, had withdrawn from the world to worship God in desert and desolate places. They wrought for their bread, gave alms to the poor, spent their leisure in the exercise of devotion, and were justly respected. But by degrees, as well-meaning persons bestowed great

sums to support associations of such holy men, bequeathed lands to the monasteries or convents in which they lived, and made them wealthy, the Monks, as they were called, departed from the simplicity of their order, and neglected the virtues which they undertook to practise. Besides, by the extravagant endowments of these convents, great sums of money and large estates were employed in maintaining a useless set of men, who, under pretence of performing devotional exercises, withdrew themselves from the business of the world, and from all domestic duties.

The worship also of saints, for which Scripture gives us no warrant whatever, was introduced in those ignorant times. It is natural we should respect the memory of any remarkably good man, and that we should value anything which belongs to him. But it was as much authorized by the Church of Rome to worship the relics of a saintly character, such as locks of hair, bones, articles of clothes, and other trumpery, as to believe that such things are capable of curing sickness, or of working other miracles shocking to common sense. Yet the Roman Church opened the way to this absurdity, and imputed to these relics, which were often a mere imposture, the power which God alone possesses, of altering those laws of nature which his wisdom has appointed. The Popes also encouraged and enjoined the worship of saints, that is, the souls of holy men deceased, as a sort of subordinate deities, whose intercession may avail us before the throne of God, although the Gospel has expressly declared that our Lord Christ Jesus is our only Mediator. And in virtue of this opinion, not only was the Virgin Mary, the apostles, and almost every other person mentioned in the Gospels, erected by the Roman Catholics into the office of saints, but numerous others, some of them mere names, who never existed as men, were canonized, as it was called, that is, declared by the Pope to be saints, and had altars and churches dedicated to them. Pictures also, and statues, representing these alleged holy persons, were exhibited in churches, and received the worship which ought not, according to the second commandment, to be rendered to any idol or graven image.

Other doctrines there were, about fasting on particular days, and abstaining from particular kinds of food—all of which were gradually introduced into the Roman Catholic faith, though contrary to the Gospel.

But the most important innovation, and that by which the priests made most money, was the doctrine, that the Church, or, in other words, the priest, had the power of pardoning such sins as were confessed to him, upon the culprit's discharging such penance as the priest imposed on him. Every person was, therefore, obliged to confess himself to a priest, if he hoped to have his sins pardoned; and the priest enjoined certain kinds of penance, more or less severe, according to the circumstances of the offence. But, in general, these penances might be excused, providing a corresponding sum of money was paid to the Church, which possessed thus a perpetual and most lucrative source of income, which was yet more increased by the belief in Purgatory.

We have no right, from scripture, to believe in the existence of any intermediate state betwixt that of

happiness, which we call Heaven, to which good men have access immediately after death, or that called Hell, being the place of eternal punishment, to which the wicked are consigned with the devil and his angels. But the Catholic priests imagined the intervention of an intermediate state, called Purgatory. They supposed that many, or indeed that most people, were not of such piety as to deserve immediate admission into a state of eternal happiness, until they should have sustained a certain portion of punishment; but yet were not so wicked as to deserve instant and eternal condemnation. For the benefit of these, they invented the intermediate situation of Purgatory, a place of punishment, to which almost every one, not doomed to Hell itself, was consigned for a greater or less period, in proportion to his sins, before admission into a state of happiness. But here lay the stress of the doctrine. The power was in the Church to obtain pardon, by prayer, for the souls who were in Purgatory, and to have the gates of that place of torture opened for their departure sooner than would otherwise have taken place. Men, therefore, whose consciences told them that they deserved a long abode in this place of punishment, left liberal sums to the Church to have prayers said for the behoof of their souls. Children, in like manner, procured masses (that is, a particular sort of devotional worship practised by Catholics), to be said for the souls of their parents. Widows did the same for their departed husbands—husbands for their wives. All these masses and prayers could only be obtained by money, and all this money went to the priests.

But the Pope and his clergy carried the matter still farther; and not only sold, as they pretended, the forgiveness of Heaven, to those who had committed sins, but also granted them (always for money) a liberty to break through the laws of God and the church. These last were called Indulgences, because those who purchased them were indulged in the privilege of committing irregularities and vices, without being supposed answerable to the divine wrath.

To support this extraordinary fabric of superstition, the Pope assumed the most extensive powers, even to the length of depriving kings of their thrones, by his sentence of excommunication, which declared their subjects free from their oath of allegiance, and at liberty to rise up against their sovereign and put him to death. At other times the Pope took it upon him to give the kingdoms of the excommunicated prince to some ambitious neighbour. The rule of the Church of Rome was as severe over inferior persons as over princes. If a layman read the Bible, he was accounted guilty of a great offence, for the priests well knew that the perusal of the Sacred Scriptures would open men's eyes to their extravagant pretensions. If an individual presumed to disbelieve any of the doctrines which the Church of Rome taught, or to entertain any which were inconsistent with them, he was tried as a heretic, and subjected to the horrid punishment of being burnt alive; and this penalty was inflicted without mercy for the slightest expressions approaching to what the Papists called heresy.

This extraordinary and tyrannical power over men's consciences was usurped during those ages of European history which are called Dark, because men then wanted the light of learning and information.

But the discovery of the art of printing began, in the fifteenth century, to open men's minds. The Bible, which had been locked up in the hands of the clergy, then became common, and was generally read; and wise and good men in Germany and Switzerland made it their study to expose the errors and corruptions of the See of Rome. The doctrine of saint-worship was shown to be idolatrous—that of pardons and indulgences, a foul encouragement to vice—that of Purgatory, a cunning means of extorting money—and the pretensions of the Pope to infallibility, a blasphemous assumption of the attributes proper to God alone. These new opinions were termed the doctrines of the Reformers, and those who embraced them became gradually more and more numerous. The Roman Catholic priests attempted to defend the tenets, of their Church by argument; but as that was found difficult, they endeavoured, in most countries of Europe, to enforce them by violence. But the Reformers found protection in various parts of Germany. Their numbers seemed to increase rather than diminish, and to promise a great revolution in the Christian world.

Henry VIII, the King of England, was possessed of some learning, and had a great disposition to show it in this controversy. Being, in the earlier part of his reign, sincerely attached to the Church of Rome, he wrote a book in defence of its doctrines, against Martin Luther, one of the principal Reformers. The Pope was so much gratified by this display of zeal, that he conferred on the King the appellation of Defender of the Faith; a title which Henry's successors continue to retain, although in a very different sense from that in which it was granted.

Now Henry, you must know, was married to a very good princess, named Catherine, who was a daughter of the King of Spain, and sister to the Emperor of Germany. She had been, in her youth, contracted to Henry's elder brother Arthur; but that Prince dying, and Henry becoming heir of the throne, his union with Catherine had taken place. They had lived long together, and Catherine had borne a daughter, Mary, who was the natural heir-apparent of the English crown. But at length Henry VIII fell deeply in love with a beautiful young woman, named Anne Bullen, a maid of honour in the Queen's retinue; and he became extremely desirous to get rid of Queen Catherine, and marry this young lady. For this purpose he applied to the Pope, in order to obtain a divorce from the good Queen, under pretence of her having been contracted to his elder brother before he was married to her. This, he alleged, seemed to him like marrying his brother's wife, and therefore he desired that the Pope would dissolve a marriage which, as he alleged, gave much pain to his conscience. The truth was, that his conscience would have given him very little disturbance, had he not wanted to marry another younger and more beautiful woman.

The Pope would have, probably, been willing enough to gratify Henry's desire, at least his predecessors had granted greater favours to men of less consequence; but then Catherine was the sister of Charles V, who was at once Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, and one of the wisest, as well as the most powerful princes in Christendom. The Pope, who depended much on Charles's assistance for checking

the Reformation, dared not give him the great offence which would have been occasioned by his sister's divorce. His Holiness, therefore, evaded giving a precise answer to the King of England from day to day, week to week, and year to year. But this led to a danger which the Pope had not foreseen.

Henry VIII, a hot, fiery, and impatient Prince as ever lived, finding that the Pope was trifling with him, resolved to shake off his authority entirely. For this purpose he denied the authority of the Pope in England, and declared, that he himself was the only Head of the English Church, and that the Bishop of Rome had nothing to do with him, or his dominions. Many of the bishops and clergymen of the English Church adopted the reformed doctrines, and all disowned the supreme rule hitherto ascribed to the Pope.

But the greatest blow to the Papal authority was the dissolution of the monasteries, or religious houses, as they were called.—The King seized on the convents, and the lands granted for their endowments, and, distributing the wealth of the convents among the great men of his court, broke up for ever those great establishments, and placed an irresistible obstacle in the way of the Catholic religion being replaced, after the interest of so many persons had been concerned in its being excluded.

The motive of Henry VIII's conduct was by no means praiseworthy, but it produced the most important and salutary consequences; as England was for ever afterwards, except during the short reign of his eldest daughter, freed from all dependence upon the Pope, and from the superstitious doctrines of the Roman Catholic religion.

Now here, returning to Scottish history, you must understand that one of Henry's principal wishes was to prevail upon his nephew, the young King of Scotland, to make the same alteration of religion in his country, which had been introduced into England. Henry, if we can believe the Scottish historians, made James the most splendid offers, to induce him to follow this course. He proposed to give him the hand of his daughter Mary in marriage, and to create him Duke of York; and, with a view to the establishment of a lasting peace between the countries, he earnestly desired a personal meeting with his nephew in the north of England.

There is reason to believe that James was, at one period, somewhat inclined to the Reformed doctrines; at least, he encouraged a Scottish poet, called Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, and also the celebrated scholar George Buchanan, in composing some severe satires against the corruptions of the Roman Catholic religion; but the King was, notwithstanding, by no means disposed altogether to fall off from the Church of Rome. He dreaded the power of England, and the rough, violent, and boisterous manners of Henry, who disgusted his nephew by the imprudent violence with which he pressed him to imitate his steps. But, in particular, James found the necessity of adhering to the Roman Catholic faith, from the skill, intelligence, and learning of the clergy, which rendered them far more fit to hold offices of state, and to assist him in administering the public business, than the nobility, who were at once profoundly ignorant, and fierce, arrogant, and ambitious.

The Archbishop Beaton, already mentioned, and his nephew David Beaton, who was afterwards made a Cardinal, rose high in James's favour; and, no doubt, the influence which they possessed over the King's mind was exerted to prevent his following the example of his uncle Henry in religious affairs.

The same influence might also induce him to seek an alliance with France, rather than with England; for it was natural that the Catholic clergy,—with whom James advised,—should discountenance, by every means in their power, any approaches to an intimate alliance with Henry, the mortal enemy of the Papal See. James V accordingly visited France, and obtained the hand of Magdalen, the daughter of Francis I, with a large portion. Much joy was expressed at the landing of this princess at Leith, and she was received with as great splendour and demonstration of welcome, as the poverty of the country would permit. But the young Queen was in a bad state of health, and died within forty days after her marriage.

After the death of this Princess, the King, still inclining to the French alliance, married Mary of Guise, daughter of the Duke of Guise: thus connecting himself with a family, proud, ambitious, and attached, in the most bigoted degree, to the Catholic cause. This connexion served, no doubt, to increase James's disinclination to any changes in the established Church.

But whatever were the sentiments of the Sovereign, those of the subjects were gradually tending more and more towards a reformation of religion. Scotland, at this time, possessed several men of learning who had studied abroad, and there learned and embraced the doctrines of the great Reformer, Calvin. They brought with them, on their return, copies of the Holy Scripture,—and could give a full account of the controversy between the Protestants, as they are now called, and the Roman Catholic Church. Many among the Scottish, both of greater and lower rank, became converts to the new doctrines.

The Popish ministers and councillors of the King ventured to have recourse to violence in order to counteract these results. Several persons were seized upon, tried before the Spiritual Courts of the Bishop of St Andrew's, and condemned to the flames. The modesty and decency with which these men behaved on their trials, and the patience with which they underwent the tortures of a cruel death, protesting at the same time their belief in the doctrines for which they had been condemned to the stake, made the strongest impression on the beholders, and increased the confidence of those who had embraced the tenets of the Reformers. Stricter and more cruel laws were made against heresy. Even the disputing the power of the Pope was punished with death: yet the Reformation seemed to gain ground in proportion to every effort to check it.

The favours which the King extended to the Catholic clergy, led the Scottish nobility to look upon them with jealousy, and increased their inclination towards the Protestant doctrines. The wealth of the abbays and convents, also, tempted many of the nobles and gentry, who hoped to have a share of their lands, in case of their being dissolved, as in England. And although there were, doubtless, good men as

well as bad among the monks, yet the indolent, and even debauched lives of many of the order, rendered them generally odious and contemptible to the common people.

The popular discontent was increased by an incident which took place in the year 1537.—A matron of the highest rank, Jane Douglas, sister of the banished Earl of Angus, widow of John Lyon Lord of Glamis, and wife of Archibald Campbell of Kepneith, was accused of having practised against the life of James, by the imaginary crime of witchcraft, and the more formidable means of poison:—her purpose was alleged to be, the restoration of the Douglasses to Scotland, and to their estates and influence in that country. The lady was burnt alive on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh; and the spectators, filled with pity for her youth and beauty, and surprised at the courage with which she endured the sentence, did not fail to impute her execution less to any real crime, than to the King's deep-rooted hatred against the house of Douglas.—Another capital punishment, though on an object of general dislike, served to confirm the opinion entertained of James's severity, not to say cruelty of disposition. We have mentioned Sir James Hamilton of Draphane, called the Bastard of Arran, as distinguished on account of the ferocity of his disposition, and the murders which he committed in cold blood. This man had been made Sheriff of Ayr, and had received other favours from the King's hand. Notwithstanding, he was suddenly accused of treason, by a cousin and namesake of his own; and, on that sole testimony, condemned and executed. Upon this occasion, also, public opinion charged James with having proceeded without sufficient evidence of guilt.

In the meantime, Henry continued to press the King of Scotland, by letters and negotiations, to enter into common measures with him against the Catholic clergy. He remonstrated with his nephew upon his preferring to improve his royal revenue by means of herds and flocks, which he represented as an unprincely practice, saying, that if he wanted money, he, his kind uncle, would let him have what sums he pleased; or, that the wealth of the Catholic convents and monasteries was a fund which lay at his command whenever he liked to seize it. Lastly, the English Ambassador, Sir Ralph Sadler, insisted, as directed by his instructions, upon the evil doctrines and vicious lives of the clergy, against whom he urged the King to take violent measures.

Much of this message was calculated to affront James, yet he answered temperately.—He acknowledged that he preferred living on his own revenue, such as it was, to becoming dependent upon another king, even though he was his uncle. He had no pretext or motive, he said, to seize the possessions of the clergy, because they were always ready to advance him money when he had need of it. Those among them who led vicious lives, he would not fail, he added, to correct severely; but he did not consider it as just to punish the whole body for the faults of a few. King James suffered a doubtful promise to be extracted from him that he would meet Henry at York, if the affairs of his kingdom would permit.

The King was now brought to a puzzling alternative, being either obliged to comply with his uncle's wishes, break off his alliance with France, and intro-

duce the Reformed religion into his dominions, or, by adhering to France and to the Catholic faith, to run all the hazards of a war with England. The churchmen exercised their full authority over the mind of James at this crisis. The gold of France was not spared to determine his resolution; and it may be supposed that the young Queen, so nearly connected with the Catholic House of Guise, gave her influence to the same party. James at length determined to disappoint his uncle; and after the haughty Henry had remained six days at York, in the expectation of meeting him, he excused himself by some frivolous apology. Henry was, as might have been expected, mortally offended, and prepared for war.

A fierce and ruinous war immediately commenced. Henry sent numerous forces to ravage the Scottish Border. James obtained success in the first considerable action, to his unutterable satisfaction, and prepared for more decisive hostility. He assembled the array of his kingdom, and marched from Edinburgh as far as Fala on his way to the Border, when tidings arrived, 1st November, 1542, that the English general had withdrawn his forces within the English frontier. On this news the Scottish nobles, who, with their vassals, had joined the royal standard, intimated to their Sovereign, that though they had taken up arms to save the country from invasion, yet they considered the war with England as an impolitic measure, and only undertaken to gratify the clergy; and that therefore, the English having retired, they were determined not to advance one foot into the enemy's country. One Border chieftain alone offered with his retinue to follow the King wherever he chose to lead. This was John Scott of Thirlstane, whom James rewarded with an addition to his paternal coat of arms, with a bunch of spears for the crest, and the motto, Ready, aye Ready.

James, finding himself thus generally thwarted and deserted by the nobility, returned to Edinburgh, dishonoured before his people, and in the deepest dejection of mind.

To retaliate the inroads of the English, and wipe out the memory of Fala-Moss, the King resolved that an army of ten thousand men should invade England on the Western Border; and he imprudently sent with them his peculiar favourite, Oliver Sinclair, who shared with the priests the unpopularity of the English war, and was highly obnoxious to the nobility, as one of those who engrossed the royal favour to their prejudice.

The army had just entered English ground, at a place called Solway-Moss, when this Oliver Sinclair was raised upon the soldiers' shields to read to the army a commission, which, it is said, named Lord Maxwell commander of the expedition. But no one doubted that Oliver Sinclair had himself been named commander-in-chief; and as he was generally disliked and despised, the army instantly fell into a state of extreme confusion. Four or five hundred English Borderers, commanded by Thomas Dacre and John Musgrave, perceived this fluctuation, and charged the numerous squadrons of the invading army. The Scots fled without even attempting to fight. Numbers of noblemen and gentlemen suffered themselves to be made prisoners rather than face the displeasure of their disappointed Sovereign.

The unfortunate James had lately been assaulted by various calamities. The death of his two sons, and the disgrace of the defection at Fala, had made a deep impression on his mind, and haunted him even in the visions of the night. He dreamed he saw the fierce Sir James Hamilton, whom he had caused to be put to death upon slight evidence. The bloody shade approached him with a sword, and said, "Cruel tyrant, thou hast unjustly murdered me, who was indeed barbarous to other men, but always faithful and true to thee; wherefore now shalt thou have thy deserved punishment." So saying, it seemed to him as if Sir James Hamilton cut off first one arm and then another, and then left him, threatening to come back soon and cut his head off. Such a dream was very likely to arise in the King's mind, perturbed as it was by misfortunes, and even perhaps internally reproaching himself for Sir James Hamilton's death. But to James the striking off his arms appeared to allude to the death of his two sons, and he became convinced that the threats of the vision presaged his own death.

The disgraceful news of the battle, or rather the rout of Solway, filled up the measure of his despair and desolation. He shut himself up in the palace of Falkland, and refused to listen to any consolation. A burning fever, the consequence of his grief and shame, seized upon the unfortunate Monarch. They brought him tidings that his wife had given birth to a daughter; but he only replied, "It (meaning the crown) came with a lass, and it will go with a lass." He spoke little more, but turned his face to the wall, and died of the most melancholy of all diseases, a broken heart. He was scarce thirty-one years old; in the very prime therefore of life. If he had not suffered the counsels of the Catholic priests to hurry him into a war with England, James V might have been as fortunate a prince as his abilities and talents deserved.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Negotiations for a marriage between the young Queen Mary and Prince Edward of England—their failure—Invasion of Scotland—Cardinal Beaton's Administration and Death—Battle of Pinkie—Queen Mary is sent to France, and the Queen Dowager becomes Regent—Progress of the Reformation—Queen Mary resolves to return to Scotland.

THE misfortunes of Mary Stewart, who succeeded her father in the crown of Scotland, commenced at her very birth, and could scarce be considered as ceasing during the whole period of her life. Of all the unhappy princes of the line of Stewart, she was the most uniformly miserable. She was born 7th December, 1542, and, in a few days after, became, by her father's death, the infant Queen of a distracted country.

Two parties strove, as is usual in minorities, to obtain the supreme power. Mary of Guise, the Queen Mother, with Cardinal David Beaton, were at the head of that which favoured the alliance with France. Hamilton, Earl of Arran, the nearest male relation of the infant Queen, was chief of the other, and possessed more extended popularity; for the nobles dreaded the bold and ambitious character of the Cardinal, and the common people detested him, on account of his cruel persecution of the Reformers. The Earl of Arran, however, was but a fickle and timid man, with

little, it would seem, to recommend him but his high birth. He was, however, preferred to the office of Regent.

Henry VIII is said to have expressed much concern for the death of his nephew, saying there would never again reign a King in Scotland so nearly related to him, or so dear to him, and blaming, not the late James V, but his evil counsellors, for the unfortunate dispute between them. At the same time, Henry formed a plan of uniting the kingdoms of England and Scotland, by a match betwixt the infant Queen of Scotland and his only son, Edward VI, then a child. He took into his councils the Earl of Glencairn and other Scottish nobles, made prisoners in the rout of Solway, and offered to set them at liberty, provided, on their return to Scotland, they would undertake to forward the match which he proposed. They were released accordingly, upon giving pledges that they would return, in case the treaty should not be accomplished.

Archibald, Earl of Angus, with his brother, Sir George Douglas, took the same opportunity of returning into Scotland after fifteen years' exile. They had been indebted to Henry for support and protection during that long space of time. He had even admitted them to be members of his Privy Council, and by the countenance he afforded them had given great offence to the late King James. When, therefore, the influence of the Douglasses, naturally attached to him by gratitude, was added to that of Glencairn and the others, who had been made prisoners at Solway, and to the general weight of the Protestants, favourable, of course, to an alliance with England, Henry must be considered as having a party in Scotland completely auspicious to his views.

But the impatient temper of the English Monarch ruined his own scheme. He demanded the custody of the young Queen of Scotland till she should be of age to complete the marriage to be contracted by the present league, and he insisted that some of the strongest forts in the kingdom should be put into his hands. These proposals excited the national jealousy of the Scots, and the characteristic love of independence and liberty which we find that people have always displayed. The nation at large became persuaded that Henry VIII, under pretence of a union by marriage, nourished, like Edward I in similar circumstances, the purpose of subduing the country. The lords who had agreed to assist Henry's views, could be of no use to him, in consequence of the extravagance of his propositions. They told Sir Ralph Sadler, the English ambassador, frankly, that the nation would not endure the surrender of the Queen's person to Henry's charge—that their own vassals would not take arms for them in such a cause—that the old women of Scotland, with their distaffs, nay, the very stones in the street, would arise and fight against it.

Henry was with difficulty prevailed upon to defer the time for giving to him the custody of Queen Mary's person, until she should be ten years old; but even this modified proposition excited the greatest jealousy; and Sir George Douglas, Henry's chief advocate, only ventured to recommend acquiescence in the King's proposal, as a means of gaining time. He told the Scottish nobles of a certain King who was

so fond of an ass, that he insisted that his chief physician should teach the animal to speak, upon pain of being himself put to death. The physician consented to undertake the cure, but gave the King to understand that it would be ten years before the operation of his medicines could take effect. The King permitted him to set to work accordingly. Now, one of the physician's friends seeing him busy about the animal, expressed his wonder that so wise a man should undertake what was contrary to nature; to which the physician replied,—“Do you not see I have gained ten years' advantage? If I had refused the King's orders, I must have been instantly put to death; but as it is, I have the advantage of a long delay, during which the King may die, the ass may die, or I may die myself. In either of the three cases, I am freed from my trouble. Even so,” said Sir George Douglas, “if we agree to this treaty, we avoid a bloody and destructive war, and have a long period before us, during which the King of England, his son Prince Edward, or the infant Queen Mary, may either of them die, so that the treaty will be broken off.” Moved by such reasons, a Parliament which consisted almost entirely of the Lords of the English party, consented to the match with England, and the Regent Arran also agreed to it.

But while one part of the Scottish nobles adopted the resolution to treat with King Henry on his own terms, the Queen Mother and Cardinal Beaton were at the head of another and still more numerous faction, who adhered to the old religion, and to the ancient alliance with France, and were, of course, directly opposed to the English match. The feeble temper of the regent contributed to break off the treaty which he had subscribed. Within a fortnight after he had ratified the conditions of the match with England, he reconciled himself to the Cardinal and Queen Mother, and joined in putting a stop to the proposed marriage.

The English King, if he could have been watchful and patient, might perhaps have brought the measure, which was alike important to both countries, once more to bear. But Henry, incensed at the Regent's double-dealing, determined for immediate war. He sent a fleet and army into the Frith of Forth, which landed, and, finding no opposition, burnt the capital of Scotland, and its sea-port, and plundered the country around. Sir Ralph Evers, and Sir Brian Latoun, were, at the same time, employed in making inroads on the Border, which were of the fiercest and most wasteful description. The account of the ravage is tremendous. In one foray they numbered one hundred and ninety-two towers and houses of defence burnt or razed; four hundred Scots slain, and eight hundred made prisoners; ten thousand cattle, twelve thousand sheep, and a thousand horses, driven away as spoil. Another list gives an account of the destruction of seven monasteries, or religious houses, sixteen castles, or towers, five market-towns, two hundred and forty-three villages, thirteen milns, and three hospitals, all pulled down or burnt.

The exploits of the English leaders might gratify Henry's resentment, but they greatly injured his interest in Scotland, for all the natives became united to repel the invaders; and even those that liked the proposed match with England best, were, to use an

expression of the time, disgusted with so rough a mode of wooing. The Douglasses themselves, bound to Henry by so many ties, were obliged, on seeing the distress and devastation of the country, to take part in the war against him, and soon found an opportunity to do so.

It seems Henry had conferred upon his two successful leaders, Evers and Latoun, all the lands which they should be able to conquer upon the Border, and, in particular, the fine counties of Merse and Teviotdale.—“I will write the instrument of possession upon their own bodies, with sharp pens, and in blood-red ink,” said the Earl of Angus, “because they destroyed the tombs of my ancestors at the Abbey of Melrose.” He urged, accordingly, the Regent, or Governor, as he was called, Arran, to move towards the frontiers to protect them. The Governor was with difficulty prevailed on to advance southward to Melrose, with scarce so many as five hundred men in his company. The English leaders were lying at Jedburgh with five thousand men. Three thousand of these were regular soldiers, paid by the King of England; the rest were Borderers, amongst whom there were many Scottish clans who had taken the red cross, and submitted themselves to the dominion of England. With these forces Evers and Latoun made a sudden march, to surprise the Governor and his handful of men; but they failed, for the Scots retreated beyond the Tweed, to the hills near Galashiels.

The English then prepared to retire to Jedburgh, and the Governor, acting by Angus's advice, followed them, and watched their motions. In the mean time, succours began to come in to the Scottish army. A bold young man, Norman Leslie, the Master of Rothes, was the first to come up, with three hundred horse, from Fife, gallantly armed. Afterwards the Lord of Buccleuch joined them with a few of his clan, who arrived at full speed, and assured them the rest would be presently on the field. This Border chieftain was a man of great military sagacity, and knew the ground well. He advised the Governor and Angus to draw up their men at the foot of a small eminence, and to send their horses to the rear. The English, seeing the horses of the Scots ascend the hill, concluded they were in flight, and turned hastily back to attack them, hurrying in confusion, as to an assured conquest. Thus they came in front of the Scottish army, who were closely and firmly drawn up, at the very moment when they themselves were in confusion with their hasty advance.—As the Scots began to charge, the Earl of Angus, seeing a heron arise out of the marsh, cried out, “Oh that I had my white hawk here, that we might all join battle at once!”—The English, surprised and out of breath, having besides the wind in their faces, and the sun in their eyes, were completely defeated, and compelled to take to flight. The Scottish Borderers, who had joined them, perceiving their countrymen to be victorious, threw away their red crosses, the distinction which they had assumed as subjects of England, and fell upon the English, for the purpose of helping whom they had come to the field. These renegades made a pitiful slaughter; and the Scots in general, provoked, probably, by the late ravages of the English, showed themselves so cruel to the van-

quished, that they seemed to deserve the severe blow which the nation soon afterwards received. Tradition says, that a beautiful young maiden, called Lilliard, followed her lover from the little village of Maxton; and when she saw him fall in battle, rushed herself into the heat of the fight, after slaying several of the English. From this female, they call the field of battle Lilliard's-edge to this day.

This battle was fought 14th December, 1544. A thousand Englishmen were killed, together with their two leaders, of whom Evers was buried in the Abbey of Melrose, which he had repeatedly plundered and finally burnt. A great many prisoners were made. One was Thomas Read, an alderman of the city of London, whom we are surprised to meet with in such a predicament. This worthy citizen had, it seems, refused to pay his share of a benevolence, as it was called, that is, of a sum of money, which the King demanded from the citizens of London. It seems that though the power of the King could not throw him into jail until he paid the money, yet he could force him to go as a soldier; and there is a letter to Lord Evers, directing that Read should be subjected to all the rigours and hardships of the service, that he might know what soldiers suffered, and be more ready another time to assist the King with money to pay them. It is to be supposed that the alderman had a large ransom to pay to the Scotsman who had the good luck to get him for a prisoner.

Henry VIII was extremely offended at this defeat of Lilliard's-edge, or Ancram Moor, as it is frequently called, and vented his displeasure in menaces against the Earl of Angus, notwithstanding their connexion by the Earl's marriage with the King's sister. Angus treated the threats of the English monarch with contempt. “Is our royal brother-in-law,” he said, “angry with me for being a good Scotsman, and for revenging upon Ralph Evers the destruction of my ancestors' tombs at Melrose? They were better men than he, and I could in honour do no less. And will he take my life for that? Little does King Henry know the skirts of Cairntable (a mountain near Douglas Castle); I can keep myself there against all his English host.”

The truth is, that, at no period of their history, had the Scottish people ever been more attached to France, and more alienated from England, than now; the proposed match between the young Queen and the English Prince of Wales being generally regarded with abhorrence, which was chiefly owing to the vindictive and furious manner in which Henry conducted the war. Of all the Scottish nobles who had originally belonged to the English party, Lennox alone continued friendly to Henry; and he being obliged to fly into England, the King caused him to marry Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of his sister Margaret, by her second husband the Earl of Angus, and of course the King's niece. Their son was the unhappy Henry Lord Darnley, of whom we shall have much to say hereafter.

The King of France now sent a powerful body of auxiliary troops to the assistance of the Scots, besides considerable supplies of money, which enabled them to retaliate the English ravages, so that the Borders on both sides were fearfully wasted. A peace at length, in June, 1546, ended a war in which both

countries suffered severely, without either attaining any decisive advantage.

The Scottish affairs were now managed almost entirely by Cardinal Beaton, a statesman, as we before observed, of great abilities, but a bigoted catholic, and a man of a severe and cruel temper. He had gained entire influence over the Regent Arran, and had prevailed upon that fickle nobleman to abandon the Protestant doctrines, reconcile himself to the Church of Rome, and give way to the prosecution of the heretics, as the Protestants were still called. Many cruelties were exercised, but that which excited public feeling to the highest degree, was the barbarous death of George Wishart.

This martyr to the cause of Reformation was a man of honourable birth, great wisdom and eloquence, and of primitive piety. He preached the doctrines of the Reformed religion with zeal and with success, and was for some time protected against the efforts of the vengeful Catholics by the Barons who had become converts to the Protestant faith. At length, however, he fell into the hands of the Cardinal, being surrendered to him by Lord Bothwell, and was conveyed to the Castle of Saint Andrew's, a strong fortress and palace belonging to the Cardinal as Archbishop, and there thrown into a dungeon. Wishart was then brought to a public trial, for heresy, before the Spiritual Court, where the Cardinal presided. He was accused of preaching heretical doctrine by two priests, called Lauder and Oliphant, whose outrageous violence was strongly contrasted with the patience and presence of mind shown by the prisoner. He appealed to the authority of the Bible against that of the Church of Rome, but his judges were little disposed to listen to his arguments, and he was condemned to be burnt alive.—The place of execution was opposite to the stately castle of the Cardinal, and Beaton himself sat upon the walls, which were hung with tapestry, to behold the death of his heretical prisoner. Wishart was then brought out and fastened to a stake with iron chains. He was clad in a buckram garment, and several bags of gunpowder were tied around his body, to hasten the operation of the fire. A quantity of faggots were disposed around the pile.—While he stood in expectation of his cruel death, he cast his eyes towards his enemy the Cardinal, as he sat on the walls of the castle enjoying the dreadful scene.

"Captain," he said to him who commanded the guard, "may God forgive yonder man, who lies so proudly on the wall—within a few days he shall be seen lying there in as much shame as he now shows pomp and vanity."

The pile was then fired, the powder exploded, the fire arose, and Wishart was dismissed by a painful death to a blessed immortality in the next world.

Perhaps the last words of Wishart, which seemed to contain a prophetic spirit, incited some men to revenge his death. At any rate, the burning of Wishart greatly increased the public detestation against the Cardinal, and a daring man stood forth to gratify the general desire, by putting him to death. This was Norman Leslie, called the Master of Rothes, the same who led the men of Fife at the battle of Ancram Moor. It appears that, besides his share of the common hatred to the Cardinal as a

persecutor, he had some private feud or cause of quarrel with him. With no more than sixteen men, Leslie undertook to assault the Cardinal in his own castle, amongst his numerous guards and domestics. It chanced that, as many workmen were still employed in labouring upon the fortifications of the castle, the wicket of the castle-gate was open early in the morning, to admit them to their work. The conspirators took advantage of this, and obtained possession of the entrance. Having thus gained admittance, they seized upon the domestics of the Cardinal, and turned them one by one out of the castle, then hastened to the Cardinal's chamber, who had fastened the door. He refused them entrance, until they threatened to apply fire, when, learning that Norman Leslie was without, he at length undid the door, and asked for mercy. Melville, one of the conspirators, told him he should only have such mercy as he had extended to George Wishart, and the other servants of God, who had been slain by his orders. He then, with his sword pointed to his breast, bid the Cardinal say his prayers to God, for his last hour was come. The conspirators now proceeded to stab their victim, and afterwards dragged the dead body to the walls, to show it to the citizens of Saint Andrew's, his clients and dependents, who came in fury to demand what had become of their Bishop. Thus his dead body really came to lie with open shame upon the very battlements of his own castle, where he had sat in triumph to see Wishart's execution.

Many persons who disapproved of this most unjustifiable action, were yet glad that this proud Cardinal, who had sold the country in some measure to France, was at length removed. Some individuals, who assuredly would not have assisted in the slaughter, joined those who had slain the Cardinal in the defence of the castle. The Regent hastened to besiege the place, which, supplied by England with money, engineers, and provisions, was able to resist the Scottish army for five months. France, however, sent to Scotland a fleet and an army, with engineers better acquainted with the art of attacking strong places than those of the Scottish nation. The castle was, therefore, surrendered. The principal defenders of it were sent to France, and there for some time employed as galley-slaves. The common people made a song upon the event, of which the burthen was—

Priests, content you now,
And priests, content you now,
Since Norman and his company
Have filled the galleys fou.

Shortly after this tragical incident, King Henry VIII of England died. But his impatient and angry spirit continued to influence the councils of the nation under the Lord Protector Somerset, who resolved to take the same violent measures to compel the Scots to give their young Queen in marriage to Edward VI, of which Henry had set an example. A chosen and well-disciplined army of eighteen thousand men, well supplied with all necessaries, and supported by an armed fleet, invaded Scotland on the eastern frontier. The Scots assembled a force of almost double the number of the invaders, but, as usual, unaccustomed to act in union together, or to follow the commands of

a single general. Nevertheless, they displayed at the commencement of the campaign some military skill. They posted their army behind the river Esk, near Musselburgh, a village about six miles from Edinburgh, and there seemed determined to await the advance of the English.

The Duke of Somerset, Regent of England, and general of the invading army, was now in a state of difficulty. The Scots were too strongly posted to be attacked with hope of success; and it is probable the English must have retreated with dishonour, had not their enemies, in one of those fits of impatience which caused so many national calamities, abandoned their position.

Confiding in the numbers of his army, the Scottish Regent (Earl of Arran) crossed the Esk, and thus gave the English the advantage of the ground, they being drawn up on the top of a sloping eminence. The Scots formed in their usual order. They were armed with broadswords of an admirable form and temper, and a coarse handkerchief was worn in double and triple folds round the neck,—“not for cold,” says an old historian, “but for cutting.” Especially, each man carried a spear of eighteen feet long. When drawn up they stood close together, the first rank kneeling on one knee, and pointing their spears towards the enemy. The ranks immediately behind stooped a little, and the others stood upright, presenting their lances over the heads of their comrades, and holding them with the but-end placed against their foot, the point opposed to the breast of the enemy. So that the Scottish ranks were so completely defended by the close order in which they stood, and by the length of their lances, that to charge them seemed to be as rash as to oppose your bare hand to a hedgehog’s bristles.

The battle began by the English cavalry, under the Lord Gray, rushing upon the close array of the Scots. They stood fast, menacing the horsemen with their pikes, and calling, “Come on, ye heretics!” The charge was dreadful; but as the spears of the English horse were much shorter than those of the Scottish infantry, they had greatly the worst of the encounter, and were beaten off with the loss of many men. The Duke of Somerset commanded Lord Gray to renew the charge, but Gray replied, he might as well bid him charge a castle-wall. By the advice of the Earl of Warwick, a body of archers and musketeers was employed instead of horsemen. The thick order of the Scots exposed them to insufferable loss from these missiles, so that the Earl of Angus, who commanded the van-guard, made an oblique movement to avoid the shot; but the main body of the Scots unhappily mistook this movement for a flight, and were thrown into confusion. The van then fled also, and the English horse returning to the attack, and their infantry pressing forward, the victory was gained with very little trouble. The Scots attempted no farther resistance, and the slaughter was very great, because the river Esk lay between the fugitives and a place of safety. The loss was excessive. For more than five miles the fields were covered with the dead, and with the spears, shields, and swords, which the flying soldiers had cast away, that they might run the faster. The day was equally disgraceful and disastrous; so that the field of Pinkie,

as it was the last great defeat which the Scots received from the English, was also one of the most calamitous. It was fought upon 10th September, 1547.

It seemed to be decreed, in those unhappy national wars, that the English should often be able to win great victories over the Scots, but that they should never derive any permanent advantage from their successes. The battle of Pinkie, far from paving the way to a marriage between Queen Mary and Edward the Sixth, which was the object of Somerset’s expedition, irritated and alarmed the Scots to such a degree, that they resolved to prevent the possibility of such a union, by marrying their young mistress with the Dauphin, that is, the eldest son of the King of France, and sending her to be bred up at the French court. The great object of the English government was thus rendered unattainable: But the Scots had little occasion for triumph. The union with France, which they so hastily and rashly adopted, brought a new and long series of ruinous consequences upon the country.

Scotland, however, enjoyed the immediate advantage of a considerable auxiliary force of French soldiers, under an officer named D’Essé, who rendered material assistance in recovering several forts and castles which had fallen into the hands of the English after the battle of Pinkie, and in which they had left garrisons. The presence of these armed strangers gave great facilities for carrying into accomplishment the treaty with France. The Regent was gratified by the Dukedom of Chatelherault, conferred on him by the French King, with a considerable pension, in order to induce him to consent to the match. The young Queen was embarked on board the French galleys in July, 1548, accompanied by four young ladies of quality of her own age, destined to be her playfellows in childhood, and her companions when she grew up. They all bore the same name with their mistress, and were called the Queen’s Maries.

The infant Queen being thus transferred to France, her mother, Mary of Guise, the widow of James V, had the address to get herself placed at the head of affairs in Scotland. The Duke of Chatelherault, as we must now term the Earl of Arran, always flexible in his disposition, was prevailed upon to resign the office of Regent, which was occupied by the Queen Dowager, who displayed a considerable degree of wisdom and caution in the administration of the kingdom. Most men wondered at the facility with which the Duke of Chatelherault, himself so near in relation to the throne, had given place to Mary of Guise; but none was so much offended as the Duke’s natural brother, who had succeeded Beaton as Archbishop of St Andrew’s. He exclaimed, with open indecency, against the mean spirit of his brother, who had thus given away the power of Regent, when there was but a “squalling girl” betwixt him and the crown.

The Queen Regent, thus established in authority, endeavoured to secure herself by diminishing the power of the Scottish nobles, and increasing that of the crown. For this purpose, she proposed that a tax should be levied on the country at large, to pay hired soldiers to fight, instead of entrusting the defence of the country to the noblemen and their retainers. This proposal was exceedingly ill received by the Scottish Parliament. “We will fight for our families and our country,” they said, “better than any hire-

lings can do.—Our fathers did so, and we will follow their example.” The Earl of Angus being checked for coming to Parliament with a thousand horse, contrary to a proclamation of the Queen Regent, that none should travel with more than their usual household train, answered jestingly, “That the knaves would not leave him; and that he would be obliged to the Queen, if she could put him on any way of being rid of them, for they consumed his beef and his ale.” She had equally bad success, when she endeavoured to persuade the Earl to give her up his strong castle of Tantallon, under pretence of putting a garrison there to defend it against the English. At first he answered indirectly, as if he spoke to a hawk which he held on his fist, and was feeding at the time, “The devil,” said he, “is in the greedy gled (kite)! will she never be full?” The Queen, not chusing to take this hint, continued to urge her request about the garrison. “The castle, madam,” he replied, “is yours at command; but, by St Bride of Douglas, I must be the captain, and I will keep it for you as well as any one you will put into it.” The other nobles held similar opinions to those of Angus, and would by no means yield to the proposal of levying any hired troops, who, as they feared, might be employed at the pleasure of the Queen Regent to diminish the liberties of the kingdom.

The prevalence of the Protestant doctrines in Scotland strengthened the Scottish nobles in their disposition to make a stand against the Queen Regent’s desire to augment her power. Many great nobles, and a still greater proportion of the smaller barons, had embraced the reformed opinions; and the preaching of John Knox, a man of great courage, zeal, and talents, made converts daily from the Catholic faith.

The Queen Regent, though herself a zealous Catholic, had for some time tolerated, and even encouraged, the Protestant party, because they supported her interest against that of the Hamiltons; but a course of politics had been adopted in France, by her brothers of the House of Guise, which occasioned her to change her conduct in this respect.

You may remember, that Edward VI succeeded to his father Henry. He adopted the Protestant faith, and completed the Reformation which his father began. But he died early, and was succeeded by his sister Mary of England, daughter of Henry VIII by his first wife, Catherine of Arragon, whom he divorced under pretext of scruples of conscience. This Mary endeavoured to bring back the Catholic religion, and enforced the laws against heresy with the utmost rigour. Many persons were burnt in her reign, and hence she has been called the Bloody Queen Mary. She died, however, after a short and unhappy reign, and her sister Elizabeth ascended the throne with the general assent of all the people of England. The Catholics of foreign countries, however, and particularly those of France, objected to Elizabeth’s title to the crown. Elizabeth was Henry’s daughter by his second wife, Anne Bullen. Now, as the Pope had never consented either to the divorce of Queen Catherine or to the marriage of Anne Bullen, the Catholics urged, that Elizabeth must be considered as illegitimate, and as having, therefore, no lawful right to succeed to the throne, which, as Henry VIII had no other child, must, they

contended, descend upon Queen Mary of Scotland, as the grand-daughter of Margaret, Henry’s sister, wife of James IV of Scotland, and the next lawful heir, according to their argument, to her deceased grand-uncle.

The court of France, not considering that the English themselves were to be held the best judges of the title of their own Queen, resolved, in an evil hour, to put forward this claim of the Scottish Queen to the English crown. Money was coined, and plate wrought, in which Mary, with her husband Francis the Dauphin, assumed the style, title, and armorial bearings of England, as well as Scotland; and thus laid the first foundation for that deadly hatred between Elizabeth and Mary, which, as you will hear by and by, led to such fatal consequences.

Queen Elizabeth, finding France was disposed to challenge her title to the crown of England, prepared to support it with all the bravery and wisdom of her character. Her first labour was to re-establish the Reformed religion upon the same footing that Edward VI had assigned to it, and to destroy the Roman Catholic establishment, which her predecessor Mary had endeavoured to replace. As the Catholics of France and Scotland were her natural enemies, and attempted to set up the right of Queen Mary as preferable to her own, so she was sure to find friends in the Protestants of Scotland, who could not fail to entertain respect, and even affection, for a Princess, who was justly regarded as the protectress of the Protestant cause throughout all Europe.

When, therefore, these changes took place in England, the Queen Regent, at the instigation of her brothers of the House of Guise, began once more to persecute the Protestants in Scotland; while their leaders turned their eyes to Elizabeth, for protection, counsel, and assistance; all of which she was easily disposed to render to a party, whose cause rested on the same grounds with her own. Thus, while France made a vain pretence of claiming the kingdom of England in the name of Mary, and appealed for assistance to the English Catholics, Elizabeth far more effectually increased the internal dissensions of Scotland, by espousing the cause of the Protestants of that country.

These Scottish Protestants no longer consisted solely of a few studious or reflecting men, whose indulgence in speculation had led them to adopt peculiar opinions in religion, and who could be dragged before the spiritual courts, fined, imprisoned, plundered, banished, or burnt at pleasure. The reformed cause had been now adopted by many of the principal nobility, and being the cause, at once of rational religion and legitimate freedom, it was generally embraced by those who were most distinguished for wisdom and public spirit.

Among the converts to the Protestant faith, was a natural son of the late King James V, who, being designed for the church, was at this time called Lord James Stewart, the Prior of St Andrew’s, but was afterwards better known by the title of the Earl of Murray. He was a young nobleman of great parts, brave and skilful in war, and in peace a lover of justice, and a friend to the liberties of his country. His wisdom, good moral conduct, and the zeal he expressed for the Reformed religion, occasioned his

being the most active leader amongst the Lords of the Congregation, as the leaders of the Protestant party were now called.

The Queen Regent, more in compliance with the wishes of her brothers than her own inclination, which was gentle and moderate, began the quarrel by commanding the Protestant preachers to be summoned to a court of justice at Stirling, upon 10th May, 1559; but such a concourse of friends and favourers attended them, that the Queen Regent was glad to put a stop to the trial, on condition they should not enter the town. Yet she broke this promise, and had them proclaimed outlaws for not appearing, although they had been stopped by her own command. Both parties then prepared for hostilities; and an incident happened which exalted their animosity, while it gave to the course of the Reformation a peculiar colour of zealous passion.

The Protestants had made their principal headquarters at Perth, where they had already commenced the public exercise of their religion. John Knox, whose eloquence we have already mentioned, had pronounced a vehement sermon against the sin of idolatry, in which he did not spare those reproaches which the Queen Regent deserved for her late breach of faith.

When his discourse was finished, and while the minds of the hearers were still agitated by its effects, a friar produced a little glass case, or tabernacle, containing the images of saints, which he required the bystanders to worship. A boy who was present exclaimed, "that was gross and sinful idolatry." The priest, as incautious in his passion as ill-timed in his devotion, struck the boy a blow; and the lad, in revenge, threw a stone, which broke one of the images. Immediately all the people began to cast stones not only at the images, but at the fine painted windows, and finally, pulled down the altars, defaced the ornaments of the church, and nearly destroyed the whole building. This example was followed in other places; and we have to regret that many beautiful buildings fell a sacrifice to the fury of the lower orders, and were either totally destroyed, or reduced to piles of shapeless ruins.

The reformers of the better class did not countenance these extremities, although the common people had some reason for the line of violence they pursued, besides their own natural inclination to tumultuary proceedings. One great point in which the Catholics and Protestants differed, was that the former reckoned the churches as places hallowed and sacred in their own character, which it was a highly meritorious duty to ornament and adorn with every species of studied beauty of architecture. The Scottish Protestants, on the contrary, regarded them as mere buildings of stone and lime, having no especial claim to respect when the divine service was finished. The defacing, therefore, and even destroying, the splendid Catholic churches, seemed to the early reformers the readiest mode of testifying their zeal against the superstitions of Popery. There was a degree of policy in pulling down the abbeys and monasteries, with the cells and lodgings made for the accommodation of the monks. "Pull down the nests," said John Knox, "and the rooks will fly off." But this maxim did not apply to the buildings used for pub-

lie worship. Respecting these at least, it would have been better to have followed the example of the citizens of Glasgow, who drew out in arms, when the multitude were about to destroy the High Church of that city, and, while they agreed with the more zealous in removing all the emblems of popish worship, insisted that the building itself should remain uninjured, and be applied to the uses of a Protestant church.

On the whole, however, though many fine buildings were destroyed in Scotland, in the first fury of the Reformation, it is better that the country should want these ornaments, than that they should have been preserved entire, with the retention of the corrupt and superstitious doctrines which had been taught in them.

The demolition of the churches and sacred buildings augmented the Queen Regent's displeasure against the Lords of the Congregation, and at length both parties took the field. The Protestant nobles were at the head of their numerous followers; the Queen chiefly relied upon a small but select body of French troops. The war was not very violently carried on, for the side of the Reformers became every day stronger. The Duke of Chatelherault, the first nobleman in Scotland, a second time espoused the cause of the Congregation, and Maitland of Lethington, one of the wisest statesmen in the kingdom, took the same course. At the same time, although the Lords found it easy to bring together large bodies of men, yet they had not the money or means necessary to keep them together for a long time, while the French veteran soldiers were always ready to take advantage when the Reformed leaders were obliged to diminish their forces. Their difficulties became greater when the Queen Regent showed her design to fortify strongly the town of Leith and the adjacent island of Inch-Keith, and placed her French soldiers in garrison there; so that, being in possession of that seaport, she might at all times, when she saw occasion, introduce an additional number of foreigners.

Unskilled in the art of conducting sieges, and totally without money, the Lords of the Congregation had recourse to the assistance of England; and for the first time an English fleet and army approached the territories of Scotland by sea and land, not with the purpose of invasion, as used to be the case of old, but to assist the nation in its resistance to the arms of France, and the religion of Rome.

The English army was soon joined by the Scottish Lords of the Congregation, and advancing to Leith, laid siege to the town, which was most valorously defended by the French soldiers, who seem to have displayed a degree of ingenuity in their defence which for a long time resisted every effort of the besiegers. They were, however, blockaded by the English fleet, so that no provisions could be received from sea; and as on land they were surrounded by a considerable army, provisions became so scarce, that they were obliged to feed upon horse-flesh.

In the meantime, their mistress, the Queen Regent, had retired into the Castle of Edinburgh, where grief, fatigue, and disappointed expectations, threw her into an illness, of which she died, on 10th of June, 1560. The French troops in Leith were now reduced to extremity, and Francis and Mary deter-

mined upon making peace in Scotland at the expense of most important concessions to the Reformed party. They agreed that, instead of naming a new regent, the government should be devolved upon a Council of Government chosen by Parliament; they passed an Act of Indemnity, as it is called, that is, an act pardoning all offences committed during these wars; and they left the subject of religion to be disposed of as the Parliament should determine, which was, in fact, giving the full power to the Reformed party. All foreign troops, on both sides, were to be withdrawn accordingly.

England, and especially Queen Elizabeth, gained a great point by this treaty, for it recognized, in express terms, the title of that Princess to the throne; and Francis and Mary bound themselves to lay aside all claim to the kingdom of England, together with the arms and emblems of English sovereignty which they had assumed and borne.

The Parliament of Scotland being assembled, it was soon seen that the Reformers possessed the power and inclination to direct all its resolutions upon the subject of religion. They condemned unanimously the whole fabric of Popery, and adopted, instead of the doctrines of the Church of Rome, the tenets contained in a Confession, or avowal, of Faith, drawn up by the most popular of the Protestant divines. Thus the whole religious constitution of the Church was at once altered.

There was one particular in which the Scottish reformers greatly differed from those of England. The English monarch, who abolished the power of the Pope, had established that of the Crown as the visible Head of the Church of England. The meaning of this phrase is, not that the King has the power of altering the religious doctrines of the Church, but only that he should be the chief of the government in Church affairs, as he was always in those of the State. On the contrary, the Reformed ministers of Scotland renounced the authority of any interference of the civil magistrate, whether subject or sovereign, in the affairs of the Church, which was governed by a court of delegates chosen from its own members, assisted by a certain number of the laity, forming what is called a General Assembly. The Scottish reformers disclaimed also the division of the clergy into the various ranks of bishops, deans, prebendaries, and other classes of the clerical order. They discarded this subordination of ranks, though retained in the English Protestant Church, maintaining, that each clergyman intrusted with a charge of souls was upon a level in every respect with the rest of his brethren. They reprobated, in particular, the order of Bishops holding a place in the National Council, or Parliament; and asserted, that meddling in secular affairs was in itself improper for their office, and naturally led to the usurpation over men's consciences, which had been the chief abomination of the Church of Rome. The laity of Scotland, and particularly the great nobility, saw with pleasure the readiness of the ministers to resign all their pretensions to worldly rank and consequence, which had been insisted upon by the Roman Catholic clergy; and made their self-denying abjuration of titles and worldly business a reason for limiting the subsistence which they were to derive from the funds of the

Church, to the smallest possible sum of annual stipend, whilst they appropriated the rest to themselves without scruple.

It remained to dispose of the wealth lately enjoyed by the Catholic clergy, who were supposed to be possessed of half of the revenue of Scotland, so far as it arose from land. Knox and the other Reformed clergy had formed a plan for the decent maintenance of a National Church out of these extensive funds, and proposed, that what might be deemed more than sufficient for this purpose should be expended upon hospitals, schools, universities, and places of education. But the Lords who had seized the revenues of the church were determined not to part with the spoil they had obtained, and those whom the preachers had found most active in destroying Popery, were wonderfully cold when it was proposed to them to surrender the lands they had seized upon for their own use. The scheme of John Knox was, they said, a "devout imagination," a visionary scheme, which showed the goodness of the preacher's intentions, but which it was impossible to carry into practice.

When Francis and Mary, who had now become King and Queen of France, heard that the Scottish Parliament had totally altered the religion, and changed the forms of the National Church from Catholic to Protestant, they were extremely angry; and had the King lived, it is most likely they would have refused to consent to this great innovation, and preferred rekindling the war by sending a new army of French into Scotland. But if they meditated such a measure, it was entirely prevented by the death of Francis II, 4th December, 1560.

During her husband's life, Mary had exercised a great authority in France, for she possessed unbounded influence over his mind. After his death, and the accession of Charles his brother, that interest and authority was totally ended. It must have been painful to a lofty mind like Mary's thus to endure coldness and neglect in the place where she had met with honour and obedience. She retired, therefore, from the Court of France, and determined to return to her native kingdom of Scotland; a resolution most natural in itself, but which became the introduction to a long and melancholy tale of misfortunes.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Queen Mary's return to Scotland—Happy Commencement of her Reign—Expedition against Huntly—Negotiations with Elizabeth of England concerning a second Marriage—Marriage of Mary and Darnley.

MARY STEWART, the Queen Dowager of France and the hereditary Queen of Scotland, was, without any exception, the most beautiful and accomplished woman of her time. Her countenance was lovely; she was tall, well-formed, elegant in all her motions, skilled in the exercises of riding and dancing, and possessed of all the female accomplishments which were in fashion at the period. Her education in France had been carefully attended to, and she had profited by the opportunities of instruction she enjoyed. She was mistress of several languages, and understood state-affairs, in which her husband had often used her advice. The beauty of Mary was

enhanced by her great condescension, and by the good-humour and gaiety which she sometimes carried to the verge of excess. Her youth, for she was only eighteen when she returned to Scotland, increased the liveliness of her disposition. The Catholic religion, in which she had been strictly educated, was a great blemish in the eyes of her people; but on the whole the nation expected her return with more hope and joy, than Mary herself entertained at the thought of exchanging the fine climate of France and the gaieties of its court, for the rough tempests and turbulent politics of her native country.

Mary set sail from France, 15th August, 1561. The English fleet were at sea, and there is great reason to believe that they had a purpose of intercepting the Queen of Scots, as a neighbour whose return was dreaded by Elizabeth. Occupied with anxious forebodings, the Queen remained on the deck of her galley, gazing on the coasts of France. Morning found her in the same occupation; and when they vanished from her eyes, she exclaimed in sorrow, "Farewell, farewell, happy France; I shall never see thee more!"

She passed the English fleet under cover of a mist, and arrived at Leith upon the 20th August, where little or no preparation had been made to receive her. Such of the nobles as were in the capital hastened to receive her, and convey her to Holyrood, the palace of her ancestors. Horses were sent to bring her and her train to Edinburgh; but they were wretched ponies, and had such tattered furniture and accoutrements, that poor Mary, when she thought of the splendid palfreys and rich apartments at the court of France, could not forbear shedding tears. The people were, however, in their way, rejoiced to see her; and about two hundred citizens of Edinburgh, each doing his best upon a three-stringed fiddle, played below her window all night, by way of welcome—a noisy serenade, which deprived her of sleep after her fatigue. She took it as it was meant, nevertheless, and expressed her thanks to the perpetrators of this mistuned and mistimed concert. Mary had, immediately after her arrival, a specimen of the religious zeal of her Reformed subjects. She had ordered mass to be performed by a Popish ecclesiastic in her own chapel, but the popular indignation was so much excited, that but for the interference of her natural brother, the Prior of St Andrew's, on whom she conferred that title, the priest would have been murdered on his own altar.

Mary behaved with admirable prudence at this period of her reign. She enchanted the common people by her grace and condescension, and while she sate in council, usually employed in some female work, she gained credit for her wisdom among the statesmen whom she consulted. She was cautious of attempting anything contrary to the religion of her subjects, though different from her own; and using the assistance of the Prior of St Andrew's, and of the sagacious Maitland, she made a rapid progress in the affections of her people. She conferred on the Prior the Earldom of Mar.

With similar prudence, the Queen maintained all the usual intercourse of civility with Elizabeth; and while she refused to abandon her title to the Crown

of England, in the case of Elizabeth dying without heirs of her body, she expressed her anxious wish to live on the best terms with her sister sovereign, and her readiness to relinquish, during the life of the English Queen, any right of inheritance which she might possess to her prejudice. Elizabeth was silenced, if not satisfied; and there continued to be a constant communication of apparent friendship between the two sovereigns, and an exchange of letters, compliments, and occasionally of presents, becoming their rank, with much profession of mutual kindness.

But there was one important class of persons to whom Mary's form of religion was so obnoxious, that they could not be gained to any favourable thoughts of her. These were the preachers of the Reformed faith, who, recollecting Mary's descent from the family of Guise, always hostile to the Protestant cause, exclaimed against the Queen even in the pulpit, with an indecent violence unfitting that place, and never spoke of her but as one hardened in resistance to the voice of true Christian instruction. John Knox himself introduced such severe expressions into his sermons, that Queen Mary condescended to expostulate with him personally, and to exhort him to use more mild language in the discharge of his duty. Nevertheless, though the language of these rough Reformers was too vehement, and though their harshness was impolitic, as tending unnecessarily to increase the Queen's dislike of them and their form of religion, it must be owned that their suspicions of Mary's sincerity were natural, and in all probability well founded. The Queen uniformly declined to ratify the religious system adopted by the Parliament in 1560, or the confiscation of the Church lands. She always seemed to consider the present state of things as a temporary arrangement, to which she was indeed willing to submit for the present, but with the reservation, that it should be subjected to alterations when there was opportunity for them. Her brother, the newly-created Earl of Mar, however, who was at this time her principal counsellor, and her best friend, used his influence with the Protestant clergy in her behalf, and some coldness arose between him and John Knox on the subject, which continued for more than a year.

The first troublesome affair in Queen Mary's reign seems to have arisen from her attachment to Lord James Stewart and his interest. She had created him Earl of Mar, as we have said; but it was her purpose to confer on him, instead of this title, that of Earl of Murray, and with it great part of the large estates belonging to that northern earldom, which had become vested in the Crown after the extinction of the heirs of the celebrated Thomas Randolph, who enjoyed it in the reign of the great Robert Bruce.

This exchange, however, could not be made without giving offence to the Earl of Huntly, often mentioned as head of the most powerful family in the North, who had possessed himself of a considerable part of those domains which had belonged to the earldom of Murray. This Earl of Huntly was a brave man, and possessed of very great power in the northern counties. He was one of the few remaining Peers who continued attached to the Catholic religion, and, after the family of Hamilton, was the nearest in connexion to the royal family.

It was believed, that if the Queen, instead of coming to Leith, had chosen to have landed at Aberdeen, and declared herself determined to reinstate the Catholic religion, the Earl had offered to join her with twenty thousand men for accomplishing that purpose. Mary, however, had declined his proposal, which must have had the immediate consequence of producing a great civil war. The Earl of Huntly was, therefore, considered as hostile to the present government, and to the Earl of Mar, who had the principal management of affairs; and it was to be supposed that, possessed as he was of great power, and a very numerous body of dependents and retainers, he would not willingly surrender to his political enemy any part of the domains which he possessed belonging to the earldom of Murray.

The Earl of Mar was, on his part, determined to break the strength of this great opponent; and Queen Mary, who seems also to have feared Huntly's power, and the use which he seemed disposed to make of it, undertook a personal journey to the North of Scotland, to enforce obedience to her commands. About the same time, Sir John Gordon, the Earl of Huntly's son, committed some feudal outrage, for which he was sentenced to temporary confinement. This punishment, though slight, was felt as another mark of disfavour to the house of Gordon, and increased the probability of their meditating resistance. It is difficult, or rather impossible, to say whether there were good grounds for suspecting Huntly of entertaining serious views to take arms against the Crown. But his conduct was, to say the least, incautious and suspicious.

The young Queen advanced northward at the head of a small army, encamping in the fields, or accepting such miserable lodgings as the houses of the smaller gentry afforded. It was, however, a scene which wakened her natural courage, and, marching at the head of her soldiery, such was her spirit, that she publicly wished she had been a man, to sleep all night in the fields, and to walk armed with a jack and skull-cap of steel,—a good buckler at her back, and a broadsword by her side.

Huntly seems to have been surprised by the arrival of his sovereign, and undecided what to do. While he made all offers of submission, and endeavoured to prevail on the Queen to visit his house as that of a dutiful subject, a party of his followers refused her admission into the royal Castle of Inverness, and attempted to defend that fortress against her. They were, however, compelled to surrender, and the governor was executed for treason.

Meantime, Sir John Gordon escaped from the prison to which the Queen had sentenced him, and put himself at the head of his father's vassals, who were now rising in every direction; and his father, the Earl of Huntly, considering the Queen as guided entirely by his enemy, the Earl of Mar, at length assumed arms.

Huntly easily assembled a considerable host, and advanced towards Aberdeen. The purpose of his enterprise was, perhaps, such as Buccleuch had entertained at the field of Melrose,—an attack rather upon the Queen's counsellors than on her person. But her brother, who had now exchanged his title

of Mar for that of Murray, was as brave and as successful as Angus upon the former occasion,—with this advantage, that he enjoyed the confidence of his sovereign. He was, however, in a state of great difficulty. The men on whom he could with certainty rely were few, being only those whom he had brought from the midland counties. He summoned, indeed, the northern barons in his neighbourhood, and they came,—but with doubtful intentions, full of awe for the house of Gordon, and probably with the private resolution of being guided by circumstances.

Murray, who was an excellent soldier, drew up the men he could trust on an eminence called the Hill of Fare, near Corrichie. He did not allow the northern clans to mix with this resolute battalion, and the event showed the wisdom of his precaution. Huntly approached, and encountered the northern troops, his allies and neighbours, who offered little or no resistance. They fled tumultuously towards Murray's main body, pursued by the Gordons, who threw away their spears, drew their swords, and advanced in disorder, as to an assured victory. In this tumult they encountered the resistance of Murray's firm battalion of spearmen, who received the attack in close order, and with determined resolution. The Gordons were repulsed in their turn; and those clans who had before fled, seeing they were about to lose the day, returned with sprigs of heather in their caps, which they had used to distinguish them, fell upon the Gordons, and completed Murray's victory. Huntly, a bulky man, and heavily armed, fell from horseback in the flight, and was trodden to death, or died, as others say, of a broken heart. This battle was fought 28th October, 1562.—The body of a man, lately esteemed one of the bravest, wisest, and most powerful in Scotland, was afterwards brought into a court of justice, meanly arrayed in a doublet of coarse canvass, that the sentence of a traitor might be pronounced over the senseless corpse.

Sir John Gordon, the son of the vanquished Earl, was beheaded at Aberdeen, three days after the battle. Murray was placed in possession of the estates belonging to his new earldom, and the Queen returned, after having struck general terror into the minds of such barons as might be thought refractory, by the activity of her measures, and the success of her arms.

Thus far the reign of Mary had been eminently prosperous; but a fatal crisis approached, which was eventually to plunge her into the utmost misery. She had no children by her deceased husband, the King of France, and her subjects were desirous that she should marry a second husband, a purpose which she herself entertained and encouraged. It was necessary, or politic at least, to consult Queen Elizabeth on the subject. That princess had declared her resolution never herself to marry; and in case she should keep this determination, Mary of Scotland was the next heir to the English crown. In expectation of this rich and splendid inheritance, it was both prudent and natural that, in forming a new marriage, Mary should desire to have the advice and approbation of the princess to whose realm she or her children might hope to succeed, especially if she could retain her favour.

Elizabeth of England was one of the wisest and

most sagacious queens that ever wore a crown, and the English to this day cherish her memory with well-deserved respect and attachment. But her conduct towards her kinswoman Mary, from beginning to end, indicated a degree of envy and deceit totally unworthy of her general character. Determined herself not to marry, it seems to have been her desire to prevent Mary also from doing so, lest she should see before her a lineage not her own ready to occupy her throne immediately after her death. She, therefore, adopted a mean and shuffling policy, recommending one match after another to her kinswoman, but throwing in obstacles whenever any of them seemed likely to take place. At first she appeared desirous that Mary should marry the Earl of Leicester, a nobleman whom, though by no means distinguished by talents or character, she herself admired so much for his personal beauty, as to say, that except for her vow never to marry, she would have chosen him for her own husband. It may be readily believed, that she had no design such a match as she hinted at should ever take place, and that if Mary had expressed any readiness to accept of Leicester, Elizabeth would have found ready means to break off the marriage.

This proposal, however, was not at all agreeable to Queen Mary. Leicester, if his personal merit had been much greater, was of too low a rank to pretend to the hand of a Queen of Scotland, and Queen Dowager of France, to whom the most powerful monarchs in Europe were at the same time paying suit.

The Archduke Charles, third son of the Emperor of Germany, was proposed on one side; the hereditary Prince of Spain was offered on another; the Duke of Anjou, who became afterwards Henry II of France, also proposed himself. But if Mary had accepted the hand of a foreign prince, she would in so doing have resigned her chance of succeeding to the English crown; nay, considering the jealousy of her subjects of the Protestant religion, she might have endangered her possession of that of Scotland. She was so much impressed by these considerations, that she went so far as to intimate that she might consent to the match with the Earl of Leicester, provided that Elizabeth would recognise her as next heir to the English crown, in case of her own decease without children. This, however, did not suit Elizabeth's policy. She did not desire Mary to be wedded to any one, far less to Leicester, her own personal favourite; and was therefore extremely unlikely to declare her sentiments upon the succession (a subject on which she always observed the most mysterious silence), in order to bring about the union of her rival with the man she herself preferred.

Meantime, the views of Queen Mary turned towards a young nobleman of high birth, connected nearly both with her own family and that of Elizabeth. This was Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, eldest son of the Earl of Lennox. You may recollect, that after the battle of Flodden, the Earl of Angus married the Queen Dowager of Scotland; and in the tumults which followed, was compelled to retire for a season to London. While Angus resided in England, his wife bore him a daughter, called Lady Margaret Douglas, who, when her parents returned to Scot-

land, continued to remain at the English court, under the protection of her uncle, King Henry. Again you must remember, that during the regency of the Duke of Chatelherault, the Earl of Lennox attempted to place himself at the head of the English party in Scotland, but his efforts failing through want of power or of conduct, he also was compelled to retire to England, where Henry VIII, in acknowledgment of his unavailing effort, bestowed on him the hand of his niece, Lady Margaret Douglas, who, in right of her mother Margaret, had a claim of inheritance to the English crown.

The young Lord Darnley's father being of such high rank, and his parents having such pretensions, Mary imagined that in marrying him she would gratify the wishes of Elizabeth, who seemed to point out, though ambiguously, a native of Britain, and one not of royal rank, as her safest choice, and as that which would be most agreeable to herself.—Elizabeth seemed to receive the proposal favourably, and suffered the young man, and his father Lennox, to visit the court of Scotland, in the hope that their presence might embroil matters farther; and thinking that, in case the match should be likely to take place, she might easily break it off by recalling them as her subjects; a command which she supposed they would not dare to disobey, as enjoying all their lands and means of living in England.

Young Darnley was remarkably tall and handsome, perfect in all external and showy accomplishments, but unhappily destitute of sagacity, prudence, steadiness of character, and exhibiting only doubtful courage, though extremely violent in his passions. Had this young man possessed a very moderate portion of sense, or even of gratitude, we might have had a different story to tell of Mary's reign—as it was, you will hear a very melancholy one. Mary had the misfortune to look upon this young nobleman with partiality, and was the more willing to gratify her own inclination in his favour, that she longed to put an end to the intrigues by which Queen Elizabeth had endeavoured to impose upon her, and prevent her marriage. Indeed, while the two Queens used towards each other the language of the most affectionate cordiality, there was betwixt them neither plain dealing nor upright meaning, but great dissimulation, envy, and fear.

Darnley, in the mean time, endeavouring to strengthen the interest which he had acquired in the Queen's affections, had recourse to the friendship of a man of low rank indeed, but who was understood to possess particular influence over the mind of Mary. This was an Italian of humble origin, called David Rizzio, who had been promoted from being a menial in the Queen's family, to the confidential office of French secretary. His talents for music gave him frequent admission to Mary's presence, as she delighted in that art; and his address and arts of insinuation gained him a considerable influence over her mind. It was almost necessary that the Queen should have near her person some confidential officer, skilled at once in languages and in business, through whom she might communicate with foreign states, and with her friends in France in particular. No such agent was likely to be found in Scotland, unless she had chosen a Catholic priest, which would have

given more offence to her Protestant subjects, than even the employment of a man like Rizzio. Still the elevation of this person, a stranger, and a Catholic, to the rank of a minister of the crown—and, yet more, the personal familiarity to which the Queen condescended to admit him, and the airs which this low-born foreigner pretended to assume, became the subject of offence to the proud Scottish nobles, and of vulgar scandal among the common people.

Darnley, anxious to strengthen his interest with the Queen on every hand, formed an intimacy with Rizzio, who employed all the arts of flattery and observance to gain possession of his favour, and unquestionably was serviceable to him in advancing his suit. The Queen, in the meanwhile, exerted herself to remove the obstacles to her union with Darnley, and with such success, that, with the approbation of far the greater part of her subjects, they were married at Edinburgh on the 29th July, 1565.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Run-about Raid—Murder of Rizzio—Birth of James VI—Death of Darnley.

WHEN Elizabeth received news that this union was determined upon, she gave way to all the weakness of an envious woman. She remonstrated against the match, though, in fact, Mary could scarce have made a choice less dangerous to England. She recalled Lennox and his son Darnley from Scotland—a mandate which they refused, or delayed to obey. She committed the Countess of Lennox, the only one of the family within her reach, a prisoner to the Tower of London. Above all, she endeavoured to disturb the peace of Scotland, and the government of Mary and her new husband, by stirring up to insurrection those among the Scottish nobility to whom the match with Darnley was distasteful.

The Queen's brother, the Earl of Murray, was by far the most able and powerful of those who were displeased by Mary's marriage. Darnley and he were personal enemies, and, besides, Murray was the principal of the Lords of the Congregation, who affected to see danger to the Protestant religion in Mary's choice of Darnley for a husband, and in the disunion which it was likely to create with England. Murray even laid a plan to intercept Darnley, seize his person, and either put him to death, or send him prisoner to England. A body of horse was for this purpose stationed at a pass under the hill of Bennartey, near Kinross, called the Parrot-well, to intercept the Queen and Darnley as they returned from a Convention of Estates held at Perth. They only escaped the danger by a hasty march, commenced early in the morning.

After the marriage, Murray and his confederates, who were the Duke of Chatelherault, Glencairn, Argyle, Rothes, and others, actually took up arms. The Queen, in this emergency, assembled her subjects around her. They came in such numbers as showed her popularity. Darnley rode at their head in gilded armour, accompanied by the Queen herself, having loaded pistols at her saddle-bow. Unable to stand their ground, Murray and his accomplices eluded the pursuit of the royal army, and made a sudden march on Edinburgh, where they hoped to find friends. But

the citizens not adopting their cause, and the Castle threatening to fire on them, the insurgents were compelled to retreat, first to Hamilton, then to Dumfries, until they finally disbanded their forces in despair, and the leaders fled into England. Thus ended an insurrection, which, from the hasty and uncertain manner in which the conspirators posted from one part of the kingdom to another, obtained the popular name of the Run-about Raid (or ride).

Elizabeth, who had encouraged Murray and his associates to rise against Mary, was by no means desirous to have the discredit of having done so, when she saw their attempt was unsuccessful. She caused Murray and the Abbot of Kilwinning to appear before her in presence of the ambassadors of France and Spain, who had accused her of fomenting the Scottish disturbances. "How say you," she exclaimed, "my Lord of Murray, and you his companion? Have you had advice or encouragement from me in your late undertaking?" The exiles, afraid to tell the truth, were contented to say, however falsely, that they had received no advice or assistance at her hands. "There you indeed speak truth," replied Elizabeth; "for never did I, or any in my name, stir you up against your Queen; and an evil example have you set to my subjects, as well as those of other sovereigns. Get you gone from my presence, as unworthy traitors." Mortified and disgraced, Murray and his companions again retired to the Border, where Queen Elizabeth, notwithstanding her pretended resentment, allowed them privately means of support, until times should permit them to return into Scotland, and renew disturbances there.

Mary had thus overcome her refractory subjects, but she soon found that she had a more formidable enemy in the foolish and passionate husband whom she had chosen. This headstrong young man behaved to his wife with great disrespect, both as a woman and as a queen, and habitually indulged himself in intoxication, and other disgraceful vices. Although already possessed of more power than fitted his capacity or age, for he was but nineteen, he was importunate in his demands for obtaining what was called in Scotland the Crown Matrimonial; that is, the full equality of royal right in the crown with his consort. Until he obtained this eminence he was not held to be King, though called so in courtesy; he was only the husband of the Queen.

This Crown Matrimonial had been bestowed on Mary's first husband, Francis, and Darnley was determined to be possessed of the same rank. But Mary, whose bounty had already far exceeded his deserts, as well as his gratitude, was determined not to make this last concession, at least without the advice and consent of the Parliament.

The childish impatience of Darnley made him regard with mortal hatred whatever interfered with the instant execution of his wishes, and his animosity on this occasion turned against the Italian secretary, once his friend, but whom he now esteemed his deadly foe, because he supposed that Rizzio encouraged the Queen in resisting his hasty ambition. His resentment against the unhappy stranger arose to such a height, that he threatened to poniard him with his own hand; and as Rizzio had many enemies, and no friend save his mistress, Darnley easily procured

instruments, and those of no mean rank, to take the execution of his revenge on themselves.

The chief of Darnley's accomplices, on this unhappy occasion, was James Douglas, Earl of Morton, Chancellor of the kingdom, tutor and uncle to the Earl of Angus (who chanced then to be a minor), and administrator, therefore, of all the power of the great House of Douglas. He was a nobleman of high military talent and political wisdom, but although a pretender to sanctity of life, his actions show him to have been a wicked and unscrupulous man. Although Chancellor of the kingdom, and therefore bound peculiarly to respect the laws, he did not hesitate to enter into the young King's cruel and unlawful purpose. Lord Ruthven, a man whose frame was exhausted by illness, nevertheless undertook to buckle on his armour for the enterprise; and they had no difficulty in finding other agents.

It would have been easy to have seized on Rizzio, and disposed of him as the Scots Peers at the Bridge of Lauder used the favourites of James III. But this would not have accomplished the revenge of Darnley, who complained that the Queen showed this mean Italian more civility than she did to himself, and therefore took the barbarous resolution of seizing him in her very presence. This plan was the more atrocious, as Mary was at this time with child; and the alarm and agitation which such an act of violence was likely to produce, might endanger her life, or that of her unborn offspring.

Whilst this savage plot was forming, Rizzio received several hints of what was likely to happen. Sir James Melville was at pains to explain to him the danger that was incurred by a stranger in any country, who rose so high in the favour of the prince, as to excite the disgust of the natives of the land. A French priest, who was something of an astrologer, warned him to beware of a bastard. To such counsels he replied, "that the Scottish were more given to threaten than to strike; and as for the bastard (by whom he supposed the Earl of Murray to be meant), he would take care that he should never possess power enough in Scotland to do him any harm." Thus securely confident, he continued at court, to abide his fate.

Those Lords who engaged in the conspiracy did not agree to gratify Darnley's resentment against Rizzio for nothing. They stipulated, as the price of their assistance, that he should in turn aid them in obtaining pardon and restoration to favour for Murray, and his accomplices in the Run-about Raid; and intimation was dispatched to these noblemen, apprising them of the whole undertaking.

Queen Mary, like her father, James V, was fond of laying aside the state of a sovereign, and indulging in small private parties, quiet, as she termed them, and merry. On these occasions, she admitted her favourite domestics to her table, and Rizzio seems frequently to have had that honour. On the 9th March, 1566, six persons had partaken of supper in a small cabinet adjoining to the Queen's bed-chamber, and having no entrance save through it. Rizzio was of the number. About seven in the evening, the gates of the palace were occupied by Morton, with a party of two hundred men; and a certain number of the conspirators, headed by Darnley himself, came into the

Queen's apartment by a secret staircase. Darnley first entered the cabinet, and stood for an instant in silence, gloomily eyeing his victim. Lord Ruthven followed in complete armour, looking pale and ghastly as one recovered from long sickness. Others crowded in after them, till the little closet was full of armed men. While the Queen demanded the purpose of their coming, Rizzio, who saw that his life was aimed at, got behind her, and clasped the folds of her gown, that the respect due to her person might protect him. The assassins threw down the table, and seized on the unfortunate object of their vengeance, while Darnley himself took hold of the Queen. It was their intention, doubtless, to have dragged Rizzio out of Mary's presence, and to have killed him elsewhere; but their fierce impatience hurried them into instant murder. George Douglas, called the Postulate of Arbroath, a natural brother of the Earl of Morton, set the example, by snatching Darnley's dagger from his belt, and striking Rizzio with it. He received many other blows. They dragged him through the bed-room and antechamber, and dispatched him at the head of the staircase, with no less than fifty-six wounds. Ruthven, after all was over, fatigued with his exertions, sat down in the Queen's presence, and called for a drink to refresh him, as if he had been doing the most harmless thing in the world.

The witnesses, the actors, and the scene of this cruel tragedy, render it one of the most extraordinary which history records to us. The cabinet and the bed-room still remain in the same condition in which they were at the time; and the floor near the head of the stair bears visible marks of the blood of the unhappy Rizzio. The Queen continued to beg his life with prayers and tears; but when she learned that he was dead, she dried her tears. "I will now," she said, "study revenge."

The conspirators, who had committed the cruel action entirely or chiefly to gratify Darnley, reckoned themselves, of course, secure of his protection. They united themselves with Murray and his associates, who were just returned from England according to appointment, and agreed upon a course of joint measures. The Queen, it was agreed, should be put into restraint in Edinburgh Castle, or elsewhere; and Murray and Morton were to rule the state under the name of Darnley, who was to obtain the Crown Matrimonial, which he had so anxiously desired. But all this scheme was ruined by the defection of Darnley. As fickle as he was vehement, and as timorous as he had shown himself cruel, Rizzio was no sooner slain than Darnley became terrified at what had been done, and much disposed to deny having given any authority for the crime.

Finding her weak-minded husband in a state between remorse and fear, Mary prevailed on him to take part against the very persons whom he had instigated to the late atrocious proceeding. Darnley and Mary escaped together out of Holyrood-house, and fled to Dunbar, where the Queen issued a proclamation which soon drew many faithful followers around her. It was now the turn of the conspirators to tremble. That the Queen's conquest over them might be more certain, she pardoned the Earl of Murray, and those concerned in the Run-about Raid, as guilty of more venial offences than the assassins of

100f

[p]

100f

100f

100f

100f

100f

Rizzio; and thus Murray, Glencairn, and others, were received into favour, while Morton and his comrades fled in their turn to England. No Scottish subject, whatever his crime, could take refuge there without finding secret support, if not an open welcome. Such was Elizabeth's constant policy.

Queen Mary was now once more in possession of authority, but much disturbed and vexed by the silly conduct of her husband, whose absurdities and insolences were not abated by the consequences of Rizzio's death; so that the royal pair continued to be upon the worst terms with each other, though disguised under a species of reconciliation.

On the 19th June, 1566, Mary was delivered of a son, afterwards James VI. When news of this event reached London, Queen Elizabeth was merrily engaged in dancing; but upon hearing what had happened, she left the dance, and sat down, leaning her head on her hand, and exclaiming passionately to her ladies, "Do you not hear how the Queen of Scots hath a fine son, and I am but a barren stock!" But next morning she had recovered herself sufficiently to maintain her usual appearance of outward civility, received the Scottish ambassador with much seeming favour, and accepted with thanks the office of god-mother to the young prince, which he proffered to her in Queen Mary's name.

After a splendid solemnity at christening the heir of Scotland, Queen Mary seems to have turned her mind towards settling the disorders of her nobility; and, sacrificing her own justifiable resentment, she yielded so far as to grant pardon to all those concerned in the murder of Rizzio. Two men of low rank, and no more, had been executed for that crime. Lord Ruthven, the principal actor, had died in England, talking and writing as composedly of "the slaughter of David," as if it had been the most indifferent, if not meritorious action possible. George Douglas, who struck the first blow, and Ker of Faldonside, another ruffian who offered his pistol at the Queen's bosom in the fray, were exempted from the general pardon. Morton and all the others were permitted to return, to plan new treasons and murders.

We are now come, my dear child, to a very difficult period in history. The subsequent events, in the reign of Queen Mary, are well known; but neither the names of the principal agents in these events, nor the motives upon which they acted, are at all agreed upon by historians. It has, in particular, been warmly disputed, and will probably long continue to be so, how far Queen Mary is to be considered as a voluntary party or agent in the tragical and criminal events of which I am about to tell you; or how far, being innocent of any foreknowledge of these violent actions, she was an innocent victim of the villany of others. Leaving you, my dear child, when you come to a more advanced age, to study this historical point for yourself, I shall endeavour to give you an outline of the facts, as they are admitted and proved on all sides.

James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, a man in middle age, had played for several years a conspicuous part in those troubled times. He had sided with the Queen Regent against the Reformed party, and was in general supposed to be attached rather to the reigning Queen, than to any of the factions who

opposed her. He was head of the powerful family of Hepburn, and possessed great influence in East Lothian and Berwickshire, where excellent soldiers could always be obtained. In his morals Bothwell was wild and licentious, irregular and daring in his ambition; and although his history does not show many instances of personal courage, yet in his early life he had the reputation of possessing it. He had been in danger on the occasion of Rizzio's murder, being supposed, from his regard for the Queen, to have been desirous of preventing that cruel insult to her person and authority. As the Earl of Bothwell displayed great zeal for Mary's cause, she was naturally led to advance him at court, until many persons, and particularly the preachers of the Reformed religion, thought that she admitted to too great intimacy a man of so fierce and profligate a character; and the public voice accused the Queen as being fonder of Bothwell than she ought to have been, he being a married man and herself a married woman.

A thoughtless action of Mary seemed to confirm this suspicion. Bothwell, among other offices of authority, held that of Lord Warden of all the Marches, and was residing at the Castle of Hermitage, a royal fortress which belonged to that office, in order to suppress some disorders on the Border. In October, 1566, attempting with his own hand to seize a Border freebooter called John Elliot of the Park, he was severely wounded in the hand. The Queen, who was then at Jedburgh holding a court of justice, hastened through woods, morasses, and waters, to pay a visit to the wounded Warden; and though the distance was twenty English miles, she went and returned from Hermitage Castle in the same day. This excursion might arise solely from Mary's desire to learn the cause and particulars of a great outrage on her lieutenant; but all those who wished ill to her, who were a numerous body, represented it as expressing her anxiety for the safety of her lover.

In the meantime, the dissensions between Darnley and the Queen continued to increase; and as he must have been disliked by Mary from the numerous quarrels and affronts he put upon her, as well as from his share in the murder of Rizzio, so those who had been concerned with him in that last crime, considered him as a poor mean-spirited wretch, who, having engaged his associates in so daring an act, had afterwards betrayed and deserted them. His latter conduct showed no improvement in either sense or spirit. He pretended he would leave the kingdom; and by this and other capricious resolutions, he so far alienated the affections of the Queen, that many of the unscrupulous and plotting nobles by whom she was surrounded, formed the idea that it would be very agreeable to Mary if she could be freed from her union with this unreasonable and ill-tempered young man.

The first proposal made to her was, that she should be separated from Darnley by a divorce. Bothwell, Maitland, Morton, and Murray, are said to have joined in pressing such a proposal upon Queen Mary, who was then residing at Craigmillar Castle, near Edinburgh, but she rejected it steadily. A conspiracy of a larger kind was then agitated, for the murder of the unhappy Darnley; and Bothwell seems to

have entertained little doubt that Mary, thus rid of an unacceptable husband, would chuse himself for his successor. He spoke with the Earl of Morton on the subject of dispatching Darnley, and represented it as an enterprise which had the approbation of the Queen. Morton refused to stir in a matter of so great consequence, unless he received a mandate under the Queen's hand. Bothwell undertook to procure him such a warrant, but he never kept his word. This was confessed by Morton at his death. When it was asked of him by the clergyman who received his confession, why he had not prevented the conspiracy, by making it public? he replied, "that there was no one to whom he could confess it with safety. The Queen," he said, "was herself in the plot; and if I had told Darnley, his folly was so great that I am certain he would have betrayed it to his wife, and so my own destruction would have been assured." But though he did not acknowledge more than I have told you, Morton was always supposed to have been one of the conspirators; and it was universally believed that a daring and profligate relation of his, called Archibald Douglas, Parson of Glasgow, was one of the actual murderers: and while these suspicions hung over Morton himself, he seems to have had no reason for believing Mary's guilt, excepting what Bothwell told him; while he admits that Bothwell never showed him any warrant under the Queen's hand, though he promised to do so. It seems probable that Maitland of Lethington also knew the fatal and guilty secret. Morton and he, however, were both men of deep sagacity. They foresaw that Bothwell would render himself, and perhaps the Queen also, odious to the nation by the dark and bloody action which he meditated, and therefore they resolved to let him run on his course, in the hope that he would come to a speedy fall, and that they themselves might succeed to the supreme power.

While these schemes were in agitation against his life, Darnley fell ill at Glasgow, and his indisposition proved to be the small-pox. The Queen sent her physician, and after an interval went herself to wait upon him, and an apparent reconciliation was effected between them. They came together to Edinburgh on the 31st January, 1566-67. The King was lodged in a religious house called the Kirk of Field, just without the walls of the city. The Queen and the infant Prince were accommodated in the Palace of Holyrood. The reason assigned for their living separate was the danger of the child catching the small-pox. But the Queen showed much attention to her husband, visiting him frequently; and they never seemed to have been on better terms than when the conspiracy against Darnley's life was on the eve of being executed. Meanwhile Darnley and his groom of the chamber were alone, and separated from any other persons, when measures were taken for his destruction in the following horrible manner:—

On the evening of the 9th February, several persons, kinsmen, retainers, and servants of the Earl of Bothwell, came in secret to the Kirk of Field. They had with them a great quantity of gunpowder; and by means of false keys they obtained entrance into the cellars of the building, where they disposed the powder in the vaults below Darnley's apartment, and especially below the spot where his bed was placed.

VOL. VII.

About two hours after midnight upon the ensuing morning, Bothwell himself came, disguised in a riding-cloak, to see the execution of the cruel project. Two of his ruffians went in and took means of firing the powder, by lighting a piece of slow-burning match at one end, and placing the other amongst the gunpowder. They remained for some time watching the event, and Bothwell became so impatient, that it was with difficulty he was prevented from entering the house, to see whether the light had not been extinguished by some accident. One of his accomplices, by looking through a window, ascertained that it was still burning. The explosion presently took place, blew up the Kirk of Field, and alarmed the whole city. The body of Darnley was found in the adjoining orchard. The bed in which he lay had preserved him from all action of the fire, which occasioned a general belief that he and his chamber-groom, who was found in the same situation, had been strangled and removed before the house was blown up. But this was a mistake. It is clearly proved, by the evidence of those who were present at the event, that there were no means employed but the gunpowder, a mode of destruction sufficiently powerful to have rendered any other unnecessary.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Marriage of Mary and Bothwell—Mary's Surrender to the Confederated Lords at Carberry—Her Imprisonment in Lochleven Castle, and Escape thence—Battle of Langside, and Mary's Flight to England—Unjust Conduct of Elizabeth towards the Scottish Queen—Regency and Murder of Murray—Civil Wars in Scotland—Regency of Morton—His Trial and Execution—Raid of Ruthven—Affairs of James VI managed by Stewart Earl of Arran—Disgrace and Death of this Favourite.

THE horrible murder of the unhappy Darnley excited the strongest suspicions, and the greatest discontent, in the city of Edinburgh, and through the whole kingdom. Bothwell was pointed out by the general voice as the author of the murder; and as he still continued to enjoy the favour of Mary, her reputation was not spared. To have brought this powerful criminal to open and impartial trial, would have been the only way for the Queen to recover her popularity. Mary made a show of doing this public justice, but under circumstances which favoured the criminal. Lennox, father of the murdered Darnley, had, as was his natural duty, accused Bothwell of the murder of his son. But he received little countenance in prosecuting the accused. Every thing seemed to be done as hastily as if it were determined to defeat the operations of justice. Lennox received information on the 28th of March, that the 12th of April was appointed for the day of trial; and at so short warning as fourteen days, he was summoned, as nearest relation of the murdered Monarch, to appear as accuser, and to support the charge he had made against Bothwell. The Earl complained that the time allowed him to prepare the charge and evidence necessary for convicting so powerful a criminal, was greatly too short, but he could not prevail to have it extended.

It was a usual thing in Scotland for persons accused of crimes, to come to the bar of a court of justice attended by all their friends, retainers, and dependents,

the number of whom was frequently so great, that the judges and accusers were overawed, and became afraid to proceed in the investigation; so that the purposes of justice were for the time frustrated. Bothwell, conscious of guilt, was desirous to use this means of protection to the utmost. He appeared in Edinburgh with full five thousand attendants. Two hundred chosen musketeers kept close by his side, and guarded the doors of the court as soon as the criminal had entered. In such circumstances, there could be no chance of a fair trial. Lennox did not appear, saving by one of his vassals, who protested against the proceedings of the day. No charge was made, —no proof, of course, was required,—and a jury, consisting of nobles and gentlemen of the first rank, acquitted Bothwell of a crime of which all the world believed him to be guilty.

The public mind remained dissatisfied with this mockery of justice; but Bothwell, without minding the murmurs of the people, hurried forward to possess himself of the situation which he had made vacant by the murder of Darnley. He convened a number of the principal nobility, at a feast given in a tavern, and prevailed on them to sign a bond, in which they not only declared Bothwell altogether innocent of the King's death, but recommended him as the fittest person whom her Majesty could chuse for a husband. Morton, Maitland, and others, who afterwards were Mary's enemies and accusers, subscribed this remarkable deed, either because they were afraid of the consequences of a refusal, or because they thought it the readiest and safest course to encourage Bothwell and the Queen to run headlong to their ruin, by completing a marriage which must be disgusting to the whole kingdom.

Murray, the most important person in Scotland, had kept aloof from all these proceedings. He was in Fife when the King was murdered, and about three days before Bothwell's trial, he obtained leave of his sister the Queen to travel to France. Probably he did not consider himself as very safe, in case Bothwell should rise to be King.

The Earl of Bothwell, thus authorised by the apparent consent of the nobility, and, no doubt, thinking himself secure of the Queen's approbation, suddenly appeared at the bridge of Cramond, with a thousand horse, as Mary arrived there on her return from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took the Queen's horse by the bridle, and surrounding and disarming her attendants, he led her, as if by an appearance of force, to the strong castle of Dunbar, of which he was governor. On this occasion, Mary seems neither to have attempted to resist, nor to have expressed that feeling of anger and shame which would have been proper to her character as a queen or as a woman. Her attendants were assured by the officers of Bothwell, that she was carried off in consequence of her own consent; and considering that such an outrage was offered to a sovereign of her high and bold spirit, her tame submission and silence under it seems scarce otherwise to be accounted for. They remained at Dunbar ten days, after which they again appeared in Edinburgh, apparently reconciled; the Earl carefully leading the Queen's palfrey, and conducting her up to the Castle of Edinburgh, the government of which was held by one of his adherents.

Whilst these strange proceedings took place, Bothwell had been able to procure a sentence of divorce against his wife, a sister of the Earl of Huntly. On the 12th of May, the Queen made a public declaration, that she forgave Bothwell the late violence which he had committed; and that, although she was at first highly displeased at him, she was now resolved not only to grant him her pardon, but also to promote him to further honours. She was as good as her word, for she created him Duke of Orkney; and, on the 15th of the same month, did Mary, with unpardonable indiscretion, commit the great folly of marrying this profligate and ambitious man, stained as he was with the blood of her husband Darnley.

The Queen was not long in discovering that by this unhappy marriage she had gotten a more ruthless and wicked husband, than she had in the flexible Darnley. Bothwell used her grossly ill, and being disappointed in his plans of getting the young Prince into his keeping, used such upbraiding language to Mary, that she prayed for a knife with which to stab herself, rather than endure his ill treatment.

In the meantime, the public discontent rose high, and Morton, Maitland, and others, who had been privy to the murder of Darnley, placed themselves at the head of a numerous party of the nobility, who resolved to revenge his death, and remove Bothwell from his usurped power. They took arms hastily, and had nearly surprised the Queen and Bothwell, while feasting in the house of the Lord Borthwick, from whence they fled to Dunbar, the Queen being dressed in the disguise of a page.

The confederated Lords marched towards Dunbar, and the Queen and Bothwell, having assembled an army, advanced to the encounter, and met them on Carberry Hill, not far from the place where the battle of Pinkie was fought. This was upon the 15th of June, 1567. Mary would have acted more wisely in postponing the threatened action, for the Hamiltons, in great force, were on their way to join her. But she had been accustomed to gain advantages by rapid and ready movements, and was not at first sufficiently aware what an unfavourable impression existed against her, even in her own army. Many, if not most, of those troops who had joined the Queen, had little inclination to fight in Bothwell's cause. He himself, in a bravado, offered to prove his innocence of Darnley's murder, by a duel in the lists with any of the opposite lords who should affirm his guilt. The valiant Kirkaldy of Grange, Murray of Tullibardin, and Lord Lindsay of the Byres, successively undertook the combat; but Bothwell found exceptions to each of them, and, finally, it appeared that this wicked man had no courage to fight with any one in that quarrel. In the meantime, the Queen's army began to disband, and it became obvious that they would not fight in her cause, while they considered it as the same with that of Bothwell. She, therefore, recommended to him to fly from the field of action; an advice which he was not slow in following, riding to Dunbar as fast as he could, and from thence escaping by sea.

Mary surrendered herself, upon promise of respect and kind treatment, to the Laird of Grange, and was conducted by him to the head-quarters of the confe-

derate army. When she arrived there, the Lords received her with silent respect; but some of the soldiers hooted at and insulted her, until Grange, drawing his sword, compelled them to be silent. The Lords adopted the resolution of returning to the capital, and conveyed Mary thither surrounded by their troops.

As the unhappy Queen approached Edinburgh, led, as it were, in triumph by the victors, the most coarse and insulting behaviour was used towards her by the lower classes. There was a banner prepared for this insurrection, displaying, on the one side, the portrait of Darnley, as he lay murdered under a tree in the fatal orchard, with these words embroidered, "Judge, and avenge my cause, O Lord!" and on the other side, the little Prince on his knees, holding up his hand, as if praying to Heaven to punish his father's murderers. As the Queen rode through the streets, with her hair loose, her garments disordered, covered with dust, and overpowered with grief, shame, and fatigue, this fatal flag was displayed before her eyes, while the voices of the rude multitude upbraided her with having been an accomplice in Darnley's murder. The same cries were repeated, and the same insulting banner displayed, before the windows of the Lord Provost's house, to which she was for a few hours committed, as if a prisoner. The better class of craftsmen and citizens were at length moved by her sorrows, and showed such a desire to take her part, that the Lords determined to remove her from the city, where respect to her birth and sorrows seemed likely to create partisans, in spite of her own indiscretions, and the resentment of her enemies. Accordingly on the next morning, being 16th June, 1567, Mary, escorted by a strong armed force, was conveyed to the Castle of Lochleven, which stands on a little island, surrounded by the lake of the same name, and was there detained a prisoner.

The insurgent Lords now formed themselves into a Secret Council, for managing the affairs of the nation. Their first attention was turned to securing Bothwell, although, perhaps, there may have been some even amongst their own number, Morton, for example, and Maitland, who had been participant with him in the murder of Darnley, who could not be very desirous that he should be produced on a public trial. But it was necessary to make a show of pursuing him, and many were sincerely desirous that he should be taken.

Kirkaldy of Grange followed Bothwell with two vessels, and had nearly surprised him in the harbour of Lerwick, the fugitive making his escape at one issue of the bay, while Grange entered at another; and Bothwell might even then have been taken, but that Grange's ship ran upon a rock, and was shipwrecked, though the crew were saved. Bothwell was only saved for a melancholy fate. He took to piracy in the Northern Seas, in order to support himself and his sailors. He was in consequence assaulted and taken by some Danish ships of war. The Danes threw him into the dungeons of the Castle of Malmay, where he died in captivity, about the end of the year 1576. It is said, that this atrocious criminal confessed at his death, that he had conducted the murder of Darnley, by the assistance of

Murray and Morton, and that Mary was altogether guiltless of that crime. But there is little reliance to be placed on the declaration of so wicked a man.

Meantime, poor Mary reaped the full consequences of Bothwell's guilt, and of her own infatuated affection for him. She was imprisoned in a rude and inconvenient tower, on a small islet, where there was scarce room to walk thirty yards; and not even the intercession of Queen Elizabeth, who seems for the time to have been alarmed at the successful insurrection of subjects against their sovereign, could procure any mitigation of her captivity. There was a proposal to proceed against her as an accomplice in Darnley's murder, and to take her life under that pretence. But the Lords of the Secret Council resolved to adopt somewhat of a gentler course, by compelling Mary to surrender her crown to her son, then an infant, and to make the Earl of Murray regent during the child's minority. Deeds to this purpose were drawn up, and sent to the Castle of Lochleven, to be signed by the Queen. Lord Lindsay, the rudest, most bigoted, and fiercest of the confederated Lords, was deputed to enforce Mary's compliance with the commands of the Council. He behaved with such peremptory brutality as had perhaps been expected, and was so unmanly as to pinch with his iron glove the arm of the poor Queen, to compel her to subscribe the deeds.

If Mary had any quarter to which, in her disastrous condition, she might look for love and favour, unquestionably it was to her brother Murray. She may have been criminal—she had certainly been grossly infatuated—yet she deserved her brother's kindness and compassion. She had loaded him with favours, and pardoned him considerable offences. Unquestionably she expected more favour from him than she met with. But Murray was ambitious, and ambition breaks through the ties of blood, and forgets the obligations of gratitude. He visited her in Lochleven Castle, but it was not to bring her comfort; on the contrary, he pressed all her errors on her with such hard-hearted severity, that she burst into floods of tears, and abandoned herself to despair.

Murray accepted of the regency, and in doing so broke all remaining ties of tenderness betwixt himself and his sister. He was now at the head of the ruling faction, consisting of what were called the King's Lords; while such of the nobility as desired that the Queen, being now freed from the society of Bothwell, should be placed at liberty, and restored to the administration of the kingdom, were termed the Queen's Party. The strict and sagacious government of Murray imposed silence and submission for a time upon this last-named faction; but a singular incident changed the face of things for a moment, and gave a gleam of hope to the unfortunate Mary.

The Laird of Lochleven, owner of the castle where Mary was imprisoned, was a half-brother by the mother's side of the Regent Murray, Sir William Douglas by name. This Baron discharged with severe fidelity the task of Mary's jailor; but his youngest brother, George Douglas, became more sensible to the Queen's distress, and perhaps to her beauty, than to the interest of the Regent, or of his own family. A plot laid by him for the Queen's deliverance

was discovered, and he was expelled from the island in consequence. But he kept up a correspondence with a kinsman of his own, called Little Douglas, a boy of fifteen or sixteen, who had remained in the castle. On the 2d May, 1568, this little William Douglas contrived to steal the keys of the Castle while the family were at supper. He let Mary and her attendant out of the tower when all had gone to rest—locked the gates of the castle to prevent pursuit—placed the Queen and her waiting woman in a little skiff, and rowed them to the shore, throwing the keys of the castle into the lake in the course of their passage. Just when they were about to set out on this adventurous voyage, the youthful pilot made a signal, by a light in a particular window visible at the upper end of the lake, to intimate that all was safe. Lord Seaton and a party of the Hamiltons were waiting at the landing-place. The Queen instantly mounted, and hurried off to Niddry, in West Lothian, from which she went next day to Hamilton. The news flew like lightning throughout the country, and spread enthusiasm everywhere. The people remembered Mary's gentleness, grace, and beauty—they remembered her misfortunes also—and if they reflected on her errors, they thought they had been punished with sufficient severity. On Sunday, Mary was a sad and helpless captive in a lonely tower. On the Saturday following, she was at the head of a powerful confederacy, by which nine earls, nine bishops, eighteen lords, and many gentlemen of high rank, engaged to defend her person and restore her power. But this gleam of success was only temporary.

It was the Queen's purpose to place her person in security in the Castle of Dunbarton, and her army, under the Earl of Argyle, proposed to carry her thither in a species of triumph. The Regent was lying at Glasgow with much inferior forces; but, with just confidence in his own military skill, as well as the talents of Morton, and the valour of Kirkaldy and other experienced soldiers, he determined to meet the Queen's Lords in their proposed march, and to give them battle.

On 13th May, 1568 Murray occupied the village of Langside, which lay full in the march of the Queen's army. The Hamiltons, and other gentlemen of Mary's troop, rushed forth with ill-considered valour to dispute the pass. They fought, however, with obstinacy, after the Scottish manner; that is, they pressed on each other front to front, each fixing his spear in his opponent's target, and then endeavouring to bear him down, as two bulls do when they encounter each other. Morton decided the battle, by attacking the flank of the Hamiltons, while their column was closely engaged in the front. The measure was decisive, and the Queen's army was completely routed.

Queen Mary beheld this final and fatal defeat from a castle called Crookstane, about four miles from Paisley, where she and Darnley had spent some happy days after their marriage, and which, therefore, must have been the scene of bitter recollections. It was soon evident that there was no resource but in flight; and, escorted by Lord Herries and a few faithful followers, she rode sixty miles before she stopped at the Abbey of Dundrennan, in Gal-

loway. From this place she had the means of retreating either to France or England, as she should ultimately determine. In France she was sure to have been well received; but England afforded a nearer, and, as she thought, an equally safe place of refuge.

Forgetting, therefore, the various causes of emulation which existed betwixt Elizabeth and herself, and remembering only the smooth and flattering words which she had received from her sister sovereign, it did not occur to the Scottish Queen that she could incur any risk by throwing herself upon the hospitality of England. It may also be supposed, that poor Mary, amongst whose faults want of generosity could not be reckoned, judged of Elizabeth according to the manner in which she would herself have treated the Queen of England in the same situation. She therefore resolved to take refuge in Elizabeth's kingdom, in spite of the opposition of her wiser attendants. They kneeled and entreated in vain. She entered the fatal boat, crossed the Solway, and delivered herself up to a gentleman named Lowther, the English Deputy-warden. Much surprised, doubtless, at the incident, he sent express to inform Queen Elizabeth, and receiving the Scottish Queen with as much respect as he had the means of showing, lodged her in Carlisle Castle.

Queen Elizabeth had two courses in her power, which might be more or less generous, but were alike just and lawful. She might have received Queen Mary honourably, and afforded her the succour she petitioned for; or, if she did not think that expedient, she might have allowed her to remain in her dominions, at liberty to depart from them freely, as she had entered them voluntarily.

But Elizabeth, great as she was upon other occasions of her reign, acted on the present from mean and envious motives. She saw, in the fugitive who implored her protection, a princess who possessed a right of succession to the crown of England, which, by the Catholic part of her subjects at least, was held superior to her own. She remembered, that Mary had been led to assume the arms and titles of the English monarchy, or rather, that the French had assumed them in her name. She recollected, that Mary had been her rival in accomplishments; and certainly she did not forget, that she was her superior in youth and beauty; and had the advantage, as she had expressed it herself, to be mother of a fair son, while she remained a barren stock. She, therefore, considered the Scottish Queen, not as a sister and friend in distress, but as an enemy, over whom circumstances had given her power, and determined upon reducing her to the condition of a captive.

In pursuance of the line of conduct to which this mean train of reasoning led, the unfortunate Mary was surrounded by English guards; and as Elizabeth reasonably doubted that she might obtain aid from Scotland, she was removed to Bolton Castle, in Yorkshire. But some pretext was wanting for a conduct so violent, so ungenerous, and so unjust, and Elizabeth contrived to find one.

The Regent Murray, upon Mary's flight to England, had contrived to vindicate his conduct in the eyes of Queen Elizabeth, by alleging that his sister had been accessory to the murder of her husband

Darnley, in order that she might marry her paramour Bothwell. Now, although this, supposing it true, was very criminal conduct, yet Elizabeth had not the least title to constitute herself judge in the matter. Mary was no subject of hers, nor, according to the law of nations, had the English Queen any right to act as umpire in the quarrel between the Scottish Queen and her subjects. But she extorted, in the following manner, a sort of acquiescence in her right to decide, from the Scottish Queen.

The messengers of Queen Elizabeth informed Mary, that their mistress regretted extremely that she could not at once admit her to her presence, nor give her the affectionate reception which she longed to afford her, until she stood clear, in the eyes of the world, of the scandalous accusations of her Scottish subjects. Mary at once undertook to make her innocence evident to Elizabeth's satisfaction; and this the Queen of England pretended to consider as a call upon herself to act as umpire in the quarrel betwixt Mary and the party by which she had been deposed and exiled. It was in vain that Mary remonstrated, that, in agreeing to remove Elizabeth's scruples, she acted merely out of respect to her opinion, and a desire to conciliate her favour, but not with the purpose of constituting the English Queen her judge in a judicial trial. Elizabeth was determined to keep the advantage which she had attained, and to act as if Mary had, of her full free will, rendered her the sole arbiter of her fate.

The Queen of England appointed commissioners to hear the parties, and consider the evidence which was to be laid before them by both sides. The Regent Murray appeared in person before these commissioners, in the odious character of the accuser of his sister, benefactress, and sovereign. Queen Mary also sent the most able of her adherents, the Bishop of Ross, Lord Herries, and others, to plead the case on her side.

The Commission met at York in October, 1568. The proceedings commenced with a singular attempt to establish the obsolete question of the alleged supremacy of England over Scotland. "You come hither," said the English Commissioners to the Regent and his assistants, "to submit the differences which divide the kingdom of Scotland to the Queen of England, and therefore I first require of you to pay her Grace the homage due to her." The Earl of Murray blushed and was silent. But Maitland of Lethington answered with spirit—"When Elizabeth restores to Scotland the Earldom of Huntingdon, with Cumberland and Westmoreland, we will do such homage for these territories as was done by the ancient Sovereigns of Scotland who enjoyed them. As to the crown and kingdom of Scotland, they are more free than those of England, which lately paid Peter-pence to Rome."

This question being waived, they entered on the proper business of the Commission. It was not without hesitation that Murray was induced to make his accusation in explicit terms, and there was still greater difficulty in obtaining from him any evidence in support of the odious charges of matrimonial infidelity, and accession to the murder of her husband, with which that accusation charged Mary. It is true, the Queen's conduct had been unguarded and im-

prudent, but there was no arguing from thence that she was guilty of the foul crime charged. Something like proof was wanted, and at length a box of letters and papers was produced, stated to have been taken from a servant of Bothwell, called Dalglish. These letters, if genuine, certainly proved that Mary was a paramour of Bothwell while Darnley was yet alive, and that she knew and approved of the murder of that ill-fated young man. But the letters were alleged by the Queen's Commissioners to be gross forgeries, devised for the purpose of slandering their mistress. It is most remarkable, that Dalglish was condemned and executed without a word being asked at him about these letters, even if it had been only to prove that they had been found in his possession. Lord Herries and the Bishop of Ross did not rest satisfied with defending the Queen; they charged Murray himself with having confederated with Bothwell for the destruction of Darnley.

At the end of five months' investigation, the Queen of England informed both parties that she had, on the one hand, seen nothing which induced her to doubt the worth and honour of the Earl of Murray; while, on the other, he had, in her opinion, proved nothing of the criminal charges which he had brought against his sovereign. She was therefore, she said, determined to leave the affairs of Scotland as she had found them.

To have treated both parties impartially, as her sentence seemed intended to imply her desire to do, the Queen ought to have restored Mary to liberty. But while Murray was sent down with the loan of a large sum of money, Mary was retained in that captivity which was only to end with her life.

Murray returned to Scotland, having had all the advantage of the conference at York. His coffers were replenished, and his power confirmed, by the favour of Queen Elizabeth; and he had little difficulty in scattering the remains of the Queen's Lords, who, in fact, had never been able to make head since the battle of Langside, and the flight of their mistress.

In the meantime some extraordinary events took place in England. The Duke of Norfolk had formed a plan to restore Queen Mary to liberty, and was in recompense to be rewarded with her hand in marriage. The Regent Murray had been admitted into the secret of this plot, although it may be supposed the object was not very acceptable to him. Many of the great nobles had agreed to join in the undertaking, particularly the powerful Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland. The plot of Norfolk was discovered and proved against him, chiefly by the declarations of Murray, who meanly betrayed the secret intrusted to him; and he was seized upon, committed to confinement, and, a few months afterwards, tried and executed.

But before this catastrophe, Northumberland and Westmoreland rushed into a hasty rebellion, which they were unable to conduct with sufficient vigour. Their troops dispersed without battle before the army which Queen Elizabeth had sent against them. Westmoreland found a secure refuge among the Scottish Borderers, who were favourable to the cause of Mary. They assisted him in his escape to the sea-coast, and he finally made his way to Flanders, and died in exile. Northumberland was less fortunate.

A Borderer, named Hector Armstrong of Harlaw, treacherously betrayed him to the Regent Murray, who refused indeed to deliver him up to Queen Elizabeth, but detained him prisoner in that same lonely Castle of Lochleven which had been lately the scene of Mary's captivity.

All these successive events tended to establish the power of Murray, and to diminish the courage of such Lords as remained attached to the opposite party. But it happens frequently, that when men appear most secure of the object they have been toiling for, their views are suddenly and strangely disappointed. A blow was impending over Murray from a quarter, which, if named to the haughty Regent, he would probably have despised, since it originated in the resentment of a private man.

After the battle of Langside, six of the Hamiltons who had been most active on that occasion, were sentenced to die, as being guilty of treason against James VI, for having espoused his mother's cause. In this doom there was little justice, considering how the country was divided between the claims of the mother and the son. But the decree was not acted upon, and the persons condemned received their pardon through the mediation of John Knox with the Regent.

One of the persons thus pardoned was Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, a man of a fierce and vindictive character. Like others in his condition, he was punished by the forfeiture of his property, although his life was spared. His wife had brought him, as her portion, the lands of Woodhouselee, near Roslin, and these were bestowed by Murray upon one of his favourites. This person exercised the right so rudely as to turn Hamilton's wife out of her own house undressed, and unprotected from the fury of the weather. In consequence of this brutal treatment, she became insane and died. Her husband vowed revenge, not on the actual author of his misfortune, but upon the Regent Murray, whom he considered as the original cause of it, and whom his family prejudices induced him to regard as the usurper of the sovereign power, and the oppressor of the name and house of Hamilton. There is little doubt that the Archbishop of Saint Andrew's, and some others of his name, encouraged Bothwellhaugh in this desperate resolution.

He took his measures with every mark of deliberation. Having learned that the Regent was to pass through Linlithgow on a certain day, he secretly introduced himself into a house belonging to the Archbishop of St Andrew's, which had in front a wooden balcony looking upon the street. Bothwellhaugh hung a black cloth on the wall of the apartment where he lay, that his shadow might not be seen from without, and spread a mattress on the floor, that the sound of his feet might not be heard from beneath. To secure his escape he fastened a fleet horse in the garden behind the house, and pulled down the lintel stones from the posts of the garden-door, so that he might be able to pass through it on horseback. He also strongly barricaded the front door of the house, which opened to the street of the town. Thus having prepared all for concealment until the deed was done, and for escape afterwards, he armed himself with a loaded carabine, shut himself up in the lonely chamber, and waited the arrival of his victim.

Some friend of Murray transmitted to him a hint of the danger which he might incur in passing through the street of a place in which he was known to have enemies, and advised that he should avoid it by going round on the outside of the town; or, at least, by riding hastily past the lodging which was more particularly suspected, as belonging to the Hamiltons. But the Regent, thinking that the step recommended would have an appearance of timidity, held on his way through the crowded street. As he came opposite the fatal balcony, his horse being somewhat retarded by the number of spectators, gave Bothwellhaugh time to take a deliberate aim. He fired the carabine, and the Regent fell, mortally wounded. The ball, after passing through his body, killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on his right hand. His attendants rushed furiously at the door of the house from which the shot had issued; but Bothwellhaugh's precautions had been so securely taken that they were unable to force their entrance till he had mounted his good horse, and escaped through the garden gate. He was notwithstanding pursued so closely, that he had very nearly been taken; but after spur and whip had both failed, he pricked his horse with his dagger, and compelled him to take a desperate leap over a ditch, which his pursuers were unable to cross, and thus made his escape.

The Regent died in the course of the night, leaving a character, which has been, perhaps, too highly extolled by one class of authors, and too much depreciated by another, according as his conduct to his sister was approved or condemned.

The murderer escaped to France. In the civil wars of that country, an attempt was made to engage him, as a known desperado, in the assassination of the Admiral Coligni; but he resented it as a deadly insult. He had slain a man in Scotland, he said, from whom he had sustained a mortal injury; but the world could not engage him to attempt the life of one against whom he had no cause of quarrel.

The death of Murray had been an event expected by many of Queen Mary's adherents. The very night after it happened, Scott of Buccleuch and Kerr of Fairnyherst broke into England, and ravaged the frontier with more than their wonted severity. When it was objected by one of the sufferers under this foray, that the Regent would punish the party concerned in such illegal violence, the Borderer replied contemptuously, that the Regent was as cold as his bridle-bit. This served to show that their leaders had been privy to Bothwellhaugh's action, and desired to take advantage of it, in order to give grounds for war between the countries. But Queen Elizabeth was contented to send a small army to the frontier, to burn the castles and ravage the estates of the two clans which had been engaged in the hostile inroad; a service which they executed with much severity on the clans of Scott and Ker, without doing injury to those against whom their mistress had no complaint.

Upon the death of Murray, Lennox was chosen Regent. He was the father of the murdered Darnley, yet showed no excessive thirst of vengeance. He endeavoured to procure a union of parties, for the purpose of domestic peace. But men's minds on both sides had become too much exasperated against each other. The Queen's party was strengthened

by Maitland of Lethington and Kirkaldy of Grange joining that faction, after having been long the boast of that of the King. Lethington we have often mentioned as one of the ablest men in Scotland, and Kirkaldy was certainly one of the bravest. He was, besides, Governor of Edinburgh Castle, and his declaring that he held that important place for the Queen gave great spirit to Mary's adherents. At the same time, they were deprived of a strong-hold of scarcely inferior consequence, by the loss of Dunbarton Castle, in the following extraordinary manner.

Dunbarton is one of the strongest places in the world. It is situated on a rock, which rises almost perpendicularly from a level plain to the height of several hundred feet. On the summit of this rock the buildings are situated, and as there is only one access from below, which rises by steps, and is strongly guarded and fortified, the fort might be almost held to be impregnable, that is, incapable of being taken. One Captain Crawford of Jordanhill resolved, nevertheless, to make an attempt on this formidable castle.

He took advantage of a misty and moonless night to bring to the foot of the castle-rock the scaling-ladders which he had provided, chusing for his terrible experiment the place where the rock was highest, and where, of course, less pains were taken to keep a regular guard. This choice was fortunate; for the first ladder broke with the weight of the men who attempted to mount, and the noise of the fall must have betrayed them, had there been any sentinel within hearing. Crawford, assisted by a soldier who had deserted from the castle, and was acting as his guide, next scrambled up, and contrived to make fast the second ladder, by tying it to the roots of a tree, which grew about midway up the rock. Here they found a small flat surface, that held the whole party, which was, of course, very few in number. In scaling the second precipice another accident took place:—One of the party, subject to epileptic fits, was seized by one of those attacks, brought on perhaps by terror, while he was in the act of climbing up the ladder. His illness made it impossible for him either to ascend or descend. To have slain the man would have been a cruel expedient, besides that his fall from the ladder must have alarmed the garrison. Crawford caused him, therefore, to be tied to the ladder; then all the rest descending, they turned the ladder, and thus mounted with ease over the belly of the epileptic person. When the party gained the summit, they slew the sentinel ere he had time to give the alarm, and easily surprised the slumbering garrison, who had trusted too much to the security of their castle. This exploit of Crawford may compare with any thing of the kind which we read of in history.

Hamilton, the Archbishop of St Andrew's, was made prisoner in Dunbarton, where he had taken refuge, as he was particularly hated by the King's party. He was now in their hands, and as they had formerly proclaimed him a traitor, they now without scruple put him to death as such. This cruel deed occasioned other violences, by way of retaliation, which, in turn, led to fresh acts of bloodshed. All natural ties were forgotten in the distinction of King's-men and Queen's-men; and as neither party gave

quarter to their opponents, the civil war assumed a most horrible aspect. Fathers, and sons, and brothers, took opposite sides, and fought against each other. The very children of the towns and villages formed themselves into bands for King James or Queen Mary, and fought inveterately with stones, sticks, and knives.

In the midst of this confusion, each party called a Parliament, which was attended only by the Lords of their own side. The Queen's Parliament met at Edinburgh, under protection of the Castle, and its governor Kirkaldy. The King's faction had a much more numerous assembly, assuming the same denomination, at Stirling, where they produced the young King, to give authority to their proceedings. The boy, with natural childishness, observing a rent in the carpet which covered the table at which the clerks sate, observed "there was a hole in the Parliament." These words were remarked afterwards, as if they had contained a sort of prophecy of the following singular event:

Kirkaldy devised an enterprise by which, if successful, he would have put a complete stop to the proceedings of the King's Parliament, nay, to the civil war itself. He sent for Buccleuch and Fairmyherst, already noticed as zealous partisans of Mary, desiring them to bring a large party of their best horsemen,—and joined with them the Lord Claud Hamilton, with a detachment of infantry. The whole were guided by a man of the name of Bell, who knew the town of Stirling, being a native of that place. He introduced the party, consisting of about five hundred men, into the middle of the town, without even a dog barking at them. Then they raised the alarm, crying out, "God and the Queen! think on the Archbishop of Saint Andrew's! all is our own!" According to the directions they had received, they sent parties to the different houses of which the King's Lords had taken possession, and made them prisoners without resistance, except on the part of Morton, whose obstinate valour obliged them to set fire to his lodgings. He then reluctantly surrendered himself to Buccleuch, who was his near connexion. But his resistance had gained some time, and the assailants had scattered themselves in quest of plunder. At this moment, Mar brought a party of musketeers out of the Castle, and placing them behind the walls of a house which he had commenced building on the Castlehill, he opened a heavy and unexpected fire upon the Queen's-men. These being already in disorder, were struck with panic in the moment of victory, and began to fly. The scene was now completely changed, and they who had been triumphant the moment before, were glad to surrender to their own captives. Lennox, the Regent, had been mounted behind Spens of Wormeston, who had made him captive. He was a particular object of vengeance to the Hamiltons, who longed to requite the death of the Archbishop of Saint Andrew's. He was killed, as was believed, by Lord Claud Hamilton's orders; and Spens, who most honourably endeavoured to protect his prisoner, was slain at the same time. The Queen's party retreated out of Stirling without much loss, for the Borderers carried off all the horses, upon which the opposite party might have followed the chase. Kirkaldy received

the news of the Regent's death with much dissatisfaction, abusing those who commanded the party as disorderly beasts, who neither knew how to gain a victory, nor how to use it. Had he placed himself at the head of the detachment, as he had earnestly desired to do, it is probable that the Raid of Stirling might have ended the war. As it fell out, the quarrel was only embittered, if possible, by the death of Lennox.

The Earl of Mar was named Regent on the King's side. He was a man of fair and moderate views, and so honourably desirous of restoring the blessing of peace to his country, that the impossibility of attaining his object is said to have shortened his life. He died 29th October, 1572, having been Regent little more than one year.

The Earl of Morton was next made Regent. We have seen that this nobleman, however respectable for courage and talents, was nevertheless of a fierce and cruel disposition. He had been concerned in Rizzio's murder, and was at least acquainted with that of Darnley. It was to be expected that he would continue the war with the same ferocious cruelty by which it had been distinguished, instead of labouring, like Mar, to diminish its violence. This fell out accordingly. Each party continued to execute their prisoners; and as skirmishes were daily fought, the number of persons who fell by the sword, or died upon the gibbet, was fearfully great. From the family name of Morton, these were called the Douglasses' wars. After these hostilities had existed for about five years, the Duke of Chatelherault, and the Earl of Huntly, the two principal nobles who had supported the Queen's cause, submitted themselves to the King's authority, and to the sway of the Regent. Kirkaldy of Grange, assisted by the counsels of Maitland of Lethington, continued to maintain the Castle of Edinburgh against Morton. But Queen Elizabeth, who became now desirous of ending the Scottish dissensions, sent from Berwick a considerable body of regular forces, and what was still more needful, a large train of artillery,—which formed a close siege around the Castle of Edinburgh. The garrison were, however, much more distressed for provisions, than by the shot of the English batteries. It was not till after a valiant defence, in the course of which one of the springs which supplied the fortress with water was dried up, and the other became choaked with ruins, that the gallant Kirkaldy was compelled to capitulate.

He surrendered to the English General, who promised that his mistress should intercede with the Regent for favourable treatment to the Governor and his adherents.—This might the rather have been expected, because Morton and Kirkaldy had been at one time great friends. But the Regent was earnest in demanding the life of his valorous opponent; and Elizabeth, with little regard to her General's honour or her own, abandoned the prisoners to Morton's vengeance. Kirkaldy and his brother were publicly executed, to the great regret even of many of the King's party themselves. Maitland of Lethington, more famed for talents than integrity, despaired of obtaining mercy where none had been extended to Kirkaldy of Grange, and put a period to his existence, by taking poison.—Thus ended the civil wars of

Queen Mary's reign, with the death of the bravest soldier, and of the ablest statesman, in Scotland; for such were Kirkaldy and Maitland.

From the time of the surrender of Edinburgh Castle, 29th May, 1573, the Regent Morton was in complete possession of the supreme power in Scotland. As Queen Elizabeth had been his constant friend during the civil wars, he paid devoted attention to her wishes when he became the undisputed ruler of the kingdom.

Morton even went so far as to yield up to the justice, or the revenge, of the English Queen, that unfortunate Earl of Northumberland, who, as I formerly mentioned, had raised a rebellion in England, and, flying into Scotland, had been confined by the Regent Murray in Lochleven Castle. The surrender of this unfortunate nobleman to England was a great stain, not only on the character of Morton, but of Scotland in general, which had hitherto been accounted a safe and hospitable place of refuge for those whom misfortune or political faction had exiled from their own country. It was the more particularly noticed, because when Morton himself had been forced to fly to England, on account of his share in Rizzio's murder, he had been courteously received and protected by the unhappy nobleman whom he had now delivered up to his fate. It was an additional and aggravating circumstance, that it was a Douglas who betrayed a Percy; and when the annals of their ancestors were considered, it was found that while they presented many acts of open hostility, many instances of close and firm alliance, they never till now had afforded an example of any act of treachery exercised by the one family against the other.—To complete the infamy of the transaction, a sum of money was paid to the Regent on this occasion, which he divided with Douglas of Lochleven. Northumberland was beheaded at York, 1572.

In other respects, Scotland derived great advantage from the peace with England, as some degree of repose was highly necessary to this distracted country. It continued, with little interruption, for thirty years and upwards.

On one occasion, however, a smart action took place betwixt the Scots and English, which, though of little consequence, I may here tell you of, chiefly because it was the last considerable skirmish—with the exception of a deed of bold daring, of which I shall tell by and by—which the two nations, had, or, it is to be hoped, ever will have, with each other.

It was the course adopted for preserving peace upon the Border, that the Wardens on each side used to meet on days appointed, and deliver up to each other the malefactors who had committed aggressions upon either country, or else make pecuniary reparation for the trespasses which they had done. On the 7th July, 1575, Carmichael, as Warden for the Scottish Middle Marches, met Sir John Foster, the English officer on the opposite frontier, each being, as usual, accompanied by the armed clans inhabiting his jurisdiction. Foster was attended by the men of Tynedale, in greater numbers than those of the Scottish Borderers, all well armed with jack and spear, as well as bows and arrows. The meeting was at first peaceful. The Wardens commenced

their usual business of settling delinquencies; and their attendants began to traffic with each other, and to engage in sport and gaming. For, notwithstanding their habitual incursions, a sort of acquaintance was always kept up between the Borderers on both sides, like that which takes place betwixt the outposts of two contending armies.

During this friendly intercourse on both sides, a dispute arose between the two Wardens, Carmichael desiring delivery of an English depredator, for whom Foster, on the other hand, refused to be responsible. They both arose from their seats as the debate grew warm, and Sir John Foster told Carmichael, contemptuously, he ought to match himself with his equals. The English Borderers immediately raised their war-cry of "To it, Tynedale," and, without farther ceremony, shot a flight of arrows among the Scots, who, few in number, and surprised, were with difficulty able to keep their ground. A band of the citizens of Jedburgh arrived just in time to support their countrymen; and most of them having fire-arms, the old English long-bow no more possessed its ancient superiority. After a smart action, the English were driven from the field; Sir John Foster, with many of the English gentlemen, being made prisoners, were sent to be at the Regent Morton's disposal. Sir George Heron of Chipchase and other persons of condition were slain.

Morton, afraid of Queen Elizabeth's displeasure, though the offence had been given by the English, treated the prisoners with distinction, and dismissed them, not only without ransom, but with presents of falcons, and other tokens of respect. "Are you not well treated?" said a Scotsman to one of these liberated prisoners, "since we give you live hawks for dead herons?"

This skirmish, called the Raid of the Redswair, took place on the mountainous ridge of the Carter. It produced no interruption of concord between the two countries, being passed over as a casual affray.

Scotland, therefore, enjoyed the blessings of peace during the greater part of Morton's regency.

But the advantages which the kingdom derived from peace, were in some measure destroyed by the corrupt and oppressive government of Morton, who turned his thoughts almost entirely to amassing treasure, by every means in his power. The extensive property, which formerly belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, was a mine out of which the Regent and the other great nobles contrived to work for themselves a great deal of wealth. This they did chiefly by dealing with those who were placed in the room of the abbots and priors as commendators, by which word the Scots distinguished a layman who was placed in possession of an ecclesiastical benefice. To these commendators the nobles applied, and, by fair means or force, compelled them to make over and transfer to them the property of the abbacies, or at least to grant it to them in long leases for a trifling rent. That you may understand how this sort of business was managed, I will give you a curious instance of it:

In August, 1570, Allan Stewart, commendator of the abbacy of Crossraguel, in Ayrshire, was prevailed on to visit the Earl of Cassilis, who conveyed

him, partly against his will, to a lonely tower, which overhangs the sea, called the Black Vault of Denure, the ruins of which are yet visible. He was treated for some time kindly, but as his arms and servants were removed from him, he soon saw reason to consider himself less as a friendly guest than as a prisoner, to whom some foul play was intended. At length, the Earl conveyed his guest into a private chamber, in which there was no furniture of any kind, excepting a huge clumsy iron grate or gridiron, beneath which was a fire of charcoal. "And now, my Lord Abbot," said the Earl of Cassilis, "will you be pleased to sign these deeds?" And so saying, he laid before him leases and other papers, transferring the whole lands of the abbacy of Crossraguel to the Earl himself. The commendator refused to yield up the property, or to subscribe the deeds.—A party of ruffians entered, and seizing the unhappy man, stripped him of his clothes, and laid him on the iron bars, where he lay scorched by the fire beneath, while they basted him with oil, as a cook bastes the meat which she roasts upon a spit. The agony of such torture was not to be endured. The poor man cried pitifully, begging they would put him to instant death, rather than subject him to this lingering misery, and offered his purse, with the money it contained, to any who would in mercy shoot him through the head. At length, he was obliged to promise to subscribe whatever the Earl wished, rather than endure the excessive torture any longer. The letters and leases being then presented to him, he signed them with his half-roasted hand; while the Earl all the while exclaimed, with the most impudent hypocrisy, "Benedicite! you are the most obstinate man I ever saw, to oblige me to use you thus: I never thought to have treated any one as your stubbornness has made me treat you." The commendator was afterwards delivered by a party commanded by Hamilton of Bargany, who attacked the Black Vault of Denure for the purpose of his liberation. But the wild, savage, and ferocious conduct of the Earl shows in what manner the nobles obtained grants of the Church lands from those who had possession of them for the time.

The Earl of Morton, however, set the example of another and less violent mode of appropriating Church revenues to his own purposes. This was by reviving the order of Bishops, which had been discarded from the Presbyterian form of church government.—For example, on the execution of the Archbishop of Saint Andrew's, he caused Douglas, Rector of Saint Andrew's, to be made Archbishop in his place; but then he allowed this nominal prelate only a small pension out of the large revenues of the bishoprick, and retained possession of all the rest of the income for his own advantage, though the rents were levied in the Bishop's name.

These and other innovations gave great distress to John Knox, the bold and inflexible father of the Scottish Reformation. He saw with pain that the Protestant nobles were likely to diminish even the scanty subsistence which was supplied to the Scottish clergy, out of the ample funds which had belonged originally to the Church of Rome. He was also jealous of the republican equality, when he beheld the Church of Scotland innovated upon by

this new introduction of Bishops, though with limited incomes and diminished power. For these and other reasons he had more than once bitterly rebuked the Regent Morton; but when this remarkable man died, the Regent, who attended his funeral, pronounced over his coffin an eulogium never to be forgotten—"Here lies he," said Morton, "that never feared the face of man."

In the state as in the Church, the Regent displayed symptoms of a vindictive, avaricious, and corrupt disposition. Although the civil wars were ended, he resolved to avenge upon the Hamiltons the continued support which that powerful family had given to the Queen's party, and the obstacles which they had thrown in the way of his own exaltation. He proceeded to act against them as public enemies, drove them out of Scotland, and seized upon their estates. The Earl of Arran, eldest brother of the family, to whom the estates actually belonged, was insane, and in a state of confinement; but this did not prevent Morton from declaring that the earldom and the lands belonging to it were forfeited—an abuse of law which scandalized all honest men.

It was not only by confiscation that Morton endeavoured to amass wealth. He took money for the offices which he had it in his power to bestow. Even in administering justice, his hands were not pure from bribes: although to dispense the behests of law from favour or love of gain, is one of the greatest crimes of which a public man can be guilty.

It is told of Earl Morton, in a history of the family of Somerville, that one of these noblemen having a great and important cause to be decided, in which the influence of the Regent might assuredly occasion it to be determined as he himself should think fit, he followed, by the advice of an ancient and experienced acquaintance of the Regent, the following singular course:—Lord Somerville waited on Lord Morton, and recommended his case to his favourable opinion, —a kind of personal solicitation which was then much in use. Having spoken with the Regent for a short time, he turned to depart, and, opening his purse, as if to take out some money to give to the ushers and attendants, as was the custom upon such occasions, he left the purse on the table as if he had forgot it. Morton called after him,—“My lord, your purse—you have forgot your purse!”—but Lord Somerville hastened away without turning back. He heard nothing more of the purse, which he had taken care should be pretty full of gold; but Lord Morton that day decided the cause in his favour.

Instances of such greedy profligacy by degrees alienated from Morton even the affection and inclinations of his best friends, and his government at length became so generally unpopular, that a universal wish was entertained that the King would put an end to the Regency by assuming the government into his own hands.

These opinions prevailed so generally that Morton, on the 12th March, 1578, resigned his office of Regent, and retired to reside in his Castle of Dalkeith as a private man, leaving the government to be administered by a council of nobles, twelve in number. But, accustomed to be at the head of the government, he could not long remain inactive. He burst from his seclusion in the gloomy fortress, which the people

called the Lion's Den, and, using a mixture of craft and force, expelled the new councillors; and once more, after the old Douglas fashion, obtained the supreme management of public affairs. But the sovereign was no longer a child. He was now beginning to think and act for himself; and it is necessary you should know something of his character.

James VI was but an infant when he was placed on the throne of his mother. He was now only a boy of fourteen, very good natured, and with as much learning as two excellent schoolmasters could cram him with. In fact, he had more learning than wisdom; and yet, in the course of his future life, it did not appear that he was without good sense, so much as that he was destitute of the power to form manly purposes, and the firmness necessary to maintain them. A certain childishness and meanness of mind rendered his good sense useless, and his learning ridiculous. Even from his infancy he was passionately addicted to favourites, and already, in his thirteenth or fourteenth year, there were two persons so high in his good graces that they could bring him to do anything they pleased.

The first was Esme Stewart d'Aubigny, a nephew of the late Earl of Lennox, and his heir. The King not only restored this young man to the honours of his family, but created him Duke of Lennox, and raised him with too prodigal generosity to a high situation in the state. There was nothing in the character of this favourite, either to deserve such extreme preferment, or to make him unworthy of it. He was a gallant young gentleman, who was deeply grateful to the King for his bounty, and disposed to enjoy it without injuring any one.

Very different was the character of the other favourite of James VI. This was Captain James Stewart, a second son of the family of Ochiltree. He was an unprincipled, abandoned man, without any wisdom except cunning, and only distinguished by the audacity of his ambition and the boldness of his character.

The counsels of these two favourites increased the King's natural desire to put an end to the sway of Morton, and Stewart resolved that the pretext for his removal should also be one which should bring him to the block. The grounds of accusation were artfully chosen. The Earl of Morton, when he resigned the regency, had obtained a pardon under the Great Seal for all crimes and offences which he had or might have committed against the King; but there was no mention, in that pardon, of the murder of Henry Darnley, the King's father, and in that murder the Earl of Morton had certainly participated. The favourite, Stewart, took the office of accuser upon himself; and entering the King's chamber suddenly when the Privy Council were assembled, he dropped on his knees before James, and accused the Earl of Morton of having been concerned in the murder of the King's father. To this Morton, with a haughty smile, replied, that he had prosecuted the perpetrators of that offence too severely to make it probable that he himself was one of them. All he demanded was a fair inquiry.

Upon this public accusation, the Earl, so lately the most powerful man in Scotland, was made prisoner, and appointed to abide a trial. The friends he had

left earnestly exhorted him to fly. His nephew, the Earl of Angus, offered to raise his men, and protect him by force. Morton refused both offers, alleging he would wait the event of a fair investigation. The Queen of England interfered in Morton's behalf with such partial eagerness, as perhaps prejudiced James still more against the prisoner, whom he was led to believe to be more attached to Elizabeth's service than to his own.

Meantime the accuser, Stewart, was promoted to the earldom of Arran, vacant by the forfeiture of the Hamiltons. Morton, who had no knowledge of this preferment, was astonished when he heard that the charge ran against him in the name of James, Earl of Arran. When it was explained to him who it was that now enjoyed the title, he observed, "Is it even so? then I know what I have to expect." It was supposed that he recollected an old prophecy, which foretold "that the Bloody Heart (the cognisance of the Douglasses) should fall by the mouth of Arran;" and it was conjectured that the fear of some one of the Hamiltons accomplishing that prophecy, had made him the more actively violent in destroying that family. If so, his own tyrannical oppression only opened the way for the creation of an Arran different from those whom he had thought of.

The trial of Morton appears to have been conducted with no attention to the rules of impartial justice; for the servants of the accused person were apprehended and put to the torture, in order to extort from them confessions which might be fatal to their master. Morton protested against two or three persons who were placed upon his jury, as being his mortal enemies; but they were nevertheless retained. They brought in a verdict, finding that he was guilty, art and part, of the murder of Henry Darnley. A man is said to be art and part of a crime when he contrives the manner of the deed, and concurs with and encourages those who commit the crime, although he does not put his own hand to the actual execution. Morton heard the verdict with indignation, and struck his staff against the ground as he repeated the words, "Art and part! art and part! God knows it is not so." On the morning after his sentence he awoke from a profound sleep—"On former nights," he said, "I used to lie awake, thinking how I might defend myself, but now my mind is relieved of its burden." Being conjured by the clergymen who attended him to confess all he knew of Henry Darnley's murder, he told them, as we have noticed elsewhere, that a proposal had been made to him by Bothwell to be accessory to the deed, but that he had refused to assent to it without an order under the Queen's hand, which Bothwell promised to procure, but could not, or at least did not, do so. Morton admitted that he had kept the secret, not knowing, he said, to whom to discover it: For if he had told it to Queen Mary, she was herself one of the conspirators; if to Darnley, he was of a disposition so silly that the Queen would work it out of him, and then he, Morton, was equally undone. He also admitted, that he knew that his friend, dependent, and kinsman, Archibald Douglas, was present at the murder, whom, notwithstanding, he never brought to justice, but, on the contrary, continued to favour him. Upon the whole, he seemed to allow, that

he suffered justly for concealing the crime, though he denied having given counsel or assistance to its actual execution. "But it is all the same," he said; "I should have had the same doom whether I were as innocent as St Stephen, or as guilty as Judas."

As they were about to lead the Earl to execution, Captain Stewart, his accuser, now Earl of Arran, came to urge his subscribing a paper containing the purport of his confession. Morton replied, "I pray you trouble me not; I am now to prepare for death, and cannot write in the state in which I am." Arran then desired to be reconciled with him, pretending he had only acted from public and conscientious motives. "It is no time to count quarrels now," said the Earl—"I forgive you and all others."

This celebrated man died by a machine, called the *Maiden*, which he himself had introduced into Scotland from Halifax in Yorkshire. The criminal who suffered by this engine, was adjusted upon planks, in a prostrate state, his neck being placed beneath a sharp axe, heavily loaded with lead, which was suspended by a rope brought over a pulley. When the signal was given, the rope was cast loose, and the axe descending on the neck of the condemned person, severed, of course, the head from the body. Morton submitted to his fate with the most Christian fortitude; and in him died the last of those terrible Douglasses, whose talents and courage rendered them the pride of their country, but whose ambition was often its scourge. No one could tell what became of the treasures he had amassed, and for the sake of which he sacrificed his popularity as a liberal, and his conscience as an honest man. He was, or seemed to be, so poor, that, when going to the scaffold, he borrowed money from a friend, that he might bestow a parting alms upon the mendicants who solicited his charity. Some have thought that his mass of wealth lies still concealed among the secret vaults of his castle of Dalkeith, now belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch. But Hume of Godscroft, who writes the History of the Douglas family, says that large sums were expended by the Earl of Angus, the nephew of Morton, in maintaining a number of exiles, who, like the Earl himself, were banished from Scotland, and at length, when paying away some money for this purpose, he was heard to say, "The last of it is now gone, and I never looked that it should have done so much good." This Godscroft believed to allude to the final expenditure of the treasures of the Regent Morton.

After the death of Morton, his faults and crimes were in a great measure forgotten, when it was observed that Arran (that is, Captain Stewart) possessed all the late Regent's vices of corruption and oppression, without his wisdom or his talents. Lennox, the King's other favourite, was also unpopular, chiefly because he was unacceptable to the clergy, who, although he avowedly professed the Protestant religion, were jealous of his retaining an attachment to the Catholic faith. This suspicion arose from his having been educated in France. They publicly preached against him as "a great Champion called his Grace, who, if he continued to oppose himself to religion, should have little grace in the end."

A plot was formed among the discontented nobles

to take the King's favourites from about him, and this was accomplished by forcibly seizing on the person of the King himself, which, during the minority of the Prince, was the ordinary mode of changing an administration in the kingdom of Scotland.

On the 23d August, 1582, the Earl of Gowrie invited the King to his castle at Ruthven, under pretext of hunting; he was joined by the Earl of Mar, Lord Lindsay, the Tutor of Glamis, and other noblemen, chiefly such as had been friendly to the Regent Morton, and who were, like him, attached to Queen Elizabeth's faction. When the King saw so many persons gather round him whom he knew to be of one way of thinking, and that hostile to his present measures, he became apprehensive of their intentions, and expressed himself desirous of leaving the castle.

The nobles gave him to understand that he would not be permitted to do so; and, when James rose and went towards the door of the apartment, the Tutor of Glamis, a rude stern man, placed his back against it, and compelled him to return. Affronted at this act of personal restraint and violence, the King burst into tears. "Let him weep on," said the Tutor of Glamis, fiercely; "better that bairns (children) weep, than bearded men." These words sank deep into the King's heart, nor did he ever forget or forgive them.

The insurgent Lords took possession of the government, and banished the Duke of Lennox to France, where he died broken-hearted at the fall of his fortunes. James afterwards recalled his son to Scotland, and invested him with his father's fortune and dignities. Arran, the King's much less worthy favourite, was thrown into prison, and closely guarded. The King himself, reduced to a state of captivity, like his grandfather, James V, when in the hands of the Douglasses, temporized and watched an opportunity of escape. His guards consisted of a hundred gentlemen, and their commander, Colonel Stewart, a relation of the disgraced and imprisoned Arran, was easily engaged to do what the King wished.

James, with the purpose of recovering his freedom, made a visit to Saint Andrew's, and when there, affected some curiosity to see the castle. But no sooner had he entered it, than he caused the gates to be shut, and excluded from his presence the nobles who had been accessory to what was called the Raid of Ruthven.

The Earl of Gowrie and his accomplices, being thus thrust out of office, and deprived of the custody of the King's person, united in a fresh plot for regaining the power they had lost, by a new insurrection. In this, however, they were unsuccessful. The King advanced against them with considerable forces; Gowrie was made prisoner, tried and executed. Angus and the other insurgents fled to England, the ordinary refuge of Scottish exiles. The execution of Gowrie gave rise long afterwards to that extraordinary event in Scottish history, called the Gowrie Conspiracy, of which I shall give you an account by and by.

Arran was now restored to power, and indeed raised higher than ever by that indiscriminate affection, which on this and other occasions induced James to heap wealth and power without bounds

upon his favourites. He governed everything at court and throughout the kingdom; and, though ignorant as well as venal and profligate, he was raised to the dignity of Lord Chancellor, the highest law-office in the state, and that in which sagacity, learning, and integrity, were chiefly required.

One day, as he bustled into the Court of Justice at the head of his numerous retinue, an old man, rather meanly dressed, chanced to stand in his way. As Arran pushed rudely past him, the man stopped him and said, "Look at me, my lord,—I am Oliver Sinclair!" Oliver Sinclair, you remember, was the favourite of James V, and had exercised during his reign as absolute a sway in Scotland as Arran now enjoyed under his grandson, James VI. In presenting himself before the present favourite in his neglected condition, he gave Arran an example of the changeful character of court favour. The lesson was a striking one; but Arran did not profit by it.

His government became so utterly intolerable, that, in the year 1585, the banished Lords found a welcome reception in Scotland, and, marching to Stirling at the head of ten thousand men, compelled James to receive them into his councils; and, by using their victory with moderation, were enabled to maintain the power which they had thus gained. Arran, stripped of his Earldom and ill-gotten gains, and banished from the court, was fain to live privately and miserably among the wilds of the north-west of Ayrshire, afraid of the vengeance of his numerous enemies.

The fate which he apprehended from their enmity befell him at length; for, in 1596, seeing, or thinking he saw, some chance of regaining the King's favour, and listening, as is said, to the words of some idle soothsayer, who portended that his head was about to be raised higher than ever, he ventured into the southern county of Dumfries. Here he received a hint to take care of his safety, since he was now in the neighbourhood of the Douglasses, whose great leader, the Earl of Morton, he had been the means of destroying; and in particular, he was advised to beware of James Douglas of Torthorwald, the Earl's near kinsman. Stewart replied haughtily, he would not go out of his road for him or all of the name of Douglas. This was reported to Torthorwald, who, considering the expression as a defiance, immediately mounted, with three servants, and pursued the disgraced favourite. When they overtook him, they thrust a spear through his body, and killed him on the spot, without resistance. His head was cut off, placed on the point of a lance, and exposed from the battlements of the tower of Torthorwald; and thus, in some sense, the soothsayer's prophecy was made good, as his head was raised higher than before, though not in the way he had been made to hope. His body was left for several days on the place where he was killed, and was mangled by dogs and swine. So ended this worthless minion, by a death at once bloody and obscure.

CHAPTER XXX.

Severities to which Mary was subjected in her Captivity—Babington's Conspiracy—Trial of Mary—Her Sentence and Execution—Reign of James VI—Feuds of the Nobles, and Blood-thirsty Spirit of the Times—The Rescue of Kinmont Willie from Carlisle Castle by Buccleuch—The Gowrie Conspiracy—James's Accession to the Throne of England.

I DARE say you are wondering all this time what became of Queen Mary. We left her, you know, in the hands of Queen Elizabeth, who had refused to decide anything on the question of her guilt or innocence. This was in 1568-9, and undoubtedly, by every rule of law or justice, Mary ought then to have been set at liberty. She had been accused of matters which Elizabeth herself had admitted were not brought home to her by proof, and of which, even if they had been proved, the Queen of England had no right to take cognizance. Nevertheless, Elizabeth continued to treat Mary as guilty, though she declined to pronounce her so, and to use her as her subject, though she was an independent sovereign, who had chosen England for a retreat, in the hope of experiencing that hospitable protection, which would have been given to the meanest Scottish subject, who, flying from the laws of his own country, sought hospitality in the sister kingdom. When you read English history, you will see that Elizabeth was a great and glorious Queen, and well deserved the title of the Mother of her country; but her conduct towards Queen Mary casts a deep shade over her virtues, and leads us to reflect what poor frail creatures even the wisest of mortals are, and of what imperfect materials that which we call human virtue is found to consist.

Always demanding her liberty, and always having her demand evaded or refused, Mary was transported from castle to castle, and placed under the charge of various keepers, who incurred Elizabeth's most severe resentment, when they manifested any of that attention to soften the rigours of the poor Queen's captivity, which mere courtesy, and compassion for fallen greatness, sometimes prompted. The very furniture and accommodations of her apartment were miserably neglected, and the expenses of her household were supplied as grudgingly as if she had been an unwelcome guest, who could depart at pleasure, and whom, therefore, the entertainer endeavours to get rid of by the coldness and discomfort of the reception afforded. It was, upon one occasion, with difficulty that the Queen Dowager of France, and actual Queen of Scotland, obtained the accommodation of a down bed, which a complaint in her limbs, the consequence of damp and confinement, rendered a matter of needful accommodation rather than of luxury. When she was permitted to take exercise, she was always strongly guarded as if she had been a criminal; and if any one offered her any compliment, any token of respect, or any word of comfort, Queen Elizabeth, who had her spies everywhere, was sure to reproach those who were Mary's guardians for the time with great neglect of their duty, in permitting such intercourse.

During this severe captivity on the one part, and

the greatest anxiety, doubt, and jealousy on the other, the two Queens still kept up a sort of correspondence. In the commencement of this intercourse, Mary endeavoured, by the force of argument, by the seductions of flattery, and by appeals to the feelings of humanity, to soften towards her the heart of Elizabeth. She tried also to bribe her into a more humane conduct towards her, by offering to surrender her Crown and reside abroad, if she could but be restored to her personal freedom. But Elizabeth had injured the Queen of Scotland too deeply to venture the consequences of her resentment, and thought herself, perhaps, compelled to pursue the course she had commenced, from the fear, that, once at liberty, Mary might have pursued measures of revenge, and that she might find it impossible to devise any mode of binding her to perform, when at large, such articles as she might consent to when in bondage.

Despairing at length of making any favourable impression upon Elizabeth, Mary, with more wit than prudence, used her means of communicating with the Queen of England, to irritate and provoke her; yielding to the not unnatural, though certainly the rash and impolitic purpose, of retaliating some part of the pain to which she was herself subjected, upon the person whom she justly considered as the authoress of her calamities.

Being for a long time under the charge of the Earl of Shrewsbury, whose lady was a woman of a shrewish disposition, Mary used to report to Elizabeth, that the Countess had called her old and ugly; had said she was grown as crooked in her temper as in her body, with many other scandalous and abusive expressions, which must have given exquisite pain to any woman, and more especially to a Queen so proud as Elizabeth, and so desirous of being esteemed beautiful. Unquestionably, these reproaches added poignancy to the hatred with which she regarded Queen Mary.

But, besides these female reasons for detesting her prisoner, Elizabeth had cause to regard the Queen of Scots with fear as well as envy and hatred. The Catholic party in England were still very strong, and they considered the claim of Mary to the throne of England, as descended from the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII, to be preferable to that of the existing Queen, who was, in their judgment, illegitimate, as being the heir of an illegal marriage betwixt Henry VIII and Anne Bullen. The Popes also, by whom Elizabeth was justly regarded as the great prop of the Reformed religion, endeavoured to excite against her such of her subjects as still owned obedience to the See of Rome. At length, in 1570-71, Pius II, then the reigning Pope, published a bull, or sentence of excommunication, by which he deprived Queen Elizabeth (as far as his sentence could) of her hopes of heaven, and of her kingdom upon earth, excluded her from the privileges of Christians, and delivered her over as a criminal to whomsoever should step forth to vindicate the Church, by putting to death its greatest enemy. The zeal of the English Catholics was kindled by this sentence from the Head of their Church. One of them was found bold enough to fix a copy of the sentence of excommunication upon the doors of the Bishop of London, and various plots were entered into among the Papists

for dethroning Elizabeth, and transferring the kingdom of England to Mary, a sovereign of their own religion, and in their eyes the lawful successor to the crown.

As fast as one of these conspiracies was discovered, another seemed to form itself; and as the Catholics were promised powerful assistance from the King of Spain, and were urged forward by the impulse of enthusiasm, the danger appeared every day more and more imminent. It cannot be doubted that several of these plots were communicated to Mary in her imprisonment; and, considering what grounds she had to complain of Elizabeth, it would have been wonderful if she had betrayed to her jailor the schemes which were formed to set her at liberty. But these conspiracies coming so closely the one after the other, produced one of the most extraordinary laws that was ever passed in England; declaring, that if any rebellion, or any attempt against Queen Elizabeth's person, should be meditated by, or for, any person pretending a right to the crown, the Queen might grant a commission to twenty-five persons, who should have power to examine into, and pass sentence upon such offences; and, after judgment given, a proclamation was to be issued, depriving the persons in whose behalf the plots or rebellion had been made, of all right to the throne; and it was enacted, that they might be prosecuted to the death. The hardship of this enactment consisted in its rendering Mary, against whom it was levelled, responsible for the deeds of others, as well as for her own actions; so that if the Catholics arose in rebellion, although without warrant from Mary, or even against her inclination, she was nevertheless rendered liable to lose her right of succession to the Crown, and indeed to forfeit her life. It could only have been the zeal of the English for the Reformed religion, and the personal safety of Elizabeth, which could have induced them to consent to a law so unjust and so oppressive.

This act was passed in 1585, and in the following year a pretext was found for making it the ground of proceedings against Mary. Anthony Babington, a young gentleman of fortune and of talents, but a zealous Catholic, and a fanatical enthusiast for the cause of Queen Mary, had associated with himself five resolute friends and adherents, all men of condition, in the desperate enterprise of assassinating Queen Elizabeth, and setting Queen Mary at liberty. But their schemes were secretly betrayed to Walsingham, the celebrated minister of the Queen of England. They were suffered to proceed as far as was thought safe, then seized upon, tried, and executed.

It was next resolved upon, that Mary should be brought to trial for her life, under pretence of her having encouraged Babington and his companions in their desperate purpose. She was removed to the Castle of Fotheringay, and placed under two keepers, Sir Amias Paulet and Sir Drew Drury, whose well-known hatred of the Catholic religion was supposed to render them disposed to treat her with the utmost rigour. Her private cabinet was broken open and stripped of its contents, her most secret papers were seized upon and examined, her principal domestics were removed from her person, her money and her

jewels were taken from her. Queen Elizabeth then proceeded to name Commissioners, in terms of the Act of Parliament which I have told you of. They were forty in number, of the most distinguished of her statesmen and nobility, and were directed to proceed to the trial of Mary for her alleged accession to Babington's conspiracy.

On the 14th October, 1586, these Commissioners held their court in the great hall of Fotheringay Castle. Mary, left to herself, and having counsel of no friend, advocate, or lawyer, made, nevertheless, a defence becoming her high birth and distinguished talents. She refused to plead before a Court composed of persons who were of a degree inferior to her own; and when at length she agreed to hear and answer the accusation brought against her, she made her protest that she did so, not as owning the authority of the Court, but purely in vindication of her own character.

The Attorney and Solicitor for Queen Elizabeth stated the conspiracy of Babington as it unquestionably existed, and produced copies of letters which Mary was alleged to have written, approving the insurrection, and even the assassination of Elizabeth. The declarations of Naue and Curle, two of Mary's secretaries, went to confirm the fact of her having had correspondence with Babington, by intervention of a priest called Ballard.—The confessions of Babington and his associates were then read, avowing Mary's share in their criminal undertaking.

To these charges Mary answered by denying that she ever had any correspondence with Ballard, or that she had ever written such letters as those produced against her. She insisted that she could only be affected by such writings as bore her own hand and seal, and not by copies. She urged that the declarations of her secretaries were given in private, and probably under the influence of fear of torture, or hope of reward,—of which, indeed, there is every probability. Lastly, she pleaded that the confessions of the conspirators could not affect her, since they were infamous persons, dying for an infamous crime. If their evidence was designed to be used, they ought to have been pardoned, and brought forward in person to bear witness against her. Mary admitted that, having for many years despaired of relief or favour from Queen Elizabeth, she had, in her distress, applied to other sovereigns, and that she had also endeavoured to procure some favour for the persecuted Catholics of England; but she denied that she had endeavoured to purchase liberty for herself or advantage for the Catholics, at the expense of shedding the blood of any one; and declared, that if she had given consent in word, or even in thought, to the murder of Elizabeth, she was willing, not only to submit to the doom of men, but even to renounce the mercy of God.

The evidence which was brought to convict the Queen of Scotland, was such as would not now affect the life of the meanest criminal; yet the Commission had the cruelty and meanness to declare Mary guilty of having been accessory to Babington's conspiracy, and of having contrived and endeavoured the death of Queen Elizabeth, contrary to the statute made for security of the Queen's life. And the Parliament of England approved of and ratified this iniquitous sentence!

It was not perhaps to be expected that James VI should have had much natural affection for his mother, whom he had never seen since his infancy, and who had, doubtless, been represented to him as a very bad woman, and as one desirous, if she could have obtained her liberty, of dispossessing him of the Crown which he wore, and resuming it herself. He had, therefore, seen Mary's captivity with little of the sympathy which a child ought to feel for a parent. But, upon learning these proceedings against her life, he must have been destitute of the most ordinary feelings of human nature, and have made himself a reproach and scandal throughout all Europe, if he had not interfered in her behalf. He therefore sent ambassadors, first Sir William Keith, and after him the Master of Gray, to intercede with Queen Elizabeth, and to use both persuasion and threats to preserve the life of his mother. The friendship of Scotland was at this moment of much greater importance to England than at any previous period of her history. The King of Spain was in the act of assembling a vast navy and army (boastingly called the Invincible Armada), by which he proposed to invade and conquer England. If James VI had been disposed to open the ports and harbours of Scotland to the Spanish fleets and armies, he might have greatly facilitated this formidable invasion, by diminishing the risk which the Armada might incur from the English fleet.

It therefore seems probable, that had James himself been very serious in his interposition, or had his ambassador been disposed to urge the interference committed to his charge with due firmness and vigour, it could scarce have failed in being successful, at least for a time. But the Master of Gray, as is now admitted, privately encouraged Elizabeth and her ministers to proceed in the cruel path they had chosen, and treacherously gave them reason to believe, that though for the sake of decency James found it necessary to interfere in his mother's behalf, yet, in his secret mind, he would not be very sorry that Mary, who, in the eyes of a part of his subjects, was still regarded as sovereign of Scotland, should be quietly removed out of the way. From the intrigues of this treacherous ambassador, Elizabeth was led to trust that the resentment of the King for his mother's death would neither be long nor violent; and, knowing her own influence with a great part of the Scottish nobility, and the zeal of the Scots in general for the Reformed religion, she concluded that the motives arising out of these circumstances would prevent James from making common cause against England with the King of Spain.

At any other period in the English history, it is probable that a sovereign attempting such an action as Elizabeth meditated, might have been interrupted by the generous and manly sense of justice and humanity peculiar to a free and high-minded people, like those of England. But the despotic reign of Henry VIII had too much familiarized the English with the sight of the blood of great persons, and even of Queens, poured forth by the blow of the executioner, upon the slightest pretexts; and the idea that Elizabeth's life could not be in safety while Mary existed, was, in the deep sentiment of loyalty and affection which they entertained for their Queen (and

which the general tenor of her reign well deserved), strong enough to render them blind to the gross injustice exercised upon a stranger and a Catholic.

Yet, with all the prejudices of her subjects in her own favour, Elizabeth would fain have had Mary's death take place in such a way as that she herself should not appear to have any hand in it. Her ministers were employed to write letters to Mary's keepers, insinuating what a good service they would do to Elizabeth and the Protestant religion, if Mary could be privately assassinated. But these stern guardians, though strict and severe in their conduct towards the Queen, would not listen to such persuasions; and well was it for them that they did not, for Elizabeth would certainly have thrown the whole blame of the deed upon their shoulders, and left them to answer it with their lives and fortunes. She was angry with them, however, and called Paulet a precise fellow, loud in boasting of his fidelity, but slack in giving proof of it.

As, however, it was necessary, from the scruples of Paulet and Drury, to proceed in all form, Elizabeth signed a warrant for the execution of the sentence pronounced on Queen Mary, and gave it to Davison, her secretary of state, commanding that it should be sealed with the Great Seal of England. Davison laid the warrant, signed by Elizabeth, before the Privy Council, and next day the Great Seal was placed upon it. Elizabeth, upon hearing this, affected some displeasure that the warrant had been so speedily prepared, and told the Secretary that it was the opinion of wise men that some other course might be taken with Queen Mary. Davison, in this pretended change of mind, saw some danger that his mistress might throw the fault of the execution upon him after it had taken place. He therefore informed the Keeper of the Seals what the Queen had said, protesting he would not venture further in the matter. The Privy Council, having met together, and conceiving themselves certain what were the Queen's real wishes, determined to save her the pain of expressing them more broadly, and resolving that the blame, if any might arise, should be common to them all, sent off the warrant for execution with their clerk Beale. The Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, with the High Sheriff of the county, were empowered and commanded to see the fatal mandate carried into effect without delay.

Mary received the melancholy intelligence with the utmost firmness. "The soul," she said, "was undeserving of the joys of Heaven, which would shrink from the blow of an executioner. She had not," she added, "expected that her kinswoman would have consented to her death, but submitted not the less willingly to her fate." She earnestly requested the assistance of a priest; but this favour, which is granted to the worst criminals, and upon which Catholics lay particular weight, was cruelly refused. The Queen then wrote her last will, and short and affectionate letters of farewell to her relations in France. She distributed among her attendants such valuables as had been left her, and desired them to keep them for her sake. This occupied the evening before the day appointed for the fatal execution.

On the 8th February, 1587, the Queen, still maintaining the same calm and undisturbed appearance

which she had displayed at her pretended trial, was brought down to the great hall of the castle, where a scaffold was erected, on which were placed a block and a chair, the whole being covered with black cloth. The Master of her Household, Sir Andrew Melville, was permitted to take a last leave of the mistress whom he had served long and faithfully. He burst into loud lamentations, bewailing her fate, and lamenting his own in being destined to carry such news to Scotland. "Weep not, my good Melville," said the Queen, "but rather rejoice; for thou shalt this day see Mary Stewart relieved from all her sorrows." She obtained permission, with some difficulty, that her maids should be permitted to attend her on the scaffold. It was objected, that the extravagance of their grief might disturb the proceedings: she engaged for them that they would be silent.

When she was seated in the fatal chair, she heard the death-warrant read by Beale, the clerk to the Privy Council, with an appearance of indifference; nor did she seem more attentive to the devotional exercise of the Dean of Peterborough, in which, as a Catholic, she could not conscientiously join. She implored the mercy of Heaven, after the form prescribed by her own church. She then prepared herself for execution, taking off such parts of her dress as might interfere with the deadly blow. The executioners offered her their assistance, but she modestly refused it, saying she had neither been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such grooms of the chamber. She quietly chid her maids, who were unable to withhold their cries of lamentation, and reminded them that she had engaged for their silence. Last of all, Mary laid her head on the block, which the executioner severed from her body with two strokes of his axe. The headsman held it up in his hand, and the Dean of Peterborough cried out, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies!" No voice, save that of the Earl of Kent, could answer *Amen*: the rest were choked with sobs and tears.

Thus died Mary, aged a little above forty-four years. She was eminent for beauty, for talents, and accomplishments, nor is there reason to doubt her natural goodness of heart, and courageous manliness of disposition. Yet she was, in every sense, one of the most unhappy princesses that ever lived, from the moment when she came into the world, in an hour of defeat and danger, to that in which a bloody and violent death closed a weary captivity of eighteen years.

Queen Elizabeth, in the same spirit of hypocrisy which had characterized all her proceedings towards Mary, no sooner knew that the deed was done, than she hastened to deny her own share in it. She pretended, that Davison had acted positively against her command in laying the warrant before the Privy Council; and that she might seem the more serious in her charge, she caused him to be fined in a large sum of money, and deprived him of his offices and of her favour for ever. She sent a special ambassador to King James, to apologize for "this unhappy accident," as she chose to term the death of Queen Mary.

James at first testified high indignation, with which

the Scottish nation was well disposed to sympathize. He refused to see the English envoy, and uttered menaces of revenge. When a general mourning was ordered for the departed Queen, the Earl of Argyle appeared at the court in armour, as if that were the proper way of showing the national sense of the treatment which Mary had received. But James's hopes and fears were now fixed upon the succession to the English crown, which would have been forfeited by engaging in a war with Elizabeth. Most of his ancestors, indeed, would have set that objection at defiance, and have broken into the English frontier at the head of as large an army as Scotland could raise. But James was by nature timorous and unwarlike. He was conscious, that the poor and divided country of Scotland was not fit, in its own strength, to encounter a kingdom so wealthy and so unanimous as England. On the other hand, if James formed an alliance with the Spanish monarch, he considered that he would probably have been deserted by the Reformed part of his subjects; and, besides, he was aware that Philip of Spain himself laid claim to the crown of England; so that to assist that prince in his meditated invasion, would have been to rear up an important obstacle to the accomplishment of his own hopes of the English succession. James, therefore, gradually softened towards Queen Elizabeth, affected to believe the excuses which she offered; and in a short time they were upon as friendly a footing as they had been before the death of the unfortunate Mary.

James was now in full possession of the Scottish kingdom, and showed himself to as much, or greater advantage, than at any after period of his life. After the removal of the vile James Stewart from his councils, he acted chiefly by the advice of Sir John Maitland, the Chancellor, a brother of that Maitland of Lethington whom we have so often mentioned. He was a prudent and good minister; and as it was James's nature, in which there was a strange mixture of wisdom and of weakness, to act with sagacity, or otherwise, according to the counsels which he received, there now arose in Britain, and even in Europe, a more general respect for his character, than was afterwards entertained when it was better known.

Besides, James's reign in Scotland was marked with so many circumstances of difficulty, and even of danger, that he was placed upon his guard, and compelled to conduct himself with the strictest attention to the rules of prudence; for he had little chance of overawing his turbulent nobility, but by maintaining the dignity of the royal character. If the King had possessed the means of distributing largesses among his powerful subjects, his influence would have been greater; but this was so far from being the case, that his means of supporting his state, excepting an annuity allowed to him by Elizabeth of five thousand pounds yearly, were in the last degree precarious. This was owing in a great measure to the plundering of the revenue of the crown during the civil wars of his minority. The King was so dependent that he could not even give an entertainment, without begging poultry and venison from some of his more wealthy subjects; and his wardrobe was so ill furnished, that he was obliged to

beg the loan of a pair of silk hose from the Earl of Mar, that he might be suitably appareled to receive the Spanish ambassador.

There were also peculiarities in James's situation which rendered it embarrassing. He had extreme difficulty in his necessary intercourse with the Scottish clergy, who possessed a strong influence over the minds of the people, and sometimes used it in interference with public affairs. Although they had not, like the Bishops of England and other countries, a seat in Parliament, yet they did not the less intermeddle with politics, and often preached from the pulpit against the King and his measures. They used this freedom the more boldly, because they asserted, they were not answerable to any civil court for what they might say in their sermons, but only to the spiritual courts, as they were called; that is, the Synods and General Assemblies of the Church, composed of clergymen like themselves, and who, therefore, were not likely to put a check upon the freedom of speech used by their brethren.

Upon one occasion, which occurred 17th December, 1596, disputes of this kind between the King and the Church came to such a height, that the rabble of the city, inflamed by the violence of some of the sermons which they had heard, rose in arms, and besieged the door of the Tolbooth, where James was sitting in the administration of justice, and threatened to break it open. The King was saved by the intervention of the better disposed part of the inhabitants, who rose in arms for his protection. Nevertheless, he left Edinburgh the next day in great anger, and prepared to take away the privileges of the city, as a punishment for the insolence of the rioters. He was appeased with much difficulty, and, as it seemed, was by no means entirely satisfied; for he caused the High street of the city to be occupied by a great number of the Border and Highland clans. The citizens, terrified by the appearance of these formidable and lawless men, concluded that the town was to be plundered, and the alarm was very great. But the King, who only desired to frighten them, made the magistrates a long harangue upon the excesses of which he complained, and admitted them to pardon, upon submission.

Another great plague of James the Sixth's reign, was the repeated insurrections of a turbulent nobleman, called Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell,—a different person, of course, from James Hepburn, who bore that title in the reign of Queen Mary. This second Earl of Bothwell was a relation of the King's, and made several violent attempts to get possession of his person, with the purpose of governing the state, as the Douglasses did of old, by keeping the King a prisoner. But although he nearly succeeded on one or two occasions, yet James was always rescued from his hands, and was finally powerful enough to banish Bothwell altogether from the country. He died in contempt and exile.

But by far the greatest pest of Scotland at that time, was the deadly feuds among the nobility and gentry, which eventually led to the most bloody consequences, and were perpetuated from father to son; while the King's good nature, which rendered him very ready to grant pardons to those who had committed such inhuman outrages, made the evil still

more frequent. The following is a remarkable instance:—

The Earl of Huntly, head of the powerful family of Gordon, and the man of greatest consequence in the North of Scotland, had chanced to have some feudal differences with the Earl of Murray, son-in-law of the Regent-Earl of the same name, in the course of which, John Gordon, a brother of Gordon of Cluny, was killed by a shot from Murray's Castle of Darnoway. This was enough to make the two families irreconcilable enemies, even if they had been otherwise on friendly terms.—Murray was so handsome and personable a man, that he was generally known by the name of the Bonnie Earl of Murray. About 1591-2, an accusation was brought against Murray, for having given some countenance or assistance to Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, in a recent treasonable exploit. James, without recollecting, perhaps, the hostility between the two Earls, sent Huntly with a commission to bring the Earl of Murray to his presence. Huntly probably rejoiced in the errand, as giving him an opportunity of avenging himself on his feudal enemy. He beset the House of Dunnibersel, on the northern side of the Forth, and summoned Murray to surrender. In reply, a gun was fired, which mortally wounded one of the Gordons. The assailants proceeded to set fire to the house; when Dunbar, Sheriff of the county of Moray, said to the Earl, "Let us not stay to be burned in the flaming house: I will go out foremost, and the Gordons, taking me for your Lordship, will kill me, while you escape in the confusion." They rushed out among their enemies accordingly, and Dunbar was slain. But his death did not save his friend, as he had generously intended. Murray indeed escaped for the moment, but as he fled towards the rocks by the sea-shore, he was traced by the silken tassels attached to his head-piece, which had taken fire as he broke out from among the flames. By this means the pursuers followed him down amongst the cliffs near the sea, and Gordon of Buckie, who is said to have been the first who overtook him, wounded him mortally. As Murray was gasping in the last agony, Huntly came up; and it is alleged by tradition, that Gordon pointed his dirk against the person of his chief, saying,—“By Heaven, my Lord, you shall be as deep in as I:” and so compelled him to wound Murray whilst he was dying. Huntly, with a wavering hand, struck the expiring Earl in the face. Thinking of his superior beauty, even in that moment of parting life, Murray stammered out the dying words, “You have spoiled a better face than your own.”

After this deed of violence, Huntly did not chuse to return to Edinburgh, but departed for the North. He took refuge for the moment in the Castle of Ravenscraig, belonging to the Lord Sinclair, who told him, with a mixture of Scottish caution and Scottish hospitality,—that he was welcome to come in, but would have been twice as welcome to have passed by. Gordon, long afterwards, avowed his contrition for the guilt he had incurred.

Soon afterwards, three Catholic Lords, the Earls of Huntly and Errol, who had always professed that religion, and the young Earl of Angus, who had become a convert to the Popish faith, were accused

of communicating with Spain, and of designing to introduce Spanish troops for the restoration of the Catholic religion. The story which was told of this conspiracy does not seem very probable. However, the King ordered the Earl of Argyle to march against them, with the northern forces of Lord Forbes and others, who were chiefly Protestants, and entered into the war with the religious emulation which divided the Reformers from the Catholics. Argyle likewise levied great bands of the Western Highlanders, who cared but little about religion, but were extremely desirous of plunder.

The army of Argyle, about ten thousand strong, encountered the forces of Huntly and Errol at Glenlivet, on the 3d of October, 1594. The shock was very smart. But the Gordons and Hays, though far inferior in number, were gentlemen, well mounted, and completely armed, and the followers of Argyle had only their plaids and bonnets. Besides, the two Earls had two or three pieces of cannon, of which the Highlanders, unaccustomed to any thing of the kind, were very apprehensive. The consequence of the encounter was, that though the cavalry had to charge up a hill, encumbered with rocks and stones, and although the Highlanders fought with great courage, the small body of Huntly and Errol, not amounting to above fifteen hundred horse, broke, and dispersed with great loss, the numerous host opposed to them. On the side of Argyle there was some treachery; the Grants, it is said, near neighbours, and some of them dependents, of the Gordons, joined their old friends in the midst of the fray. The Chief of Maclean defended himself with great courage, but was at length completely routed. This was one of the occasions on which the Highland irregular infantry were found inferior to the compact charge of the cavaliers of the Lowland counties, with their long lances, who beat them down, and scattered them in every direction.

Upon learning Argyle's defeat, the King himself advanced into the north with a small army, and restored tranquillity by punishing the insurgent earls.

We have before mentioned that in those wild days the very children had their deadly feuds, carried weapons, and followed the bloody example of their fathers. The following instance of their early ferocity occurred in September, 1595. The scholars of the High School of Edinburgh, having a dispute with their masters about the length of their holidays, resolved to stand out for a longer vacation. Accordingly, they took possession of the school in that sort of mutinous manner which in England is called *Barring-out*, and resisted the admission of their masters. Such foolish things have often occurred in public schools elsewhere; but what was peculiar to the High School-boys of Edinburgh, they defended the school with sword and pistol; and when Baillie MacMorran, one of the magistrates, gave directions to force the entrance, three of the boys fired and killed him on the spot. There were none of them punished, because it could not be known which of them did the deed, or rather because two of them were gentlemen's sons. So you see the blood-thirsty spirit of the times descended even to children.

To do justice to James VI, he adopted every measure in his power to put an end to these fatal scenes of strife and bloodshed. Wise laws were made for

preventing the outrages which had been so general; and in order to compose the feuds amongst the nobles, James invited those who had quarrels together, to take each other's hands and become friends on the spot. They obeyed him; and proceeding himself at their head, he made them walk in procession to the Cross of Edinburgh; still hand in hand, in token of perfect reconciliation, whilst the Provost and Magistrates danced before them for joy, to see such a prospect of peace and concord. Perhaps this reconciliation was too hasty to last long in every instance; but upon the whole the authority of the law gradually gained strength, and the passions of men grew less fierce as it became unsafe to indulge them.

I must now fulfil my promise, and in this place, tell you of another exploit on the Borders, the last that was performed there, but certainly not the least remarkable for valour and conduct. The English and Scottish Wardens, or their deputies, had held a day of truce for settling Border disputes, and, having parted friends, both, with their followers, were returning home. At every such meeting it was the general rule on the Borders that there should be an absolute truce for twenty-four hours, and that all men who attended the Warden on either side to the field should have permission to ride home again undisturbed.

Now, there had come to the meeting, with other Border men, a notorious depredator, called William Armstrong, but more commonly known by the name of Kinmont Willie. This man was riding home on the north or Scottish side of the Liddell, where that stream divides England and Scotland, when some of the English who had enmity against him, or had suffered by his incursions, were unable to resist such a temptation to attack him. They accordingly dashed across the river, pursued Kinmont Willie more than a mile within Scotland, made him prisoner and brought him to Carlisle Castle.

As the man talked boldly and resolutely about the breach of truce in his person, and demanded peremptorily to be set at liberty, Lord Scrope told him, scoffingly, that before he left the castle he should bid him "farewell," meaning, that he should not go without his leave. The prisoner boldly answered, "that he would not go without bidding him good night."

The Lord of Buccleuch, who was Warden, or Keeper, of Liddesdale, demanded the restoration of Kinmont Willie to liberty, and complained of his being taken and imprisoned as a breach of the Border laws, and an insult done to himself. Lord Scrope refused, or at least evaded, giving up his prisoner. Buccleuch then sent him a challenge, which Lord Scrope declined to accept, on the ground of his employment in the public service. The Scottish Chief, therefore, resolved to redress by force the insult which his country, as well as himself, had sustained on the occasion. He collected about three hundred of his best men, and made a night-march to Carlisle Castle. A small party of chosen men dismounted, while the rest remained on horseback, to repel any attack from the town. The night being misty and rainy, the party to whom that duty was committed approached the foot of the walls, and tried to scale them by means of ladders which they had brought with them for the purpose. But the ladders were found too short.

They then, with other instruments which they had provided, burst open a postern, or wicket door, and entered the Castle.—Their chief had given them strict orders to do no harm save to those who opposed them, so that the few guards, whom the alarm brought together, were driven back without much injury. Being masters of the castle, the trumpets of the Warden were then blown, to the no small alarm of the inhabitants of Carlisle, surprised out of their quiet sleep by the sounds of invasion at so early an hour. The bells of the castle rang out; those of the cathedral and moot-hall answered; drums beat to arms; and beacons were lighted, to alarm the warlike country around.

In the meanwhile, the Scottish party had done the errand they came for. They had freed Kinmont Willie from his dungeon. The first thing Armstrong did was to shout a goodnight to Lord Scrope, asking him, at the same time, if he had news for Scotland. The Borderers strictly obeyed the commands of their chief, in forbearing to take any booty. They returned from the castle, bringing with them their rescued countryman, and a gentleman named Spenser, an attendant on the Constable of the Castle. Buccleuch dismissed him, with his recommendations to Salkeld the Constable, whom he esteemed, he said, a better gentleman than Lord Scrope, bidding him say it was the Warden of Liddesdale who had done the exploit, and praying the Constable, if he desired the name of a man of honour, to issue forth and seek a revenge. Buccleuch then ordered the retreat, which he performed with great leisure, and re-entered Scotland at sunrise in honour and safety. "There had not been a more gallant deed of vassalage done in Scotland," says an old historian, "no not in Wallace's days."

Queen Elizabeth, as you may imagine, was dreadfully angry at this insult, and demanded that Buccleuch should be delivered up to the English, as he had committed so great an aggression upon their frontier during the time of peace. The matter was laid before the Scottish Parliament. King James himself pleaded the question on the part of Elizabeth, willing, it may be supposed, to recommend himself to that Princess by his tameness and docility. The Secretary of State replied in defence of Buccleuch; and the Scottish Parliament finally voted that they would refer the question to commissioners, to be chosen for both nations, and would abide by their decision. But concerning the proposed surrender of Buccleuch to England, the president declared, with a loud voice, that it would be time enough for Buccleuch to go to England when the King should pass there in person.

Buccleuch finally ended the discussion by going to England at the King's request, and on the understanding that no evil was to be done to him. Queen Elizabeth desired to see him personally, and demanded of him how he dared commit such aggression on her territory. He answered undauntedly, that he knew not that thing which a man *dared* NOT do. Elizabeth admired the answer, and treated him with distinction during the time he remained in England, which was not long.

But the strangest adventure of James's reign was the event called the Gowrie Conspiracy, over which

there hangs a sort of mystery, which time has not even yet completely dispelled. You must recollect that there was an Earl of Gowrie condemned and executed when James was but a boy. This nobleman left two sons, who were well educated abroad, and accounted hopeful young men. The King restored to the eldest the title and estate of Gowrie favoured them both very much.

Now it chanced in the month of August, 1600, that Alexander Ruthven, the younger of the two brothers, came early one morning to the King, who was then hunting in the park of Falkland, and told him a story of his having seized a suspicious-looking man with a large pot of gold under his cloak. This man Ruthven said he had detained prisoner at his brother's house, in Perth, till the King should examine him and take possession of the treasure. With this story he decoyed James from the hunting-field, and persuaded him to ride with him to Perth, without any other company than a few noblemen and attendants who followed the King without orders.

When they arrived at Perth, they entered Gowrie-house, the mansion of the Earl, a large massive building, having gardens which stretched down to the river Tay. The Earl of Gowrie was, or seemed surprised, to see the King arrive so unexpectedly, and caused some entertainment to be hastily prepared for his Majesty's refreshment. After the King had dined, Alexander Ruthven pressed him to come with him to see the prisoner in private; and James, curious by nature, and sufficiently indigent to be inquisitive after money, followed him from one apartment to another, until Ruthven led him into a little turret, where there stood—not a prisoner with a pot of money—but an armed man, prepared, as it seemed, for some violent enterprise.

The King started back, but Ruthven snatched the dagger which the man wore, and pointing it to James's breast, reminded him of his father the Earl of Gowrie's death, and commanded him, upon pain of death, to submit to his pleasure. The King replied, that he was but a boy when the Earl of Gowrie suffered, and upbraided Ruthven with ingratitude. The conspirator, moved by remorse or some other reason, assured the King that his life should be safe, and left him in the turret with the armed man, who, not very well selected to assist in a purpose so desperate, stood shaking in his armour without assisting either his master or the King.

Let us now see what was passing below during this strange scene betwixt the King and Ruthven. The attendants of James had begun to wonder at his absence, when they were suddenly informed by a servant of the Earl of Gowrie, that the King had mounted his horse, and had set out on his return to Falkland. The noblemen and attendants rushed into the court-yard of the mansion, and called for their horses, the Earl of Gowrie at the same time hurrying them away. Here the porter interfered, and said the King could not have left the house, since he had not passed the gate, of which he had the keys. Gowrie, on the other hand, called him a liar, and insisted that the King had departed.

While the attendants of James knew not what to think, a half-smothered, yet terrified voice, was heard to call from the window of a turret above their heads,

—"Help! treason! Help! my Lord of Mar!" They looked upwards, and beheld James's face in great agitation, pushed through the window, while a hand was seen grasping his throat, as if some one behind endeavoured by violence to draw him back.

The explanation was as follows:—The King, when left alone with the armed man, had, it seems, prevailed upon him to open the lattice-window. This was just done when Alexander Ruthven again entered the turret, and, swearing that there was no remedy, but the King must needs die, he seized on him, and endeavoured by main force to tie his hands with a garter. James resisted, and, dragging Ruthven to the window, now open, called out to his attendants in the manner we have described. His retinue hastened to his assistance. The greater part ran to the principal staircase, of which they found the doors shut, and immediately endeavoured to force them open. Meantime a page of the King's, called Sir John Ramsay, discovered a back stair which led him to the turret, where Ruthven and the King were still struggling. Ramsay stabbed Ruthven twice with his dagger, James calling to him to strike high, as he had a doublet of proof on him. Ramsay then thrust Ruthven, now mortally wounded, towards the private staircase, where he was met by Sir Thomas Erskine and Sir Hugh Herries, two of the royal attendants, who dispatched him with their swords. His last words were,—“Alas! I am not to blame for this action.”

This danger was scarce over, when the Earl of Gowrie entered the outer chamber, with a drawn sword in each hand, followed by seven attendants, demanding vengeance for the death of his brother. The King's followers, only four in number, thrust James, for the safety of his person, back into the turret closet, and shut the door; and then engaged in a conflict, which was the more desperate, that they fought four to eight, and Herries was a lame and disabled man. But Sir John Ramsay having run the Earl of Gowrie through the heart, he dropped dead without speaking a word, and his servants fled. The doors of the great staircase were now opened to the nobles, who were endeavouring to force their way to the King's assistance.

In the meantime a new peril threatened the King and his few attendants. The slain Earl of Gowrie was Provost of the town of Perth, and much beloved by the citizens. On hearing what had happened they ran to arms, and surrounded the mansion-house, where this tragedy had been acted, threatening that if their Provost was not delivered to them safe and sound, the King's green coat should pay for it. Their violence was at last quieted by the magistrates of the town, and the mob were prevailed on to disperse.

The object of this strange conspiracy is one of the darkest in history, and what made it stranger, the armed man who was stationed in the turret could throw no light upon it. He proved to be one Henderson, steward to the Earl of Gowrie, who had been ordered to arm himself for the purpose of taking a Highland thief, and was posted in the turret by Alexander Ruthven, without any intimation what he was to do; so that the whole scene came upon him by surprise. The mystery seemed so impenetrable, and

so much of the narrative rested upon James's own testimony, that many persons of that period, and even some historians of our own day, have thought that it was not a conspiracy of the brothers against the King, but of the King against the brothers; and that James, having taken a dislike to them, had contrived the bloody scene, and then thrown the blame on the Ruthvens, who suffered in it. But, besides the placability and gentleness of James's disposition, and besides the consideration that no adequate motive can be assigned, or even conjectured, for his perpetrating such an inhospitable murder, it ought to be remembered that the King was naturally timorous, and could not even look at a drawn sword without shuddering; so that it is contrary to all reason and probability to suppose that he could be the deviser of a scheme, in which his life was repeatedly exposed to the most imminent danger. However, many of the clergy refused to obey James's order to keep a day of solemn thanksgiving for the King's deliverance, intimating, without hesitation, that they greatly doubted the truth of his story. One of them being pressed by the King very hard, said,—“That doubtless he must believe it, since his Majesty said he had seen it, but that had he seen it himself he would not have believed his own eyes.” James was much vexed with this incredulity, for it was hard not to obtain credit after having been in so much danger.

Nine years after the affair, some light was thrown upon it by one Sprot, a notary public, who, out of mere curiosity, had possessed himself of certain letters, said to have been written by one Robert Logan of Restalrig, a scheming, turbulent, and profligate man, to the Earl of Gowrie. In these papers, allusion was repeatedly made to the death of Gowrie's father, to the revenge which was meditated, and to the execution of some great and perilous enterprise. Lastly, there was intimation that the Ruthvens were to bring a prisoner by sea to Logan's fortress of Fast-Castle, a very strong and inaccessible tower, overhanging the sea, on the coast of Berwickshire. This place he recommends as suitable for keeping some important prisoner in safety and concealment, and adds, he had kept Bothwell there in his utmost distresses, let the King and his council say what they would.

All these expressions seem to point at a plot, not affecting the King's life, but his personal liberty, and make it probable, that when Alexander Ruthven had frightened the King into silence and compliance, the brothers intended to carry him through the gardens, and put him on board of a boat, and so conveying him down the Frith of Tay, might, after making a private signal, which Logan alludes to, place their royal prisoner in security at Fast-Castle. The seizing upon the person of the King was a common enterprise among the Scottish nobles, and the father of the Ruthvens had lost his life for such an attempt. Adopting this as their intention, it is probable that Queen Elizabeth was privy to the attempt; and perhaps, having found so much conveniency from detaining the person of Mary in captivity, she might have formed some similar plan for obtaining the custody of her son.

I must not conclude this story without observing, that Logan's bones were brought into a court of justice, for the purpose of being tried after death,

and that he was declared guilty, and a sentence of forfeiture pronounced against him. But it has not been noticed, that Logan, a dissolute and extravagant man, was deprived of great part of his estate before his death, and that the King, therefore, could have no lucrative object in following out this ancient and barbarous form of process. The fate of Sprot, the notary, was singular enough. He was condemned to be hanged for keeping these treasonable letters in his possession, without communicating them to the government; and he suffered death accordingly, asserting to the last that the letters were genuine, and that he had only preserved them from curiosity. This fact he testified even in the agonies of death; for being desired to give a sign of the truth and sincerity of his confession, after he was thrown off from the ladder, he is said to have clapped his hands three times. Yet some persons continued to think, that what Sprot told was untrue, and that the letters were forgeries; but it seems great incredulity to doubt the truth of a confession, which brought to the gallows the man who made it; and, of late years, the letters produced by Sprot are regarded as genuine by the best judges of these matters. When so admitted, they make it evident that the purpose of the Gowrie conspiracy was to make King James a prisoner in the remote and inaccessible tower of Fast-Castle, and perhaps ultimately to deliver him up to Queen Elizabeth.

We now approach the end of this collection of Tales. King James VI of Scotland married the daughter of the King of Denmark, called Ann of Denmark. They had a family, which recommended them very much to the English people, who were

tired of seeing their crown pass from one female to another, without any prospect of male succession. They began, therefore, to turn their eyes towards James as the nearest heir of King Henry VIII and the rightful successor, when Queen Elizabeth should fail. She was now old, her health broken, and her feelings painfully agitated by the death of Essex, her principal favourite. After his execution, she could scarcely ever be said to enjoy either health or reason. She sat on a pile of cushions, with her finger in her mouth, attending, as it seemed, to nothing, saving to the prayers which were from time to time read in her chamber.

While the Queen of England was thus struggling out the last moments of life, her subjects were making interest with her successor, James, with whom even Cecil himself, the Prime Minister of England, had long kept up a secret correspondence. The breath had no sooner left Elizabeth's body, than the near relation and godson of the late Queen, Sir Robert Carey, got on horseback, and, travelling with a rapidity which almost equalled that of the modern mail-coach, carried to the Palace of Holyrood the news, that James was King of England, France, and Ireland, as well as of his native dominions of Scotland.

James arrived in London on the 7th of May, 1603, and took possession of his new realms without the slightest opposition; and thus the Island of Great Britain, so long divided into the separate kingdoms of England and Scotland, became subject to the same Prince.

Here, therefore, must end the TALES of your GRANDFATHER, so far as they relate to the History of Scotland.

Tales of a Grandfather;

BEING

STORIES TAKEN FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY.

SECOND SERIES.

DEDICATION.

TO HUGH LITTLEJOHN, ESQ.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I NOW address to you these volumes of Scottish Stories, which bring down the history of that country from the period when England and Scotland became subject to the same King until that of the Union, when they were finally united into one kingdom. That you, and children of your age, may read these little books with pleasure and improvement, is the desire and hope of,

My dearest child,

Your very affectionate Grandfather,

WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, 15th October, 1828.

CHAPTER I.

Progress of Civilization in Society.

THE kind reception which the former Tales, written for your amusement and edification, have met with, induces me, my dear little boy, to make an attempt to bring down my historical narrative to a period, when the union of England and Scotland became as complete, in the intimacy of feelings and interests, as law had declared and intended them to be, and as the mutual advantage of both countries had long, though in vain, required.

We left off, you may recollect, when James, the sixth of that name who reigned in Scotland, succeeded, by the death of Queen Elizabeth, to the throne of England, and thus became Sovereign of the whole Island of Britain. Ireland also belonged to his dominions, having been partly subdued by the arms of the English, and partly surrendered to them by the submission of the natives. There had been, during Elizabeth's time, many wars with the native Lords and Chiefs of the country; but the English finally obtained the undisturbed and undisputed possession of that rich and beautiful island. Thus the three kingdoms, formed by the Britannic Islands, came into the possession of one sovereign, who was thus fixed in a situation of strength and security, which was at that time the lot of few monarchs in Europe.

King James's power was the greater that the progress of human society had greatly augmented the wisdom of his statesmen and counsellors, and given strength and stability to those laws which preserve the poor and helpless against the encroachments of the wealthy and the powerful.

But Master Littlejohn may ask me what I mean by the progress of human society; and it is my duty to explain it as intelligibly as I can.

If you consider the lower order of animals, such as birds, dogs, cattle, or any class of the brute creation, you will find that they are, to every useful purpose, deprived of the means of communicating their ideas to each other. They have cries indeed, by which they express pleasure or pain—fear or hope—but they have no formed speech by which, like men, they can converse together. God Almighty, who called all creatures into existence in such manner as best pleased him, has imparted to those inferior animals no power of improving their situation, or of communicating with each other. There is, no doubt, a difference in the capacity of these inferior classes of creation. But though one bird may build her nest more neatly than one of a different class, or one dog may be more clever and more capable of learning tricks than another, yet, as it wants language to explain to its comrades the advantages which it may possess, its knowledge dies with it; thus birds and dogs continue to use the same general habits proper to the species, which they have done since the creation of the world. In other words, animals have a certain degree of sense which is termed instinct, which teaches them to seek their food, and provide for their safety and comfort, in nearly the same manner as their parents did before them since the beginning of time, but does not enable them to communicate to their successors any improvements, or to derive any increase of knowledge. Thus you may remark, that the example of the swallow, the wren, and other birds, which cover their nests with a roof to protect them against the rain, is never imitated by other classes, who have continued to construct theirs in the same exposed and imperfect manner since the beginning of the world.

Another circumstance, which is calculated to prevent the inferior animals from rising above the rank which they are designed to hold, is the short time during which they remain under the care of their parents. A few weeks gives the young nestlings, of every season, strength and inclination to leave the protection of the parents; the tender attachment which has subsisted while the young bird was unable to provide for itself without assistance is entirely broken off, and in a week or two more they probably do not know each other. The young of the sheep, the cow, and the horse, attend and feed by the mother's side for a certain short period, during which they are protected by her care, and supported by her milk; but they have no sooner attained the strength necessary to defend themselves, and the sense to provide for their wants, than they separate from the

mother, and all intercourse between the parent and her offspring is closed for ever.

Thus each separate tribe of animals retains exactly the same station in the general order of the universe which was occupied by its predecessors; and no existing generation either is, or can be, either much better instructed, or more ignorant, than that which preceded or that which is to come after it.

It is widely different with mankind. God, as we are told in Scripture, was pleased to make man after his own image. By this you are not to understand that the Creator of heaven and earth has any visible form or shape, to which the human body bears a resemblance; but the meaning is, that as the God who created the world is a spirit invisible and incomprehensible, so he joined to the human frame some portion of an essence resembling his own, which is called the human soul, and which, while the body lives, continues to animate and direct its motions, and on the dissolution of the bodily form which it has occupied, returns to the spiritual world, to be answerable for the good and evil of its works upon earth. It is therefore impossible, that man, possessing this knowledge of right and wrong proper to a spiritual essence, resembling those higher orders of creation whom we call angels, and having some affinity, though at an incalculable distance, to the essence of the Deity himself, should have been placed under the same limitations in point of progressive improvement with the inferior tribes, who are neither responsible for the actions which they perform under direction of their instinct, nor capable, by any exertion of their own, of altering or improving their condition in the scale of creation. So far is this from being the case with man, that the bodily organs of the human frame bear such a correspondence with the properties of his soul, as to give him the means, when they are properly used, of enlarging his powers, and becoming wiser and more skilful from hour to hour, as long as his life permits; and not only is this the case, but tribes and nations of men assembled together for the purpose of mutual protection and defence, have the same power of alteration and improvement, and may, if circumstances are favourable, go on by gradual steps from being a wild horde of naked barbarians till they become a powerful and civilized people.

The capacity of amending our condition by increase of knowledge, which, in fact, affords the means by which man rises to be the lord of creation, is grounded on the human race possessing those advantages which he alone enjoys. Let us look somewhat closely into this, my dear boy, for it involves some truths equally curious and important.

If man, though possessed of the same immortal essence or soul, which enables him to chuse and refuse, to judge and condemn, to reason and conclude, were to be void of the power of communicating the conclusions to which his reasoning had conducted him, it is clear that the progress of each individual in knowledge could be only in proportion to his own observation and his own powers of reasoning. But the gift of speech enables any one to communicate to others whatever idea of improvement occurs to him, which, instead of dying in the bosom of the individual by whom it was first thought of, becomes a part of the stock of knowledge proper to the whole community, which is increased

and rendered generally and effectually useful by the accession of further information, as opportunities occur, or men of reflecting and inventive minds arise in the state. This use of spoken language therefore, which so gloriously distinguishes man from the beasts that perish, is the primary means of introducing and increasing knowledge in infant communities.

Another early cause of the improvement of human society is the incapacity of children to act for themselves, rendering the attention and protection of parents to their offspring necessary for so long a period. Even where the food which the earth affords without cultivation, such as fruits and herbs, is most plentifully supplied, children remain too helpless for many years to be capable of gathering it, and providing for their own support. This is still more the case where food has to be procured by hunting, fishing, or cultivating the soil, occupations requiring a degree of skill and personal strength, which children cannot possess until they are twelve or fourteen years old. It follows, as a law of nature, that instead of leaving their parents at an early age, like the young of birds or quadrupeds, the youth of the human species necessarily remain under the protection of their father and mother for many years, during which they acquire all the knowledge the parents have to teach. It arises also from this wise arrangement, that the love and affection between the offspring and the parents, which among the brute creation is the produce of mere instinct, and continues for a very short time, becomes in the human race a deep and permanent feeling, founded on the attachment of the parents, the gratitude of the children, and the effect of long habit on both.

For these reasons, it usually happens, that children feel no desire to desert their parents, but remain inhabitants of the same huts in which they were born, and take up the task of labouring for subsistence in their turn. One or two such families gradually unite together, and avail themselves of each other's company for mutual defence and assistance. This is the earliest stage of human society; and some savages have been found in this condition so very rude and ignorant, that they may be said to be little wiser or better than a herd of animals. The natives of New South Wales, for example, are, even at present, in the very lowest scale of humanity, and ignorant of every art which can add comfort or decency to human life. These unfortunate savages use no clothes, construct no cabins or huts, and are ignorant even of the manner of chasing animals or catching fish, unless such of the latter as are left by the tide, or which are found on the rocks; they feed upon the most disgusting substances, snakes, worms, maggots, and whatever trash falls in their way. They know indeed how to kindle a fire—in that respect only they have stepped beyond the deepest ignorance to which man can be subjected—but they have not learned how to boil water; and when they see Europeans perform this ordinary operation, they have been known to run away in great terror. Voyagers tell us of other savages who do not even know the use of fire, and who maintain a miserable existence by subsisting on shell-fish eaten raw.

And yet, my dear boy, out of this miserable and degraded state, which seems worse than that of the

animals, man has the means and power to rise into the high place for which Providence hath destined him. In proportion as opportunities occur, these savage tribes acquire the arts of civilized life; they construct huts to shelter them against the weather; they invent arms for destroying the wild beasts by which they are annoyed, and for killing those whose flesh is adapted for food; and they plant fruit-trees and sow grain as soon as they discover that the productions of nature most necessary for their comfort may be increased by labour and industry. Thus, the progress of human society, unless it is interrupted by some unfortunate circumstances, continues to advance, and every new generation, without losing any of the advantages already attained, goes on to acquire others which were unknown to the preceding one.

For instance, when three or four wandering families of savages have settled in one place, and begun to cultivate the ground, and collect their huts into a hamlet or village, they usually agree in chusing some chief to be their judge and the arbiter of their disputes in time of peace, their leader and captain when they go to war with other tribes. This is the foundation of a monarchical government. Or, perhaps, their public affairs are directed by a council, or senate, of the oldest and wisest of the tribe—this is the origin of a republican state. At all events, in one way or other, they put themselves under something resembling a regular government, and obtain the protection of such laws as may prevent them from quarrelling with one another.

Other important alterations are introduced by time. At first, no doubt, the members of the community store their fruits and the produce of the chase in common. But shortly after, reason teaches them that the individual who has bestowed labour and trouble upon anything so as to render it productive, acquires a right of property, as it is called, in the produce, which his efforts have in a manner called into existence. Thus, it is soon acknowledged, that he who has planted a tree has the sole right of consuming its fruit; and that he who has sown a field of corn has the exclusive title to gather in the grain. Without the labour of the planter and husbandman, there would have been no apples or wheat, and therefore these are justly entitled to the fruit of their labour. In like manner, the State itself is conceived to acquire a right of property in the fields cultivated by its members, and in the forests where they have of old practised the rights of hunting and fishing. If men of a different tribe enter on the territory of a neighbouring nation, war ensues between them, and peace is made by agreeing on both sides to reasonable conditions. Thus a young state extends its possessions; and, by its communications with other tribes, lays the foundation of public laws for the regulation of their behaviour to each other in peace and in war.

Other arrangements no less important are produced, tending to increase the difference between mankind in their wild and original state, and that which they assume in the progress of civilization. One of the most remarkable is the separation of the citizens into different classes of society, and the introduction of the use of money. I will try to render these great changes intelligible to you.

In the earlier stages of society, every member of

the community may be said to supply all his wants by his own personal labour. He acquires his food by the chase—he sows and reaps his own grain—he gathers his own fruit—he cuts the skin which forms his dress so as to fit his own person—he makes the sandals or buskins which protect his feet. He is, therefore, better or worse accommodated exactly in proportion to the personal skill and industry which he can apply to that purpose. But it is discovered in process of time, that one man has particular dexterity in hunting, being, we shall suppose, young, active, and enterprising; another, older and of a more staid character, has peculiar skill in tilling the ground, or in managing cattle and flocks; a third, lame perhaps, or infirm, has a happy talent for cutting out and stitching together garments, or for shaping and sewing such shoes as are worn. It becomes, therefore, for the advantage of all, that the first shall attend to nothing but hunting, the second confine himself to the cultivation of the land, and the third remain at home to make clothes and shoes. But then it follows, as a necessary consequence, that the huntsman must give to the man who cultivates the land a part of his venison and skins, if he desires to have grain of which to make bread, or a cow to furnish his family with milk; and that both the hunter and the agriculturist must give a share of the produce of the chase, and a proportion of the grain, to the third man, to obtain from him clothes and shoes. Each is thus accommodated with what he wants, a great deal better, and more easily, by every one following a separate occupation, than they could possibly have been, had each of the three been hunter, farmer, and tailor, in his own person, practising two of the trades awkwardly and unwillingly, instead of confining himself to that which he perfectly understands and pursues with success. This mode of accommodation is called barter, and is the earliest kind of traffic by which men exchange their property with each other, and satisfy their wants by parting with their superfluities.

But in process of time, barter is found inconvenient. The husbandman, perhaps, has no use for shoes when the shoemaker is in need of corn, or the shoemaker may not want furs or venison when the hunter desires to have shoes. To remedy this, almost all nations have introduced the use of what is called *money*, that is to say, they have fixed on some particular substance capable of being divided into small portions, which, having itself no intrinsic value, is nevertheless received as a representative of the value of all commodities. Particular kinds of shells are used as money in some countries; in others, leather, cloth, or iron, are employed; but gold and silver, divided into small portions, are used for this important purpose almost all over the world.

That you may understand the use of this circulating representative of the value of commodities, and comprehend the convenience which it affords, let us suppose that the hunter, as we formerly said, wanted a pair of shoes, and the shoemaker had no occasion for venison, but wanted some corn, while the husbandman, not desiring to have shoes, was in need of some other commodity. Here are three men, each desirous of some article of necessity, or convenience, which he cannot obtain by barter, because

the party whom he has to deal with does not want the commodity which he has to offer. But supposing the use of money introduced, and its value acknowledged, these three persons are accommodated by means of it in the amplest manner possible. The shoemaker does not want the venison which the hunter offers for sale, but some other man in the village is willing to purchase it for five pieces of silver—the hunter sells his commodity, and goes to the shoemaker, who, though he would not barter the shoes for the venison which he did not want, readily sells them for the money, and, going with it to the farmer, buys from him the quantity of corn he needs; while the farmer, in his turn, purchases whatever he is in want of, or if he requires nothing at the time, lays the pieces of money aside, to use when he has occasion.

The invention of money is followed by the gradual rise of trade. There are men who make it their business to buy various articles, and sell them again for profit; that is, they sell them somewhat dearer than they bought them. This is convenient for all parties, since the original proprietors are willing to sell their commodities to those store-keepers, or shop-keepers, at a low rate, to be saved the trouble of hawking them about in search of a customer; while the public in general are equally willing to buy from such intermediate dealers, because they are sure to be immediately supplied with what they want.

The numerous transactions occasioned by the introduction of money, together with other circumstances, soon destroy the equality of ranks which prevails in an early stage of society. Some men become rich, and hire the assistance of others to do their work; some are poor, and sink into the capacity of servants. Some men are wise and skilful, and, distinguishing themselves by their exploits in battle and their counsels in peace, rise to the management of public affairs. Others, and much greater numbers, have no more valour than to follow where they are led, and no more talent than to act as they are commanded. These last sink, as a matter of course, into obscurity, while the others become generals and statesmen. The attainment of learning tends also to increase the difference of ranks. Those who receive a good education by the care of their parents, or possess so much strength of mind and readiness of talent as to educate themselves, become separated from the more ignorant of the community, and form a distinct class and condition of their own; and hold no more communication with the others than is absolutely necessary. In this way the whole order of society is changed, and instead of presenting the uniform appearance of one large family, each member of which has nearly the same rights, it seems to resemble a confederacy or association of different ranks, classes, and conditions of men, each rank filling up a certain department in society, and discharging a class of duties totally distinct from those of the others. The steps by which a nation advances from the natural and simple state which we have just described, into the more complicated system in which ranks are distinguished from each other, are called the Progress of Society, or of Civilization. It is attended, like all things human, with much of evil as well as good; but it seems to be a law of our moral nature, that, faster or slower, such alterations must

take place, in consequence of the inventions and improvements of succeeding generations of mankind.

Another alteration, productive of consequences not less important, arises out of the gradual progress towards civilization. In the early state of society, every man in the tribe is a warrior, and liable to serve as such when the country requires his assistance; but in progress of time the pursuit of the military art is, at least on all ordinary occasions, confined to bands of professional soldiers, whose business it is to fight the battles of the state, when required, in consideration of which they are paid by the community, the other members of which are thus left to the uninterrupted pursuit of their own peaceful occupations. This alteration is attended with more important consequences than we can at present pause to enumerate.

We have said that those mighty changes which bring men to dwell in castles and cities instead of huts and caves, and enable them to cultivate the sciences and subdue the elements, instead of being plunged in ignorance and superstition, are owing primarily to the reason with which God has graciously endowed the human race; and in a second degree to the power of speech, by which we can communicate to each other the result of our own reflections.

But it is evident that society, when its advance is dependent upon oral tradition alone, must be liable to many interruptions. The imagination of the speaker, and the dulness or want of comprehension of the hearer, may lead to many errors; and it is generally found that knowledge makes but very slow progress until the art of writing is discovered, by which a fixed, accurate, and substantial form can be given to the wisdom of past ages. When this noble art is attained, there is a sure foundation laid for the preservation and increase of knowledge. The record is removed from the inaccurate recollection of the aged, and placed in a safe, tangible, and imperishable form, which may be subjected to the inspection of various persons, until the sense is completely explained and comprehended, with the least possible chance of doubt or uncertainty.

By the art of writing, a barrier is fixed against those violent changes so apt to take place in the early stages of society, by which all the fruits of knowledge are frequently destroyed, as those of the earth are by a hurricane. Suppose, for example, a case which frequently happens in the early history of mankind, that some nation which has made considerable progress in the arts, is invaded and subdued by another which is more powerful and numerous, though more ignorant than themselves. It is clear, that in this case, as the rude and ignorant victors would set no value on the knowledge of the vanquished, it would, if intrusted only to the memory of the individuals of the conquered people, be gradually lost and forgotten. But if their useful discoveries were recorded in writing, the manuscripts in which they were described, though they might be neglected for a season, would, if preserved at all, probably attract attention at some more fortunate period. It was thus that, when the empire of Rome, having reached the utmost period of its grandeur, was broken down and conquered by numerous tribes of ignorant though

brave barbarians, those admirable works of classical learning, on which such value is justly placed in the present day, were rescued from total destruction and oblivion by manuscript copies preserved by chance in the old libraries of churches and convents. It may indeed be taken as an almost infallible maxim, that no nation can make any great progress in useful knowledge or civilization, until their improvement can be rendered stable and permanent by the invention of writing.

Another discovery, however, almost as important as that of writing, was made during the fifteenth century. I mean the invention of printing. Writing with the hand must be always a slow, difficult, and expensive operation; and when the manuscript is finished, it is perhaps laid aside among the stores of some great library, where it may be neglected by students, and must, at any rate, be accessible to very few persons, and subject to be destroyed by numerous accidents. But the admirable invention of printing enables the artist to make a thousand copies from the original manuscript, by having them stamped upon paper, in far less time and with less expense than it would cost to make half a dozen such copies with the pen. From the period of this glorious discovery, knowledge of every kind might be said to be brought out of the darkness of cloisters and universities, where it was known only to a few scholars, into the broad light of day, where its treasures were accessible to all men.

The Bible itself, in which we find the rules of eternal life, as well as a thousand lessons for our conduct in this world, was, before the invention of printing, totally inaccessible to all, save the priests of Rome, who found it their interest to discourage the perusal of the Scriptures by any save their own order; and thus screened from discovery those alterations and corruptions, which the inventions of ignorant and designing men had introduced into the beautiful simplicity of the gospel. But when, by means of printing, the copies of the Bible became so numerous, that every one, above the most wretched poverty, could, at a cheap price, possess himself of a copy of the blessed rule of life, there was a general appeal from the errors and encroachments of the Church of Rome, to the Divine Word on which they professed to be founded; a treasure formerly concealed from the public, but now placed within the reach of every man, whether of the clergy or laity. The consequence of these inquiries, which printing alone could have rendered practicable, was the rise of the happy Reformation of the Christian church.

The same noble art made knowledge of a temporal kind as accessible as that which concerned religion. Whatever works of history, science, morality, or entertainment, seemed likely to instruct or amuse the reader, were printed and distributed among the people at large by printers and booksellers, who had a profit by doing so. Thus, the possibility of important discoveries being forgotten in the course of years, or of the destruction of useful arts, or elegant literature, by the loss of the records in which they are preserved, was in a great measure removed.

In a word, the printing-press is a contrivance which enables any one individual to address his whole fellow-subjects on any topic which he thinks

important, and which enables a whole nation to listen to the voice of such individual, however obscure, with the same ease and greater certainty of understanding what he says, than if a chief of Indians were haranguing the tribe at his council-fire. Nor is the important difference to be forgotten, that the orator can only speak to the persons present, while the author of a book addresses himself, not only to the race now in existence, but to all succeeding generations, while his work shall be held in estimation.

I have thus endeavoured to trace the steps by which a general civilization is found to take place in nations with more or less rapidity, as laws and institutions, or external circumstances, favourable or otherwise, advance or retard the increase of knowledge, and by the course of which man, endowed with reason, and destined for immortality, gradually improves the condition in which Providence has placed him, while the inferior animals continue to live by means of the same, or nearly the same, instincts of self preservation, which have directed their species in all its descents since the creation.

I have called your attention at some length to this matter, because you will now have to remark, that a material change had gradually and slowly taken place, both in the kingdom of England, and in that of Scotland, when their long quarrels were at length, in appearance, ended, by the accession of James the Sixth of Scotland to the English crown, which he held under the title of James the First of that powerful kingdom.

CHAPTER II

Infirmities and ill temper of Elizabeth in her latter years—Accession of James VI acceptable on that account to the English—Resort of Scotsmen to the Court at London—Quarrels between them and the English—Duelling—Duel of Stewart and Wharton—Attempt by Sir John Ayres to assassinate Lord Herbert—Murder of Turner, a Fencing-Master, by two Pages of Lord Sanquhar, and Execution of the Murderers—Statute against Stabbing.

THE whole island of Great Britain was now united under one king, though it remained in effect two separate kingdoms, governed by their own separate constitutions and their own distinct codes of laws, and liable again to be separated, in case, by the death of King James without issue, the kingdoms might have been claimed by different heirs. For although James had two sons, yet there was a possibility that they might have both died before their father, in which case the sceptres of England and Scotland must have passed once more to different hands. The Hamilton family would, in that case, have succeeded to the kingdom of Scotland, and the next heir of Elizabeth to that of England. Who that heir was, it might have been found difficult to determine.

It might have been thought that James, the sovereign of a poor and barren kingdom, which had for so many ages maintained an almost perpetual war with England, would have met with a prejudiced and unpleasant reception from a nation long accustomed to despise the Scots for their poverty, and to regard them with enmity on account of their constant hostility to the English blood and name. It might have been supposed also, that a people so proud as

the English, and having so many justifiable reasons for their pride, would have regarded with an evil eye the transference of the sceptre from the hand of the Tudors, who had swayed it during five successive reigns, to those of a Stewart, descended from the ancient and determined enemies of the English nation. But it was the wise and gracious pleasure of Providence, that while so many reasons existed to render the accession of James, and, in consequence, the union of the two crowns, obnoxious to the English people, others should occur, which not only balanced, but completely overpowered those objections, as well in the minds of men of sense and education, as in the judgment of the populace, who are usually averse to foreign rulers, for no other reason than that they are such.

Queen Elizabeth, after a long and glorious reign, had, in her latter days, become much more cross and uncertain in her temper than had been the case in her youth; more wilful also, and more inclined to exert her arbitrary power on slight occasions. One peculiar cause of offence was her obstinate refusal to gratify the anxiety of her people, by making any arrangement for the succession to the throne after her death. On this subject, indeed, she nursed so much suspicion and jealousy, as gave rise to more than one extraordinary scene. The following is a whimsical instance, among others, of her unwillingness to hear of anything respecting old age and its consequences.

The Bishop of St David's, preaching in her Majesty's presence, took occasion from his text, which was Psal. xc, ver. 12, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom," to allude to the Queen's advanced period of life, she being then sixty-three, and to the consequent infirmities attending upon old age; as for example, when the grinders shall be few in number, and they wax dark who look out at windows—when the daughters of singing shall be abased, and more to the like purpose. With the tone of these admonitions the queen was so ill satisfied, that she flung open the window of the closet in which she sate, and told the preacher to keep his admonitions to himself, since she plainly saw the greatest clerks (meaning scholars) were not the wisest men. Nor did her displeasure end here. The bishop was commanded to confine himself to his house for a time; and the Queen, referring to the circumstance some time afterwards, told her courtiers how much the prelate was mistaken in supposing her to be as much decayed as perhaps he might feel himself to be. As for her, she thanked God, neither her stomach nor her strength—her voice for singing, or her art of fingering instruments, were any whit decayed. And to prove the goodness of her eyes, she produced a little jewel, with an inscription in very small letters, which she offered to Lord Worcester and Sir James Crofts to read; and as they had too much tact to be sharp-sighted on the occasion, she read it herself with apparent ease, and laughed at the error of the good bishop.

The faults of Elizabeth, though arising chiefly from age and ill-temper, were noticed and resented by her subjects, who began openly to show themselves weary of a female reign, forgetting how glorious it had been, and to desire to have a king to rule over them. With

this general feeling, all eyes, even those of Elizabeth's most confidential statesman and counsellor Sir Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, were turned to the King of Scotland as next heir to the crown. He was a Protestant prince, which assured him the favour of the Church of England, and of the numerous and strong adherents to the Protestant religion. As such, Cecil entered into a secret correspondence with him, in which he pointed out the line of conduct proper on James's part to secure his interest in England. On the other hand, the English Catholics, on whom Queen Elizabeth's government had imposed many severe penal laws, were equally friendly to the succession of King James, since from that prince, whose mother had been a strict Catholic, they might hope for some favour, or, at the least, some release from the various hardships which the laws of England imposed on them.

The Earl of Northumberland conducted a correspondence with James on the part of the Catholics, in which he held high language, and offered to assert the Scottish King's right of succession by force of arms.

These intrigues were kept by James as secret as was in his power. If Elizabeth had discovered either the one or the other, neither the services of Cecil nor the high birth and power of the great Earl of Northumberland, could have saved them from experiencing the extremity of her indignation. Cecil, in particular, was at one time on the point of ruin. A post from Scotland delivered into his hands a private packet from the Scottish king, when the secretary was in attendance on Elizabeth:—"Open your dispatches," said Elizabeth, "and let us hear the news from Scotland." A man of less presence of mind would have been ruined; for if the queen had seen the least hesitation in her minister's manner, her suspicions would have been instantly awakened, and detection must have followed. But Cecil recollected the queen's sensitive aversion to any disagreeable smell, which was strengthened by the belief of the time, that infectious diseases and subtle poisons could be communicated by means of scent alone. The artful secretary availed himself of this, and while he seemed to be cutting the strings which held the packet, he observed it had a singular and unpleasant odour; on which Elizabeth desired it might be taken from her presence, and opened elsewhere with due precaution. Thus Cecil got an opportunity to withdraw from the packet whatever could have betrayed his correspondence with King James. Cecil's policy and inclinations were very generally followed in the English court; indeed, there appeared no heir to the crown, male or female, whose right could be placed in competition with that of James.

It may be added to this general inclination in James's favour, that the defects of his character were of a kind which did not attract much attention while he occupied the throne of Scotland. The delicacy of his situation was then so great, and he was exposed to so many dangers from the dislike of the clergy, the feuds of the nobles, and the tumultuous disposition of the common people, that he dared not indulge in any of those childish freaks of which he was found capable when his motions were more completely at his own disposal. On the contrary, he was compelled to

seek out the sagest counsellors, to listen to the wisest advice, and to put a restraint on his own natural disposition for encouraging idle favourites, parasites, and flatterers, as well as to suppress his inward desire to extend the limits of his authority farther than the constitution of the country permitted. At this period he governed by the advice of such ministers as the Chancellor Maitland, and afterwards of Home, Earl of Dunbar, men of thought and action, of whose steady measures and prudent laws the King naturally obtained the credit. Neither was James himself deficient in a certain degree of sagacity. He possessed all that could be derived from learning alloyed by pedantry, and from a natural shrewdness of wit, which enabled him to play the part of a man of sense, when either acting under the influence of constraint and fear, or where no temptation occurred to induce him to be guilty of some folly. It was by these specious accomplishments that he acquired in his youth the character of an able and wise monarch, although when he was afterwards brought on a more conspicuous stage, and his character better understood, he was found entitled to no better epithet than that conferred on him by an able French politician, who called him "the wisest fool in Christendom."

Such, however, as King James was, England now received him with more universal acclamation than had attended any of her princes on their ascent to the throne. Multitudes, of every description, hastened to accompany him on his journey through England to the capital city. The wealthy placed their gold at his disposal, the powerful opened their halls for the most magnificent entertainments, the clergy hailed him as the head of the Church, and the poor, who had nothing to offer but their lives, seemed ready to devote them to his service. Some of the Scottish retinue who were acquainted with James's character, saw and feared the unfavourable effect which such a change of circumstances was likely to work on him. "A plague of these people!" said one of his oldest domestics; "they will spoil a good king."

Another Scot made an equally shrewd answer to an Englishman, who desired to know from him the king's real character. "Did you ever see a jack-anapes?" said the Scotsman, meaning a tame monkey; "if you have, you must be aware that if you hold the creature in your hands you can make him bite me, and if I hold him in my hands, I can make him bite you."

Both these sayings were shown to be true in course of time. King James, brought from poverty to wealth, became thoughtless and prodigal, indolent, and addicted to idle pleasures. From hearing the smooth flatteries of the clergy of England, who recognised him as head of the Church, instead of the rude attacks of the Presbyterian ministers of Scotland, who had hardly admitted his claim to be one of its inferior members, he entertained new and more lofty pretensions to divine right. Finally, brought from a country where his personal liberty and the freedom of his government were frequently placed under restraint, and his life sometimes in danger, he was overjoyed to find himself in a condition where his own will was not only unfettered, as far as he himself was concerned, but appeared to be the model to which all loyal subjects were desirous to accommodate

theirs; and he seemed readily enough disposed to stretch to its utmost limits the power thus presented to him. Thus, from being a just and equitable monarch, he was inspired with a love of arbitrary power; and from attending, as had been his custom, to state business, he now minded little save hunting and festivals.

In this manner James, though possessing a large stock of pedantic wisdom, came to place himself under the management of a succession of unworthy favourites; and although good-natured, and naturally a lover of justice, was often hurried into actions and measures, which, if they could not be termed absolutely tyrannical, were nevertheless illegal and unjust. It is, however, of his Scottish government that we are now to treat, and therefore I am to explain to you, as well as I can, the consequences of the union with England to the people and country of Scotland.

If the English nation were delighted to receive King James as their sovereign, the Scottish people were no less enchanted by the prospect of their monarch's ascent to this wealthy and pre-eminent situation. They considered the promotion of their countryman and prince as an omen of good fortune to their nation; each individual Scotsman expected to secure some part of the good things with which England was supposed to abound, and multitudes hurried to court, to put themselves in the way of sharing them.

James was shocked at the greediness and importunity of his hungry countrymen, and scandalized besides at the poor and miserable appearance which many of them made among the rich Englishmen, and which brought discredit upon the country to which he himself as well as they belonged. He sent instructions to the Scottish Privy Council to prevent such intruders from leaving their country, complaining of their manners and appearance, as calculated to bring disgrace upon all the natives of Scotland. A proclamation was accordingly issued at Edinburgh, setting forth that great numbers of men and women of base sort and condition, and without any certain trade, calling, or dependence, repaired from Scotland to court, which was almost filled with them, to the great annoyance of his Majesty, and to the heavy disgrace of the Scottish nation; for these suitors being, in the judgment of all who saw them, but idle rascals, and poor miserable bodies, their importunity and numbers raised an opinion that there were no persons of good rank, comeliness, or credit, in the country which sent forth such a flight of locusts. Further, it was complained that these unseemly supplicants usually alleged that the cause of their repairing to court, was to desire the payment of old debts due by the King, "which of all kinds of importunity," says the proclamation with great simplicity, "is the most displeasing to his Majesty." Therefore, general proclamation was directed to be made at all the market crosses in Scotland, that no Scottish person should be permitted to travel to England without leave of the Privy Council; and that vessels transporting individuals who had not obtained due license, should be liable to confiscation.

But although the King did all that was in his power to prevent these uncouth suitors from repairing to his court, yet there were many other natives of Scot-

land of a higher description, the sons of men of rank and quality, who, by birth and condition, had the right of attending his court, and approaching his presence, whom he could not prohibit from doing so, without positively disowning all former affections, national feeling, and sympathy or gratitude for past services. The benefits which he conferred on these were ill construed by the English, who seem to have accounted everything as taken from themselves which was bestowed on a Scotsman. The King, though it does not appear that he acted with any unjust purpose, was hardly judged, both by his own countrymen and the English. The Scots, who had been his friends in his inferior situation, and, as it might be called, his adversity, naturally expected a share of his bounty, when he was advanced to such high prosperity; while the English, with a jealousy for which much allowance is to be made, regarded these northern suitors with an evil eye. In short, the Scottish courtiers thought that their claims of ancient services, of allegiance tried under difficult circumstances, of favour due to countrymen, and perhaps even to kindred, which no people carry so far, entitled them to all the advantages which the King might have to bestow; while the English, on the other hand, considered everything given to the Scots as conferred at their expense, and used many rhymes and satirical expressions to that purpose, such as occur in the old song:—

Bonny Scot, all witness can
England has made thee a gentleman.

Thy blue bonnet, when thou came hither,
Would scarcely keep out the wind or weather;
But now it is turned to a hat and a feather—
The bonnet is blown the devil knows whither.

The sword at thy haunch was a huge black blade,
With a great basket-hilt, of iron made;
But now a long rapier doth hang by his side,
And huffingly doth this bonny Scot ride.

Another rhyme, to the same purpose, described a Scottish courtier thus:—

In Scotland he was born and bred,
And, though a beggar must be fed.

It is said, that when the Scots complained to the king of this last aspersion, James replied, "Hold your peace, for I will soon make the English as poor as yourselves, and so end that controversy." But as it was not in the power of wit to appease the feud betwixt the nobility and gentry of two proud nations, so lately enemies, all the efforts of the King were unequal to prevent bloody and desperate quarrels between his countrymen and his new subjects, to the great disquiet of the court, and the distress of the good-natured monarch, who, averse to war in all its shapes, and even to the sight of a drawn sword, suffered grievously on such occasions.

There was one of those incidents which assumed a character so formidable that it threatened the destruction of all the Scots at the court and in the capital, and, in consequence, a breach between the kingdoms so lately and happily allied. At a public horse-race at Croydon, Philip Herbert, an Englishman of high birth, though, as it fortunately chanced, of no degree of corresponding spirit, received, in a quarrel, a blow

in the face by a switch or horse-whip, from one Ramsay, a Scottish gentleman in attendance on the court. The rashness and violence of Ramsay was construed into a national point of quarrel by the English present, who proposed revenging themselves on the spot by a general attack upon all the Scots on the race-ground. One gentleman, named Pinchbeck, although ill fitted for such a strife, for he had but the use of two fingers on his right hand, rode furiously through the multitude, with his dagger ready drawn, exhorting all the English to imitate him in an immediate attack on the Scots, exclaiming, "Let us breakfast with those that are here, and dine with the rest in London." But as Herbert did not return the blow, no scuffle or assault actually took place; otherwise, it is probable, a dreadful scene must have ensued. James, with whom Herbert was a particular favourite, rewarded his moderation or timidity by raising him to the rank of Knight, Baron, Viscount, and Earl of Montgomery, all in one day. Ramsay was banished the court for a season; and thus the immediate affront was in some degree alleviated. But the new Earl of Montgomery remained, in the opinion of his countrymen, a dishonoured man; and it is said his mother, the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, wept and tore her hair when she heard of his having endured with patience the insult offered by Ramsay. This is the lady whom, in a beautiful epitaph, Ben Jonson has described as

Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Wise, and good, and learn'd as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Yet the patience of Herbert under the insult was the fortunate prevention of a great national misfortune, for which, if his after conduct had not given tokens of an abject spirit, he might have been praised as a patriot, who had preferred the good of his country to the gratification of his own immediate resentment.

Another offence given by the haughty and irascible temper of a Scotsman, was also likely to have produced disastrous consequences. The Inns of Court are the places of resort and study appointed for those young men who are destined to the profession of the law in England, and they are filled with students, men often of high family and accomplishments, and who, living together in the sort of colleges set apart for their residence, have always kept up the ideas of privilege and distinction, to which their destination to a highly honourable profession, as well as their own birth and condition, entitles them. One of these gentlemen, by name Edward Hawley, appeared at court on a public occasion, and, probably, intruded further than his rank authorized; so that Maxwell, a Scotsman, much favoured by James, and an usher of his chamber, not only thrust him back, but actually pulled him out of the presence chamber by a black riband which, like other gallants of the time, Hawley wore at his ear. Hawley, who was a man of spirit, instantly challenged Maxwell to fight; and his second, who carried the challenge, informed him, that if he declined such meeting, Hawley would assault him wherever they should meet, and either kill him or be killed on the spot. James, by his royal interference, was

able to solder up this quarrel also. He compelled Maxwell to make an apology to Hawley; and, for the more full accommodation of the dispute, accepted of a splendid masque and entertainment offered on the occasion by the students of Gray's Inn Lane, the society to which the injured gentleman belonged.

We may here remark a great change in the manners of the gallants of the time, which had taken place in the progress of civilization, to which I formerly alluded. The ancient practice of trial by combat, which made a principal part of the feudal law, and which was resorted to in so many cases, was now fallen into disuse. The progress of reason, and the principles of justice, concurred to prove that a combat in the lists might indeed show which of two knights was the best rider and the stoutest swordsman, but that such an encounter could afford no evidence which of the two was innocent or guilty; since it can only be believed in a very ignorant age that Providence is to work a miracle in case of every chance combat, and award success to the party whose virtue best deserves it. The trial by combat, therefore, though it was not actually removed from the statute-book, was in fact only once appealed to after the accession of James, and even then the combat, as a mode of trial unsuited to enlightened times, did not take place.

For the same reason the other sovereigns of Europe discountenanced these challenges and combats, either for pure honour or in revenge of some injury, which it used to be their custom to encourage, and to sanction with their own presence. These rencounters were generally accounted by all sensible persons an inexcusable waste of gallant men's lives for matters of mere punctilio; and were strictly forbidden, under the highest penalties, by the Kings both of England and France, and, generally speaking, throughout the civilized world. But the royal command could not change the hearts of those to whom it was addressed, nor could the penalties annexed to the breach of the law intimidate men, whom a sense of honour, though a false one, had already induced to hold life cheap. Men fought as many, perhaps even more, single combats than formerly; and although they took place without the publicity and formal show of lists, armour, horses, and the attendance of heralds and judges of the field, yet they were not less bloody than those which had been formerly fought with the observance of every point of chivalry. According to the more modern practice, combatants met in some solitary place, alone, or each accompanied by a friend called a second, who were supposed to see fair play. The combat was generally fought with the rapier or small sword, a peculiarly deadly weapon; and the combatants, to show they wore no defensive armour under their clothes, threw off their coats and waistcoats, and fought in their shirts. The duty of the seconds, properly interpreted, was only to see fair play; but as these hot spirited young men felt it difficult to remain cool and inactive when they saw their friends engaged, it was very common for them, though without even the shadow of a quarrel, to fight also; and, in that case, whoever first dispatched his antagonist, or rendered him incapable of further resistance, came without hesitation to the assistance of his comrade, and thus

the decisive superiority was brought on by odds of numbers,—which contradicts all our common ideas of honour or of gallantry.

Such were the rules of the duel, as these single combats were called. The fashion came from France to England, and was adopted by the Scots and English as the readiest way of settling their national quarrels, which became very numerous.

One of the most noted of these was the bloody and fatal conflict between Sir James Stewart, son of the first Lord Blantyre, a Scottish Knight of the Bath, and Sir George Wharton, an Englishman, eldest son of Lord Wharton, a Knight of the same order. These gentlemen were friends; and, if family report speaks truth, Sir James Stewart was one of the most accomplished young men of his time. A trifling dispute at play led to uncivil expressions on the part of Wharton, to which Stewart answered by a blow. A defiance was exchanged on the spot, and they resolved to fight next day at an appointed place near Waltham. This fatal appointment made, they carried their resentment with a show of friendship, and drank some wine together; after finishing which, Wharton observed to his opponent, "Our next meeting will not part so easily." The fatal rencounter took place; both gentlemen fought with the most determined courage, and both fell with many wounds, and died on the field of battle.

Sometimes the rage and passion of the gallants of the day did not take the fairest, but the shortest road to revenge; and the courtiers of James I, men of honourable birth and title, were, in some instances, addicted to attack an enemy by surprise, without regard to the previous appointment of a place of meeting, or any regulation as to the number of the combatants. Nay, it seems as if, on occasions of special provocation, the English did not disdain to use the swords of hired assassins in aid of their revenge, and all punctilios of equality of arms or numbers were set aside as idle ceremonies.

Sir John Ayres, a man of rank and fortune, entertained jealousy of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, celebrated as a soldier and philosopher, from having discovered that his wife, Lady Ayres, wore around her neck the picture of that high-spirited and accomplished nobleman. Incensed by the suspicions thus excited, Sir John watched Lord Herbert, and, meeting him on his return from court, attended by only two servants, he attacked him furiously, backed by four of his followers with drawn weapons, and attended by many others, who, though they did not directly unsheath their swords, yet served to lend countenance to the assault. Lord Herbert was thrown down under his horse; his sword, with which he endeavoured to defend himself, was broken in his hand; and the weight of the horse prevented him from rising. One of his lacqueys ran away on seeing his master attacked by such odds; the other stood by him, and released his foot, which was entangled in the stirrup. At this moment Sir John Ayres was standing over him, and in the act of attempting to plunge his sword into his body; but Lord Herbert, catching him by the legs, brought him also to the ground; and, although the young Lord had but a fragment of his sword remaining, he struck his unmanly antagonist with such force on the stomach as

deprived him of the power to prosecute his bloody purpose; and some of Lord Herbert's friends coming up, the assassin thought it prudent to withdraw, vomiting blood in consequence of the blow he had received.

This scuffle lasted for some time in the streets of London, without any person feeling himself called upon to interfere in behalf of the weaker party; and Sir John Ayres seems to have entertained no shame for the enterprise, but only regret that it had not succeeded. Lord Herbert sent him a challenge as soon as his wounds were in the way of being cured; and the gentleman who bore it placed the letter on the point of his sword, and in that manner delivered it publicly to the person whom he addressed. Sir John Ayres replied, that the injury he had received from Lord Herbert was of such a nature, that he would not consent to any terms of fair play, but would shoot him from a window with a musket if he could find an opportunity. Lord Herbert protests, in his Memoirs, that there was no cause given on his part for the jealousy which drove Sir John Ayres to such desperate measures of revenge.

A still more noted case of cruel vengeance, and which served to embitter the general hatred against the Scots, was a crime committed by Lord Sanquhar, a nobleman of that country, the representative of the ancient family of Creichton. This young lord, in fencing with a man called Turner, a teacher of the science of defence, had the misfortune to be deprived of an eye by the accidental thrust of a foil. The mishap was, doubtless, both distressing and provoking; but there was no room to blame Turner, by whom no injury had been intended, and who greatly regretted the accident. One or two years after this, Lord Sanquhar being at the court of France, Henry IV, then king, asked him how he had lost his eye: Lord Sanquhar, not wishing to dwell on the subject, answered in general terms, that it was by the thrust of a sword. "Does the man who did the injury still live?" asked the king; and the unhappy question impressed it indelibly upon the heart of the infatuated Lord Sanquhar, that his honour required the death of the poor fencing-master. Accordingly, he dispatched his page and another of his followers, who pistolled Turner in his own school. The murderers were taken, and acknowledged they had been employed to do the deed by their lord, whose commands, they said, they had been bred up to hold as indisputable warrants for the execution of whatever he might enjoin. All the culprits being brought to trial and condemned, much interest was made for Lord Sanquhar, who was a young man, it is said, of eminent parts. But to have pardoned him would have argued too gross a partiality in James toward his countrymen and original subjects. He was hanged, therefore, along with his two associates; which Lord Bacon termed the most exemplary piece of justice in any king's reign.

To sum up the account of these acts of violence, they gave occasion to a severe law, called the Statute of Stabbing. Hitherto, in the mild spirit of English jurisprudence, the crime of a person slaying another without premeditation only amounted to the lesser denomination of murder which the law calls manslaughter, and which had been only punishable by

fine and imprisonment. But, to check the use of short swords and poniards, weapons easily concealed, and capable of being suddenly produced, it was provided that if any one, though without forethought or premeditation, with sword or dagger attacked and wounded another whose weapon was not drawn, of which wound the party should die within six months after receiving it, the crime should not be accounted homicide, but rise into the higher class of murder, and be as such punished with death accordingly.

CHAPTER III.

Attempt of James to reduce the Institutions of Scotland to a state of Uniformity with those of England—Commissioners appointed to effect this—the Project fails—Distinctions between the forms of Church Government in the two Countries—Introduction of Episcopacy into the Scottish Church—Five Articles of Perth—Dissatisfaction of the People with these Innovations.

WHILE the quarrels of the English and Scottish nobility disturbed the comfort of James the First's reign, it must be admitted that the monarch applied himself with some diligence to cement as much as possible the union of the two kingdoms, and to impart to each such advantages as they might be found capable of borrowing from the other. The love of power, natural to him as a sovereign, combined with a sincere wish for what would be most advantageous to both countries—for James, when not carried off by his love of idle pleasures, and the influence of unworthy favourites, possessed the power of seeing, and the disposition to advance, the interests of his subjects—alike induced him to accelerate, by every means, the uniting two separate portions of Britain into one solid and inseparable state, for which nature designed the inhabitants of the same island. He was not negligent in adopting measures to attain so desirable an object, though circumstances deferred the accomplishment of his wishes till the lapse of a century. To explain the nature of his attempt, and the causes of its failure, we must consider the respective condition of England and Scotland as regarded their political institutions.

The long and bloody wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, who, for more than thirty years, contended for the throne of England, had, by slaughter in numerous battles, by repeated proscriptions, public executions, and forfeitures, reduced to a comparatively inconsiderable number, and to a much greater state of disability and weakness, the nobility and great gentry of the kingdom, by whom the crown had been alternately bestowed on one or other of the contending parties. Henry the Seventh, a wise and subtle prince, had, by his success in the decisive battle of Bosworth, attained a secure seat upon the English throne. He availed himself of the weak state of the peers and barons, to undermine and destroy the influence which the feudal system had formerly given them over their vassals; and they submitted to this diminution of their authority, as men who felt that the stormy independence possessed by their ancestors had cost them very dear, and that it was better to live at ease under the king, as a common head of the state, than to possess the ruinous power of petty sovereigns, each on his own estate, making war upon, and ruining others, and incurring

destruction themselves. They therefore relinquished, without much open discontent, most of their oppressive rights of sovereignty over their vassals, and were satisfied to be honoured and respected masters of their own lands, without retaining the power of princes over those who cultivated them. They exacted rents from their tenants, instead of service in battle, and attendance in peace, and became peaceful and wealthy, instead of being great and turbulent.

As the nobles sank in consideration, the citizens of the towns and sea-ports, and the smaller gentry and cultivators of the soil, increased in importance as well as in prosperity and happiness. These commoners felt, indeed, and sometimes murmured against, the ascendance acquired by the king; but were conscious at the same time, that it was the crown which had relieved them from the far more vexatious and frequent exactions of their late feudal lords; and as the burden fell equally on all, they were better contented to live under the sway of one king, who imposed the national burdens on the people at large, than under that of a number of proud lords. Henry VII availed himself of these favourable dispositions to raise large taxes, which he partly hoarded up for occasions of emergency, and partly expended on levying bands of soldiers, both foreign and domestic, by whom he carried on such wars as he engaged in, without finding any necessity to call out the feudal array of the kingdom.

Henry VIII was a prince of a very different temper, and yet his reign contributed greatly to extend and confirm the power of the crown. He expended, indeed, the treasures of his father; but he replenished them, in a great measure, by the spoils of the Roman Catholic Church, and he confirmed the usurpation of arbitrary authority, by the vigour with which he wielded it. The tyranny which he exercised in his family and court, was unfelt by the citizens and common people, with whom he continued to be rather popular from his splendour, than dreaded from his violence. His power wrested from them, in the shape of compulsory loans and benevolences, large sums of money which he was not entitled to by the grant of parliament; but though he could not directly compel them to pay such exactions, yet he could exert, as in the case of Alderman Read, the power of sending the refusing party to undergo the dangers and hardships of foreign service, which most wealthy citizens thought still harder than the alternative of paying a sum of money.

The reign of the English Queen Mary was short and inglorious, but she pursued the arbitrary steps of her father, and in no degree relaxed the power which the crown had acquired since the accession of Henry VII. That of Elizabeth went considerably to increase it. The success of the wise measures which she adopted for maintaining the Protestant religion, and making the power of England respected by foreign states, flattered the vanity, and conciliated the affection, of her subjects. The wisdom and economy with which she distributed the treasures of the state, added to the general disposition of her subjects to place them at her command; and the arbitrary authority which her grandfather acquired by subtlety, which her father maintained by violence, and which her sister preserved by bigotry, was readily conceded

to Elizabeth by the love and esteem of her people. It was, moreover, to be considered, that, like the rest of the Tudor family, the Queen nourished high ideas of royal prerogative; and when thwarted in her wishes by any opposition, not unfrequently called to lively recollection, both by expression and action, whose daughter she was.

In a word, the almost absolute authority of the House of Tudor may be understood from the single circumstance, that although religion is the point on which men do, and ought to think their individual feelings and sentiments particularly at liberty, yet, at the arbitrary will of the sovereign, the Church of England was disjoined from that of Rome by Henry the Eighth, was restored to the Roman Catholic faith by Queen Mary, and again declared Protestant by Elizabeth; and on each occasion the change was effected without any commotion or resistance beyond what was soon put down by the power of the Crown.

Thus, on succeeding to the English throne, James found himself at the head of a nobility who had lost both the habit and power of resisting the will of the sovereign, and of a wealthy body of commons, who, satisfied with being liberated from the power of the aristocracy, were little disposed to resist the exactions of the crown.

His ancient kingdom of Scotland was in a directly different situation. The feudal nobility had retained their territorial jurisdictions, and their signorial privileges, in as full extent as their ancestors had possessed them, and therefore had the power at once and the inclination to resist the arbitrary will of the sovereign, as James himself had felt on more occasions than one. Thus, though the body of the people had not the same protection from just and equal laws, as was the happy lot of the inhabitants of England, and were less wealthy, yet the spirit of the constitution possessed all the freedom which was inherent in the ancient feudal institutions, and it was impossible for the monarch so to influence the parliament of the country, as to accomplish any considerable encroachment on the privileges of the nation.

It was therefore obvious, that besides the numerous reasons of a public nature for uniting South and North Britain under a similar system of government, James saw a strong personal interest for reducing the turbulent nobles and people of Scotland to the same submissive and quiet state in which he found England, but in which it was not his good fortune to leave it. With this view he proposed, that the Legislature of both nations should appoint Commissioners, to consider of the terms on which it might be possible to unite them under the same constitution. With some difficulty on both sides, the Parliament of England was prevailed on to name forty-four Commissioners, while the Scottish Parliament appointed thirty-six, to consider this important subject.

The very first conferences showed how impossible it was to accomplish the desired object, until time should have removed or softened those prejudices on both sides, which had long existed during the state of separation and hostility betwixt the two nations. The English Commissioners demanded, as a preliminary stipulation, that the whole system of English law should be at once extended to Scotland. The Scots rejected the proposal with disdain, justly al-

leging, that nothing less than absolute conquest by force of arms could authorize the subjection of an independent nation to the customs and laws of a foreign country. The treaty, therefore, was in a great degree shipwrecked at the very commencement—the proposal for the union was suffered to fall asleep, and the King had the disadvantage of having excited the suspicions and fears of the Scottish lawyers, who had been threatened with the total destruction of their profession. And the profession of the law, which must be influential in every government, was particularly so in Scotland, as it was chiefly practised by the sons of the higher class of gentry.

Though in a great measure disappointed in his measures for effecting a general union and correspondence of laws between the two nations, James remained extremely desirous to obtain at least an ecclesiastical conformity of opinion, by bringing the form and constitution of the Scottish Church as near as possible to that of England. What he attempted and accomplished in this respect, forms an important part of the history of his reign, and gave occasion to some of the most remarkable and calamitous events in that of his successor.

I must remind you, my dear child, that the Reformation was effected by very different agency in England, from what operated a similar change in Scotland. The new plans of church government adopted in the two nations did not in the least resemble each other, although the doctrines which they teach are so nearly alike, that little distinction can be traced, save what is of a very subtle and metaphysical character. But the outward forms of the two churches are totally different. You must remember that the Reformation of the Church of England was originally brought about by Henry VIII, whose principal object was to destroy the dependence of the clergy upon the Pope, and transfer to himself, whom he declared Head of the Church in his own regal right, all the authority and influence which had formerly been enjoyed by the Papal See. When, therefore, Henry had destroyed the monastic establishments, and confiscated their possessions, and had reformed such doctrines of the church as he judged required amendment, it became his object to preserve her general constitution, and the gradation of inferior and superior clergy, by whom her functions were administered, because the promotion was in a great measure distributed by the hands of the King himself, to whom, therefore, the inferior clergy must naturally be attached by hope of preferment, and the superior orders by gratitude and the expectation of farther advancement. The order of bishops in particular, raised to that rank by the crown, and enjoying seats in the House of Lords, must be supposed, on most occasions, willing to espouse the cause, and forward the views of the King, in such debates as might occur in that assembly.

The Reformation in Scotland had taken place by a sudden popular impulse; and the form of church government adopted by Knox, and the other preachers under whose influence it had been accomplished, was studiously made as different as possible from the Roman hierarchy. The Presbyterian system, as I said in a former chapter, was upon the model of the purest republican simplicity; the brethren who

served the altar claimed and allowed of no superiority of ranks, and of no influence but what individuals might attach to themselves by superior worth or superior talent. The representatives who formed their church courts were selected by plurality of votes, and no other head of the church, visible or invisible, was acknowledged, save the blessed Founder of the Christian Religion, in whose name the church courts of Scotland were convoked and dismissed.

Over a body so constituted, the King could have little influence or power; nor did James acquire any by his personal conduct. It was, indeed, partly by the influence of the clergy that he had been in infancy placed upon the throne; but, as their conduct in this was regarded by James, in his secret soul, as an act of rebellion against his mother's authority, he gave the Kirk of Scotland little thanks for what they had done. It must be owned the preachers did nothing to conciliate his favour; for although they had no legal call to speak their sentiments upon public and political affairs, they yet entered into them without ceremony. The pulpits rang with invectives against the King's ministers, and sometimes against the King himself; and the more hot-headed among the clergy were disposed not only to thwart James's inclinations, and put the worst construction upon his intentions, but even publicly to insult him in their sermons, and favour the insurrections attempted by Stewart Earl of Bothwell, and others, against his authority. They often entertained him with violent invectives against his mother's memory; and it is said that on one occasion, when the King, losing patience, commanded one of these zealots either to speak sense or come down from the pulpit, the preacher replied to this request, which one would have thought very reasonable, "I tell thee, man, I will neither speak sense nor come down."

James did not see that these acts of petulance and contumacy arose, in a great measure, from the suspicions which the Scottish clergy justly entertained of his desiring to innovate upon the Presbyterian model and hastily concluded, that their conduct, which was the result of mutual jealousies, was essential to the character of the peculiar form of church government, and that the spirit of Presbytery was in itself inimical to a monarchical establishment. As soon, therefore, as he obtained the high increase of power which arose from his accession to the English throne, he set himself gradually to new-model the Scottish Church, so as to bring it nearer that of England. But the suspicions of the Presbyterian clergy were constantly alive to their sovereign's intentions. It was in vain he endeavoured to avail himself of the institution of an order of men called Superintendents, to whom the book of discipline, drawn up by Knox himself, had assigned a sort of presidency in certain cases, with power of inspecting the merits of the clergy. By this course James endeavoured to introduce a sort of permanent presidents into the several Presbyteries. But the clergy clearly saw his ultimate object. "Busk it up as bonnily as you will (they said), bring it in as fairly as you can, we see the horns of the mitre;" and the horns of the mitre were, to their apprehension, as odious as the horns of the Pope's tiara, or those of Satan himself. At last the King ventured on a decisive stroke. He named thirteen

bishops, and obtained the consent of Parliament for restoring them to the small remains of their dilapidated bishoprics. The other bishoprics, seventeen in number, were converted into temporal lordships.

It cannot be denied that the leaders of the Presbyterian clergy showed the utmost skill and courage in the defence of the immunities of their church. They were endeared to the people by the purity of their lives, by the depth of learning possessed by some, and the powerful talents exhibited by others; above all, perhaps, by the willingness with which they submitted to poverty, penalties, and banishment, rather than betray the cause which they considered as sacred. The King had in 1605 openly asserted his right to call and to dissolve the General Assemblies of the Church. Several of the clergy, in contempt of the monarch, summoned and attended a General Assembly at Aberdeen. The opportunity was taken to chastise the refractory clergymen. Five of their number were punished with banishment. In 1606, the two celebrated preachers named Melville were summoned before the Council, and upbraided by the King with their resistance to his will. They defended themselves with courage, and claimed the right of being tried by the laws of Scotland, a free kingdom, having laws and privileges of its own. But the elder Melville furnished a handle against them by his own imprudence.

In a debate before the Privy Council, concerning a Latin copy of verses, which Andrew Melville had written in derision of the ceremonies of the Church of England, he gave way to indecent violence, seized the Archbishop of Canterbury by the lawn sleeves, which he shook, calling them Romish rags, and charged the prelate as a breaker of the Sabbath, the maintainer of an anti-Christian hierarchy, the persecutor of true preachers, the enemy of reformed churches, and proclaimed himself his mortal enemy to the last drop of his blood. This indiscretion and violence afforded a pretext for committing the hot old Presbyterian divine to the Tower; and he was afterwards exiled, and died at Sedan. The younger Melville was confined to Berwick, several other clergymen were banished from their parishes to remote parts, and the Kirk of Scotland for the time was reduced to reluctant submission to the King's will. Thus the order of bishops was once more introduced into the Scottish Church.

James's projects of innovation were not entirely accomplished by the introduction of prelacy. The Church of England, at the Reformation, had retained some particular rites in observance, which had decency at least to recommend them, but which the headlong opposition of the Presbyterians to everything approaching to the Popish ritual induced them to reject with horror. Five of these were introduced into Scotland, by an enactment passed by a parliament held at Perth, and thence distinguished as the Five Articles of Perth. In modern times, when the mere ceremonial part of divine worship is supposed to be of little consequence, compared with the temper and spirit in which we approach the Deity, the Five Articles of Perth seem to involve matters which might be dispensed or complied with, without being considered as essential to salvation. They were as fol-

lows:—I. It was ordained that the communion should be received in a kneeling posture, and not sitting, as hitherto practised in the Scottish churches. II. That, in extreme cases, the communion might be administered in private. III. That baptism also might when necessary, be administered in private. IV. That youth, as they grew up, should be confirmed, as it is termed, by the bishop; being a kind of personal avowal of the engagements entered into by godfathers and godmothers at the time of baptism. V. That four days, distinguished by events of the utmost importance to the Christian religion, should be observed as holidays. These were Christmas, on which day our Saviour was born; Good Friday, when he suffered death; Easter, when he arose from the dead; and Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit descended on the Apostles.

But, notwithstanding the moderate character of these innovations, the utmost difficulty was found in persuading even those of the Scottish clergy who were most favourable to the King to receive them into the church, and they only did so on the assurance that they should not be required to adopt any additional changes. The main body of the churchmen, though terrified into sullen acquiescence, were unanimous in opinion that the new regulations indicated a manifest return towards Popery. The common people held the same opinion; and a thunder-storm, of unusual violence, which took place at the time the parliament was sitting for the adoption of these obnoxious articles, was considered as a declaration of the wrath of Heaven against those who were again introducing the rites and festivals of the Roman Church into the pure and reformed Kirk of Scotland. In short, this attempt to infuse into the Presbyterian model something of the principles of a moderate prelacy, was generally unacceptable to the church and to the nation; and it will be hereafter shown, that an endeavour to extend and heighten the edifice which his father had commenced, led the way to those acts of violence which cost Charles I his throne and life.

CHAPTER IV

Disorderly State of the Borders—Characteristic Example of Border Match-making—Deadly Feud between the Maxwells and Johnstones—Battle of Dryffe Sands—James's power of enforcing the Laws increased after his accession to the English Throne—Measures for restraining the Border Marauders—The Clan Graham removed from the Debateable Land to Ulster in Ireland—Levies of Soldiers to serve in Foreign Parts—Mutual Bonds among the Chiefs for the Preservation of good order—Severe Prosecution of offenders—The Town of Berwick-upon-Tweed an Independent Jurisdiction.

WE are next to examine the effect which James's accession to the throne of England had upon those lawless parts of his kingdom, the Borders and the Highlands, as well as on the more civilized provinces of Scotland—of which I shall take notice in their order.

The consequences of the union of the crowns were more immediately felt on the Borders, which, from being the extremity of both countries, were now converted into the centre of the kingdom. But it was not easy to see, how the restless and violent inhabitants, who had been for so many centuries accustomed to a lawless and military life, were to conduct them-

selves, when the general peace around left them no enemies either to fight with or plunder. These Borderers were, as I have elsewhere told you, divided into families, or clans, who followed a leader supposed to be descended from the original father of the tribe. They lived in a great measure by the rapine, which they exercised indiscriminately on the English, or their own countrymen, the inhabitants of the more inland districts, or by the protection-money which they exacted for leaving them undisturbed. This kind of plundering was esteemed by them in the highest degree honourable and praiseworthy; and the following, as well as many other curious stories, is an example of this:—A young gentleman, of a distinguished family belonging to one of these Border tribes, or clans, made, either from the desire of plunder, or from revenge, a raid, or incursion, upon the lands of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, afterwards deputy-treasurer of Scotland, and a great favourite of James VI. The Laird of Elibank, having got his people under arms, engaged the invaders, and, encountering them when they were encumbered with spoil, defeated them, and made the leader of the band prisoner. He was brought to the castle of his conqueror, when the lady inquired of her victorious husband “what he intended to do with his captive?”—“Hang him, dame, as a man taken redhand in the act of robbery and violence.”—“That is not like your wisdom, Sir Gideon,” answered his more considerate lady. “If you put to death this young gentleman, you will enter into deadly feud with his numerous and powerful clan. You must therefore do a wiser thing, and, instead of hanging him, we will cause him to marry our youngest daughter, Meg with the meiklemouth, without any tocher,” (that is, without any portion). The Laird joyfully consented; for this Meg with the large mouth was so ugly, that there was very little chance of her getting a husband in any other circumstances; and, in fact, when the alternative of such a marriage, or death by the gallows, was proposed to the poor prisoner, he was for some time disposed to chuse the latter; nor was it without difficulty that he could be persuaded to save his life at the expense of marrying Meg Murray. He did so at last, however; and it is said, that Meg, thus forced upon him, made an excellent and affectionate wife; but the unusual size of her mouth was supposed to remain discernible in their descendants for several generations. I mention this anecdote, because it occurred during James the Sixth’s reign, and shows, in a striking manner, how little the Borderers had improved in their sense of morality, or distinctions between right and wrong.

A more important, but not more characteristic event, which happened not long afterwards, shows, in its progress, their utter lawlessness and contempt of legal authority in this reign, and, in its conclusion, the increased power of the monarch.

There had been long and deadly feud, on the West Borders, betwixt the two great families of Maxwell and Johnstone. The former house was the most wealthy and powerful family in Dumfries-shire and its vicinity, and had great influence among the families inhabiting the more level part of that country. Their chieftain had the title of Lord Maxwell, and claimed that of Earl of Morton. The Johnstones, on the other hand, were neither equal to the Maxwells in numbers

nor in power, but they were a race of uncommon hardihood, much attached to each other and their chieftain; and residing in the strong and mountainous district of Annandale, used to sally from thence as from a fortress, and return to its fastnesses after having accomplished their inroads. They were, therefore, able to maintain their ground against the Maxwells, though more numerous than themselves.

So well was this known to be the case, that when, in 1585, the Lord Maxwell was declared to be a rebel, a commission was given to the Laird of Johnstone to pursue and apprehend him. In this, however, Johnstone was unsuccessful. Two bands of hired soldiers, whom the government had sent to his assistance, were destroyed by the Maxwells; and Lochwood, the chief house of the Laird, was taken and wantonly burnt, in order, as the Maxwells expressed it, that Lady Johnstone might have light to put on her hood. Johnstone himself was subsequently defeated and made prisoner. Being a man of a proud and haughty temper, he is said to have died of grief at the disgrace which he incurred; and thus there commenced a long series of mutual injuries between the hostile clans.

Shortly after this catastrophe, Maxwell, being restored to the King’s favour, was once more placed in the situation of Warden of the West Borders, and an alliance was made betwixt him and Sir James Johnstone, in which they and their two clans agreed to stand by each other against all the world. This agreement being entered into, the clan of Johnstone concluded they had little to apprehend from the justice of the new Lord Warden, so long as they did not plunder any of the name of Maxwell. They accordingly descended into the valley of the Nith, and committed great spoil on the lands belonging to Douglas of Drumlanrig, Creighton Lord Sanquhar, Grierson of Lagg, and Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, all of them independent barons of high birth and great power. The injured parties pursued the depredators with forces hastily assembled, but were defeated with slaughter in their attempt to recover the prey. The Barons next carried their complaints to Maxwell the Warden, who alleged his late alliance with Johnstone as a reason why he could not yield them the redress which his office entitled them to expect at his hands. But when, to make up for such risk as he might incur by renewing his enmity with the Johnstones, the Barons of Nithsdale offered to bind themselves by a bond of manrent as it was called, to become the favourers and followers of Lord Maxwell in all his quarrels excepting against the King, the temptation became too strong to be overcome, and he resolved to sacrifice his newly formed friendship with Johnstone to the desire of extending his authority over so powerful a confederacy. The secret of this association did not long remain concealed from Johnstone, who saw that his own destruction and the ruin of his clan were the objects aimed at, and hastened to apply to his neighbours in the east and south for assistance. Buccleuch, the relative of Johnstone, and by far his most powerful ally, was then in foreign parts. But the Laird of Elibank, mentioned in the last story, bore the banner of Buccleuch in person, and assembled a great number of the clan of Scott, whom our historians term the greatest robbers and

fiercest fighters among the Border clans. The Elliots of Liddesdale also assisted Johnstone; and his neighbours on the southern parts, the Grahams of the Debateable Land, from hopes of plunder and ancient enmity to the Maxwells, sent also a considerable number of spears.

Thus prepared for war, Johnstone took the field with activity, while Maxwell, assembling hastily his own forces, and those of his new followers, the Nithsdale Barons, invaded Annandale with the royal banner displayed, and a force of upwards of two thousand men. Johnstone, unequal in numbers, stood on the defensive, and kept possession of the woods and strong ground, waiting an opportunity of fighting to advantage; while Maxwell, in contempt of him, formed the siege of the castle or tower of Lockerby, the fortress of a Johnstone who was then in arms with his chief. His wife, a woman of a masculine disposition, the sister or daughter of the Laird who had died in Maxwell's prison, defended his place of residence. While Maxwell endeavoured to storm the castle, and while it was bravely defended by its female captain, the chief received information that the Laird of Johnstone was advancing to its relief. He drew off from the siege, and caused it to be published through his little army that he would give a "ten-pound land," that is, land rated in the cess-books at that yearly amount, "to any one who would bring him the head or hand of the Laird of Johnstone." When this was reported to Johnstone, he said he had no ten pound lands to offer, but that he would bestow a five-merk land upon the man who should bring him the head or hand of Lord Maxwell.

The conflict took place close by the river Dryffe near Lochmaben, and is called the Battle of Dryffe Sands. It was managed by Johnstone with considerable military skill. He showed at first only a handful of horsemen, who made a hasty attack upon Maxwell's army, and then retired in a manner which induced the enemy to consider them as defeated, and led them to pursue in disorder with loud acclamations of victory. The Maxwells and their confederates were thus exposed to a sudden and desperate charge from the main body of the Johnstones and their allies, who fell upon them while their ranks were broken, and compelled them to take to flight. The Maxwells suffered grievously in the retreat—many were overtaken in the streets of Lockerby, and cut down or slashed in the face by the pursuers; a kind of blow, which to this day is called in that country a "Lockerby lick."

Maxwell himself, an elderly man and heavily armed, was borne down from his horse in the beginning of the conflict, and as he named his name and offered to surrender, his right hand, which he stretched out for mercy, was cut from his body. Thus far history; but family tradition adds the following circumstance: The Lady of Lockerby, who was besieged in her tower as already mentioned, had witnessed from the battlements the approach of the Laird of Johnstone, and as soon as the enemy withdrew from the blockade of the fortress, had sent to the assistance of her chief the few servants who had assisted in the defence. After this she heard the tumult of battle, but as she could not from the tower see the place where

it was fought, she remained in an agony of suspense, until, as the noise seemed to pass away in a westerly direction, she could endure the uncertainty no longer, but sallied out from the tower, with only one female attendant, to see how the day had gone. As a measure of precaution, she locked the strong oaken door and the iron-grate with which a border fortress was commonly secured, and knitting the large keys on a thong, took them with her hanging on her arm.

When the Lady of Lockerby entered on the field of battle, she found the relics of a bloody fight; the little valley was covered with slain men and horses, and broken armour, besides many wounded, who were incapable of further effort for saving themselves. Amongst others she saw lying beneath a thorn-tree a tall, greyhaired, noble-looking man, arrayed in bright armour, but bareheaded, and bleeding to death from the loss of his right hand. He asked her for mercy and help with a faltering voice; but the idea of deadly feud, in that time and country, closed all access to compassion even in the female bosom. She saw before her only the enemy of her clan, and the cause of her father's captivity and death; and raising the ponderous keys which she bore along with her, the Lady of Lockerby is commonly reported to have dashed out the brains of the vanquished Lord Maxwell.

The battle of Dryffe Sands was remarkable as the last great clan battle fought on the Borders, and it led to the renewal of the strife betwixt the Maxwells and Johnstones, with every circumstance of ferocity which could add horror to civil war. The last distinguished act of the tragedy took place thus:—

The son of the slain Lord Maxwell invited Sir James Johnstone to a friendly conference, to which each chieftain engaged to bring one friend only. They met at a place called Auchmanhill, on the 6th August, 1608, when the attendant of Lord Maxwell, after falling into bitter and reproachful language with Johnstone of Gunmanlie, who was in attendance on his chief, at length fired his pistol. Sir James Johnstone turning round to see what had happened, Lord Maxwell treacherously shot him through the back with a pistol charged with a brace of bullets. While the gallant old knight lay dying on the ground, Maxwell rode round him with the view of completing his crime, but Johnstone defended himself with his sword till strength and life failed him.

This final catastrophe of such a succession of bloody acts of revenge, took place several years after the union of the crowns; and the consequences, so different from those which ensued upon former occasions, show how effectually the king's authority, and the power of enforcing the course of equal justice, had increased in consequence of that desirable event. You may observe, from the incidents mentioned, that in 1585, when Lord Maxwell assaulted and made prisoner the Laird of Johnstone, then the king's warden, and acting in his name, and committed him to the captivity in which he died, James was totally unequal to the task of vindicating his royal authority, and saw himself compelled to receive Maxwell into favour and trust, as if he had done nothing contrary to the laws. Nor was the royal authority more effectual in 1598, when Maxwell, acting as royal warden, and having the king's banner displayed, was in his turn defeated and slain, in so melancholy and cruel a manner at

Dryffe Sands. On the contrary, Sir James Johnstone was not only pardoned, but restored to favour and trust by the king. But there was a conspicuous difference in the consequences of the murder which took place at Auchmanhill in 1608. Lord Maxwell, finding no refuge in the Border country, was obliged to escape to France, where he resided for two or three years; but afterwards venturing to return to Scotland, he was apprehended in the wilds of Caithness, and brought to trial at Edinburgh. James, desirous on this occasion to strike terror, by a salutary warning, into the factious nobility and disorderly Borderers, caused the criminal to be publicly beheaded on 21st May, 1613.

Many instances might be added to show that the course of justice on the Border began, after the accession of James to the English throne, to flow with a less interrupted stream, even where men of rank and power were concerned.

The inferior class of freebooters were treated with much less ceremony. Proclamations were made, that none of the inhabitants of either side of the Border (except noblemen and gentlemen of unsuspected character) should retain in their possession armour or weapons, offensive or defensive, or keep any horse above the value of fifty shillings. Particular clans, described as broken men, were especially discharged the use of weapons. The celebrated clan of Armstrong had, on the very night in which Queen Elizabeth's death became public, concluding that a time of misrule, by which they had hitherto made their harvest, was again approaching, and desirous of losing no time, made a fierce incursion into England, and done much mischief. But such a consequence had been foreseen and provided against. A strong body of soldiers, both English and Scots, swept along the Border, and severely punished the marauders, blowing up their fortresses with gunpowder, destroying their lands, and driving away their cattle and flocks. The Armstrongs appear never to have recovered their consequence after this severe chastisement; nor are there many of this celebrated clan now to be found among the landholders of Liddesdale, where they once possessed the whole district.

The Grahams, long the inhabitants of the Debateable Land which was claimed both by England and Scotland, were still more severely dealt with. They were very brave and active Borderers attached to England, for which country, and particularly in Edward VI's time, they had often done good service. But they were also very lawless, and their incursions were as much dreaded by the inhabitants of Cumberland as by those of the Scottish frontier. This, indeed, was the subject of complaint on both sides of the Border; and the poor Grahams, seeing no alternative, were compelled to sign a petition to the King, stating themselves to be unfit persons to dwell in the country which they now inhabited, and praying that he would provide the means of transporting them elsewhere, where his paternal goodness should assign them the means of life. The whole clan, a very few individuals excepted, were thus deprived of their lands and residences, and transported to the county of Ulster, in Ireland, where they were settled on lands which had been acquired from the conquered Irish. There is a list which shows the rate at which

the county of Cumberland was taxed for the exportation of these poor fellows, as if they had been so many bullocks.

Another efficient mode of getting rid of a warlike and disorderly population, who, though an admirable defence of a country in time of war, must have been great scourges in time of the profound peace to which the Border districts were consigned after the close of the English wars, was the levying a large body of soldiers to serve in foreign countries. The love of military adventure had already carried one legion to serve the Dutch in their defence against the Spaniards, and they had done great service in the Low Countries, and particularly at the battle of Mechline, in 1578; where, impatient of the heat of the weather, to the astonishment of both friends and enemies, the Scottish auxiliaries flung off their upper garments, and fought like furies in their shirts. The circumstance is pointed out in the plan of the battle which is to be found in Strada, with the explanation—"Here the Scots fought naked."

Buccleuch levied a large additional force from the Border, whose occupation in their native country was gone for ever. These also distinguished themselves in the wars of the Low Countries. It may be supposed that very many of them perished in the field, and the descendants of others still survive in the Netherlands and in Germany.

In addition to the relief afforded by such an outlet for the superfluous population, whose numbers greatly exceeded what the land could have supplied with food, and who, in fact, had only lived upon plunder, bonds were entered into by the men of substance and family on the Borders, not only obliging themselves to abstain from depredations, but to stand by each other in putting down and preventing such evil doings at the hand of others, and in making common cause against any clan, branch, or surname, who might take offence at any individual for acting in prosecution of this engagement. They bound themselves also not only to seize and deliver to justice such thieves as should take refuge in their grounds, but to dispossess from their estates all persons who could be suspected of such offences, and to supply their place with honest and peaceable subjects. I am possessed of such a bond, dated in the year 1612, and subscribed by about twenty landholders, chiefly of the name of Scott.

Finally, an unusually severe and keen prosecution of all who were convicted, accused, or even suspected of offence against the peace of the Border, was set on foot by George Home, Earl of Dunbar, James's able but not very scrupulous minister, and prosecuted so severely as to give rise to the proverb of Jeddart (or Jedburgh) justice, by which it is said a criminal was hanged first and tried afterwards; the truth of which is affirmed by historians as a well-known fact, occurring in numerous instances. Cruel as these measures were, they tended to remedy a disease which seemed almost desperate. Rent, the very name of which had till that period scarcely been heard on the Border, began to be paid for property; and the proprietors of land turned their thoughts to rural industry, instead of the arts of predatory warfare. But it was more than a century ere the country, so long a harassed and disputed frontier,

gained the undisturbed appearance of a civilized land.

Before leaving the subject of the Borders, I ought to explain to you, that as the possession of the strong and important town of Berwick had been long and fiercely disputed between England and Scotland, and as the latter country had never surrendered or abandoned her claim to the place, though it had so long remained an English possession, James, to avoid giving offence to either, left the question undecided; and since the union of the Crowns the city is never spoken of as part of England or Scotland, but as the Good Town of Berwick-upon-Tweed; and when a law is made for North and South Britain, without special and distinct mention of this ancient town, that law is of no force or avail within its precincts.

CHAPTER V.

Wild State of the Western Islands—Suffocation of the Inhabitants of Eigg, by filling a cave, in which they had concealed themselves, with smoke—Story of Allan-a-Sop—Dreadful Death by Thirst—Massacre of Lowlanders, who had made a Settlement in Lewis and Harris—The whole Western Isles, excepting Skye and Lewis, offered for £800 to the Marquis of Huntly, who refuses to purchase them at that sum.

THE Highlands and Western Islands were in no respect so much affected by the union of the crowns as the inhabitants of the Borders. The accession of James to the English throne was of no great consequence to them, unless in so far as it rendered the King more powerful, and gave him the means of occasionally sending bodies of troops into their fortresses to compel them to order; and this was a measure of unusual rigour, which was but seldom resorted to. The Highland tribes, therefore, remained in the same state as before, using the same dress, wielding the same arms, divided into the same clans, each governed by its own patriarch, and living in all respects as their ancestors had lived for many centuries before them. Or if there were some marks of softened manners among those Gaelic tribes who resided on the mainland, the inhabitants of the Hebrides or Western Isles, adjacent to the coast of Scotland, are described to us as utterly barbarous. An historian of the period says, that "the Highlanders who dwell on the mainland, though sufficiently wild, show some shade of civilization; but those in the islands are without laws or morals, and totally destitute of religion and humanity." Some stories of their feuds are indeed preserved, which go far to support this general accusation. I will tell you one or two of them.

The principal possessors of the Hebrides were originally of the name of MacDonald, the whole being under the government of a succession of chiefs, who bore the name of Donald of the Isles, as we have already mentioned, and were possessed of authority almost independent of the Kings of Scotland. But this great family becoming divided into two or three branches, other chiefs settled in some of the islands, and disputed the property of the original proprietors. Thus, the MacLeods, a powerful and numerous clan, who had extensive estates on the mainland, made

themselves masters, at a very early period, of a great part of the large island of Skye, seized upon much of the Long Island, as the isles of Lewis and Harris are called, and fought fiercely with the MacDonalds, and other tribes of the islands. The following is an example of the mode in which these feuds were conducted.

About the end of the sixteenth century, a boat, manned by one or two of the MacLeods, landed in Eigg, a small island, peopled by the MacDonalds. They were at first hospitably received; but having been guilty of some incivility to the young women on the island, it was so much resented by the inhabitants, that they tied the MacLeods, hand and foot, and putting them on board of their own boat, towed it to sea and set it adrift, leaving the wretched men, bound as they were, to perish by famine, or by the winds and waves, as chance should determine. But fate so ordered it, that a boat belonging to the Laird of MacLeod fell in with that which had the captives on board, and brought them in safety to the Laird's castle of Dunvegan in Skye, where they complained of the injury which they had sustained from the MacDonalds of Eigg. MacLeod, in great rage, put to sea with his galleys, manned by a large body of his people, which the men of Eigg could not entertain any rational hope of resisting. Learning that their incensed enemy was approaching with superior forces, and deep vows of revenge, the inhabitants, who knew they had no mercy to expect at MacLeod's hands, resolved, as the best chance of safety in their power, to conceal themselves in a large cavern on the sea-shore.

This place was particularly well calculated for that purpose. The entrance resembles that of a fox-earth, being an opening so small that a man cannot enter save by creeping on hands and knees. A rill of water falls from the top of the rock, and serves, or rather served at the period we speak of, wholly to conceal the aperture. A stranger, even when apprised of the existence of such a cave, would find the greatest difficulty in discovering the entrance. Within, the cavern rises to a great height, and the floor is covered with white dry sand. It is extensive enough to contain a great number of people. The whole inhabitants of Eigg, who, with their wives and families, amounted to nearly two hundred souls, took refuge within its precincts.

MacLeod arrived with his armament, and landed on the island, but could discover no one on whom to wreak his vengeance—all was desert. The MacLeods destroyed the huts of the islanders, and plundered what property they could discover; but the vengeance of the chieftain could not be satisfied with such petty injuries. He knew that the inhabitants must either have fled in their boats to one of the islands possessed by the MacDonalds, or that they must be concealed somewhere in Eigg. After making a strict but unsuccessful search for two days, MacLeod had appointed the third to leave his anchorage, when, in the grey of the morning, one of the seamen beheld from the deck of his galley the figure of a man on the island. This was a spy whom the MacDonalds, impatient of their confinement in the cavern, had imprudently sent out to see whether MacLeod had retired or no. The poor fellow when he saw

himself discovered, endeavoured, by doubling, after the manner of a hare or fox, to obliterate the track of his footsteps, and prevent its being discovered where he had re-entered the cavern. But all his art was in vain; the invaders again landed, and tracked him to the entrance of the cavern.

MacLeod then summoned those who were within it, and called upon them to deliver up the individuals who had maltreated his men, to be disposed of at his pleasure. The MacDonalds, still confident in the strength of their fastness, which no assailant could enter but on hands and knees, refused to surrender their clansmen.

MacLeod then commenced a dreadful work of indiscriminate vengeance. He caused his people, by means of a ditch cut above the top of the rock, to turn away the stream of water which fell over the entrance of the precipice. This being done, the MacLeods collected all the combustibles which could be found on the island, particularly quantities of dry heather, piled them up against the aperture, and maintained an immense fire for many hours, until the smoke, penetrating into the inmost recesses of the cavern, stifled to death every creature within. There is no doubt of the truth of this story, dreadful as it is. The cavern is often visited by strangers; and I have myself seen the place where the bones of the murdered MacDonalds still remain, lying as thick on the floor of the cave as in the charnel-house of a church.

The MacLeans, in like manner, a bold and hardy race, who, originally followers of the Lords of the Isles, had assumed independence, seized upon great part both of the Isle of Mull and the still more valuable Island of Ilay, and made war on the MacDonalds with various success. There is a story belonging to this clan, which I may tell you, as giving another striking picture of the manners of the Hebrideans.

The chief of the clan, MacLean of Duart, in the Isle of Mull, had an intrigue with a beautiful young woman of his own clan, who bore a son to him. In consequence of the child's being, by some accident, born in a barn, he received the name of Allan-a-Sop, or Allan of the Straw, by which he was distinguished from others of his clan. As his father and mother were not married, Allan was of course a bastard, or natural son, and had no inheritance to look for, save that which he might win for himself.

But the beauty of the boy's mother having captivated a man of rank in the clan, called MacLean of Torloisk, he married her, and took her to reside with him at his castle of Torloisk, situated on the shores of the Sound, or small strait of the sea, which divides the smaller island of Ulva from that of Mull. Allan-a-Sop paid his mother frequent visits at her new residence, and she was naturally glad to see the poor boy, both from affection, and on account of his personal strength and beauty, which distinguished him above other youths of his age. But she was obliged to confer marks of her attachment on him as privately as she could, for Allan's visits were by no means so acceptable to her husband as to herself. Indeed, Torloisk liked so little to see the lad, that he determined to put some affront on him, which should prevent his returning to the castle for some time. An

opportunity for executing his purpose soon occurred.

The lady, one morning, looking from the window, saw her son coming wandering down the hill, and hastened to put a girdle cake upon the fire, that he might have hot bread to his breakfast. Something called her out of the apartment after making this preparation, and her husband entering at the same time, saw at once what she had been about, and determined to give the boy such a reception as should disgust him for the future. He snatched the cake from the girdle, thrust it into his stepson's hands, which he forcibly closed on the scalding bread, saying, "Here, Allan—here is a cake which your mother has got ready for your breakfast." Allan's hands were severely burnt; and, being a sharp-witted and proud boy, he resented this mark of his stepfather's ill-will, and came not again to Torloisk.

At this time the western seas were covered with the vessels of pirates, who, not unlike the sea-kings of Denmark at an early period, sometimes settled and made conquests on the islands. Allan-a-Sop was young, strong, and brave to desperation. He entered as a mariner on board of one of these ships, and in process of time obtained the command, first of one galley, then of a small flotilla, with which he sailed round the seas and collected considerable plunder, until his name became both feared and famous. At length he proposed to himself to pay a visit to his mother, whom he had not seen for many years; and setting sail for this purpose, he anchored one morning in the Sound of Ulva, and in front of the house of Torloisk. His mother was dead, but his stepfather, to whom he was now an object of fear as he had been formerly of aversion, hastened to the shore to receive his formidable son-in-law, with great affectation of kindness and interest in his prosperity; while Allan-a-Sop, who, though very rough and hasty, does not appear to have been sullen or vindictive, seemed to take his kind reception in good part.

The crafty old man succeeded so well, as he thought, in securing Allan's friendship, and obliterating all recollections of the former affront put on him, that he began to think it possible to employ him in executing his private revenge upon MacKinnon of Ulva, with whom, as was usual between such neighbours, he had some feud. With this purpose, he offered what he called the following good advice to his son-in-law: "My dear Allan, you have now wandered over the seas long enough; it is time you should have some footing upon land, a castle to protect yourself in winter, a village and cattle for your men, and a harbour to lay up your galleys. Now, here is the island of Ulva, near at hand, which lies ready for your occupation, and it will cost you no trouble, save that of putting to death the present proprietor, the Laird of MacKinnon, a useless old carle, who has cumbered the world long enough."

Allan-a-Sop thanked his stepfather for so happy a suggestion, which he declared he would put in execution forthwith. Accordingly, setting sail the next morning, he appeared before MacKinnon's house an hour before noon. The old chief of Ulva was much alarmed at the menacing apparition of so many galleys, and his anxiety was not lessened by the news, that they were commanded by the redoubted Allan-a-Sop. Having no effectual means of resistance, Mac-

Kinnon, who was a man of shrewd sense, saw no alternative save that of receiving the invaders, whatever might be their purpose, with all outward demonstrations of joy and satisfaction. He caused immediate preparations to be made for a banquet as splendid as circumstances admitted, hastened down to the shore to meet the rover, and welcomed him to Ulva with such an appearance of sincerity, that the pirate found it impossible to pick any quarrel which might afford a pretence for executing the violent purpose which he had been led to meditate.

They feasted together the whole day; and, in the evening, as Allan-a-Sop was about to retire to his ships, he thanked the Laird of MacKinnon for his entertainment, but remarked, with a sigh, that it had cost him very dear. "How can that be," said MacKinnon, "when I bestowed this entertainment upon you in free good-will?"—"It is true, my friend," replied the pirate, "but then it has quite disconcerted the purpose for which I came hither; which was to put you to death, my good friend, and seize upon your house and island, and so settle myself in the world. It would have been very convenient this island, but your friendly reception has rendered it impossible for me to execute my purpose; so that I must be a wanderer on the seas for some time longer." Whatever MacKinnon felt at hearing he had been so near to destruction, he took care to show no emotion save surprise, and replied to his visitor,—“My dear Allan, who was it that put into your mind so unkind a purpose towards your old friend; for I am sure it never arose from your own generous nature? It must have been your father-in-law, old Torloisk, who made such an indifferent husband to your mother, and such an unfriendly stepfather to you when you were a helpless boy; but now, when he sees you a bold and powerful leader, he desires to make a quarrel betwixt you and those who were the friends of your youth. If you consider this matter rightly, Allan, you will see that the estate and harbour of Torloisk lie as conveniently for you as those of Ulva; and that, if you are to make a settlement by force, it is much better it should be at the expense of the old churl, who never showed you kindness or countenance, than at that of a friend like me, who always loved and honoured you.”

Allan-a-Sop was struck with the justice of this reasoning; and the old offence of his scalded fingers was suddenly recalled to his mind. "It is very true what you say, MacKinnon," he replied, "and, besides, I have not forgotten what a hot breakfast my father-in-law treated me to one morning. Farewell for the present; you shall soon hear news of me from the other side of the Sound." Having said thus much, the pirate got on board, and commanding his men to unmoor the galleys, sailed back to Torloisk, and prepared to land in arms. His father-in-law hastened to meet him, in expectation to hear of the death of his enemy, MacKinnon. But Allan greeted him in a very different manner from what he expected. "You hoary old traitor," he said, "you instigated my simple good-nature to murder a better man than yourself. But have you forgotten how you scorched my fingers twenty years ago, with a burning cake? The day is come that that breakfast must be paid for." So saying, he dashed out his father-in-law's

brains with a battle-axe, took possession of his castle and property, and established there a distinguished branch of the clan of MacLean.

It is told of another of these western chiefs, who is said, upon the whole, to have been a kind and good-natured man, that he was subjected to repeated risk and injury by the treachery of an ungrateful nephew, who attempted to surprise his castle, in order to put his uncle to death, and obtain for himself the command of the tribe. Being detected on the first occasion, and brought before his uncle as a prisoner, the chief dismissed him unharmed; with a warning, however, not to repeat the offence, since, if he did so, he would cause him to be put to a death so fearful that all Scotland should ring with it. The wicked young man persevered, and renewed his attempts against his uncle's castle and life. Falling a second time into the hands of the offended chieftain, the prisoner had reason to term him as good as his word. He was confined in the pit, or dungeon of the castle, a deep dark vault, to which there was no access, save through a hole in the roof. He was left without food, till his appetite grew voracious; the more so, as he had reason to apprehend that it was intended to starve him to death. But the vengeance of his uncle was of a more refined character. The stone which covered the aperture in the roof was opened, and a quantity of salted beef let down to the prisoner, who devoured it eagerly. When he had glutted himself with this food, and expected to be supplied with liquor, to quench the raging thirst which the diet had excited, a cup was slowly lowered down, which, when he eagerly grasped it, he found to be empty! They then rolled the stone on the opening in the vault, and left the captive to perish by thirst, the most dreadful of all deaths.

Many similar stories could be told you of the wild wars of the islanders; but these may suffice at present to give you some idea of the fierceness of their manners, the low value at which they held human life, and the manner in which wrongs were revenged, and property acquired. They seem to have been accounted by King James a race whom it was impossible to subdue, conciliate, or improve by civilization; and the only remedy which occurred to him, was to settle Lowlanders in the islands, and drive away or extirpate the people by whom they were inhabited. For this purpose, the king authorized an association of many gentlemen in the county of Fife, then the wealthiest and most civilized part of Scotland, who undertook to make a settlement in the isles of Lewis and Harris. These undertakers, as they were called, levied money, assembled soldiers, and manned a fleet, with which they landed on the Lewis, and effected a settlement at Stornoway in that country. At this time the property of the Lewis was disputed between the sons of Rory MacLeod, the last lord, who had two families by separate wives. The undertakers finding the natives thus quarrelling among themselves, had little difficulty in building a small town and fortifying it; and their enterprise in the beginning assumed a promising appearance. But the Lord of Kintail, chief of the numerous and powerful clan of MacKenzie, was little disposed to let this fair island fall into the possession of a company of Lowland adventurers. He had himself some

views of obtaining it in the name of Torquil Connal-dagh MacLeod, one of the claimants, who was closely connected with the family of MacKenzie, and disposed to act as his powerful ally desired. Thus privately encouraged, the islanders united themselves against the undertakers; and, after a war of various fortune, attacked their camp of Stornoway, took it by storm, burnt the fort, slew many of them, and made the rest prisoners. They were not expelled, you may be sure, without bloodshed and massacre. Some of the old persons still alive in the Lewis, talk of a very old woman, living in their youth, who used to say, that she had held the light while her countrymen were cutting the throats of the adventurers.

A lady, the wife of one of the principal gentlemen in the expedition, fled from the scene of violence into a wild and pathless desert of rock and morass, called the Forest of Fannig. In this wilderness she became the mother of a child. A Hebridean, who chanced to pass on one of the ponies of the country, saw the mother and infant in the act of perishing with cold, and being struck with the misery of their condition, contrived a strange manner of preserving them. He killed his pony, and opening its belly, and removing the entrails, he put the new-born infant and the helpless mother into the inside of the carcass, to have the advantage of the warmth which this strange and shocking receptacle for some time afforded. In this manner, with or without assistance, he contrived to bear them to some place of security, where the lady remained till she could get back in safety to her own country. She became, after this wonderful escape, the wife of a person of consequence and influence in Edinburgh, a Judge, I believe, of the Court of Session. One evening, while she looked from the window of her house in the Canongate, just as a heavy storm was coming on, she heard a man in the Highland dress say to another with whom he was walking, "This would be a rough night for the Forest of Fannig." The lady's attention was immediately attracted by the name of a place which she had such awful reasons for remembering, and, on looking attentively at the man who spoke, she recognised her preserver. She called him into the house, received him in the most cordial manner, and finding that he was come from the Western Islands on some business of great importance to his family, she interested her husband in his favour, by whose influence it was speedily and successfully settled; and the Hebridean, loaded with kindness and presents, returned to his native island, with reason to congratulate himself on the humanity which he had shown in so singular a manner.

After the surprise of their fort, and the massacre of the defenders, the Fife gentlemen tired of their undertaking; and the Lord of Kintail had the whole advantage of the dispute, for he contrived to get possession of the Lewis for himself, and transmitted it to his family, with whom it still remains.

It appears, however, that King James did not utterly despair of improving the Hebrides, by means of colonization. It was supposed that the powerful Marquis of Huntly might have had strength to acquire the property, and wealth enough to pay the Crown something for the grant. The whole archipelago was offered to him, with the exception of Skye and Lewis, at the cheap price of ten thousand

pounds Scots, or about £800; but the Marquis would not give more than half the sum demanded, for what he justly considered as a permission to conquer a sterile region, inhabited by a warlike race.

Such was the result of the efforts to introduce some civilization into these islands. In the next chapter we shall show that the improvement of the Highlanders on the mainland was not much more satisfactory.

CHAPTER VI.

Contempt of the Highlanders for the Arts of Peace—Story of Donald of the Hammer—Execution of the Laird of MacIntosh by order of the Marchioness of Huntly—Massacre of the Farquharsons—Race of the Trough—Execution of the Earl of Orkney.

THE size and position of the Highlands of Scotland rendered them much less susceptible of improvement than the Border districts, which, far less extensive, and less difficult of access, were now placed between two civilized and peaceful countries, instead of being the frontier of two hostile lands.

The Highlanders, on the contrary, continued the same series of wars among themselves, and incursions upon their Lowland neighbours, which had distinguished them ever since the dawn of their history. Military adventure, in one form or other, was their delight as well as their employment, and all works of industry were considered as unworthy the dignity of a mountaineer. Even the necessary task of raising a scanty crop of barley was assigned to the aged, and to the women and children. The men minded nothing but hunting and war. I will give you an account of a Highland chieftain, in character and practice not very different from that of Allan-a-Sop, the Hebridean.

The Stewarts, who inhabited the district of Appin in the West Highlands, were a numerous and warlike clan. Appin is the title of the Chief of the clan. The second branch of the family was that of Invernahyle. The founder, a second son of the House of Appin, was called by the uncommon epithet of *Saoileach*, or the *Peaceful*. One of his neighbours was the Lord of Dunstaffnage, called Cailen Uaine, or Green Colin, from the green colour which predominated in his tartans. This Green Colin surprised the peaceful Laird of Invernahyle, assassinated him, burnt his house, and destroyed his whole family, excepting an infant at the breast. This infant did not owe its safety to the mercy of Green Colin, but to the activity and presence of mind of his nurse. Finding she could not escape the pursuit of that chief's attendants, the faithful nurse determined to provide for the safety of her foster-child, whose life she knew was aimed at, in the only manner which remained. She therefore hid the infant in a small fissure, or cave, of a rock; and as the only means she had of supplying him with subsistence, hung by a string round his neck a large piece of lard. The poor woman had only time to get a little way from the place where she had concealed her charge, when she was made prisoner by the pursuers. As she denied any knowledge where the child was, they dismissed her as a person of no consequence, but not until they had kept her two or three days in close confinement,

menacing her with death unless she would discover what she had done with the infant.

When she found herself at liberty and unobserved, she went to the hole in which she had concealed her charge, with little hope save of finding such relics as wolves, wild cats, or birds of prey, might have left after feasting upon its flesh, but still with the pious wish to consign the remains of her *dault*, or foster-child, to some place of Christian burial. But her joy and surprise were extreme to find the child still alive and well, having lived during her absence by sucking the lard, which it had reduced to a very small morsel, scarce larger than a hazelnut. The delighted nurse made all haste to escape with her charge to the neighbouring district of Moidart, of which she was a native, being the wife of the smith of the clan of MacDonald, to whom that country belonged; the mother of the infant thus miraculously rescued had also been a daughter of this tribe.

To ensure the safety of her foster-child, the nurse persuaded her husband to bring it up as their own son. The smith, you must remark, of a Highland tribe, was a person of considerable consequence. His skill in forging armour and weapons was usually united with dexterity in using them, and with the strength of body which his profession required. If I recollect right, the smith usually ranked as third officer in the chief's household. The young Donald Stewart, as he grew up, was distinguished for great personal strength. He became skilful in his foster-father's art, and so powerful, that he could, it is said, wield two fore-hammers, one in each hand, for hours together. From this circumstance, he gained the name of *Donuil nan Ord*, that is, Donald of the Hammer, by which he was all his life distinguished.

When he attained the age of twenty-one, Donald's foster-father, the smith, observing that his courage and enterprise equalled his personal strength, thought fit to discover to him the secret of his birth, the injuries which he had received from Green Colin of Dunstaffnage, and the pretensions which he had to the property of Invernahyle, now in the possession of the man who had slain his father, and usurped his inheritance. He concluded his discovery by presenting to his beloved foster-child his own six sons to be his followers and defenders for life and death, and his assistants in the recovery of his patrimony.

Law of every description was unknown in the Highlands. Young Donald proceeded in his enterprise by hostile measures. In addition to his six foster-brethren, he got some assistance from his mother's kindred, and levied among the old adherents of his father, and his kinsmen of the house of Appin, such additional force, that he was able to give battle to Green Colin, whom he defeated and slew, regaining at the same time his father's house and estate of Invernahyle. This success had its dangers; for it placed the young chief in feud with all the families of the powerful clan of Campbell, to which the slain Dunstaffnage belonged by alliance at least, for Green Colin and his ancestors had assumed the name, and placed themselves under the banner, of this formidable clan, although originally they were chieftains of a different and independent race. The feud became more deadly, when, not satisfied with revenging himself on the immediate author of his early

misfortune, Donald made inroads on the Campbells in their own dominions; in evidence of which his historian quotes a verse to this purpose—

Donald of the Smithy, the Son of the Hammer,
Fill'd the banks of Lochawe with mourning and clamour.

At length the powerful Earl of Argyle resented the injuries which were offered to his clansmen and kindred. The Stewarts of Appin refused to support their kinsman against an enemy so formidable, and insisted that he should seek for peace with the Earl. So that Donald, left to himself, and sensible that he was unable to withstand the force which might be brought against him by this mighty chief, endeavoured to propitiate his favour by placing himself in his hands.

He went accordingly, with only a single attendant, towards Inverary, the castle of the Earl of Argyle, who met him at some distance in the open fields. Donald of the Hammer showed on this occasion that it was not fear which had induced him to this step. He was a man of ready wit and a poet, which was an accomplishment high in the estimation of the Highlanders. He opened the conference with an extempore verse, which intimated a sort of defiance, rather like the language of a man that cared not what might befall him, than one who craved mercy or asked forgiveness.

Son of dark Colin, thou dangerous Earl,
Small is the boon that I crave at thy hand;
Enough, if in safety from bondage and peril,
Thou let'st me return to my kindred and land.

The Earl was too generous to avail himself of the advantage which Invernahyle's confidence had afforded him, but he could not abstain from maintaining the conversation thus begun, in a glib tone. Donuil nan Ord was harsh-featured, and had a custom, allied to his mode of education, and haughtiness of his character, of throwing back his head, and laughing loudly with his mouth wide open. In ridicule of this peculiarity, in which Donald had indulged repeatedly, Argyle, or one of his attendants, pointed out to his observation a rock in the neighbourhood, which bore a singular resemblance to a human face, with a large mouth much thrown back, and open as if laughing a horse-laugh. "Do you see yonder crag?" they said to Donald of the Hammer; "it is called *Gaire Granda*, or the *Ugly Laugh*." Donald felt the intended gibe, and as Argyle's lady was a plain and haughty woman, he replied, without hesitation, in a verse like the following

Ugly the sneer of yon cliff of the hill,
Nature has stamp'd the grim laugh on the place:
Seek for a grimmer and uglier still,
You will find it at home in your countess's face.

Argyle took the raillery of Donald in good part, but would not make peace with him until he agreed to make two *creaghs*, or inroads, one upon Moidart, and one upon Athole. It seems probable that the purpose of Argyle was to engage his troublesome neighbour in a feud with other clans to whom he bore no good-will; for whether he of the Hammer fell or was successful, the Earl, in either event, would gain a certain advantage. Donald accepted peace with the Campbells on these terms.

On his return home, Donald communicated to Mac-Donald of Moidart the engagement he had come under; and that chieftain, his mother's kinsman and ally, concerted that Invernahyle and his band should plunder certain villages in Moidart, the inhabitants of which had offended him, and on whom he desired chastisement should be inflicted. The incursion of Donald the Hammerer punished them to some purpose, and so far he fulfilled his engagement to Argyle, without making an enemy of his own kinsman. With the Athole men, as more distant and unconnected with him, Donald stood on less ceremony, and made more than one successful creagh upon them. His name was now established as one of the most formidable marauders known in the Highlands; and a very bloody action, which he sustained against the family of the Grahams of Monteith, made him more dreaded.

The Earls of Monteith, you must know, had a castle situated upon an island in the lake, or loch, as it is called, of the same name. But though this residence, which occupied almost the whole of the islet upon which its ruins still exist, was a strong and safe place of abode, and adapted accordingly to such perilous times, it had this inconvenience, that the stables, cow-houses, poultry-yard, and other domestic offices, were necessarily separated from the castle, and situated on the mainland, as it would have been impossible to be constantly transporting the animals belonging to the establishment to and fro from the shore to the island. These offices, therefore, were constructed on the banks of the lake, and in some sort defenceless.

It happened on one occasion that there was to be a great entertainment in the castle, and a number of the Grahams were assembled. The occasion, it is said, was a marriage in the family. To prepare for this feast, much provision was got ready, and in particular a great deal of poultry had been collected. While the feast was preparing, an unhappy chance brought Donald of the Hammer to the side of the lake, returning at the head of a band of hungry followers, whom he was conducting homewards to the West Highlands, after some of his usual excursions into Stirlingshire. Seeing so much good victuals ready, and being possessed of an excellent appetite, the western Highlanders neither asked questions nor waited for an invitation, but devoured all the provisions that had been prepared for the Grahams, and then went on their way rejoicing, through the difficult and dangerous path which leads from the banks of the loch of Monteith, through the mountains, to the side of Loch Katrine.

The Grahams were filled with the highest indignation. Nothing in those fierce times was so contemptible as an individual who would suffer himself to be plundered without exacting satisfaction and revenge, and the loss of their dinner probably aggravated their sense of the insult. The company who were assembled at the castle of Monteith, headed by the Earl himself, hastily took to their boats, and, disembarking on the northern side of the lake, pursued with all speed the marauders and their leader. They came up with Donald's party in the gorge of a pass, near a rock, called Craig-Vad, or the Wolf's Cliff. Here the Grahams called, with loud insults, on the Appin

men to stand, and one of them, in allusion to the execution which had been done amongst the poultry, exclaimed in verse—

They're brave gallants, these Appin men,
To twist the throat of cock and hen!

Donald instantly replied to the reproach—

And if we be of Appin's line,
We'll twist a goose's neck in thine.

So saying, he shot the unlucky scoffer with an arrow. The battle then began, and was continued with much fury till night came. The Earl of Monteith and many of his noble kinsmen fell, while Donald, favoured by darkness, escaped with a single attendant. The Grahams obtained from the cause of quarrel the nickname of Gramoche an Garrigh, or Grahams of the Hens; although they certainly lost no honour in the encounter, having fought like gamecocks.

Donald of the Hammer was twice married. His second marriage was highly displeasing to his eldest son, whom he had by his first wife. This young man, whose name was Duncan, seems to have partaken rather of the disposition of his grandfather, Alister *Saoileach*, or the Peaceful, than of the turbulent spirit of his father the Hammerer. He quitted the family mansion in displeasure, and passed to a farm called Inverfalla, which his father had bestowed upon his nurse in reward for her eminent services. Duncan lived with this valued connexion of the family, who was now in the extremity of old age, and amused himself with attempting to improve the cultivation of the farm; a task which not only was considered as far below the dignity of a Highland gentleman, but even regarded as the last degree of degradation.

The idea of his son's occupying himself with agricultural operations struck so much shame and anger into the heart of Donald the Hammerer, that his resentment against him became ungovernable. At length, as he walked by his own side of the river, and looked towards Inverfalla, he saw, to his extreme displeasure, a number of men employed in digging and levelling the soil for some intended crop. Soon after, he had the additional mortification to see his son come out and mingle with the workmen, as if giving them directions; and, finally, beheld him take the spade out of an awkward fellow's hand, and dig a little himself, to show him how to use it. This last act of degeneracy drove the Hammerer frantic; he seized a curragh, or boat covered with hides, which was near, jumped into it and pushed across the stream, with the determination of destroying the son, who had, in his opinion, brought such unutterable disgrace upon his family. The poor agriculturist, seeing his father approach in such haste, and having a shrewd guess of the nature of his paternal intentions, fled into the house and hid himself. Donald followed with his drawn weapon; but, deceived by passion and darkness, he plunged his sword into the body of one whom he saw lying on the bed-clothes. Instead of his son, for whom the blow was intended, it lighted on the old foster-mother, to whom he owed his life in infancy and education in youth, and slew her on the spot. After this misfortune, Donald became deeply affected with remorse; and, giving up all his estates

to his children, he retired to the Abbey of Saint Columbus, in Iona, and passed the remainder of his days as a monk.

It may easily be believed, that there was little peace and quiet in a country abounding with such men as the Hammerer, who thought the practice of honest industry on the part of a gentleman was an act of degeneracy, for which nothing short of death was an adequate punishment; so that the disorderly state of the Highlands was little short of that of the Isles. Still, however, many of the principal chiefs attended occasionally at the court of Scotland; others were frequently obliged to send their sons to be educated there, who were retained as hostages for the peaceful behaviour of the clan; so that by degrees they came to improve with the increasing civilization of the times.

The authority also of the great nobles, who held estates in or adjacent to the Highlands, was a means, though a rough one, of making the district over which they exercised their power, submit, in a certain degree, to the occasional influence of the laws. It is true, that the great Earls of Huntly, Argyle, Sutherland, and other nobles, did not enforce the Lowland institutions upon their Highland vassals out of mere zeal for their civilization, but rather because, by taking care to secure the power of the sovereign and the laws on their own side, they could make the infraction of them by the smaller independent chiefs the pretext for breaking down entire clans, and binding them to their own authority.

I will give you an example of the manner in which a noble lady chastised a Highland chief in the reign of James the Sixth. The head of the house of Gordon, then Marquis of Huntly, was by far the most powerful lord in the northern counties, and exercised great influence over the Highland clans who inhabited the mountains of Badenoch, which lay behind his extensive domains. One of the most ancient is that of MacIntosh, a word which means Child of the Thane, as they boast their descent from MacDuff, the celebrated Thane of Fife. This haughty race having fallen at variance with the Gordons, William MacIntosh, their chief, carried his enmity to so great a pitch, as to surprise and burn the Castle of Auchindown, belonging to the Gordon family. The Marquis of Huntly vowed the severest vengeance. He moved against the MacIntoshes with his own chivalry; and he let loose upon the devoted tribe all such neighbouring clans as would do any thing, as the old phrase was, for his love or for his fear. MacIntosh, after a short struggle, found himself unequal to sustain the conflict, and saw that he must either behold his clan totally exterminated, or contrive some mode of pacifying Huntly's resentment. Of the last he saw no chance, save by surrendering himself into the power of the Marquis, and thus personally atoning for the offence which he had committed. To perform this act of generous devotion with as much chance of safety as possible, he chose a time when the Marquis himself was absent, and asking for the lady, whom he judged likely to prove less inexorable than her husband, he presented himself as the unhappy Laird of MacIntosh, who came to deliver himself up to the Gordon, to answer for his burning of Auchindown, and only desired that Huntly would spare his clan.

The Marchioness, a stern and haughty woman, had shared deeply in her husband's resentment. She regarded MacIntosh with a stern eye, as the hawk or eagle contemplates the prey within its clutch, and having spoken a word aside to her attendants, replied to the suppliant chief in this manner:—"MacIntosh, you have offended the Gordon so deeply, that Huntly has sworn by his father's soul, that he will never pardon you, till he has brought your neck to the block."—"I will stoop even to that humiliation, to secure the safety of my father's house," said MacIntosh. And as this interview passed in the kitchen of the Castle at Bog of Gicht, he undid the collar of his doublet, and kneeling down before the huge block on which, in the rude hospitality of the time, the slain bullocks and sheep were broken up for use, he laid his neck upon it, expecting, doubtless, that the lady would be satisfied with this token of unreserved submission. But the inexorable Marchioness made a sign to the cook, who stepped forward with his hatchet raised, and struck MacIntosh's head from his body.

Another story, and I will change the subject. It is also of the family of Gordon; not that they were by any means more hard-hearted than other Scottish barons, who had feuds with the Highlanders, but because it is the readiest which occurs to my recollection. The Farquharsons of Dee-side, a bold and warlike people, inhabiting the dales of Braemar, had taken offence at, and slain, a gentleman of consequence, named Gordon of Brackley. The Marquis of Huntly summoned his forces, to take a bloody vengeance for the death of a Gordon; and that none of the guilty tribe might escape, communicated with the Laird of Grant, a very powerful chief, who was an ally of Huntly, and a relation, I believe, to the slain Baron of Brackley. They agreed, that, on a day appointed, Grant, with his clan in arms, should occupy the upper end of the vale of Dee, while the Gordons should ascend the river from beneath, each party killing, burning, and destroying, without mercy, whatever and whomsoever they found before them. A terrible massacre was made among the Farquharsons, taken at unawares, and placed betwixt two enemies. Almost all the men and women of the race were slain; and, when the day was done, Huntly found himself encumbered with about two hundred orphan children, whose parents had been killed. What became of them, you shall presently hear.

About a year after this foray, the Laird of Grant chanced to dine at the Marquis's castle. He was, of course, received with kindness, and entertained with magnificence. After dinner was over, Huntly said to his guest, that he would show him some rare sport. Accordingly, he conducted Grant to a balcony, which, as was frequent in old mansions, overlooked the kitchen, perhaps to permit the lady to give an occasional eye to the operations there. The numerous servants of the Marquis and his visitors had already dined, and Grant beheld all the remains of the victuals flung at random into a large trough, like that out of which swine feed. While Grant was wondering what this could mean, the master cook gave a signal with his silver whistle; on which a hatch, like that of a dog-kennel, was raised, and there rushed into the kitchen, some shrieking, some

shouting, some yelling—not a pack of hounds, which, in number, noise, and tumult, they greatly resembled, but a huge mob of children, half naked, and totally wild in their manners, who threw themselves on the contents of the trough, and fought, struggled, and clamoured, each to get the largest share. Grant was a man of humanity, and did not see in that degrading scene all the amusement which his noble host had intended to afford him. “In the name of Heaven,” he said, “who are these unfortunate creatures that are fed like so many pigs?”—“They are the children of those Farquharsons whom we slew last year on Deeside,” answered Huntly. The Laird felt more shocked than it would have been prudent or polite to express. “My lord,” he said, “my sword helped to make these poor children orphans, and it is not fair that your lordship should be burdened with all the expense of maintaining them. You have supported them for a year and day—allow me now to take them to Castle Grant, and keep them for the same time at my cost.” Huntly was tired of the joke of the pig-trough, and willingly consented to have the undisciplined rabble of children taken off his hands. He troubled himself no more about them; and the Laird of Grant carrying them to his castle, had them dispersed among his clan, and brought up decently, giving them his own name of Grant; but it is said their descendants are still called the Race of the Trough, to distinguish them from the families of the tribe into which they were adopted.

These are instances of the severe authority exercised by the great barons over their Highland neighbours and vassals. Still that authority produced a regard to the laws, which they would not otherwise have received. These mighty lords, though possessed of great power in their jurisdictions, never affected entire independence, as had been done by the old Lords of the Isles, who made peace and war with England, without the consent of the King of Scotland; whereas Argyle, Huntly, and others, always used at least the pretext of the king’s name and authority, and were, from habit and education, less apt to practise wild stretches of arbitrary power than the native chiefs of the Highlands. In proportion, therefore, as the influence of the nobles increased, the country approached more nearly to civilization.

It must not here be forgotten, that the increase of power acquired by the sovereign, had been felt severely by one of his great feudal lords, for exercising violence and oppression, even in the most distant extremity of the empire. The Earl of Orkney, descended from a natural son of James V, and of course a cousin-german of the reigning monarch, had indulged himself in extravagant excesses of arbitrary authority amongst the wild recesses of the Orkney and Zetland islands. He had also, it was alleged, shown some token of a wish to assume sovereign power, and had caused his natural son to defend the Castle of Kirkwall, by force of arms, against the King’s troops. For these offences the earl was tried and executed at Edinburgh; and his punishment struck such terror among the aristocracy, as made even those great lords, whose power lay in the most distant and inaccessible places of Scotland, disposed to be amenable to the royal authority.

Having thus discussed the changes effected by the union of the crowns, on the Borders, Highlands, and Isles, it remains to notice the effects produced in the Lowlands, or more civilized parts of the kingdom.

CHAPTER VII.

Injurious Effects to Scotland of the Removal of the Court to London—Numerous Scotsmen employed in foreign Military Service—and as Travelling Merchants, or Packmen, in Germany—Exertions of the Presbyterian Clergy to put an end to Family Feuds, and to extend Education—Establishment, by their means, of Parochial Schools—James VI’s Visit to Scotland in 1617—his Death—his Children.

THE Scottish people were soon made sensible, that if their courtiers and great men made fortunes by King James’s favour, the nation at large was not enriched by the union of the crowns. Edinburgh was no longer the residence of a Court, whose expenditure, though very moderate, was diffused among her merchants and citizens, and was so far of importance. The sons of the gentry and better classes, whose sole trade had been war and battle, were deprived of employment by the general peace with England, and the nation was likely to feel all the distress arising from an excess of population. The wars on the Continent afforded a resource peculiarly fitted to the genius of the Scots, who have always had a disposition for visiting foreign parts. The celebrated Thirty Years’ War, as it was called, was now raging in Germany, and a large national brigade of Scots were engaged in the service of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, one of the most successful generals of the age. Their total numbers may be guessed from those of the superior officers, which amounted to thirty-four colonels, and fifty lieutenant-colonels. The similarity of the religion of the Scots with that of the Swedes, and some congenial resemblances betwixt the two nations, as well as the high fame of Gustavus, made most of the Scots prefer the service of Sweden; but there were others who went into that of the Emperor of Austria, of France, of the Italian States,—in short, they were dispersed as soldiers throughout all Europe. It was not uncommon, when a party of Scots were mounting a breach, for them to hear some of the defenders call out in the Scottish language, “Come on, gentlemen; this is not like gallanting it at the Cross of Edinburgh,” and thus learn that they were opposed to some of their countrymen engaged on the opposite side. The taste for foreign service was so universal, that young gentlemen of family, who wished to see the world, used to travel on the continent from place to place, and from state to state, and defray their expenses by engaging for a few weeks or months in military service in the garrison or guards of the state in which they made their temporary residence. It is but doing the Scots justice to say, that while thus acting as mercenary soldiers, they acquired a high character for courage, military skill, and a faithful adherence to their engagements. The Scots regiments in the Swedish service were the first troops who employed platoon firing, by which they contributed greatly to achieve the decisive battle of Lutzen.

Besides the many thousand Scottish emigrants who

pursued the trade of war on the Continent, there was another numerous class who undertook the toilsome and precarious task of travelling merchants, or to speak plainly, of pedlars, and were employed in conducting the petty inland commerce, which gave the inhabitants of Germany, Poland, and the northern parts of Europe in general, opportunities of purchasing articles of domestic convenience. There were at that time few towns, and in these towns there were few shops regularly open. When an inhabitant of the country, of high or low degree, had to purchase any article of dress or domestic convenience which he did not manufacture himself, he was obliged to attend at the next fair, to which the travelling merchants flocked, in order to expose their goods to sale. Or if the buyer did not chuse to take that trouble, he must wait till some pedlar, who carried his goods on horseback, in a small wain, or perhaps in a pack upon his shoulders, made his wandering journey through the country. It has been made matter of ridicule against the Scots, that this traffic fell into their hands, as a frugal, patient, provident, and laborious people, possessing some share of education, which we shall presently see was now becoming general amongst them. But we cannot think that the business which required such attributes to succeed in it, could be dishonourable to those who pursued it; and we believe that those Scots who, in honest commerce, supplied foreigners with the goods they required, were at least as well employed as those who assisted them in killing each other.

While the Scots thus continued to improve their condition by enterprise abroad, they gradually sunk into peaceful habits at home. In the wars of Queen Mary's time, and those of King James's minority, we have the authority of a great lawyer, the first Earl of Haddington, generally known by the name of Tom of the Cowgate, to assure us, that "the whole country was so miserably distracted, not only by the accustomed barbarity of the Highlands and Borders, which was greatly increased, but by the cruel dissensions arising from public factions and private feuds, that men of every rank daily wore steel-jacks, knapsacks or head-pieces, plate-sleeves, and pistols and poniards, being as necessary parts of their apparel as their doublets and breeches." Their disposition was, of course, as warlike as their dress; and the same authority informs us, that whatever was the cause of their assemblies or meetings, fights and affrays were the necessary consequence before they separated; and this not at parliaments, conventions, trysts, and markets only, but likewise in churchyards, churches, and places appointed for the exercise of religion.

This universal state of disorder was not owing to any want of laws against such enormities; on the contrary, the Scottish legislature was more severe than that of England, accounting a slaughter taking place on a sudden quarrel, without previous malice, as murder, which the law of England rated under the milder denomination of manslaughter. And this severity was introduced into the law, expressly to restrain the peculiarly furious temper of the Scottish nation. It was not, therefore, laws which were wanting to restrain violence, but the regular and due execution of such as existed. An ancient Scot-

tish statesman and judge, who was also a poet, has alluded to the means used to save the guilty from deserved punishment. "We are allowed some skill," he says, "in making good laws, but God knows how ill they are kept and enforced; since a man accused of a crime will frequently appear at the bar of the court to which he is summoned, with such a company of armed friends at his back, as if it were his purpose to defy and intimidate both judge and jury." The interest of great men, moreover, obtained often by bribes, interposed between a criminal and justice, and saved by court favour the life which was forfeited to the laws.

James made great reformation in these particulars as soon as his power, increased by the union of the two kingdoms, gave him the means of doing so. The laws, as we have seen in more cases than one, were enforced with greater severity; and the assistance of powerful friends, nay, the interposition of courtiers and favourites, was less successful in interfering with the course of justice, or obtaining remissions and pardons for condemned criminals. Thus the wholesome terror of justice gradually imposed a restraint on the general violence and disorder which had followed the civil wars of Scotland. Still, however, as the barons held, by means of their hereditary jurisdictions, the exclusive right to try and to punish such crimes as were committed on their own estates; and as they often did not chuse to do so, either because the action had been committed by the baron's own direction; or that the malefactor was a strong and active partisan, of whose service the lord might have need; or because the judge and criminal stood in some degree of relationship to each other; in all such cases, the culprit's escape from justice was a necessary consequence. Nevertheless, viewing Scotland generally, the progress of public justice at the commencement of the seventeenth century, was much purer, and less liable to interruption, than in former ages, and the disorders of the country were fewer in proportion.

The law and its terrors had its effect in preventing the frequency of crime; but it could not have been in the power of mere human laws, and the punishments which they enacted, to eradicate from the national feelings the proneness to violence, and the thirst of revenge, which had been so long a general characteristic of the Scottish people. The heathenish and accursed custom of deadly feud, or the duty, as it was thought, of exacting blood for blood, and perpetuating a chance quarrel, by handing it down to future generations, could only give place to those pure religious doctrines which teach men to practise, not the revenge, but the forgiveness of injuries, as the only means of acquiring the favour of Heaven.

The Presbyterian preachers, in throwing away the external pomp and ceremonial of religious worship, had inculcated, in its place, the most severe observation of morality. It was objected to them, indeed, that, as in their model of church government, the Scottish clergy claimed an undue influence over state affairs, so, in their professions of doctrine and practice, they verged towards an ascetic system, in which too much weight was laid on venial transgressions, and the opinions of other Christian churches

were treated with too little liberality. But no one who considers their works, and their history, can deny to those respectable men, the merit of practising, in the most rigid extent, the strict doctrines of morality which they taught. They despised wealth, shunned even harmless pleasures, and acquired the love of their flocks, by attending to their temporal as well as spiritual diseases. They preached what they themselves seriously believed, and they were believed because they spoke with all the earnestness of conviction. They spared neither example nor precept to improve the more ignorant of their hearers, and often endangered their own lives in attempting to put a stop to the feuds and frays which daily occurred in their bounds. It is recorded of a worthy clergyman, whose parish was peculiarly distracted by the brawls of the quarrelsome inhabitants, that he used constantly to wear a stout steel headpiece, which bore an odd appearance contrasted with his clerical dress. The purpose was, that when he saw swords drawn in the street, which was almost daily, he might run between the combatants, and thus separate them, with less risk of being killed by a chance blow. So that his venturesome and dauntless humanity was perpetually placing his life in danger.

The clergy of that day were frequently respectable from their birth and connexions, often from their learning, and at all times from their character. These qualities enabled them to interfere with effect, even in the feuds of the barons and gentry; and they often brought to milder and more peaceful thoughts, men who would not have listened to any other intercessors. There is no doubt, that these good men, and the Christianity which they taught, were one of the principal means of correcting the furious temper and revengeful habits of the Scottish nation, in whose eyes bloodshed and deadly vengeance had been till then a virtue.

Besides the precepts and examples of religion and morality, the encouragement of general information and knowledge is also an effectual mode of taming and subduing the wild habits of a military and barbarous people. For this also the Lowlands of Scotland were indebted to the Presbyterian ministers.

The Catholic clergy had been especially instrumental in the foundation of three universities in Scotland, namely, those of Glasgow, St Andrew's, and Aberdeen; but these places of education, from the very nature of their institutions, were only calculated for the education of students designed for the church, or of those youths from among the higher classes of the laity, whom their parents might wish to receive such information as might qualify them for lawyers and statesmen. The more noble view of the Reformed Church, was to extend the blessings of knowledge to the lower, as well as the higher, classes of society.

The preachers of the Reformation had appealed to the Scriptures as the rule of their doctrine, and it was their honourable and liberal desire, that the poorest, as well as the richest man, should have an opportunity of judging, by his own perusal of the sacred volume, whether they had interpreted the text truly and faithfully. The invention of printing had made the Scriptures accessible to every one, and the clergy desired that the meanest peasant should

have the skill necessary to peruse them. John Knox, and other leaders of the Congregation, had, from the very era of the Reformation, pressed the duty of reserving from the confiscated revenues of the Romish Church the means of providing for the clergy with decency, and of establishing colleges and schools for the education of youth; but their wishes were for a long time disappointed by the avarice of the nobility and gentry, who were determined to retain for their own use the spoils of the Catholic Church, and by the stormy complexion of the times, in which little was regarded save what belonged to politics and war.

At length the legislature, chiefly by the influence of the clergy, was induced to authorize the noble enactment, which appoints a school to be kept in every parish of Scotland, at a low rate of endowment indeed, but such as enables every poor man within the parish to procure for his children the knowledge of reading and writing; and affords an opportunity for those who show a decided taste for learning, to obtain such progress in classical knowledge as may fit them for college studies. There can be no doubt, that the opportunity afforded, of procuring instruction thus easily, tended, in the course of a generation, greatly to civilize and humanize the character of the Scottish nation; and it is equally certain, that this general access to useful knowledge, has not only given rise to the success of many men of genius, who otherwise would never have aspired above the humble rank in which they were born, but has raised the common people of Scotland in general, in knowledge, sagacity, and intelligence, many degrees above those of most other countries.

The Highlands and islands did not share the influence of religion and education, which so essentially benefited their Lowland countrymen, owing to their speaking a language different from the rest of Scotland, as well as to the difficulty, or rather at that time the impossibility, of establishing churches or schools in such a remote country, and amongst natives of such wild manners.

To the reign of James VI it is only necessary to add, that in 1617 he revisited his ancient kingdom of Scotland, from the same instinct, as his Majesty was pleased to express it, which induces salmon, after they have visited the sea, to return to the river in which they had been bred.

He was received with every appearance of affection by his Scottish subjects; and the only subject of suspicion, doubt, or quarrel, betwixt the King and them, arose from the partiality he evinced to the form and ritual of the Church of England. The true Presbyterians groaned heavily at seeing choristers and singing boys arrayed in white surplices, and at hearing them chant the service of the Church of England; and they were in despair when they saw his Majesty's private chapel adorned with pictures representing scriptural subjects. All this, and every thing like an established and prescribed form in prayer, in garb or decoration, was, in their idea, a greater or less approximation to the practices of the Church of Rome. This was, indeed, mere prejudice, but it was a prejudice of little consequence in itself, and James ought to have rather respected than combated feelings connected with much that was both

moral and religious, and honoured the right which his Scottish subjects might justly claim to worship God after their own manner, and not according to the rules and ceremonies of a foreign country. His obstinacy on this point was, however, satisfied with carrying through the Articles of Perth, already mentioned, which were finally admitted in the year after his visit to Scotland. He left to his successor the task of accomplishing a complete conformity, in ritual and doctrine, between the churches of South and North Britain—and very dear the attempt cost him.

In the year 1625, James died. He was the least dignified and accomplished of all his family; but, at the same time, the most fortunate. Robert II, the first of the Stewart family, died, it is true, in peace; but Robert III had sunk under the family losses which he had sustained; James I was murdered; James II killed by the bursting of a cannon; James III (whom James VI chiefly resembled) was privately slain after the battle of Sauchie-Burn; James IV fell at Flodden; James V died of a broken heart; Henry Darnley, the father of James VI was treacherously murdered; and his mother, Queen Mary, was tyrannically beheaded. He himself alone, without courage, without sound sagacity, without that feeling of dignity which should restrain a prince from foolish indulgences, became King of the great nation which had for ages threatened to subdue that of which he was born monarch; and the good fortune of the Stewart family, which seems to have existed in his person alone, declined and totally decayed in those of his successors.

James had lost his eldest son, Henry, a youth of extraordinary promise. His second, Charles I, succeeded him in the throne. He left also one daughter, Elizabeth, married to Frederick, the Elector Palatine of the German empire. He was an unfortunate prince, and with a view of obtaining the kingdom of Bohemia, engaged in a ruinous war with the Emperor, by which he lost his hereditary dominions. But the Elector's evil fortune was redeemed in the person of his descendants, from whom sprung the royal family which now possess the British throne, in right of the Princess Elizabeth.

CHAPTER VIII.

Discontents excited during James's Reign—Increased under Charles—Introduction of the English Liturgy into the Scottish Church—National Covenant—The Scottish Army enters England—Concessions of the King to the Long Parliament, upon which the Scottish Army returns home—Charles visits Scotland, and gains over the Marquis of Montrose to the Royal Cause—The Two Parties of Cavaliers and Roundheads—Arrest of Five Members of the House of Commons—Civil War in England.

CHARLES I, who succeeded his father James, was a Prince whose personal qualities were excellent. It was said of him justly, that, considered as a private gentleman, there was not a more honourable, virtuous, and religious man, in his dominions. He was a kind father, master, and even too affectionate husband, permitting the Queen Henrietta Maria, the beautiful daughter of Henry IV of France, to influence his government too much. Charles had also the dignity which his father totally wanted; and there is no just

occasion to question that so good a man as we have described him, had the intention to rule his people justly and mercifully, in place of enforcing the ancient feudal thralldom. But on the other hand, he entertained extravagant ideas of the regal power, feelings which, being peculiarly unsuitable to the times in which he lived, occasioned his own total ruin, and, for a time, that of his posterity.

The English people had been now, for a century and more, relieved from the severe yoke of the nobles, and had forgotten how it had pressed upon their forefathers. What had galled them in the late reign, were the exactions of King James, who, to indulge his prodigal liberality to worthless favourites, had extorted from Parliament large supplies, and having misapplied these, had endeavoured to obtain others by granting to individuals, for sums of money, exclusive rights to sell certain commodities, which the monopolist immediately raised to a high rate, and made a large fortune, while the king got little by the bribe which he had received, and the subjects suffered extremely by the price of articles, necessities perhaps of life, being unduly raised. Yet James, finding that a spirit of opposition had arisen within the House of Commons, and that grants of money were obtained with difficulty, would not refrain from such indirect practices to obtain money from the people without the consent of their representatives in Parliament. It was his object also to support the royal power in the full authority, which, by gradual encroachments, it attained during the reign of the Tudors; and he was disposed to talk high of his prerogative, for which he stated himself to be accountable to God alone; whereas it was the just principle of the House of Commons, that the power of the king, like every other power in the constitution, was limited by the laws, and was legally to be resisted when it trespassed beyond them. Such were the disputes which James held with his subjects. His timidity prevented him from pushing his claims to extremity, and although courtly divines and ambitious lawyers were ready to have proved, as they pretended, his absolute and indefeasible right to obedience, even in unconstitutional commands, he shrunk from the contest, and left to his son much discontent which his conduct had excited, but which did not immediately break into a flame.

Charles held the same opinions of his own rights as a monarch, which had been infused into him by his father's instructions, and he was obstinate and persevering where James had been timid and flexible. Arbitrary courts of justice, particularly one termed the Star-chamber, afforded the King the means of punishing those who opposed themselves to the royal will; but the violence of authority only increased the sense of the evil, and a general discontent against the King's person and prerogative began to prevail throughout England.

These menacing appearances were much increased by religious motives. The Church of England had been since the Reformation gradually dividing into two parties, one of which, warmly approved of by King James, and yet more keenly patronised by Charles, was peculiarly attached to the rites and ceremonies of the church, the strict observance of particular forms, and the use of certain pontifical dresses

when divine service was performed. A numerous party called the Puritans, although they complied with the model of the Church of England, considered these peculiar rites and formalities, on which the High Churchmen, as the opposite party began to be called, laid such stress, as remains of Popery, and things therefore to be abolished.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Laud, a man of talents and learning, was devotedly attached to the High Church interest, and, countenanced by Charles, he resolved to use all the powers, both of the civil and spiritual courts, to subdue the refractory spirit of the Puritans, and enforce their compliance with the ceremonies which he thought so essential to the well-being of the church. If men had been left to entertain calm and quiet thoughts on these points, they would in time have discovered that, having chosen what was esteemed the most suitable rules for the national church, it would have been more wise and prudent to leave the consciences of the hearers to determine whether they would conform to them, or assemble for worship elsewhere. But prosecutions, fines, pillories, and imprisonments, employed to restrain religious opinions, only make them burn the more fiercely; and those who submitted to such sufferings with patience rather than renounce the doctrines they had espoused, were counted as martyrs, and followed accordingly. These dissensions in church and state continued to agitate England from year to year; but it was the disturbances of Scotland which brought them to a crisis.

The King had kept firmly in view his father's favourite project of bringing the Church of Scotland, in point of church government and church ceremonies, to the same model with that of England. But to settle a national church, with a gradation of dignified clergy, required large funds, which Scotland could not afford for such a purpose. In this dilemma, the King and his counsellors resolved, by one sweeping act of revocation, to resume to the Crown all the tithes and benefices which had been conferred upon laymen at the Reformation, and thus obtain the funds necessary to endow the projected bishoprics.

I must try to explain to you what tithes are: By the law delivered to the Jews, the tithes, that is the tenth part of the yearly produce of the land, whether in animals born on the soil, or in corn, fruit, and, vegetable productions, were destined to the support of the priests. The same rule was adopted by the Christian Church, and the tithes were levied from the farmer or possessor of the land, for the maintenance of the ecclesiastical establishments. When the Reformation took place, the great nobles and gentry of Scotland got grants of these tithes from the crown, engaging to take upon themselves the support of the clergy; whom they paid at as low a rate as possible. Those nobles and gentry who held such gifts, were called Titulars of tithes, answering to the English phrase of Impropriators. They used the privileges which they had acquired with great rigour. They would not suffer the farmer to lead a sheaf of corn from the field until the tithe had been selected and removed, and in this way exercised their right with far more severity than had been done by the Roman Catholic clergy, who usually accepted a certain reasonable sum of money, and thus left the proprietor of the crop to

VOL. VII.

manage it as he would, instead of actually taking the tithes in kind. But the titulars, as they used their privilege with rigour and to the utmost, were equally tenacious in retaining it.

When assembled in Parliament, or, as it was termed, the Convention of Estates, the lords who were possessed of grants of tithes determined that, rather than yield to the revocation proposed by the Earl of Nithisdale, who was the royal commissioner, they would massacre him and his adherents in the face of the assembly. This purpose was so decidedly entertained, that Lord Belhaven, an old blind man, placed himself close to the Earl of Dumfries, a supporter of the intended revocation, and keeping hold of his neighbour with one hand, for which he apologized, as being necessary to enable him to support himself, he held in the other the hilt of a dagger concealed in his bosom, that, as soon as the general signal should be given, he might play his part in the tragedy by plunging it into Lord Dumfries's heart. Nithisdale, learning something of this desperate resolution, gave the revocation up for the time, and returned to court.

The King, however, was at length able, by the assistance of a convention of the clergy summoned together by the bishops, and by the general clamour of the land-owners, who complained of the rigorous exactions of the titulars, to obtain a partial surrender of the tithes into the power of the crown. The power of levying them in kind was suppressed; the landholder was invested with a right to have the tithe upon paying a modified sum, and to purchase the entire right from the titular (if he had the means to do so) at a rate of purchase restricted to seven years' rent.

These alterations were attended with the greatest advantages to the country in process of time, but they were very offensive to the Scottish nobility.

Charles also made an attempt to reverse some of the attainders which had taken place in his father's time, particularly that of Stewart, Earl of Bothwell. Much of this turbulent nobleman's forfeited property had fallen to the lot of the Lords of Buccleuch and Cessford, who were compelled to surrender a part of their spoils. These proceedings, as well as the revocation of the grants of tithes, highly irritated the Scottish nobility, and some wild proposals were held among them for dethroning Charles, and placing the Marquis of Hamilton on the throne.

The only remarkable consequence of this intrigue, was a trial in the long forgotten Court of Chivalry, the last, it may be supposed, that will ever take place. Donald Lord Reay affirmed, that Mr David Ramsay had used certain treasonable expressions in his, the said Donald's hearing. Both were summoned to appear before the High Constable of England. They appeared accordingly, in great pomp, attended by their friends.

"Lord Reay," says an eye-witness, "was clothed in black velvet, embroidered with silver, carried his sword in a silver embroidered belt, and wore around his neck his badge as a Baronet of Nova Scotia. He was a tall, black, swarthy man, of a portly and stout demeanour." The defender was next ushered in, a fair man, and having a head of ruddy hair so bushy and long, that he was usually termed Ramsay Red-

head. He was dressed in scarlet, so richly embroidered with gold, that the cloth could scarcely be discerned, but he was totally unarmed. While they fixed their eyes on each other sternly, the charge was read, stating that Ramsay, the defendant, had urged him, Lord Reay, to engage in a conspiracy for dethroning the King, and placing the Marquis of Hamilton upon the throne. He added, that if Ramsay should deny this, he would prove him a villain and traitor by dint of sword. Ramsay, for answer, called Reay "a liar and a barbarous villain, and protested he should die for it." They exchanged gloves. After many delays, the Court named a day of combat, assigning as the weapons to be used, a spear, a long sword, and a short sword or a dagger. The most minute circumstances were arranged, and provision was even made at what time the parties might have the assistance of armourers and tailors, with hammers, nails, files, scissars, bodkins, needles, and thread. But now, when you are perhaps expecting, with curiosity, a tale of a bloody fight, I have to acquaint you that the King forbade the combat, and the affair was put to sleep. Times were greatly changed since the days when almost every species of accusation might be tried by duel.

Charles visited his native country in 1633, for the purpose of being crowned. He was received by the people at first with great apparent affection, but discontent arose on its being observed, that he omitted no opportunity of pressing upon the bishops, who had hitherto only worn plain black gowns, the use of the more splendid vestments of the English Church. This alteration of habit grievously offended the Presbyterians, who saw in it a farther approximation to the Romish ritual; while the nobility, remembering that they had been partly deprived of their tithes, and that their possession of the church lands was in danger, saw with great pleasure the obnoxious prelates, for whose sake the revocation had been made, incur the odium of the people at large.

It was left for Archbishop Laud to bring all this slumbering discontent into action, by an attempt to introduce into the divine service of the Church of Scotland a Form of Common Prayer and Liturgy similar to that used in England. This, however reasonable an institution in itself, was at variance with the character of Presbyterian worship, in which the clergyman always addressed the Deity in extemporaneous prayer, and in no prescribed, or regular form of words. King James himself, when courting the favour of the Presbyterian party, had called the English service an ill-mumbled mass; forgetting that the objection to that ceremony applies, not to the prayers, which must be excellent, since they are chiefly extracted from Scripture, but to the worship of the Eucharist, which Protestants think idolatrous, and to the service, as being couched in a foreign language. Neither of these objections applies to the English form of prayer; but the expression of the King was not forgotten.

Upon the whole, this new and most obnoxious change in the form of public worship, throughout Scotland, where the nobility were known to be in a state of great discontent, was very ill-timed. Right or wrong, the people in general were prejudiced against the innovation, and yet it was to be attempt-

ed, without any other authority than that of the King and the Bishops; while both the Parliament, and a General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, had a right to be consulted in a matter so important.

The rash and fatal experiment was made 23d July, 1637, in the High Church of St Giles, Edinburgh, where the dean of the city prepared to read the new service before a numerous concourse of persons, none of whom seem to have been favourably disposed to its reception. As the reader of the prayers announced the Collect for the day, an old woman, named Jenny Geddes, who kept a green-stall in the High-street, bawled out—"The deil colick in the wame of thee, thou false thief! dost thou say the mass at my lug?" With that she flung at the dean's head the stool upon which she had been sitting, and a wild tumult instantly commenced. The women of lower condition flew at the dean, tore the surplice from his shoulders, and drove him out of the church. The Bishop of Edinburgh mounted the pulpit, but was also assailed with missiles, and the windows were broken with stones flung by a disorderly multitude from without. This was not all: the prelates were assaulted in the street, and misused by the mob. The life of the Bishop of Argyle was with difficulty saved by Lord Roxburgh, who carried him home in his carriage, surrounded by his retinue with drawn swords.

This tumult, which has now something ludicrous in its details, was the signal for a general resistance to the reception of the Service-book throughout the whole country. The Privy Council of Scotland were lukewarm, or rather cold, in the cause. They wrote to Charles a detailed account of the tumults, and did not conceal, that the opposition to the measure was spreading far and wide.

Charles was inflexible, and showed his displeasure even in trifles. It was the ancient custom that a fool, or jester, was maintained at court, privileged to break his satirical jests at random. The post was then held by one Archie Armstrong, who, as he saw the Archbishop of Canterbury posting to court, in consequence of the mortifying tidings from Scotland, could not help whispering the sly question, "Who's fool now, my lord?" For this jest, poor Archie, having been first severely whipped, was disgraced and dismissed from court, where no fool has again been admitted, at least in an avowed and official capacity.

But Archie was a more accessible object of punishment than the malcontents in Scotland. It was in vain that Charles sent down repeated and severe messages, blaming the Privy Council, the Magistrates, and all who did not punish the rioters, and enforce the reading of the Service-book. The resistance to the measure, which was at first tumultuous, and the work of the lowest order, had now assumed quality and consistence. More than thirty peers, and a very great proportion of the gentry of Scotland, together with the greater part of the royal burghs, had, before the month of December, agreed not merely to oppose the Service-book, but to act together in resistance to the further intrusions of Prelacy. They were kept in union and directed by representatives appointed from among themselves, and forming separate Committees, or, as they were termed, Tables or Boards of Management.

Under the auspices of these Tables, or Committees, a species of engagement, or declaration, was drawn up, the principal object of which was, the eradication of Prelacy in all its modifications, and the establishment of Presbytery on its purest and most simple basis. This engagement was called the National Covenant, as resembling those covenants which, in the Old Testament, God is said to have made with the people of Israel. The terms of this memorable league professed the Reformed faith, and abjured the rites and doctrines of the Romish Church, with which were classed the newly imposed Liturgy and Canons. This Covenant, which had for its object to annul all of Prelatic innovation that James's policy, and his son's violence, had been able to introduce into the Presbyterian Church, was sworn to by hundreds, thousands, and hundreds of thousands, of every age and description, vowing, with uplifted hands and weeping eyes, that, with the Divine assistance, they would dedicate life and fortune to maintain the object of their solemn engagement.

Undoubtedly, many persons who thus subscribed the National Covenant, did not seriously feel any apprehension that Prelacy would introduce Popery, or that the Book of Common Prayer was in itself a grievance which the country of Scotland did well or wisely to oppose; but they were convinced, that in thus forcing a matter of conscience upon a whole nation, the King disregarded the rights and liberties of his subjects, and foresaw, that if not now withstood, he was most likely to make himself absolute master of their rights and privileges in secular as well as religious affairs. They therefore joined in such measures as procured a general resistance to the arbitrary power so rashly assumed by King Charles.

Meantime, while the King negotiated and procrastinated, Scotland, though still declaring attachment to his person, was nearly in a state of general resistance.

The Covenanters, as they began to be called, held a General Assembly of the Church, at which the Marquis of Hamilton attended as lord Commissioner for the King. This important meeting was held at Glasgow. There all the measures pointed at by the Covenant were carried fully into effect. Episcopacy was abolished, the existing bishops were deprived of their power, and eight of them excommunicated for divers alleged irregularities.

The Covenanters took arms to support these bold measures. They recalled to Scotland the numerous officers who had been trained in the wars of Germany, and committed the command of the whole to Alexander Lesley, a veteran general of skill and experience, who had possessed the friendship of Gustavus Adolphus. They soon made great progress; for the castles of Edinburgh, Dalkcith, and other national fortresses, were treacherously surrendered, or daringly surprised by the Covenanters.

King Charles, meantime, was preparing for the invasion of Scotland with a powerful army by land and sea. The fleet was commanded by the Marquis of Hamilton, who, unwilling to commence a civil war, or, as some supposed, not being on this occasion peculiarly zealous in the King's service, made no attempt to prosecute the enterprise. The fleet lay idle in the Frith of Forth, while Charles in person, at

the head of an army of twenty-three thousand men, gallantly equipped by the English nobility, seemed as much determined on the subjugation of his ancient kingdom of Scotland, as ever any of the Edwards or Henries of England had been. But the Scottish Covenanters showed the same determined spirit of resistance which, displayed by their ancestors, had frustrated so many invasions.

A great degree of military discipline had been introduced into their new levies, considering how short time they had been on foot. They lay encamped on Dunse Law, a gently sloping hill, very favourable for a military display. Their camp was defended by forty field-pieces, and their army consisted of twenty-four or twenty-five thousand men. The highest Scottish nobles, as Argyle, Rothes, Cassilis, Eglinton, Dalhousie, Lindsay, Loudon, Balcarras, and others, acted as colonels; their captains were gentlemen of high rank and fortune; and the inferior commissions were chiefly filled with veteran officers who had served abroad. The utmost order was observed in their camp, while the presence of numerous clergymen kept up the general enthusiasm, and seemed to give a religious character to the war.

In this crisis, when a decisive battle was to have been expected, only one very slight action took place, when a few English cavalry, retreating hastily and in disorder, from a still smaller number of Scots, seemed to show that the invaders had not their heart in the combat. The King was surrounded by many counsellors, who had no interest to encourage the war; and the whole body of English Puritans considered the resistance of Scotland as the triumph of the good cause over Popery and Prelacy. Charles's own courage seems to have failed him, at the idea of encountering a force so well provided, and so willing, as that of the Covenanters, with a dispirited army acting under divided councils. A treaty was entered into, though of an insecure character. The King granted a declaration, in which, without confirming the acts of the Assembly of Glasgow, which he would not acknowledge as a lawful one, he agreed that all matters concerning the regulation of church-government should be left to a new Convocation of the Church.

Such an agreement could not be lasting. The Covenanting Lords did, indeed, disband their forces, and restore to the King's troops the strong places which they had occupied; but they held themselves ready to take arms, and seize upon them again at the slightest notice; neither was the King able to introduce any considerable degree of disunion into so formidable a league.

The General Assembly of the Church, convened according to the treaty, failed not to confirm all that had been done by their predecessors at Glasgow; the National Covenant was renewed, and the whole conclusions of the body were in favour of pure and unmingled Presbytery. The Scottish Parliament, on their part, demanded several privileges, necessary, it was said, to freedom of debate, and required that the Estates of the Kingdom should be convened at least once every three years. On receiving these demands, Charles thought he beheld a formed scheme for undermining his royal authority, and prepared to renew the war.

His determination involved, however, some more important consequences than even the war with Scotland. His private economy had enabled the King to support, from the crown lands and other funds, independent of parliamentary grants, the ordinary expenses of the state, and he had been able even to sustain the charges of the first army raised to invade Scotland, without having recourse to the House of Commons. But his treasures were now exhausted, and it became indispensable to convoke a parliament, and obtain from it a grant of money to support the war. The Parliament met, but were too much occupied by their own grievances, to take an immediate interest in the Scottish war. They refused the supplies demanded. The King was obliged to dissolve them, and have recourse to the aid of Ireland, to the convocation of the Church, to compulsory loans, and other indirect methods of raising money, so that his resources were exhausted by the effort.

On hearing that the King was again collecting his army, and had placed himself at its head, the Parliament of Scotland resolved on again assembling theirs. It was done with such facility, and so speedily, that it was plain they had been, during the short suspension of arms, occupied in preparing for a new rupture. They did not now wait till the King should invade Scotland, but boldly crossed the Tweed, entered England, and, advancing to the banks of the Tyne, found Lord Conway posted at Newburn, with six thousand men, having batteries of cannon in his front, and prepared to dispute the passage of the river. On 28th August, 1640, the battle of Newburn was fought. The Scots entered the ford, girdle-deep, and after silencing the artillery by their superior fire, made their way across the river, and the English fled with a speed and disorder unworthy of their national reputation.

The King, surprised at this defeat, and justly distrusting the faith of many who were in his army and near his person, retreated with all his forces into Yorkshire; and again, with more serious intentions of abiding by it, commenced a negotiation with his insurgent subjects. At the same time, to appease the growing discontent of the English nation, he resolved again to call a Parliament. There were, no doubt, in the royal camp, many persons to whom the presence of a Scottish army was acceptable, as serving to overawe the more violent royalists; and the Scots were easily induced to protract their stay, when it was proposed to them to receive pay and provisions at the expense of England.

The meeting of that celebrated body, called, in English history, the Long Parliament, took place on 3d November, 1640. The majority of the members were disaffected with the King's government, on account of his severity in matters of religion, and his tendency to despotism in state affairs. These malcontents formed a strong party, determined to diminish the royal authority, and reduce, if they did not destroy, the hierarchy of the church. The negotiations for peace being transferred from Rippon to London, the presence of the Scottish commissioners was highly acceptable to those statesmen who opposed the King, and the preaching of the clergymen by whom they were accompanied, appeared equally

instructive to the citizens of London and their wives.

In this favourable situation, and completely successful over the royal will (for Charles I could not propose to contend at once with the English Parliament and with the Scottish army), the peremptory demands of the Scots were neither light, nor easily gratified. They required that the King should confirm every act of the Scottish Convention of Estates with whom he had been at war, recall all the proclamations which he had sent out against them, place the fortresses of Scotland in the hands of such officers as the Convention should approve of, pay all the expenses of the war; and, last and bitterest, they stipulated, that those of the King's counsellors who had advised the late hostilities, should be punished as incendiaries. While the Scots were discussing these severe conditions, they remained in their quarters much at their own ease, overawing by their presence the King, and those who might be disposed to join him, and affording to the opposition party in the English Parliament an opportunity of obtaining redress for the grievances of which they, in their turn, complained.

The King, thus circumstanced, was compelled to give way. The oppressive courts in which arbitrary proceedings had taken place, were abolished; every species of contrivance by which the King had endeavoured to levy money without consent of Parliament, a subject on which the people of England were justly jealous, was declared unlawful; and it was provided, that Parliaments should be summoned every three years.

Thus the power of the King was reduced within the boundaries of the constitution: but the Parliament were not satisfied with this general redress of grievances, though including all that had hitherto been openly complained of. A strong party among the members was determined to be satisfied with nothing short of the abolition of Episcopacy in England as well as in Scotland; and many, who did not aim at that favourite point, entertained fears, that if the King were left in possession of such powers as the constitution allowed him, he would find means of re-establishing and perpetuating the grievances which, for the time, he had consented to abolish.

Gratified with a donation of three hundred thousand pounds, given under the delicate name of brotherly assistance, the Scottish army at length retired homeward, and left the King and Parliament of England to settle their own affairs. The troops were scarcely returned to Scotland and disbanded, when Charles proposed to himself a visit to his native kingdom. There can be little doubt that the purpose of this royal progress was to inquire closely into the causes which had enabled the Scottish nation, usually divided into factions and quarrels, to act with such unanimity, and to try whether it might not be possible for the King to attach to his royal interest and person some of the principal leaders, and thus form a party who might not only prevent his English dominions from being again invaded by an army from Scotland, but might be disposed to serve him, in case he should come to an open rupture with his English Parliament. For this purpose he dispensed dignities and gifts in Scotland with an unsparing hand; made General

Lesley Earl of Leven, raised the Lords Loudon and Lindsay to the same rank, and received into his administration several nobles who had been active in the late invasion of England. On most of these persons the King's benefits produced little effect. They considered him only as giving what, if he had dared, he would have withheld. But Charles made a convert to his interests of one nobleman, whose character and actions have rendered him a memorable person in Scottish history.

This was James Graham, Earl of Montrose; a man of high genius, glowing with the ambition which prompts great actions, and conscious of courage and talents which enabled him to aspire to much by small and inadequate means. He was a poet and scholar, deeply skilled in the art of war, and possessed of a strength of constitution and activity of mind, by which he could sustain every hardship, and find a remedy in every reverse of fortune. It was remarked of him by Cardinal de Retz, an unquestionable judge, that he resembled more nearly than any man of his age those great heroes, whose names and history are handed down to us by the Greek and Roman historians. As a qualification to this high praise, it must be added, that Montrose's courage sometimes approached to rashness, and that some of his actions arose more from the dictates of private revenge, than became his nobler qualities.

The young Earl had attended the court of Charles when he came home from his travels, but not meeting with the attention or distinction which he was conscious of deserving, he withdrew into Scotland, and took a zealous share in forming and forwarding the National Covenant. A man of such talent could not fail to be employed and distinguished. Montrose was sent by the confederated Lords of the Covenant to chastise the prelatic town of Aberdeen, and to disperse the Gordons, who were taking arms for the King under the Marquis of Huntly, and succeeded in both commissions. At the battle of Newburn, he was the first man who forded the Tyne. He passed alone under the fire of the English, to ascertain the depth of the water, and returned to lead over the regiment which he commanded. Notwithstanding these services to the cause of the Covenant, Montrose had the mortification to see that the Earl of Argyle (the ancient feudal enemy of his house), was preferred to him by the heads of the party, and chiefly by the clergy. There was something in the fiery ambition, and unyielding purpose of Montrose, which startled inferior minds; while Argyle, dark, close, and crafty,—a man well qualified to affect a complete devotion to the ends of others, when he was, in fact, bent on forwarding his own,—stooped lower to court popularity, and was more successful in gaining it.

The King had long observed that Montrose was dissatisfied with the party to which he had hitherto adhered, and found no difficulty in engaging his services for the future in the royal cause. The noble convert set so actively about inducing others to follow his example, that even during the course of the treaty at Rippon, he had procured the subscription of nineteen noblemen to a bond, engaging themselves to unite in support of Charles. This act of defection being discovered by the Covenanters, Montrose was imprisoned; and the King, on coming to Scotland,

had the mortification to find himself deprived of the assistance of his invaluable adherent.

Montrose contrived, however, to communicate with the King from his prison in the Castle of Edinburgh, and disclosed so many circumstances respecting the purpose of the Marquis of Hamilton and the Earl of Argyle, that Charles had resolved to arrest them both at one moment, and had assembled soldiers for that purpose. They escaped, however, and retired to their houses, where they could not have been seized, but by open violence, and at the risk of a civil war. These noblemen were recalled to Court; and to show that the King's confidence in them was unchanged, Argyle was raised to the rank of Marquis. This obscure affair was called the *Incident*; it was never well explained; it excited much suspicion of the King's purposes both in England and Scotland, and aggravated the disinclination of the English Parliament to leave his royal power on the present unreduced footing.

There can be little doubt that Montrose's disclosures to the King concerned the private correspondence which passed between the Scottish Covenanters and the opposition party in the Parliament of England, and which Charles might hope to convert into an accusation of high treason against both. But as he did not feel that he possessed a party in Scotland strong enough to contend with the great majority of the nobles of that country, he judged it best to pass over all further notice of the *Incident* for the time, and to leave Scotland at least under the outward appearance of mutual concord. He was formally congratulated on departing a contented King from a contented people—a state of things which did not last long.

It was, indeed, impossible that Scotland should remain long tranquil, while England, with whom she was now so closely connected, was in such dreadful disorder. The King had no sooner returned from Scotland, than the quarrel betwixt him and his Parliament was renewed with more violence than ever. If either party could have reposed confidence in the other's sincerity, the concessions made by the King were such as ought to have gratified the Parliament. But the strongest suspicions were entertained by the prevailing party, that the King considered the grants which he had made, as having been extorted from him by violence, and that he retained the steady purpose of reassuming the obnoxious and arbitrary power of which he had been deprived for a season, but which he still considered as part of his royal right. They therefore resolved not to quit the ascendancy which they had attained, until they had deprived the King of a large portion of his remaining power, although bestowed on him by the constitution, that they might thus prevent his employing it for the recovery of those arbitrary privileges which had been usurped by the throne during the reign of the Tudors.

While the Parliamentary leaders argued thus, the King, on his side, complained that no concession, however large, was able to satisfy the demands of his discontented subjects. "He had already," he urged, "resigned all the points which had been disputed between them," and his partisans were alarmed with the idea that it was the purpose of Parliament altogether to abrogate the royal authority, and, probably, to depose the reigning King.

On the return of Charles to London, the Parliament

greeted him with a remonstrance, in which he was upbraided with all the real and supposed errors of his reign. At the same time, a general disposition to tumult showed itself throughout the city. Great mobs of apprentices and citizens, not always of the lowest rank, came in tumult to Westminster, under the pretence of petitioning the Houses of Parliament; and as they passed Whitehall, they insulted, with loud shouts, the guards and servants of the King. The parties soon came to blows, and blood was spilt between them.

Party names, too, were assumed, to distinguish the friends of the King from those who favoured the Parliament. The former were chiefly gay young men, who, according to the fashion of the times, wore showy dresses, and cultivated the growth of long hair, which, arranged in ringlets, fell over their shoulders. They were called Cavaliers. In distinction, those who adhered to the Parliament, assumed, in their garb and deportment, a seriousness and gravity which rejected all ornament; they wore their hair, in particular, cropped short around the head, and thence gained the name of Round-heads.

But it was the difference in their ideas of religion, or rather of church government, which chiefly widened the division betwixt the two parties. The King had been bred up to consider the preservation of the Church of England and her hierarchy, as a sacred point of duty. The Presbyterian system, on the contrary, was espoused by a large proportion of the Parliament; and they were, for the time, seconded by the other numerous classes of Dissenters, all of whom desired to see the destruction of the Church of England, however unwilling they might be that a Presbyterian church government should be set up in its stead. The enemies of the Church of England greatly predominating within the Houses of Parliament, the lords spiritual, or bishops, were finally expelled from their seats in the House of Lords, and their removal was celebrated as a triumph by the London citizens.

While matters were in this state, the King committed a great imprudence. Having conceived that he had acquired from Montrose's discovery, or otherwise, certain information that five of the leading members of the House of Commons had been guilty of communicating with the Scots when in arms, which might authorise a charge of high treason, he formed the highly rash and culpable intention of going to the House of Commons in person, with an armed train of attendants, and causing the accused members to be arrested. By this ill-advised measure, Charles doubtless expected to strike terror into the opposite party; but it proved altogether ineffectual. The five members had received private information of the blow to be aimed at them, and had fled into the city, where they found numbers willing to conceal, or defend them. The King, by this visit to the House of Commons, only showed that he could stoop to act almost in the capacity of a common constable, or catchpoll; and that he disregarded the respect due to the representatives of the British people, in meditating such an arrest in the presence of that body.

After this step on the part of the King, every chance of reconciliation seemed at an end. The Commons rejected all amicable proposals, unless the

King would surrender to them the command of the militia; and that would have been equivalent to laying his crown at their feet. The King refused to surrender the command of the militia, even for an instant; and both parties prepared to take up arms. Charles left London, where the power of the Parliament was predominant, assembled what friends he could gather at Nottingham, and hoisted the royal standard there, as the signal of civil war, on 25th August, 1642.

The hostilities which ensued, over almost all England, were of a singular character. Long accustomed to peace, the English had but little knowledge of the art of war. The friends of the contending parties assembled their followers, and marched against each other, without much idea of taking strong positions, or availing themselves of able manœuvres, but with the simple and downright purpose of meeting, fighting with, and defeating those who were in arms on the other side. These battles were contested with great manhood and gallantry, but with little military skill or discipline. It was no uncommon thing, for one wing or division of the contending armies, when they found themselves victorious over the body opposed to them, to amuse themselves with chasing the vanquished party for leagues off the field of battle, where the victory was in the meanwhile lost, for want of their support. This repeatedly happened through the precipitation of the King's cavalry; a fine body of men, consisting of the flower of the English nobility and gentry; but as ungovernable as they were brave, and usually commanded by Prince Rupert, the King's nephew, a young man of fiery courage, not gifted with prudence corresponding to his bravery and activity.

In these unhappy civil contentions, the ancient nobility and gentry of England were chiefly disposed to the service of the King; and the farmers and cultivators of the soil followed them as their natural leaders. The cause of the Parliament was supported by London, with all its wealth and its numbers, and by the other large towns, seaports, and manufacturing districts, throughout the country. At the commencement of the war, the Parliament, being in possession of most of the fortified places in England, with the magazines of arms and ammunition which they contained, having also numbers of men prepared to obey their summons, and with power to raise large sums of money to pay them, seemed to possess great advantages over the party of Charles. But the gallantry of the King's followers was able to restore the balance; and proposals were made for peace on equal terms, which, had all parties been as sincere in seeking it, as the good and wise of each side certainly were, might then have been satisfactorily concluded.

A treaty was set on foot at Oxford in the winter and spring of 1643, and the Scottish Parliament sent to England a committee of the persons employed as conservators of the peace between the kingdoms, to negotiate, if possible, a pacification between the King and his Parliament, honourable for the crown, satisfactory for the liberty of the subject, and secure for both. But the King listened to the warmer and more passionate counsellors, who pointed out to him that the Scots would, to a certainty, do their utmost to root out Prelacy in any system of accommodation which

they might assist in framing ; and that having, in fact, been the first who had set the example of a successful resistance to the Crown, they could not now be expected to act sincerely in any negotiation in which its interests were concerned. The result was, that the Scottish Commissioners, finding themselves treated with coldness by the King, and with menace and scorn by the more vehement of his followers, left Oxford still more displeased with the royal cause than when they had come thither.

CHAPTER IX.

A Scottish Army sent to assist that of the English Parliament—Montrose takes advantage of their Absence, and, being joined by a Body of Irishmen, raises the Royal Standard in Scotland—Battle of Tippermuir, and Surrender of Perth—Affair at the Bridge of Dee, and Sack of Aberdeen—Close of the Campaign.

IN 1643, when the advance of spring permitted the resumption of hostilities, it was found that the state of the King's party was decidedly superior to that of the Parliament, and it was believed that the event of the war would be decided in the Royal favour, could the co-operation of the Scots be obtained. The King privately made great offers to the Scottish nation, to induce them to declare in his favour, or at least remain neuter in the struggle. He called upon them to remember that he had gratified all their wishes, without exception, and reminded them that the late peace between England and Scotland provided, that neither country should declare war against the other without due provocation, and the consent of Parliament. But the Scottish Convention of Estates were sensible, that if they should assist the King to conquer the English Parliament, for imitating their example of insurrection, it would be naturally followed by their undergoing punishment themselves for the example which they had set. They feared for the Presbyterian system,—some of them, no doubt, feared for themselves,—and all turned a deaf ear to the King's proposals.

On the other hand, a deputation from Parliament pressed upon the Scottish Convention another clause in the treaty of peace made in 1641, namely, that the Parliament of either country should send aid to each other to repel invasion or suppress internal disturbances. In compliance with this article, the English Commissioners desired the assistance of a body of Scottish auxiliaries. The country being at this time filled with disbanded officers and soldiers who were eager for employment, the opportunity and the invitation were extremely tempting to them, for they remembered the free-quarters and good pay which they had enjoyed while in England. Nevertheless, the leading members of the Convention of Estates were aware, that to embrace the party of the Parliament of England, and dispatch to their assistance a large body of auxiliary forces, selected, as they must be, from their best levies, would necessarily expose their authority in Scotland to considerable danger ; for the King's friends who had joined in the bond with Montrose, were men of power and influence, and having the will, only waited for the opportunity, to act in his behalf ; and might raise, perhaps, a formidable insurrection in Scotland itself, when relieved from the superiority of force which at present

was so great on the side of the Convention. But the English Commissioners held out a bait which the Convention found it impossible to resist.

From the success which the ruling party had experienced in establishing the Church of Scotland on a Presbyterian model, and from the great influence which the clergy of that persuasion had acquired in the councils of the nation by the late course of events, they were induced to form the ambitious desire of totally destroying the hierarchy of the Church of England, and of introducing into that kingdom a form of church government on the Presbyterian model. To accomplish this favourite object, the leading Presbyterians in Scotland were willing to run every risk, and to make every exertion.

The Commissioners of England were most ready to join with this idea of destroying Prelacy ; but they knew that the English Parliament party were greatly divided among themselves on the subject of substituting the Presbyterian system in its place. The whole body of Sectarians, or Independents, were totally opposed to the introduction of any national church government whatever, and were averse to that of Presbytery in particular, the Scottish clergy having, in their opinion, shown themselves disposed to be as absolute as the bishops had been while in power. But, with a crafty policy, the Commissioners conducted the negotiation in such a manner as to give the Scottish Convention reason to believe, that they would accomplish their favourite desire of seeing the system which they so much admired acknowledged and adopted in England, while, in fact, they bound their constituents, the English Parliament, to nothing specific on the subject.

The Commissioners proposed to join with the Scottish nation in a new edition of the Covenant, which had before proved such a happy bond of union among the Scots themselves. In this new bond of religious association, which was called the Solemn League and Covenant, it was provided, that the church government of Scotland should be supported and maintained on its present footing ; but with regard to England, the agreement was expressed with studied ambiguity—the religious system of England, it was provided, should be reformed “according to the word of God, and the example of the best reformed churches.” The Scots, usually more cautious in their transactions, never allowed themselves to doubt for a moment, that the rule and example to be adopted under this clause must necessarily be that of Presbytery, and under this conviction, both the nobles and the clergy hastened with raptures, and even with tears of joy, to subscribe the proposed League. But several of the English Commissioners enjoyed in secret the reserved power of interpreting the clause otherwise, and of explaining the phrase in a sense applicable to their own ideas of emancipation from church government of every kind.

The Solemn League and Covenant was sworn to in Scotland with general acclamation, and was received and adopted by the English Parliament with the same applause, all discussion of the dubious article being cautiously avoided. The Scots proceeded, with eager haste, to send to the assistance of the Parliament of England a well-disciplined army of up-

wards of twenty thousand men, under the command of Alexander Lesley, Earl of Leven. An officer of character, named Baillie, was Leven's Lieutenant, and David Lesley, a man of greater military talents than either, was his Major-General. Their presence contributed greatly to a decisive victory which the Parliament forces gained at Marston Moor; and indeed, as was to be expected from their numbers and discipline, quickly served to give that party the preponderance in the field.

But while the Scottish auxiliaries were actively serving the common cause of the Parliament in England, the courageous and romantic enterprise of the Earl of Montrose broke out in a train of success, which threatened to throw Scotland itself into the hands of the King and his friends. This nobleman's bold genius, when the royalist party in Scotland seemed totally crushed and dispersed, devised the means of assembling them together, and of menacing the Convention of Estates with the destruction of their power at home, even at the moment when they hoped to establish the Presbyterian Church in both kingdoms, by the success of the army which they had dispatched into England.

After obtaining his liberation from imprisonment, Montrose had repaired to England, and suggested to the King a plan of operations to be executed by a body of Irish, to be dispatched by the Earl of Antrim from the county of Ulster, and landed in the West Highlands. With these he proposed to unite a force collected from the Highland clans, who were disinclined to the Presbyterian government, great enemies to the Earl of Argyle, and attached to the Royal cause, because they regarded the King as a chieftain whose clan was in rebellion against him, and who, therefore, deserved the support of every faithful mountaineer. The promise of pay, to which they had never been accustomed, and the certainty of booty, would, as Montrose judiciously calculated, readily bring many chieftains and clans to the Royal standard. The powerful family of the Gordons, in Aberdeenshire, who, besides enjoying almost princely authority over the numerous gentlemen of their family, had extensive influence among the mountain tribes in their neighbourhood, or, in the Scottish phrase, could command a great Highland following, might also be reckoned upon with certainty; as they had been repeatedly in arms for the King, had not been put down without a stout resistance, and were still warmly disposed towards the royal cause. The support of many of the nobility and gentry in the north might also be regarded as probable, should Montrose be able to collect a considerable force. The Episcopal establishment, so odious to the lords and barons of the southern and western parts of Scotland, was popular in the north. The northern barons were displeased with the extreme strictness of the Presbyterian clergy, and dissatisfied with the power they had often assumed of interfering with the domestic arrangements of families, under pretext of maintaining moral discipline. Finally, there were in all parts of Scotland active and daring men disappointed of obtaining employment or preferment under the existing government, and therefore willing to join in any enterprise, however desperate, which promised a change.

All this was known to the Convention of Estates; but they had not fully estimated the magnitude of the danger. Montrose's personal talents were, to a certain extent, admitted; but ordinary men were incapable of estimating such a character as his; and he was generally esteemed a vain, though able young man, whose remarkable ambition was capable of urging him into undertakings which were impracticable. The great power of the Earl of Argyle was relied upon as a sufficient safeguard against any attempt on the West Highlands, and his numerous, brave, and powerful clan had long kept all the tribes of that country in a species of awe, if not subjection.

But the character of the Highlanders was estimated according to a sort of calculation, which time had rendered very erroneous. In the former days of Scotland, when the Lowlands were inhabited by men as brave, and much better armed and disciplined than the mountaineers, the latter had indeed often shown themselves alert as light troops, unwearied in predatory excursions; but had been generally, from their tumultuary charge, liable to defeat, either from a steady body of spearmen, who received their onset with lowered lances, or from an attack of the feudal chivalry of the Lowlands, completely armed and well mounted. At Harlaw, Corrichie, Glenlivet, and on many other occasions, the irregular forces of the Highlands had been defeated by an inferior number of their Lowland opponents.

These recollections might lead the governors of Scotland, during the civil war, to hold a Highland army in low estimation. But it was without considering that half a century of uninterrupted peace had rendered the Lowlanders much more unwarlike, while the Highlander, who always went armed, was familiar with the use of weapons which he constantly wore, and far superior in that particular, as well as in the alacrity and love of fight, to the Lowland peasant, called from the peaceful occupations of the farm, and only prepared, by a few days' drilling, to encounter the unwonted dangers of a field of battle. The burghers, who made a formidable part of the array of the Scottish army in former times, were now still more unwarlike than the peasant, being not only without skill in arms and familiarity with danger, but also the personal habits of exercise which the rustic might have preserved. This great and essential difference between the Highlander and Lowlander of modern days, could scarcely be estimated in the middle of the seventeenth century, the causes by which it was brought about being recent, and attracting little attention.

Montrose's first plan was to collect a body of Royalist horse on the frontiers of England, to burst at once into the centre of Scotland at their head, and force his way to Stirling, where a body of cavaliers had promised to assemble and join him. The expedition was disconcerted by a sort of mutiny among the English horse who had joined him; in consequence of which, Montrose disbanded his handful of followers, and exhorted them to make their way to the King, or to join the nearest body of men in arms for the royal cause, while he himself adopted a new and more desperate plan. He took with him only two friends, and disguised himself as the groom of one of

them, whom he followed, ill mounted and worse dressed, and leading a spare horse. They called themselves gentlemen belonging to Leven's army; for, of course, if Montrose had been discovered by the Covenanting party, a rigorous captivity was the least he might expect. At one time he seemed on the point of being detected; a straggling soldier passed his two companions, and coming up to the Earl of Montrose, saluted him respectfully by his name and title. Montrose tried to persuade him that he was mistaken; but the man persisted, though with the utmost respect and humility of deportment. "Do I not know my noble Lord of Montrose?" he said; "But go your way, and God be with you." The circumstance alarmed Montrose and his companions; but the poor fellow was faithful, and never betrayed his old leader.

In this disguise he reached the verge of the Highlands, and lay concealed in the house of his relation, Graham of Inchbraco, and afterwards, for still greater safety, in an obscure hut on the Highland frontier, while he dispatched spies in every direction, to bring him intelligence of the state of the Royalist party. Bad news came from all quarters. The Marquis of Huntly had taken arms hastily and imprudently, and had been defeated and compelled to fly; while Gordon of Haddow, one of the most active and gallant men of the name, became prisoner to the Covenanters; and, to strike terror into the rest of the clan, was publicly executed by order of the Scottish Parliament.

Montrose's spirit was not to be broken even by this disappointment; and, while anxiously awaiting further intelligence, an indistinct rumour reached him that a body of soldiers from Ireland had landed in the West Highlands, and were wandering in the mountains, followed and watched by Argyle with a strong party of his clan. Shortly after, he learned, by a messenger dispatched on purpose, that this was the body of auxiliaries sent to him from Ulster by the Earl of Antrim. Their commander was Alaster of MacDonald, a Scoto-Irishman, I believe, of the Antrim family. He was called Col Kittock, or Colkitto, from his being left-handed; a very brave and daring man, but vain and opinionative, and not understanding any thing of regular warfare. Montrose sent orders to him to march with all speed into the district of Athole, and dispatched emissaries to raise the gentlemen of that country in arms, as they were generally well affected to the King's cause. He himself set out to join this little band, attired in an ordinary Highland garb, and accompanied only by Inchbraco as his guide. The Irish were surprised and disappointed to see their expected General appear so poorly dressed and attended; nor had Montrose greater reason to congratulate himself on the appearance of his army. The force which was assembled did not exceed fifteen hundred Irish, instead of the thousands promised, and these were but indifferently armed and appointed, while only a few Highlanders from Badenoch were yet come to the appointed rendezvous.

These active mountain warriors, however, had, a day or two before, been at blows with the Covenanters. Macpherson of Cluny, chief of his name, had sent out a party of men to look out for Montrose,

who was looked for every minute. They beheld the approach of a detached body of horse, which they concluded was the escort of their expected General. But when they approached nearer, the MacPhersons found it to be several troops of the Covenanters' cavalry, commanded by Colonel Herries, and quartered in Glencairn, for the sake of bridling the Highlanders. While the troops were coming on in formidable superiority of numbers, MacPherson of Invereshie, who was drawing up his Highlanders for action, observed one of them in the act of stooping; and as he lifted his stick to strike him for such conduct in the face of the enemy, the Highlander arose, and showed him the countenance of MacPherson of Dalifour, one of the boldest men of the clan. Highly surprised, Invereshie demanded how he, of all men, could think of stooping before an enemy. "I was only fastening a spur on the heel of my brogue," said Dalifour, with perfect composure. "A spur! and for what purpose, at such a time and place as this?" asked Invereshie. "I intend to have a good horse before the day is over," answered the clansman, with the same coolness. Dalifour kept his word; for the Lowland horse being worsted in the first onset, he got possession of a charger, on which he followed the pursuit, and brought in two prisoners.

The report of this skirmish gave a good specimen to Montrose of the mettle of the mountaineers, while the subsequent appearance of the Athole-men, eight hundred strong, and the enthusiastic shouts with which they received their General, soon gave confidence to the light-hearted Irishmen. He instantly commenced his march upon Strathern, and crossed the Tay. He had scarce done so, when he discovered on the hill of Buchanty a body of about four hundred men, who, he had the satisfaction to learn by his scouts, were commanded by two of his own particular friends, Lord Kilpont and Sir John Drummond. They had taken arms, on hearing that a body of Irish were traversing the country; and learning that they were there under Montrose's command, for the King's service, they immediately placed themselves and their followers under his orders.

Montrose received these succours in good time, for while Argyle pursued him with a large body of his adherents, who had followed the track of the Irish, Lord Elcho, the Earl of Tullibardin, and Lord Drummond, had collected an army of Lowlanders to protect the city of Perth, and to fight Montrose, in case he should descend from the hills. Montrose was aware, that such an enterprise as he had undertaken could only be supported by an excess of activity and decision. He therefore advanced upon the Lowland forces of Elcho, whom he found, on 1st September, 1644, drawn up in good order in a large plain called Tippermuir, within three miles of Perth. They were nearly double Montrose's army in number, and much encouraged by numerous ministers, who exhorted them to fight valiantly, and promised them certain victory. They had cannon also, and cavalry, whereas Montrose had no artillery, and only three horses, in his army. After a skirmish with the Covenanters' cavalry, in which they were beaten off, Montrose charged with the Highlanders, under a heavy fire from his Irish musketeers. They burst into the ranks of the enemy with irresistible fury, and compelled

them to fly. Once broken, the superiority of numbers became useless, as the means of supporting a main body by reserves was not then known or practised. The Covenanters fled in the utmost terror and confusion, but the light-footed Highlanders did great execution in the pursuit. Many honest burghers, distressed by the extraordinary speed which they were compelled to exert, broke their wind, and died in consequence. Montrose sustained little or no loss.

The town of Perth surrendered, and for this act a long string of reasons were given which are rather amusingly stated in a letter from the ministers of that town; but we have only space to mention a few of them. First, it is alleged, that out of Elcho's defeated army, only about twelve of the Fifeshire men offered themselves to the magistrates in defence of the town, and most of them were pot-valiant from liquor. Secondly, the citizens had concealed themselves in cellars and vaults, where they lay panting in vain endeavours to recover the breath which they had wasted in their retreat, scarcely finding words enough to tell the Provost, "that their hearts were away, and that they would fight no more though they should be killed." Thirdly, the letter states, that if the citizens had had the inclination to stand out, they had no means, most of them having flung away their weapons in their flight. Fourthly, the enemy were, it is said, drawn up like so many hellhounds before the gates of the town, their hands deeply dyed in the blood recently shed, and demanding, with hideous cries, to be led to further slaughter. The Magistrates perhaps deserve no blame, if they capitulated in such circumstances, to avoid the horrors of a storm. But their conduct shows, at the same time, how much the people of the Lowlands had degenerated in point of military courage.

Perth consequently opened its gates to the victor. But Argyle, whose northern army had been augmented by a considerable body of cavalry, was now approaching with a force, against which Montrose could not pretend to defend an open town. He abandoned Perth, therefore, and marched into Angus-shire, hoping he might find adherents in that county. Accordingly, he was there joined by the old Earl of Airlie and two of his sons, who never forsook him in success or disaster.

This accession of strength was counterbalanced by a shocking event. There was a Highland gentleman in Montrose's camp named James Stewart of Ardvoirlich, whose birth had been attended with some peculiar circumstances, which, though they lead me from my present subject, I cannot refrain from noticing. While his mother was pregnant, there came to the house of Ardvoirlich a band of outlaws, called Children of the Mist, Mac-Gregors, some say, others call them MacDonalds of Ardnamurchan. They demanded food, and the lady caused bread and cheese to be placed on the table, and went into the kitchen to order a better meal to be made ready, such being the unvarying process of Highland hospitality. When the poor lady returned, she saw upon the table, with its mouth stuffed full of food, the bloody head of her brother, Drummond of Drummondernoch, whom the outlaws had met and murdered in the wood. The poor woman shrieked, ran wildly into the forest,

where, notwithstanding strict search, she could not be found for many weeks. At length she was secured, but in a state of insanity, which doubtless was partly communicated to the infant of whom she was shortly after delivered. The lad, however, grew up. He was an uncertain and dangerous character, but distinguished for his muscular strength, which was so great, that he could, in grasping the hand of another person, force the blood from under the nails. This man was much favoured by the Lord Kilpont, whose accession to the King's party we lately mentioned; indeed, he was admitted to share that young nobleman's tent and bed. It appears that Ardvoirlich had disapproved of the step which his friend had taken in joining Montrose, and that he had solicited the young lord to join him in deserting from the royal army, and, it is even said, in murdering the General. Lord Kilpont rejected these proposals with disdain, when, either offended at his expressions, or fearful of his exposing his treacherous purpose, Ardvoirlich stabbed Kilpont mortally with his dagger. He then killed the sentinel, and escaped to the camp of Argyle, where he received preferment. Montrose was awaked by the tumult which this melancholy event excited in the camp, and rushing into the crowd of soldiers, had the mortification to see the bleeding corpse of his noble friend, thus basely and treacherously murdered. The death of this young nobleman was a great loss to the royal cause.

Montrose, so much inferior in numbers to his enemies, could not well form any fixed plan of operations. He resolved to make up for this, by moving with the most extraordinary celerity from one part of the country to another, so as to strike severe blows where they were least expected, and take the chance of awakening the drooping spirit of the Royalists. He therefore marched suddenly on Aberdeen, to endeavour to arouse the Gordons to arms, and defeat any body of Covenanters which might overawe the King's friends in that country. His army was now, however, greatly reduced in numbers; for the Highlanders, who had no idea of serving for a whole campaign, had gone home to their own districts, to lodge their booty in safety, and get in their harvest. It was, on all occasions, the greatest inconvenience attending a Highland army, that after a battle, whether they won the day or lost it, they were certain to leave their standard in great numbers, and held it their undoubted right to do so; insomuch, that a victory thinned their ranks as much as a defeat is apt to do those of other armies. It is true, that they could be gathered again with equal celerity; but this humour, of deserting at their pleasure, was a principal reason why the brilliant victories of Montrose were productive of few decided results.

On reaching Aberdeen, Montrose hastened to take possession of the Bridge of Dee, the principal approach to that town, and having made good this important point, he found himself in front of an army commanded by Lord Burleigh. He had the mortification also to find, that part of a large body of horse in the Covenanting army were Gordons, who had been compelled to take arms in that cause by Lord Lewis Gordon, the second son of the Marquis of Huntly, a wild and wilful young man, whose politics differed from those of his father and family.

Finding himself greatly inferior in horse, of which he had not fifty, Montrose intermingled with his cavalry some of his musketeers, who, for breath and speed, could keep up with the movements of such horse as he possessed. The Gordons, not perhaps very favourable to the side on which they ranked, made an ineffectual attack upon the horse of Montrose, which was repelled. When the mingled musketeers and cavalry advanced on them, Lord Lewis's men fled, in spite of his own personal exertions; and Montrose, we are informed, found it possible to move his handful of cavalry to the other wing of his army, and to encounter and defeat the horse of the Covenanters on both flanks successively with the same wearied party of riders. The terror struck into his opponents by the novelty of mixing musketeers with cavalry, contributed not a little to this extraordinary success. While this was passing, the two bodies of infantry cannonaded each other, for Montrose had the guns which he took at Tippermuir. The Covenanters had the superiority in this part of the action, but it did not daunt the Royalists. The gaiety of an Irishman, whose leg was shot off, gave spirit to all around him.—“Go on,” he cried; “this bodes me promotion; for now the General will make me a trooper.” Montrose left the courage of his men no time to subside—he led them daringly up to the enemy's teeth, and succeeded in a desperate charge, routing the Covenanters, and pursuing them into the town and through the streets. Stormed as it was by such a tumultuary army, Aberdeen and its inhabitants suffered greatly. Many were killed in the streets; and the cruelty of the Irish in particular was so great, that they compelled the wretched citizens to strip themselves of their clothes before they killed them, to prevent their being spoiled with blood! Montrose necessarily gave way to acts of pillage and cruelty, which he could not prevent, because he was unprovided with money to pay his half-barbarous soldiery. Yet the town of Aberdeen had two reasons for expecting better treatment:—First, that it had always inclined to the King's party; and, secondly, that Montrose himself had, when acting for the Covenanters, been the agent in oppressing for its loyalty the very city which his troops were now plundering on the opposite score.

Argyle always continued following Montrose with a superior army, but, it would appear, not with a very anxious desire to overtake him. With a degree of activity that seemed incredible, Montrose marched up the Spey, hoping still to raise the Gordons. But these gentlemen too strongly resented his former conduct towards them, as General for the Covenant, besides being sore with recollections of their recent check at the Bridge of Dee, and would not join him. On the other hand, the men of Murray, who were very zealous against Montrose, appeared on the northern bank of the Spey to oppose his passage. Thus hemmed in on all sides, and headed back like an animal of chase from the course he intended to pursue, Montrose and his little army showed an extremity of courage. They hid their cannon in a bog, destroyed what they had of heavy baggage, entered Badenoch, where the Clan Chattan had shown themselves uniformly friendly, and descended from thence upon Athole, and so on to Angus-shire. After several

long and rapid marches, Montrose returned again into Strathbogie, re-crossing the great chain of the Grampians, and, clinging still to the hope of being able to raise the gentlemen of the name of Gordon, again repaired to Aberdeenshire.

Here this bold leader narrowly escaped a great danger. His army was considerably dispersed, and he himself lying at the Castle of Fyvie, when he found himself at once threatened, and nearly surrounded, by Argyle and Lothian, at the head of very superior forces. A part of the enemy had already occupied the approach to his position, by means of ditches and inclosures through which they had insinuated themselves, and his own men were beginning to look out of countenance, when Montrose, disguising his apprehensions, called to a gay and gallant young Irish officer, as if he had been imposing a trifling piece of duty,—“What are you doing, O'Kean? can you not chase these troublesome rascals out of the ditches and inclosures?” O'Kean obeyed the command in the spirit in which it was given; and, driving the enemy before him, got possession of some of their gunpowder, which was much needed in Montrose's army. The remark of the Irishman on this occasion, who heavily complained of the neglect of the enemy in omitting to leave a supply of ball corresponding to the powder, showed the confidence with which Montrose had been able to inspire his men.

The Earl of Lothian, on the other side, came with four troops of horse upon Montrose's handful of cavalry, amounting scarcely to fifty men. But Montrose had, as at the Bridge of Dee, sustained his troopers by mingling them with musketry. So that Lothian's men, receiving an unexpected and galling fire, wheeled about, and could not again be brought to advance. Many hours were spent in skirmishing, with advantage on Montrose's part, and loss on that of Argyle, until at length the former thought it most advisable to retreat from Fyvie to Strathbogie.

On the road, he was deserted by many Lowland gentlemen who had joined him, and who saw his victories were followed with no better results than toilsome marches among wilds, where it was nearly impossible to provide subsistence for man or horse, and which the approach of winter was about to render still more desolate. They left his army, therefore, promising to return in summer; and of all his Lowland adherents, the old Earl of Airlie and his sons alone remained. They had paid dearly for their attachment to the Royal cause, Argyle having plundered their estates, and burnt their principal mansion, the “Bonnie house of Airlie,” situated on the river Isla, the memory of which conflagration is still preserved in Scottish song.

But the same circumstances which wearied out the patience of Montrose's Lowland followers, rendered it impossible for Argyle to keep the field; and he sent his army into winter quarters, in full confidence that his enemy was cooped up for the season in the narrow and unprovided country of Athole and its neighbourhood, where he might be suffered to exist with little inconvenience to the rest of Scotland, till spring should enable the Covenanters to attack him with a superior force. In the meantime, the Marquis of Argyle returned to his own domains.

CHAPTER X.

Invasion of Argyle's Country by Montrose—Battles of Inverlochy, Alderney, Alford, and Kilsyth, gained by Montrose, who, by the Victory at Kilsyth, becomes Master of Scotland—He is appointed Captain-General and Lieutenant-Governor of Scotland—marches upon the Borders—is defeated by Lesley at Philiphaugh—retires to the Highlands, and leaves Scotland.

IT was about the middle of December that Argyle was residing at his castle of Inverary, in the most perfect confidence that the enemy could not approach him, since he used to say he would not for a hundred thousand crowns that any one knew the passes from the eastward into the shire of Argyle. While the powerful Marquis was enjoying this fancied security of his feudal dominions, he was astounded with the intelligence that Montrose, with an army of Highlanders, wading through drifts of snow, scaling precipices, and traversing the mountain paths, known to none save the solitary shepherd or huntsman, had forced an entry into his country, which he was laying waste with all the vindictive severity of deadly feud. There was neither time nor presence of mind for defence. The able-bodied men were slaughtered, the cattle driven off, the houses burnt; and the invaders had divided themselves into three bands, to make the devastation more complete. Alarmed by this fierce and unexpected invasion, Argyle embarked on board a fishing-boat, and left his country to its fate. Montrose continued the work of revenge for nearly a month, and then concluding he had destroyed the influence which Argyle, by the extent of his power, and the supposed strength of his country, had possessed over the minds of the Highlanders, he withdrew towards Inverness, with the purpose of organizing a general gathering of the clans. But he had scarce made this movement, when he learned that his rival, Argyle, had returned into the Western Highlands with some Lowland forces; that he had called around him his numerous clan burning to revenge the wrongs which they had sustained, and was lying with a strong force near the old Castle of Inverlochy, situated at the western extremity of the chain of lakes through which the Caledonian canal is now conducted.

The news at once altered Montrose's plans.

He returned upon Argyle by a succession of the most difficult mountain-passes covered with snow; and the vanguard of the Campbells saw themselves suddenly engaged with that of their implacable enemy. Both parties lay all night on their arms, but by break of day, Argyle betook himself to his galley, and, rowing off shore, remained a spectator of the combat, when, by all the rules of duty and gratitude, he ought to have been at the head of his devoted followers. His unfortunate clansmen supported the honour of the name with the greatest courage, and many of the most distinguished fell on the field of battle. Montrose gained a complete victory, which greatly extended his influence over the Highlands, and in proportion diminished that of his discomfited rival.

Having collected what force he could, Montrose now marched triumphantly to the north-east; and in the present successful posture of his affairs, engaged at length the Gordons to join him with a good body of cavalry, commanded by their young chief, Lord

Gordon. The Convention of Estates were now most seriously alarmed. While Montrose had roamed through the Highlands, retreating before a superior enemy, and apparently on the point of being every moment overwhelmed, his progress was regarded as a distant danger. But he was now threatening the low country, and the ruling party were not so confident of their strength there as to set so bold an adventurer at defiance. They called from the army in England General Baillie, an officer of skill and character, and sir John Urry, or, as the English called him, Hurry, also a brave and good partisan, but a mere soldier of fortune, who had changed sides more than once during the civil war.

These generals commanded a body of veteran troops, with which they manœuvred to exclude Montrose from the southern districts, and prevent his crossing the Tay or Forth. At the same time, the mandate of the Marquis of Huntly, or the intrigues of Lord Lewis Gordon, again recalled most of the Gordons from Montrose's standard, and his cavalry was reduced to one hundred and fifty. He was compelled again to retire to the mountains, but, desirous to dignify his retreat by some distinguished action, he resolved to punish the town of Dundee for their steady adherence to the cause of the Covenant. Accordingly, suddenly appearing before it with a chosen body selected for the service, he stormed the place on three points at once. The Highlanders and Irish, with incredible fury, broke open the gates, and forced an entrance. They were dispersing in quest of liquor and plunder, when at the very moment that Montrose threatened to set the town on fire, he received intelligence that Baillie and Urry, with four thousand men, were within a mile of the place. The moment required all the activity of Montrose; but he was able to withdraw the men from their revelling and plundering, to get his army into order, and to effect a retreat to the mountains, which he safely accomplished in the face of his numerous enemies, and with a degree of skill which established his military character as firmly as any of his victories.

In this difficult manœuvre, Montrose was well seconded by the hardihood and resolution of his men, who are said to have marched about sixty miles, and to have passed three days and two nights in manœuvring and fighting, without either food or refreshment. In this manner that leader repeatedly baffled the numerous forces and able generals who were employed against him. The great check upon his enterprise was the restlessness of the Highlanders, and the caprice of the gentlemen who formed his cavalry, who all went and came at their own pleasure.

I have told you that the Gordons had been withdrawn from Montrose's standard, contrary to their own inclinations, by the command of Huntly, or the address of Lord Lewis Gordon. By employing his followers in enterprises in which the plunder was certain and the danger small, this young nobleman collected under his standard all those who were reluctant to share the toilsome marches and bloody fights to which they were led under that of Montrose. Hence a rhyme, not yet forgotten in Aberdeenshire,

If you with Lord Lewis go,
You'll get reif and prey enough
If you with Montrose go,
You'll get grief and wae enough.

But the Lord Gordon, Lewis's elder brother, continuing attached in the warmest manner to Montrose, was dispatched by him to bring back the gentlemen of his warlike family, and his influence soon assembled considerable forces. General Baillie, learning this, detached Urry, his colleague, with a force which he thought sufficient to destroy Lord Gordon, while he himself proposed to engage the attention of Montrose till that point was gained.

But Montrose, penetrating the intention of the Covenanted generals, eluded Baillie's attempts to bring him to action, and traversed the mountains of the North like a whirlwind, to support Lord Gordon, and crush Urry. He accomplished his first object; but Urry had been joined by the Covenanters of Murray, with the Earls of Seaforth, Sutherland, and others who maintained the same cause, and had thus collected an army more numerous than that of Montrose, even when united to Lord Gordon.

Montrose prepared to give them battle at the village of Alderne, and drew up his men in an unusual manner, to conceal his inequality of force. The village, which is situated on an eminence, with high ground behind, was surrounded by inclosures on each side and in front. He stationed on the right of the village Alexander MacDonald, with four hundred Irishmen and Highlanders, commanding them to maintain a defensive combat only, and giving them strict orders not to sally from some strong sheepfolds and inclosures, which afforded the advantages of a fortified position. As he wished to draw towards that point the principal attention of the enemy, he gave this right wing charge of the royal standard, which was usually displayed where he commanded in person. On the left side of the village of Alderne, he drew up the principal part of his force, he himself commanding the infantry, and Lord Gordon the cavalry. His two wings being thus formed, Montrose had in reality no centre force whatever; but a few resolute men posted in front of the village, and his cannon placed in the same line, made it appear as if the houses covered a body of infantry.

Urry, deceived by these dispositions, attacked with a preponderating force the position of MacDonald. Colkitto beat them back with the Irish musketeers, and the bows and arrows of the Highlanders, who still used these ancient missile weapons. But when the enemy, renewing their attack, taunted MacDonald with cowardice for remaining under shelter of the sheepfolds, that leader, whose bravery greatly excelled his discretion, sallied forth from his fastness, contrary to Montrose's positive command, to show he was not adverse to fight on equal ground. The superiority of numbers, and particularly of cavalry, which was instantly opposed to him, soon threw his men into great disorder, and they could with difficulty be rallied by the desperate exertions of Colkitto, who strove to make amends for his error by displaying the utmost personal valour.

A trusty officer was dispatched to Montrose to let him know the state of affairs. The messenger found him on the point of joining battle, and whispered in his ear that Colkitto was defeated. This only determined Montrose to pursue with the greater audacity the plan of battle which he had adopted. "What are we doing?" he called out to Lord Gordon; Mac-

Donald has been victorious on the left, and if we do not make haste, he will carry off all the honours of the day." Lord Gordon instantly charged with the gentlemen of his name, and beat the Covenanters' horse off the field; but the foot, though deserted by the horse, stood firm for some time, for they were veteran troops. At length they were routed on every point, and compelled to fly with great loss.

Montrose failed not instantly to lead succours to the relief of his left wing, which was in great peril. Colkitto had got his men again secured in the inclosures, he himself defending the entrance sword in hand, and with a target on his left arm. The pikemen pressed him so hard as to fix their spears by two or three at a time in his target, while he repeatedly freed himself of them by cutting the heads from the shafts, by the unerring sweep of his broadsword.

While Colkitto and his followers were thus hard-pressed, Montrose and his victorious troops appeared, and the face of affairs was suddenly changed. Urry's horse fled, but the foot, which were the strength of his army, fought bravely, and fell in the ranks which they occupied. Two thousand men, about a third of Urry's army, were slain in the battle of Alderne; and, completely disabled by the overthrow, that commander was compelled once more to unite his scattered forces with those of Baillie.

After some marching and counter-marching, the armies again found themselves in the neighbourhood of each other, near to the village of Alford.

Montrose occupied a strong position on a hill, and it was said that the cautious Baillie would have avoided the encounter, had it not been that, having crossed the river Don, in the belief that Montrose was in full retreat, he only discovered his purpose of giving battle when it was too late to decline it. The number of infantry was about two thousand in each army. But Baillie had more than double his opponent's number of cavalry. Montrose's, indeed, were gentlemen, and therefore in the day of battle were more to be relied on than mere hirelings. The Gordons dispersed the Covenanted horse on the first shock; and the musketeers, throwing down their muskets and mingling in the tumult with their swords drawn, prevented the cavalry from rallying. But as Lord Gordon threw himself, for the second time, into the heat of the fight, he fell from his horse, mortally wounded by a shot from one of the fugitives. This accident, which gave the greatest distress to Montrose, suspended the exertions of the cavalry, who, chiefly friends, kinsmen, and vassals of the deceased, flocked around him to lament the general loss. But the veterans of Montrose, charging in columns of six and ten men deep, along a line of three men only, broke that of the Covenanters on various points, and utterly destroyed the remnant of Baillie's army, though they defended themselves bravely.

These repeated victories gave such lustre to Montrose's arms, that he was now joined by the Highland clans in great numbers, and by many of the Lowland anti-covenanters, who had before held back, from doubt of his success in so unequal a contest.

On the other hand, the Convention of Estates, supported by the counsels of Argyle, who was bold in council though timid in battle, persevered in raising

new troops, notwithstanding their repeated misfortunes and defeats. It seemed, indeed, as if Heaven had at this disastrous period an especial controversy with the kingdom of Scotland. To the efforts necessary to keep up and supply their auxiliary army in England, were added the desolation occasioned by a destructive civil war, maintained in the north with equal fury and success, and conducted on both sides with deplorable devastation. To these evils, as if not sufficient to exhaust the resources of a poor country, were now added those of a wide-wasting plague, or pestilence, which raged through all the kingdom, but especially in Edinburgh, the metropolis. The Convention of Estates were driven from the capital by this dreadful infliction, and retreated to Perth, where they assembled a large force under General Baillie, while they ordered a levy of ten thousand men throughout the kingdom. While Lanark, Cassilis, Eglinton, and other lords of the western shires, went to their respective counties to expedite the measure, Montrose, with his usual activity, descended from the mountains at the head of an army augmented in numbers, and flushed with success.

He first approached the shores of the Forth, by occupying the shire of Kinross. And here I cannot help mentioning the destruction of a noble castle belonging to the House of Argyle. Its majestic ruins are situated on an eminence occupying a narrow glen of the Ochil chain of hills. In former days, it was called, from the character of its situation perhaps, the Castle of Gloom; and the names of the parish, and the stream by which its banks are washed, had also an ominous sound. The Castle of Gloom was situated on the brook of Grief or Gryfe, and in the parish of Dollar or Dolour. In the sixteenth century, the Earl of Argyle, the owner of this noble fortress, obtained an act of parliament for changing its name to Castle Campbell. The feudal hatred of Montrose, and of the clans composing the strength of his army, the vindictive resentment also of the Ogilvies, for the destruction of "the Bonnie House of Airlie," and that of the Stirlingshire cavaliers for that of Menstrie, doomed this magnificent pile to flames and ruin. The destruction of many a meaner habitation by the same unscrupulous spirit of vengeance has been long forgotten, but the majestic remains of Castle Campbell still excite a sigh in those that view them, over the miseries of civil war.

After similar acts of ravage, not to be justified, though not unprovoked, Montrose marched westward along the northern margin of the Forth, insulting Perth, where the army of the Covenanters remained in their entrenchments, and even menacing the Castle of Stirling, which, well garrisoned and strongly situated, defied his means of attack. About six miles above Stirling he crossed the Forth, by the deep and precarious ford which the river presents before its junction with the Teith. Having attained the southern bank, he directed his course westward, with the purpose of dispersing the levies which the western lords were collecting, and doubtless with the view of plundering the country, which had attached itself chiefly to the Covenant. Montrose had, however, scarcely reached Kilsyth, when he received the news that Baillie's army, departing from Perth, had also crossed the Forth, at the Bridge of Stirling, and was

close at hand. With his usual alacrity, Montrose prepared for battle, which Baillie, had he been left to his own judgment, would have avoided; for that skilful though unfortunate General knew by experience the talents of Montrose, and that the character of his troops was admirably qualified for a day of combat; while he also considered that an army so composed might be tired out by cautious operations, and expected that the Highlanders and Lowland Cavaliers would alike desert their leader in the course of a protracted and indecisive warfare. But Baillie was no longer the sole commander of the Covenanting army. A Committee of the Estates, consisting of Argyle, Lanark, and Crawford-Lindsay, had been nominated to attend his army, and control his motions; and these, especially the Earl of Lindsay, insisted that the veteran General should risk the last regular army which the Covenanters possessed in Scotland, in the perils of a decisive battle. They marched against Montrose, accordingly, at break of day on the 15th August, 1645.

When Montrose beheld them advance, he exclaimed that it was what he had most earnestly desired. He caused his men to strip to their shirts, in token of their resolution to fight to the death. Meantime the Covenanters approached. Their vanguard attacked an advanced post of Montrose, which occupied a strong position among cottages and inclosures. They were beaten off with loss. A thousand Highlanders, with their natural impetuosity, rushed, without orders, to pursue the fugitives, and to assault the troops who were advancing to support them. Two regiments of horse, against whom this mountain torrent directed its fury, became disordered and fell back. Montrose saw the decisive moment, and ordered his whole army to attack the enemy, who had not yet got into line, their rear-guard and centre coming up too slowly to the support of their vanguard. The hideous shout with which the Highlanders charged, their wild appearance, and the extraordinary speed with which they advanced, nearly naked, broadsword in hand, struck a panic into their opponents, who dispersed without any spirited effort to get into line of battle, or maintain their ground. The Covenanters were beaten off the field, and pursued with indiscriminate slaughter for more than ten miles. Four or five thousand men were slain in the field and in the flight; and the force of the Convention was for the time entirely broken.

Montrose was now master, for the moment, of the kingdom of Scotland. Edinburgh surrendered; Glasgow paid a heavy contribution; the noblemen and other individuals of distinction who had been imprisoned as royalists in Edinburgh, and elsewhere throughout the kingdom, were set at liberty; and so many persons of quality now declared for Montrose, either from attachment to the royal cause, which they had hitherto concealed, or from the probability of its being ultimately successful, that he felt himself in force sufficient to call a Parliament at Glasgow in the King's name.

Still, however, the success of this heroic leader had only given him possession of the open country; all the strong fortresses were still in possession of the Covenanters; and it would have required a length of time, and the services of an army regularly disci-

plined and supplied with heavy artillery, to have reduced the Castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, Dumbarton, and other places of great strength. But if Montrose had had the forces necessary for such a work, he had neither leisure nor inclination to undertake it. From the beginning of his extraordinary, and hitherto successful career, he had secretly entertained the dazzling hope of leading a victorious army into England, and replacing King Charles in possession of his disputed authority. It was a daring scheme; yet if the King's affairs in England had remained in any tolerable condition, especially if there had been any considerable army of Royalists in the north of England to join or co-operate with Montrose, there is no calculating what the talents and genius of such an enterprising general might have ultimately done in support of the royal cause.

But King Charles, as I shall presently tell you more particularly, had suffered so many and such fatal losses, that it may be justly doubted whether the assistance of Montrose, unless at the head of much larger forces than he could be expected to gather, would have afforded any material assistance against the numerous and well-disciplined army of the Parliament. The result of a contest which was never tried can only be guessed at. Montrose's own hopes and confidence were as lofty as his ambition; and he did not permit himself to doubt the predictions of those who assured him, that he was doomed to support the tottering throne, and reinstate in safety the falling monarch.

Impressed with such proud convictions, he wrote to the King, urging him to advance to the northern border, and form a junction with his victorious army; and concluding his request with the words which Joab, the lieutenant of King David, is recorded in Scripture to have used to the King of Israel,—"I have fought against Rabbah, and have taken the city of waters. Now therefore gather the rest of the people together, and encamp against the city, and take it; lest I take the city, and it be called after my name."

While Montrose was thus urging King Charles, by the brilliant prospects which he held out, to throw himself on his protection, his own army mouldered away and dispersed, even in a greater degree than had been the case after his less distinguished successes. The Highland clans went home to get in their harvest, and place their spoil in safety. It was needless and useless to refuse them leave, for they were determined to take it. The north-country gentlemen also, wearied of the toils of the campaign, left him in numbers; so that when Montrose received, by the hands of Sir Robert Spottiswood, the King's commission under the Great Seal, naming him Captain-General and Lieutenant-Governor of Scotland, he commanded a force scarcely more effective than when he was wandering through Athole and Badenoch. The King's orders, however, and his own indomitable spirit of enterprise, determined his march towards the Borders.

About fifty years before, these districts would have supplied him, even upon the lighting of their beacons, with ten thousand cavalry, as fond of fighting and plunder as any Highlander in his army. But that period, as I have told you, had passed away. The

inhabitants of the Border-land had become peaceful; and the chiefs and lords, whose influence might still have called them out to arms, were hostile to the Crown, or, at best, lukewarm in its cause. The Earl of Buccleuch, and his friends of the name of Scott, who had never forgotten the offence given by the revocation of James's donations to their chief, were violent Covenanters, and had sent a strong clan-regiment with the Earl of Leven and the Scottish auxiliaries. Traquair, Roxburghe, and Hume, all entertained, or affected, regard to the King, but made no effectual effort in raising men. The once formidable name of Douglas, and the exertions of the Earl of Annandale, could only assemble some few troops of horse, whom the historian, Bishop Guthrie, describes as truthless trained bands. Montrose expected to meet a body of more regular cavalry, who were to be dispatched from England; but the King's continued misfortunes prevented him from making such a diversion.

Meanwhile the Scottish army in England received an account of the despair to which the battle of Kilsyth had reduced the Convention of Estates, and learned that several of its most distinguished members were already exiles, having fled to Berwick and other strong places on the Border, which were garrisoned by the Parliamentary forces. The importance of the crisis was felt, and David Lesley was dispatched, at the head of five or six thousand men, chiefly cavalry, and the flower of the Scottish auxiliary army, with the charge of checking the triumphs of Montrose.

Lesley crossed the Border at Berwick, and proceeded on his march, as if it had been his view to get between Montrose and the Highlands, and to prevent his again receiving assistance from his faithful mountaineers. But that sagacious general's intentions were of a more decisive character; for learning that Montrose, with his little army, lay quartered in profound security near Selkirk, he suddenly altered his march, left the Edinburgh road when he came to Edgebuckling-brae, crossed the country to Middleton, and then turning southward, descended the vale of the Gala to Melrose, in which place, and the adjacent hamlets, he quartered his army for the night.

Montrose's infantry, meanwhile, lay encamped on an elevated place, called Philiphaugh, on the left bank of the Ettrick, while his cavalry, with their distinguished general in person, were quartered in the town of Selkirk; a considerable stream being thus interposed betwixt the two parts of his army, which should have been so stationed as to be ready to support each other on a sudden alarm. But Montrose had no information of the vicinity of Lesley, though the Covenanters had passed the night within five miles of his camp. This indicates that he must have been very ill served by his own patrols, and that his cause must have been unpopular in that part of the country, since a single horseman, at the expense of half an hour's gallop, might have put him fully on his guard.

On the morning of the 13th September, 1645, Lesley, under cover of a thick mist, approached Montrose's camp, and had the merit, by his dexterity and vigilance, of surprising him whom his enemies

had never before found unprepared. The Covenanting general divided his troops into two divisions, and attacked both flanks of the enemy at the same time. Those on the left made but a tumultuary and imperfect resistance; the right wing, supported by a wood, fought in a manner worthy of their general's fame. Montrose himself, roused by the firing and noise of the action, hastily assembled his cavalry, crossed the Ettrick, and made a desperate attempt to recover the victory, omitting nothing which courage or skill could achieve, to rally his followers. But when at length left with only thirty horse, he was compelled to fly, and, retreating up the Yarrow, crossed into the vale of Tweed, and reached Peebles, where some of his followers joined him.

The defeated army suffered severely. The prisoners taken by the Covenanters were massacred without mercy, and in cold blood. They were shot in the court-yard of Newark Castle, upon Yarrow, and their bodies hastily interred at a place, called, from that circumstance, Slain-men's-lee. The ground being, about twenty years since, opened for the foundation of a school-house, the bones and skulls, which were dug up in great quantity, plainly showed the truth of the country tradition. Many cavaliers, both officers and others, men of birth and character, the companions of Montrose's many triumphs, fell into the hands of the victors, and were, as we shall afterwards see, put to an ignominious death. The prisoners, both of high and low degree, would have been more numerous, but for the neighbourhood of the Harehead-wood, into which the fugitives escaped. Such were the immediate consequences of this battle; concerning which, the country people often quote the following lines:—

At Philiphaugh the fray begun'd;
At Harehead wood it ended.
The Scotts out owre the Grahams they rode,
Sae merrily they bended.

Montrose, after this disastrous action, retreated again into the Highlands, where he once more assembled an army of mountaineers. But his motions ceased to be of the consequence which they had acquired, before he had experienced defeat. General Middleton, a man of military talents, but a soldier of fortune, was dispatched against him by the Convention of Estates, who were eager to recover the same power in the Highlands, in which David Lesley's victory had repossessed them throughout the Lowlands.

While thus engaged in an obscure mountain warfare, the King, in total despair of Montrose's safety, sent orders to him to dissolve his army, and to provide for his personal security, by leaving the kingdom. He would not obey the first order, concluding it had been extorted from the monarch. To a second, and more peremptory injunction, he yielded obedience, and, disbanding his army, embarked in a brig bound for Bergen in Norway, with a few adherents, who were too obnoxious to the Covenanters to permit of their remaining in Scotland. Lest their little vessel should be searched by an English ship of war, Montrose wore the disguise of a domestic, and passed for the servant of his chaplain and biographer, Dr George Wishart. You may remember that he wore a simi-

lar disguise on entering Scotland, in order to commence his undertaking.

This, and the preceding chapter, give an account of the brief, but brilliant period of Montrose's success. A future one will contain the melancholy conclusion of his exertions, and of his life.

CHAPTER XI.

Interference of the Presbyterian Clergy to procure the Execution of the Prisoners taken at Philiphaugh—Reflections on the Unhappy Effects of Religious Persecution—Respective Views of the Independents and Presbyterians—Cromwell's Successes—King Charles's Surrender to the Scottish Army—Their Surrender of him to the English Parliament.

I MUST now tell you the fate of the unfortunate cavaliers who had been made prisoners at Philiphaugh. The barbarous treatment of the common men you are already acquainted with.

Argyle, the leader of the Convention of Estates, had to resent the devastation of his country, and the destruction of his castles; and his desire of vengeance was so common to the age, that it would have been accounted neglect of his duty to his slain kinsmen and plundered clan, if he had let slip the favourable opportunity of exacting blood for blood. Other noblemen of the Convention had similar motives; and, besides, they had all been heartily alarmed at Montrose's success; and nothing makes men more pitiless than the recollection of recent fears. It ought partly to have assuaged these vindictive feelings, that Montrose's ravages, although they were sufficiently wasting, were less encouraged by the officers, than arising from the uncontrollable license of an unpaid soldiery. The prisoners had always been treated with honour and humanity, and frequently dismissed on parole. So that, if the fate of Montrose's companions had depended on the Convention alone, it is possible, that almost all might have been set at liberty upon moderate conditions. But unfortunately, the Presbyterian clergy thought proper to interfere strenuously between the prisoners, and the mercy which they might otherwise have experienced.

And here it must be owned, that the Presbyterian ministers of that period were in some respects a different kind of men from their predecessors, in the reign of James VI. Malice cannot, indeed, accuse them of abusing the power which they had acquired since their success in 1640, for the purpose of increasing either their own individual revenues, or those of the church; nor had the system of strict morality, by which they were distinguished, been in any degree slackened. They remained in triumph, as they had been in suffering, honourably poor and rigidly moral. But yet, though inaccessible to the temptations of avarice or worldly pleasure, the Presbyterian clergy of this period cannot be said to have been superior to ambition and the desire of power; and as they were naturally apt to think that the advancement of religion was best secured by the influence of the church, they were disposed to extend that influence by the strictest exertion of domestic discipline. Inquiry into the conduct of individuals was carried on by the Church-courts with indecent eagerness; and faults or follies, much fitter for private censure and

admonition, were brought forward in the face of the public congregation. The hearers were charged every Sabbath-day, that each individual should communicate to the Kirk-Session (a court composed of the clergyman and certain selected laymen of the parish) whatever matter of scandal or offence against religion and morality should come to their ears; and thus an inquisitorial power was exercised by one half of the parish over the other. This was well meant, but had ill consequences. Every idle story being made the subject of anxious investigation, the private happiness of families was disturbed, and discord and suspicion were sown where mutual confidence is most necessary.

This love of exercising authority in families, was naturally connected with a desire to maintain the high influence in the state, which the Presbyterian church had acquired since the downfall of prelacy. The clergy had become used to consider their peculiar form of church government, which unquestionably has many excellencies, as something almost as essential as religion itself; and it was but one step farther, to censure any who manifested a design to destroy the system, or limit the power, of the Presbyterian discipline, as an enemy to religion of every kind, nay, even to the Deity himself. Such opinions were particularly strong amongst those of the clergy who attended the armies in the field, seconded them by encouragement from the pulpits, or aided them by actually assuming arms themselves. The ardour of such men grew naturally more enthusiastic in proportion to the opposition they met with, and the dangers they encountered. The sights and sentiments which attend civil conflict, are of a kind to reconcile the human heart, however generous and humane by nature, to severe language and cruel actions. Accordingly, we cannot be surprised to find that some of the clergy forgot that a *malignant*, so they called a Royalist, was still a countryman and fellow Christian, born under the same government, and hoping to be saved by the power of the same creed, with themselves; or that they directed against such persons those texts of Scripture, in which the Jews were, by especial commission, commanded to extirpate the heathen inhabitants of the Promised Land.

One of these preachers enlarged on such a topic after Lesley's victory, and chose his text from the 15th chapter of 1st Samuel, where the prophet rebukes Saul for sparing the king of the Amalekites, and for having saved some part of the flocks and herds of that people, which Heaven had devoted to utter destruction,—“What meaneth this bleating of sheep in mine ears?” In his sermon, he said that Heaven demanded the blood of the prisoners taken at Philiphaugh, as devoted by the Divine command to destruction; nor could the sins of the people be otherwise atoned for, or the wrath of Heaven averted from the land. It is probable, that the preacher was himself satisfied with the doctrine which he promulgated; for it is wonderful how people's judgment is blinded by their passions, and how apt we are to find plausible, and even satisfactory reasons, for doing what our interest, or that of the party we have embraced, strongly recommends.

The Parliament, consisting entirely of Covenanters
VOL. VII.

instigated by the importunity of the clergy, condemned eight of the most distinguished cavaliers to execution. Four were appointed to suffer at St Andrew's, that their blood might be an atonement, as the phrase went, for the number of men (said to exceed five thousand) whom the county of Fife had lost during Montrose's wars. Lord Ogilvy was the first of these; but that young nobleman escaped from prison and death in his sister's clothes. Colonel Nathaniel Gordon, one of the bravest men and best soldiers in Europe, and six other cavaliers of the first distinction, were actually executed.

We may particularly distinguish the fate of Sir Robert Spottiswood, who, when the wars broke out, was Lord President of the Court of Session, and accounted a judge of great talent and learning. He had never borne arms; but the crime of having brought to Montrose his commission as Captain-General of Scotland, was thought quite worthy of death, without any further act of treason against the Estates. When on the scaffold, he vindicated his conduct with the dignity of a judge, and the talents of a lawyer. He was silenced by the Provost of St Andrew's, who had formerly been a servant of his father's, when Prelate of that city. The victim submitted to this indignity with calmness, and betook himself to his private devotions. He was even in this task interrupted by the Presbyterian minister in attendance, who demanded of him whether he desired the benefit of his prayers, and those of the assembled people. Sir Robert replied, that he earnestly demanded the prayers of the people, but rejected those of the speaker; for that, in his opinion, God had expressed his displeasure against Scotland, by sending a lying spirit into the mouth of the prophets,—a far greater curse, he said, than those of sword, fire, and pestilence. An old servant of his family took care of his body, and buried him privately; and it is said that this faithful domestic, passing through the market-place a day or two afterwards, and seeing the scaffold on which his master had suffered still unre-moved, and stained with his blood, was so greatly affected, that he sunk down in a swoon, and died as they were lifting him over his own threshold. Such are the terrible scenes which civil discord gives occasion to; and, my dear child, you will judge very wrong if you suppose them peculiar to one side or other of the contending parties in the present case. You will learn hereafter, that the same disposition to abuse power, which is common, I fear, to all who possess it in an unlimited degree, was exercised by the Episcopalian party over the Presbyterians, when their hour of authority revived.

We must now turn our thoughts to England, the stage on which the most important scenes were acting, to which those in Scotland can only be termed very subordinate. And here I may remark, that, greatly to the honour of the English nation, owing, perhaps, to the natural generosity and good-humour of the people, or to the superior influence of civilization, *their* civil war, though contested with the utmost fury in the open field, was not marked by any thing approaching to the violent atrocities of the Irish, or the fierce and ruthless devastation exercised by the Scottish combatants. The days of deadly feud had been long past, if the English ever knew that infernal

custom, and the spirit of malice and hatred which it fostered had no existence in that country. The English parties contended manfully in battle, but unless in the storming of towns, when all evil passions are afloat, they seem seldom to have been guilty of cruelty or wasteful ravage. They combated like men who have quarrelled on some special point, but, having had no ill-will against each other before, are resolved to fight it out fairly, without bearing malice. On the contrary, the cause of Prelacy or Presbytery, King or Parliament, was often what was least in the thoughts of the Scottish barons, who made such phrases indeed the pretext for the war, but in fact looked forward to indulging, at the expense of some rival family, the treasured vengeance of a hundred years.

But though the English spirit did not introduce into their civil war the savage aspect of the Scottish feuds, they were not free from the religious dissensions, which formed another curse of the age. I have already said, that the party which opposed itself to the King and the Church of England, was, with the followers of the Parliament, and the Parliament itself, divided into two factions, that of the Presbyterians, and that of the Independents. I have also generally mentioned the points on which these two parties differed. I must now notice them more particularly.

The Presbyterian establishment, as I have often stated, differs from that of the Church of England, in the same manner as a republic, all the members of which are on a footing of equality, differs from a monarchical constitution. In the Kirk of Scotland, all the ministers are on an equality; in the Church of England, there is a gradation of ranks, ascending from the lowest order of clergymen to the rank of bishop. But each system is alike founded upon the institution of a body of men, qualified by studies of a peculiar nature to become preachers of the gospel, and obliged to show they are so qualified, by undergoing trials and examinations of their learning and capacity, before they can take holy orders, that is to say, become clergymen. It is also the rule alike of Episcopalians and Presbyterians, that the National Church, as existing in its courts and judicatories, has power to censure, suspend from their functions, and depose from their clerical character and clerical charge, such of its members as, either by immoral and wicked conduct, or by preaching and teaching doctrines inconsistent with the public creed, shall render themselves unfit to execute the trust reposed in them. And further, both these national churches maintain, that such courts and judicatories have power over their hearers, and those who live in communion with them, to rebuke transgressors of every kind, and to admonish them to repentance; and if such admonitions are neglected, to expel them from the congregation by the sentence of excommunication.

Thus far most Christian churches agree; and thus far the claims and rights of a national church are highly favourable to the existence of a regular government; since reason, as well as the general usage of the religious world, sanctions the establishment of the clergy as a body of men separated from the general class of society, that they may set an example of regularity of life by the purity of their morals.

Thus set apart from the rest of the community, they are supported at the expense of the state, in order that the reverence due to them may not be lessened by their being compelled, for the sake of subsistence, to mingle in the ordinary business of life, and share the cares and solitudes incidental to those who must labour for their daily bread.

How far the civil magistrate can be wisely intrusted with the power of enforcing spiritual censures, or seconding the efforts of the church to obtain general conformity, by inflicting the penalties of fines, imprisonment, bodily punishment, and death itself, upon those who differ in doctrinal points from the established religion, is a very different question. It is no doubt true, that wild sects have sometimes started up, whose doctrines have involved direct danger to the state. But such offenders ought to be punished, not as offenders against the church, but as transgressors against the laws of the kingdom. While their opinions remain merely speculative, they may deserve expulsion from the national church, with which indeed they could consistently desire no communion. But while they do not carry these opinions into execution, by any treasonable act, it does not appear the province of the civil magistrate to punish them for opinions only. And if the zeal of such sectaries should drive them into action, they deserve punishment, not for holding unchristian doctrines, but for transgressing the civil laws of the realm. This distinction was little understood in the days we write of, and neither the English nor the Scottish church can be vindicated from the charge of attempting to force men's consciences, by criminal persecutions for acts of non-conformity, though not accompanied by any civil trespass.

Experience and increasing knowledge have taught the present generation, that such severities have always increased the evil they were intended to cure; and that mild admonition, patient instruction, and a good example, may gain many a convert to the established churches, whom persecution and violence would have only confirmed in his peculiar opinions. You have read the fable of the traveller, who wrapped his cloak the faster about him when the storm blew loud, but threw it aside in the serene beams of the sunshine. It applies to the subject I have been speaking of, as much as to the advantages of gentleness and mild persuasion in social life.

I return to the distinction between the Independents and Presbyterians during the civil wars of the reign of Charles I. The latter, as you already know, stood strongly out for a national church and an established clergy, with full powers to bind and loose, and maintained by the support of the civil government. This had been fully established in Scotland, and it was the ardent wish of its professors that the English should adopt the same system. Indeed, it was in the hope of attaining this grand object that the consent of the Scottish Convention of Estates was given, to sending the auxiliary army to England; and they thought the acceptance of the Presbyterian discipline in that country was secured by the terms of the Solemn League and Covenant. But the Independents had, from the beginning, entertained the secret resolution of opposing the establishment of a national church of any kind in England.

The opinions of these sectaries stood thus on matters of church government. Every one, they said, had a right to read the Scriptures, and draw such conclusions respecting the doctrines which are there inculcated, as his own private judgment should hold most conformable to them. They went farther, and said, that every man who felt himself called upon to communicate to others the conclusions which he had derived from reading the Bible, and meditating on its contents, had a right, and a call from Heaven, to preach and teach the peculiar belief which he had thus adopted. It was no matter what was the individual's condition in life, or what had been the course of his education; he was equally entitled, in their opinion, to act as a minister, as if he had studied for twenty years, and taken orders from a bishop, or from a presbytery. If he could prevail on six persons to admit his doctrine, these six persons made a Christian congregation; and, as far as religious instruction was concerned, he became their spiritual head and teacher. Be his hearers many or few, they were thenceforward his sheep, and he their spiritual shepherd. But to all the rest of the world, except his own congregation, the Independents held, that every preacher remained an ordinary layman, having no claim on the state for revenue or subsistence. If he could persuade his congregation to contribute to his support, he was the more fortunate. If not, he lived by his ordinary calling, of a baker, a tailor, or a shoemaker, and consoled himself that he resembled St Paul, who wrought with his hands for his livelihood.

Of the congregations or sects thus formed, there were in England hundreds, perhaps thousands, most of them disagreeing from each other in doctrine, and only united by the common opinion, that each private Christian had a right to teach or to listen to whatever doctrines he thought fit; that there ought to exist no church courts of any kind; that the character of a preacher was only to be recognised by those who chose to be taught; and that, in any more extensive point of view, there ought not to exist any body of priests or clergymen by profession, any church government, or church judicatories, or any other mode of enforcing religious doctrine, save by teaching it from the pulpit, and admonishing the sinner, or, if necessary, expelling him from the congregation. This last, indeed, could be no great infliction where there were so many churches ready to receive him, or where, if he pleased, he might set up a church for himself.

The Sectaries, as the Independents were termed, entertained, as may be supposed, very wild doctrines. Men of an enthusiastic spirit, and sometimes a crazed imagination, as opinionative as they were ignorant, and many of them as ignorant as the lowest vulgar, broached an endless variety of heresies, some of them scandalous, some even blasphemous; others, except on account of the serious subject they referred to, extremely ludicrous.

But the preachers and hearers of these strange doctrines were not confined to the vulgar and ignorant. Too much learning made some men mad. Sir Henry Vane, one of the subtlest politicians in England, and Milton, one of the greatest poets ever born, caught the spirit of the times, and became Independents. But above all, Oliver Cromwell, destined to

rise to the supreme power in England, was of that form of religion.

This remarkable person was of honourable descent, but, inheriting a small fortune, had practised at one time the occupation of a brewer. After a course of gaiety and profligacy during early youth, he caught a strong taint of the enthusiasm of the times, and distinguished himself by his aversion to Prelacy, and his zealous opposition to the arbitrary measures of the King. He became a member of Parliament, but, as he spoke indifferently, made no figure in that body. When, however, the Parliament raised their army, the military talents of Cromwell made him early distinguished. It was remarked that he was uniformly successful in every contest in which he was personally engaged, and that he was the first officer who could train and bring to the field a body of cavalry capable of meeting the shock of the Cavaliers, notwithstanding their high birth, lofty courage, and chivalrous bravery. His regiment of Ironsides, as they were called, from the cuirasses which the men wore, were carefully exercised, and accustomed to strict military discipline, while their courage was exalted by the enthusiasm which their commander contrived to inspire. He preached to them himself, prayed for them and with them, and attended with an air of edification to any who chose to preach or pray in return. The attention of these military fanatics was so fixed upon the mysteries of the next world, that death was no terror to them, and the fiery valour of the Cavaliers was encountered and repelled, by men who fought for their own ideas of religion as determinedly as their enemies did for honour and loyalty. The spirit of the Independent sectaries spread generally through the army, and the Parliament possessed no troops so excellent as those who followed these doctrines.

The great difference betwixt the Presbyterians and Independents consisted, as I have told you, in the desire of the former to establish their form of religion and church government as national, and compel a general acquiescence in their articles of faith. For this, a convention of the most learned and able divines was assembled at Westminster, who settled the religious creed of the intended church according to the utmost rigour of the Presbyterian creed. This assumption of exclusive power over the conscience alarmed the Independents, and in the dispute which ensued, the consciousness of their own interest with the army gave them new courage and new pretensions.

At first the Independent sectaries had been contented to let the Presbyterians of England, a numerous and wealthy body, take the lead in public measures. But as their own numbers increased, and their leaders became formidable from their interest with the army, they resisted the intention which the Presbyterians showed of establishing their own faith in England as well as Scotland. Sir Henry Vane persuaded them to temporize a little longer, since to resist Presbytery was to disgust the Scottish auxiliaries, enamoured as they were of their national system. "We cannot yet dispense with the Scots," he said; "the sons of Zeruiah are still too many for us." But the progress of the war gradually diminished the strength of the Presbyterian party, and increased

that of the Independents. The Earls of Essex and Manchester, generals chosen from the former party, had sustained many losses, which were referred to incapacity; and they were accused of having let slip advantages, from which it was supposed they had no wish to drive the King to extremity. People began to murmur against the various high offices in the army and state being occupied by Members of Parliament, chiefly Presbyterians; and the protracted length of the civil hostilities was imputed to the desire of such persons to hold in their possession the authority which the war gave them.

The Parliament felt that their popularity was in danger of being lost, and looked about for means of recovering it. While their minds were thus troubled, Cromwell suggested a very artful proposal. To recover the confidence of the nation, the Members of Parliament, he said, ought to resign all situations of trust or power which they possessed, and confine themselves exclusively to the discharge of their legislative duty. The Parliament fell into the snare. They enacted what was called the Self-denying Ordinance; by which, in order to show their disinterested patriotism, the members laid down all their offices, civil and military, and rendered themselves incapable of resuming them. This act of self-deprivation proved in the event a death-blow to the power of the Presbyterians; the places which were thus simply resigned, being instantly filled up by the ablest men in the Independent party.

Two Members of Parliament, however, were allowed to retain command. The one was Sir Thomas Fairfax, a Presbyterian, whose military talents had been highly distinguished during the war, but who was much under the influence of Oliver Cromwell. The other was Cromwell himself, who had the title of Lieutenant-General only, but in fact enjoyed, through his influence over the soldiers, all the advantage of supreme command.

The success of Cromwell in this grand measure led to remodelling the army after his own plan, in which he took care their numbers should be recruited, their discipline improved, and, above all, their ranks filled up with Independents. The influence of these changes was soon felt in the progress of the war. The troops of the King sustained various checks, and at length a total defeat in the battle of Naseby, from the effect of which the affairs of Charles could never recover. Loss after loss succeeded; the strong places which the Royalists possessed were taken one after another, and the King's cause was totally ruined. The successes of Montrose had excited a gleam of hope, which disappeared after his defeat at Philiphaugh. Finally, King Charles was shut up in the city of Oxford, which had adhered to his cause with the most devoted loyalty; the last army which he had in the field was destroyed; and he had no alternative save to remain in Oxford till he should be taken prisoner, to surrender himself to his enemies, or to escape abroad.

In circumstances so desperate, it was difficult to make a choice. A frank surrender to the Parliament, or an escape abroad, would have perhaps been the most advisable conduct. But the Parliament and their own Independent army were now on the brink of quarrelling. The establishment of the Presbyterian

Church was resolved upon, though only for a time and in a limited form, and both parties were alike dissatisfied: the zealous Presbyterians, because it gave the Church courts too little power; the Independents, because it invested them with any control whatever over persons of a different communion. Amidst the disputes of his opponents, the King hoped to find his way back to the throne.

For this purpose, and to place himself in a situation, as he hoped, from whence to negotiate with safety, Charles determined to surrender himself to that Scottish army which had been sent into England, under the Earl of Leven, as auxiliaries of the English Parliament. The King concluded that he might expect personal protection, if not assistance, from an army composed of his own countrymen. Besides, the Scottish army had lately been on indifferent terms with the English. The Independent troops, who now equalled or even excelled them in discipline, and were actuated by an enthusiasm which the Scots did not possess, looked with an evil eye on an army composed of foreigners and Presbyterians. The English in general, as soon as their assistance was no longer necessary, began to regard their Scottish brethren as an incumbrance; and the Parliament, while they supplied the Independent forces liberally with money and provisions, neglected the Scots in both these essentials, whose honour and interest were affected in proportion. A perfect acquaintance with the discontent of the Scottish army, induced Charles to throw himself upon their protection in his misfortunes.

He left Oxford in disguise, on 27th April, having only two attendants. Nine days after his departure, he surprised the old Earl of Leven and the Scottish camp, who were then forming the siege of Newark, by delivering himself into their hands. The Scots received the unfortunate monarch with great outward respect, but guarded his person with vigilance. They immediately broke up the siege, and marched with great speed to the north, carrying the person of the King along with them, and observing the strictest discipline on their retreat. When their army arrived at Newcastle, a strong town which they themselves had taken, and where they had a garrison, they halted to await the progress of negotiations at this singular crisis.

Upon surrendering himself to the Scottish army, King Charles had dispatched a message to the Parliament, expressing his having done so, desiring that they would send him such articles of pacification as they should agree upon, and offering to surrender Oxford, Newark, and whatever other garrisons or strong places he might still possess, and order the troops he had on foot to lay down their arms. The places were surrendered accordingly, honourable terms being allowed; and the army of Montrose in the Highlands, and such other forces as the Royalists still maintained throughout England, were disbanded, as I have already told you, by the King's command.

The Parliament showed great moderation, and the civil war seemed to be ended. The articles of pacification which they offered were not more rigorous than the desperate condition of the King must have taught him to expect. But questions of religion interfered to prevent the conclusion of the treaty.

In proportion as the great majority of the Parliament were attached to the Presbyterian forms, Charles was devoted to the system of Episcopacy. He deemed himself bound by his coronation oath to support the Church of England, and he would not purchase his own restoration to the throne by consenting to its being set aside. Here, therefore, the negotiation betwixt the King and his Parliament was broken off; but another was opened between the English Parliament and the Scottish army, concerning the disposal of the King's person.

If Charles could have brought his mind to consent to the acceptance of the Solemn League and Covenant, it is probable that he would have gained all Scotland to his side. This, however, would have been granting to the Scots what he had refused to the Parliament; for the support of Presbytery was the essential object of the Scottish invasion. On the other hand, it could hardly be expected that the Scottish Convention of Estates should resign the very point on which they had begun and continued the war. The Church of Scotland sent forth a solemn warning, that all engagement with the King was unlawful. The question, therefore, was, what should be done with the person of Charles.

The generous course would have been, to have suffered the King to leave the Scottish army as freely as he came there. In that case he might have embarked at Tynemouth, and found refuge in foreign countries. And even if the Scots had determined that the exigencies of the times, and the necessity of preserving the peace betwixt England and Scotland, together with their engagements with the Parliament of England, demanded that they should surrender the person of their King to that body, the honour of Scotland was intimately concerned in so conducting the transaction, that there should be no room for alleging that any selfish advantage was stipulated by the Scots as a consequence of giving him up. I am almost ashamed to write, that this honourable consideration had no weight.

The Scottish army had a long arrear of pay due to them from the English Parliament, which the latter had refused, or at least delayed to make forthcoming. A treaty for the settlement of these arrears had been set on foot; and it had been agreed that the Scottish forces should retreat into their own country, upon payment of two hundred thousand pounds, which was one half of the debt finally admitted. Now, it is true that these two treaties, concerning the delivery of the King's person to England, and the payment by Parliament of their pecuniary arrears to Scotland, were kept separate, for the sake of decency; but it is certain, that they not only coincided in point of time, but bore upon and influenced each other. No man of candour will pretend to believe that the Parliament of England would ever have paid this considerable sum, unless to facilitate their obtaining possession of the King's person; and this sordid and base transaction, though the work exclusively of a mercenary army, stamped the whole nation of Scotland with infamy. In foreign countries they were upbraided with the shame of having made their unfortunate and confiding Sovereign a hostage, whose liberty or surrender was to depend on their obtaining payment of a paltry sum of arrears; and the English nation

reproached them with their greed and treachery, in the popular rhyme,—

Traitor Scot
Sold his King for a groat.

The Scottish army surrendered the person of Charles to the Commissioners for the English Parliament, on receiving security for their arrears of pay, and immediately evacuated Newcastle, and marched for their own country.

CHAPTER XII.

The King taken Prisoner by the English Army and placed in the Palace of Hampton Court—his Escape to the Isle of Wight, and Imprisonment in Carisbrook Castle—Treaty with the Scots, known by the name of The Engagement—The Engagers enter England with an Army, and are defeated—High Court of Justice appointed to try the King—the Trial—Execution of Charles I.

OUR last chapter concluded with the dishonourable transaction by which the Scottish army surrendered Charles I into the hands of the Parliament of England, on receiving security for a sum of arrears due to them by that body.

The Commissioners of Parliament, thus possessed of the King's person, conducted him as a state prisoner to Holdenby House, in Northumberland, which had been assigned as his temporary residence; but from which a power different from theirs was soon about to withdraw him.

The Independents, as I have said, highly resented as a tyranny the establishment of Presbytery, however temporary, or however mitigated, in the form of a national church; and were no less displeased, that the army, whose ranks were chiefly filled with these military saints, as they called themselves, was, in the event of peace, which seemed close at hand, threatened either to be sent to Ireland, or disbanded. The discontent among the English soldiery became general; they saw that the use made of the victories, which their valour had chiefly contributed to gain, would be to reduce and disarm them, and send out of the kingdom such as might be suffered to retain their arms and military character. And besides the loss of pay, profession, and importance, the sectaries had every reason to apprehend the imposition of the Presbyterian yoke, as they termed the discipline of that church.

These mutinous dispositions were secretly encouraged by Cromwell, Ireton, and Fleetwood, officers of high rank and influence, to whom the Parliament had intrusted the charge of pacifying them. At length the army assumed the appearance of a separate body in the state, whose affairs were managed by a council of superior officers, with assistance from a committee of persons, called Agitators, being two privates chosen from each company. These bold and unscrupulous men determined to gain possession of the person of the King, and to withdraw him from the power of the Parliament.

In pursuance of this resolution, Joice, originally a tailor, now a cornet, and a furious advocate for the cause of the army, on 4th June, 1647, appeared suddenly at midnight before Holdenby House. The troops employed by the Commissioners to guard the

King's person, being infected, it may be supposed, with the general feeling of the army, offered no resistance. Joice, with little ceremony, intruded himself, armed with his pistols, into the King's sleeping apartment, and informed his Majesty that he must please to attend him. "Where is your commission?" said the unfortunate King. "Yonder it is," answered the rude soldier, pointing to his troop of horse, which, by the early dawning, was seen drawn up in the court-yard of the place.—"It is written in legible characters," replied Charles; and without further remonstrance, he prepared to attend the escort.

The King was conducted to Newmarket, and from thence to the palace of Hampton Court; and though in the hands of a body which had no lawful authority or responsible character, he was at first treated with more respect, and even kindness, than he had experienced either from the Scottish army, or from the English Commissioners. The officers distrusted, perhaps, the security of their own power, for they offered a pacification on easy terms. They asked an equal national representation, freely chosen; stipulated that the two Houses of Parliament should enjoy the command of the militia for fourteen years; and even agreed that the order of Bishops should be re-established, but without any temporal power or coercive jurisdiction. So far the terms were more moderate than, from such men and in such a moment, the King could have expected. But on one point the council of officers were rigidly determined; they insisted, that seven of the adherents of Charles, chosen from those who had, with wisdom or with valour, best supported the sinking cause of royalty, should be declared incapable of pardon. Charles was equally resolute in resisting this point; his conscience had suffered too deeply upon the occasion of Strafford's execution, to which he had yielded in the beginning of these troubles, to permit him ever to be tempted again to abandon a friend.

In the meantime the Parliament were preparing to exert their authority in opposing and checking the unconstitutional power assumed by the army; and the city of London, chiefly composed of Presbyterians, showed a general disposition to stand by the Houses of Legislature. But when that formidable army drew near to London, both Parliament and citizens became intimidated; and the former expelled from their seats the leading Presbyterian members, and suffered the Independents to dictate to the dispirited remainder what measures they judged necessary. Prudence would, at this moment, have strongly recommended to Charles an agreement with the army. But the Presbyterians of England had not resigned hopes; and the whole kingdom of Scotland, incensed at the triumph of the Sectaries, and the contumely offered to the Solemn League and Covenant, which had been stigmatized, in the House of Commons, as an almanack out of date, their Commissioners made, in private, liberal offers to restore the King by force of arms. In listening to these proposals, Charles flattered himself that he should be able to hold the balance betwixt the Presbyterians and Independents; but he mistook the spirit of the latter party, from whom this private negotiation did not long remain a secret, and who were highly incensed by the discovery.

The Presbyterians had undertaken the war with professions of profound respect towards the King's person and dignity. They had always protested that they made war against the evil counsellors of the King, but not against his person; and their ordinances, while they were directed against the Malignants, as they termed the Royalists, ran in the King's own name, as well as in that of the two Houses of Parliament, by whose sole authority they were sent forth. The Independents, on the contrary, boldly declared themselves at war with *the Man* Charles, as the abuser of the regal power, and the oppressor of the saints. Cromwell himself avouched such doctrines in open Parliament. He said it was childish to talk of there being no war with the King's person, when Charles appeared in armour, and at the head of his troops in open battle; and that he himself was so far from feeling any scruple on the subject, that he would fire his pistol at the King as readily as at any of his adherents, should he meet him in the fight.

After the discovery of Charles's treaty with the Scottish Commissioners, Cromwell, admitting the King's powers of understanding and reasoning, denounced him as a man of the deepest dissimulation, who had broken faith, by professing an entire reliance on the wisdom of the Parliament, while, by a separate negotiation with the Scottish Commissioners, he was endeavouring to rekindle the flames of civil war between the sister kingdoms. He required, and by the now irresistible interest of the Independents he obtained, a declaration from the House, that the Parliament would receive no further applications from Charles, and make no addresses to him in future.

The unfortunate King, while in the power of this uncompromising faction, by whom his authority seemed to be suspended, if not abolished, ought to have been aware, that if he was to succeed in any accommodation with them at all, it could only be by accepting, without delay or hesitation, such terms as they were disposed to allow him. If he could have succeeded in gratifying their principal officers by promises of wealth, rank, and distinction, which were liberally tendered to them, it was probable that their influence might have induced their followers to acquiesce in his restoration, especially if it afforded the means of disconcerting the plans of the Presbyterians. But Charles ought, at the same time, to have reflected, that any appearance of procrastination on his part, must give rise to suspicions of his sincerity; and that the Independents, having once adopted an idea that he was trifling with, or deceiving them, had none of that sanctimonious respect for his title, or person, that could prevent his experiencing the utmost rigour.

The Independents and their military council, accordingly, distrusting the sincerity of Charles, and feeling every day the increase of their own power, began to think of establishing it on an entirely different basis from that of monarchy. They withdrew from the King the solemn marks of respect with which he had been hitherto indulged, treated him with neglect and incivility, confined his person more closely, and permitted none to have access to him but such as had their confidence.

Alarmed at these ominous severities, Charles now

resolved to escape by flight, and left Hampton Court accordingly. Unhappily, either misled by his attendant or by his own indiscretion, he took refuge in the Isle of Wight, where the governor of Carisbrook Castle was the friend of Cromwell, and a fierce Independent. Here the unfortunate monarch only fell into a captivity more solitary, more severe, and more comfortless, than any which he had yet experienced. He himself pointed out to Sir Philip Warwick an old greyheaded domestic who brought in wood to the fire, and observed, that the conversation of that menial was the best that he had been suffered to enjoy for months. There is even reason to think his life was aimed at, and that he was encouraged to make an effort to escape from a window in the castle, while a person was placed in readiness to shoot him as he was engaged in the attempt.

The council of war renounced all further communication with Charles; the Parliament, now under the Independent influence, sent down Commissioners to treat, but with preliminary conditions harder than any yet offered to him. Two resources remained to him—the services of the disbanded loyalists, whom his faithful adherents might again summon to arms—but they were dispersed, disarmed, and heart-broken; or the assistance of the Scots—but they were distant and disunited. Yet Charles resolved to try his fortunes on this perilous cast, rather than treat with the Parliament, influenced as it was by the army.

The presence of two Scottish Commissioners, who had accompanied those of the Parliament to Carisbrook, enabled Charles to execute a secret treaty with them, by which he agreed to confirm the Solemn League and Covenant, establish Presbytery, at least for a season, and concur in the extirpation of the Sectaries. These articles, if they had been granted while Charles was at Newcastle, would have been sufficient to have prevented the surrender of his person by the Scottish army; but it was the King's unfortunate lot, on this, as on all former occasions, to delay his concessions until they came too late.

When this treaty (which was called the Engagement, because the Commissioners engaged to restore the King by force of arms) was presented to the Scottish Parliament, it was approved by the more moderate part of the Presbyterians, who were led by the Duke of Hamilton, together with his brother the Earl of Lanark, the Lord Chancellor Loudon, and the Earl of Lauderdale; this last being destined to make a remarkable figure in the next reign. But the majority of the Presbyterian clergy, headed by the more zealous among their hearers, declared that the concessions of the King were totally insufficient to engage Scotland in a new war, as affording no adequate cause for a quarrel with England. This party was headed by the Marquis of Argyle.

I may here mention respecting this nobleman, that after Montrose's army was disbanded, he had taken severe vengeance on the MacDonalds, and other clans who had assisted in the desolation of Argyleshire. Having the aid of David Lesley, with a body of regular troops, he reduced successively some forts into which Alaster MacDonald (Colkitto) had thrown garrisons, and uniformly put the prisoners to the sword. The MacDougals were almost exterminated in one indiscriminate slaughter, and the Lamonts

were put to death in another act of massacre. Sir James Turner, an officer who served under Lesley, lays the blame of these inhumanities on a hard-hearted clergyman called Neaves. David Lesley was disgusted at it, and when, after some such sanguinary execution, he saw his chaplain with his shoes stained with blood, he asked him reproachfully, "Have you enough of it now, Master John?"

These atrocities, by whomsoever committed, must have been perpetrated in revenge of the sufferings of Argyle and his clan; and to these must be added the death of old Colkitto, who, taken in one of these Highland forts, was tried by a jury convened by authority of George Campbell, the Sheriff Substitute of Argyle, from whose sentence we are told very few escaped, and was executed of course.

All these grounds of offence having been given to the Royalists, in a corner of the country where revenge was considered as a duty and a virtue, it is not extraordinary that Argyle should have objected most earnestly to the Engagement, which was an enterprise in which the King's interest was to be defended, with more slender precautions against the Malignants, than seemed consistent with the safety of those who had been most violent against them. Many of the best officers of the late army declined to serve with the new levies, until the Church should approve the cause of quarrel. The Parliament, however, moved by compassion for their native monarch, and willing to obliterate the disgrace which attached to the surrender of the King at Newcastle, appointed an army to be levied. The kingdom was thus thrown into the utmost confusion between the various factions of the Engagers and their opponents. The civil magistrates, obeying the commands of the Parliament, ordered the subjects to assume arms under pain of temporal punishment; while the clergy, from the pulpit, denounced the vengeance of Heaven against those who obeyed the summons.

The Engagers prevailed so far as to raise a tumultuary and ill-disciplined army of about fifteen thousand men, which was commanded by the Duke of Hamilton. This ill-fated nobleman deserved the praise of being a moderate man during all the previous struggles; and, though loving his King, had always endeavoured to reconcile his administration with the rights, and even the prejudices, of his countrymen. But he had little decision of character, and less military skill. While the Scots were preparing their succours slowly, and with hesitation, the English cavaliers, impatient at the danger and captivity of the King, took arms. But their insurrections were so ill connected with each other, that they were crushed successively, save in two cases, where the insurgents made themselves masters of Colchester and Pembroke, in which towns they were instantly besieged.

Hamilton ought to have advanced with all speed to raise the siege of these places; but instead of this, he loitered away more than forty days in Lancashire, until Cromwell came upon him near Warrington, where head and heart seem alike to have failed him. Without even an attempt at resistance, he abandoned his enterprise, and made a disorderly retreat, leaving his artillery and baggage. Baillie, with the

infantry, being deserted by his General, surrendered to the enemy at Uttoxeter; and Hamilton himself, with the cavalry, took the same deplorable course. None escaped save a resolute body of men under the Earl of Calender, who broke through the enemy, and forced their way back to their own country.

The news of this disaster flew to Scotland. The refractory clergy took the merit of having prophesied the downfall of the Engagers, and stirred up the more zealous Presbyterians to take possession of the government. Argyle drew to arms in the Highlands, whilst the western peasantry assembling, and headed by their divines, repaired to Edinburgh. This insurrection was called the Whigamores' Raid, from the word, *whig*, *whig*, that is, *get on*, *get on*, which is used by the western peasants in driving their horses,—a name destined to become the distinction of a powerful party in British history.

The Earl of Lanark was at the head of some troops on the side of the Engagement, but, afraid of provoking the English, in whose hands his brother Hamilton was a prisoner, he made no material opposition. Argyle became once more the head of the government. It was owing to this revolution that Cromwell advanced to the Borders, and, instead of finding any enemies to fight with, was received by the victorious Whigamores as a friend and brother. Their horror at an army of Sectaries had been entirely overpowered by their far more violent repugnance to unite with Cavaliers and Malignants. Cromwell, on that occasion, held much intimate correspondence with Argyle; which made it generally believed that the Marquis acquiesced in the violent measures which were to be adopted by the successful General against the captive King, whose fate was now decided upon.

During these military transactions, Charles had been engaged in a new treaty with the Parliament, which was conducted at Newport. It was set on foot in consequence of Cromwell's absence with his army, which restored the Parliament to some freedom of debate, and the Presbyterian members to a portion of their influence. If any thing could have saved that unfortunate Prince, it might have been by accomplishing an agreement with the House of Commons, while Hamilton's army was yet entire, and before the insurrections of the Royalists had been entirely suppressed. But he delayed closing the treaty until the army returned, flushed with victory over the English Cavaliers and Scottish Engagers, and denouncing vengeance on the head of the King, whom they accused of being the sole author of the civil war, and liable to punishment as such. This became the language of the whole party. The pulpits rung with the exhortations of the military preachers, demanding that the King should be given over, as a public enemy, to a public trial.

It was in vain that Charles had at length, with lingering reluctance, yielded every request which the Parliament could demand of him. It was equally in vain that the Parliament had publicly declared that the concessions made by the King were sufficient to form the basis of a satisfactory peace. The army, stirred up by their ambitious officers and fanatic preachers, were resolved that Charles should be put to an open and ignominious death; and a sufficient

force of soldiery was stationed in and around London to make resistance impossible, either on the part of the Presbyterians or the Royalists.

In order to secure a majority in the House of Commons, Colonel Pride, a man who had been a brewer, drew up his regiment at the doors of the House of Parliament and in the streets adjacent, and secured the persons of upwards of one hundred and fifty members, who, being supposed favourable to reconciliation with the King, were arrested and thrown into prison. This act of violence was called Pride's Purge. At the same time, the House of Lords was shut up. The remainder of the House of Commons, who alone were permitted to sit and vote, were all of the Independent party, and ready to do whatever should be required by the soldiers. This remnant of a Parliament, under the influence of the swords of their own soldiers, proceeded to nominate what was called a High Court of Justice for the trial of King Charles, charged with treason, as they termed it, against the people of England. The Court consisted of one hundred and thirty persons, chosen from the army, the Parliament, and from such of the citizens of London as were well affected to the proposed change of government. Many of the judges so nominated refused, notwithstanding, to act upon such a commission. Meantime, the great body of the English people beheld these strange preparations with grief and terror. The Scots, broken by the defeat of Hamilton and the success of the Whigamores' Raid, had no means of giving assistance.

Those who drove this procedure forward were of different classes, urged by different motives.

The higher officers of the army, Cromwell, Ireton, and others, seeing they could not rise by means of a treaty with Charles, had resolved to dethrone and put him to death, in order to establish a military government in their own persons. These men had a distinct aim, and they in some degree attained it. There were others among the Independent party, who thought they had offended the King so far beyond forgiveness, that his deposition and death were necessary for their own safety. But there were also among the Independent members of Parliament men of a nobler character. There were statesmen who had bewildered themselves with meditating upon theoretical schemes, till they had fancied the possibility of erecting a system of republican government on the foundation of the ancient monarchy of England. Such men, imposed on by a splendid dream of unattainable freedom, imagined that the violence put upon the Parliament by the soldiery, and the death of the King, when it should take place, were but necessary steps to the establishment of this visionary fabric, like the pulling down of an old edifice to make room for a new building. After this fanciful class of politicians, came enthusiasts of another and coarser description, influenced by the wild harangues of their crack-brained preachers, who saw in Charles not only the head of the enemies with whom they had been contending for four years with various fortune, but also a wicked King of Amalekites, delivered up to them to be hewn in pieces in the name of Heaven. Such were the various motives which urged the actors in this extraordinary scene.

The pretext by which they coloured these pro-

ceedings was, that the King had levied war against his people, to extend over them an unlawful authority. If this had been true in point of fact, it was no ground of charge in point of law; for the constitution of England declares that the King can do no wrong, that is, cannot be made responsible for any wrong which he does. The vengeance of the laws, when such wrong is committed, is most justly directed against those wicked ministers by whom the culpable measure is contrived, and the agents by whom it is executed. The constitution of England wisely rests on the principle, that if the counsellors and instruments of a prince's pleasure are kept under wholesome terror of the laws, there is no risk of the monarch, in his own unassisted person, transgressing the limits of his authority.

But in fact the King had not taken arms against the Parliament to gain any *new* and extraordinary extent of power. It is no doubt true, that the Parliament, when summoned together, had many just grievances to complain of; but these were not, in general, innovations of Charles, but such exertions of power as had been customary in the four last reigns, when the crown of England had been freed from the restraint of the Barons, without being sufficiently subjected to the control of the House of Commons, representing the people at large. They were, however, very bad precedents; and, since the King had shown a desire to follow them, the Parliament were most justly called upon to resist the repetition of old encroachments upon their liberty. But before the war broke out, the King had relinquished in favour of the Commons all they had demanded. The ultimate cause of quarrel was, which party should have the command of the militia, or public force of the kingdom. This was a constitutional part of the King's prerogative; for the executive power cannot be said to exist unless united with the power of the sword. Violence on each side heightened the general want of confidence. The Parliament, as has been before stated, garrisoned and held out the town of Hull against Charles; and the King infringed the privileges of the Commons, by coming with an armed train to arrest five of their members during the sitting of Parliament. So that the war must be justly imputed to a train of long-protracted quarrels, in which neither party could be termed wholly right and still less entirely wrong, but which created so much jealousy on both sides as could scarcely terminate otherwise than in civil war.

The High Court of Justice, nevertheless, was opened, and the King was brought to the bar on 19th January, 1649. The soldiers, who crowded the avenues, were taught to cry out for justice upon the royal prisoner. When a bystander, affected by the contrast betwixt the King's present and former condition, could not refrain from saying aloud, "God save your Majesty," he was struck and beaten by the guards around him—"A rude chastisement," said the King, "for so slight an offence." Charles behaved throughout the whole of the trying scene with the utmost dignity. He bore, without complaining, the reproaches of murderer and tyrant which were showered on him by the riotous soldiery; and when a ruffian spit in his face, the captive monarch wiped it off with his handkerchief, and only

VOL. VII.

said, "Poor creatures! for half-a-crown they would do the same to their father."

When the deed of accusation, stated to be in the name of the people of England, was read, a voice from one of the galleries exclaimed, "Not the tenth part of them!" Again, as the names of the judges were called over, when that of General Fairfax occurred, the same voice replied, "He has more sense than to be here." Upon the officer who commanded the guard ordering the musketeers to fire into the gallery from which the interruption came, the speaker was discovered to be Lady Fairfax, wife of Sir Thomas, the General of the forces, and a daughter of the noble house of Vere, who in this manner declared her resentment at the extraordinary scene.

The King, when placed at the bar, looked around on the awful preparations for trial, on the bench, crowded with avowed enemies, and displaying what was still more painful, the faces of one or two ungrateful friends, without losing his steady composure. When the public accuser began to speak, he touched him with his staff, and sternly admonished him to forbear. He afterwards displayed both talent and boldness in his own defence. He disowned the authority of the novel and incompetent court before which he was placed; reminded those who sat as his judges, that he was their lawful King, answerable indeed to God for the use of his power, but declared by the constitution incapable of doing wrong. Even if the authority of the people were sufficient to place him before the bar, he denied that it had been obtained. The act of violence, he justly stated, was the deed of a few daring men, who had violated, by military force, the freedom of the House of Commons, and altogether destroyed the House of Peers. He declared that he spoke not for himself, but for the sake of the laws and liberties of England.

Though repeatedly interrupted by Bradshaw, a lawyer, president of the pretended High Court of Justice, Charles pronounced his defence in a manly, yet temperate manner. Being then three times called on to answer to the charge, he as often declined the jurisdiction of the Court. Sentence of death was then pronounced, to be executed in front of the royal palace, lately his own.

On the 30th January, 1649, Charles I was brought forth through one of the windows in front of the Banqueting House at Whitehall, upon a large scaffold hung with black, and closely surrounded with guards. Two executioners in masks attended (one wearing a long grey beard), beside a block and cushion. Juxon, a bishop of the Church of England, assisted the King's devotions. As Charles laid his head on the block, he addressed to the bishop, emphatically, the word *remember*, and then gave the signal for the fatal stroke. The one executioner struck the head from the shoulders at a single blow; the other held it up, and proclaimed it the head of a traitor. The soldiers shouted in triumph, but the multitude generally burst out into tears and lamentations.

This tragic spectacle was far from accomplishing the purpose intended by those who had designed it. On the contrary, the King's serene and religious behaviour at his trial and execution excited the sympathy

and sorrow of many who had been his enemies when in power; the injustice and brutality which he bore with so much dignity, overpowered the remembrance of the errors of which he had been guilty; and the almost universal sense of the iniquity of his sentence, was a principal cause of the subsequent restoration of his family to the throne.

CHAPTER XIII.

Montrose makes a Descent upon the Highlands, is taken Prisoner, and executed—Charles II being declared King, arrives in Scotland—Cromwell's Invasion of Scotland—Battle of Dunbar—Coronation of Charles II—He takes the Command of the Army, marches into England, is Defeated at Worcester, and Escapes abroad—War in Scotland under General Monk—Cromwell makes himself Lord Protector of the Republics of Great Britain and Ireland—Glencairn's Rising—Exploits of Evan Dhu of Lochiel, Chief of the Camerons.

THE death of Charles I was nowhere more deeply resented than in his native country of Scotland; and their national pride was the more hurt, that they could not but be conscious that the surrender of his person by the Scottish army at Newcastle, was the event which contributed immediately to place him in the hands of his enemies.

The government, since the Whigamores' Raid, had continued in the hands of Argyle and the more rigid Presbyterians; but even they, no friends to the House of Stewart, were bound by the Covenant, which was their rule in all things, to acknowledge the hereditary descent of their ancient Kings, and call to the throne Charles, the eldest son of the deceased monarch, providing he would consent to unite with his subjects in taking the Solemn League and Covenant, for the support of Presbytery, and the putting down of all other forms of religion. The Scottish Parliament met, and resolved accordingly to proclaim Charles II their lawful sovereign; but, at the same time, not to admit him to the actual power as such, until he should give security for the religion, unity, and peace of the kingdoms. Commissioners were sent to wait upon Charles, who had retreated to the continent, in order to offer him the throne of Scotland on these terms.

The young Prince had already around him counsellors of a different character. The celebrated Marquis of Montrose, and other Scottish nobles, few in number, but animated by their leader's courage and zeal, advised him to reject the proposal of the Presbyterians to recall him to the royal dignity on such conditions, and offered their sword and lives to place him on the throne by force of arms.

It appears that Charles II, who never had any deep sense of integrity, was willing to treat with each of these parties at one and the same time, and that he granted a commission to the Marquis to attempt a descent on Scotland, taking the chance of what might be accomplished by his far-famed fortune and dauntless enterprise, while he kept a negotiation afloat with the Presbyterian commissioners, in case of Montrose's failure.

That intrepid but rash enthusiast embarked at Hamburgh, with some arms and treasure, supplied by the northern courts of Europe.

His fame drew around him a few of the emigrant

Royalists, chiefly Scottish, and he recruited about six hundred German mercenaries. His first descent was on the Orkney islands, where he forced to arms a few hundreds of unwarlike fishermen. He next disembarked on the mainland; but the natives fled from him, remembering the former excesses of his army. Strachan, an officer under Lesley, came upon the Marquis by surprise, near a pass called Invercharron, on the confines of Ross-shire. The Orkney men made but little resistance; the Germans retired to a wood, and there surrendered; the few Scottish companions of Montrose fought bravely, but in vain. Many gallant cavaliers were made prisoners. Montrose, when the day was irretrievably lost, threw off his cloak bearing the star, and afterwards changed clothes with an ordinary Highland kern, that he might endeavour to effect his escape. Exhausted with fatigue and hunger, he was at length taken by a Ross-shire chief, MacLeod of Assint, who happened to be out with a party of his men in arms. The Marquis discovered himself to this man, thinking himself secure of favour, since Assint had been once his own follower. But, tempted by a reward of four hundred bolls of meal, this wretched laird delivered his old commander to the unfriendly hands of David Lesley.

The Covenanters, when he who had so often made them tremble was at length delivered into their hands, celebrated their victory with all the exultation of mean, timid, and sullen spirits, suddenly released from apprehension of imminent danger. Montrose was dragged in a sort of triumph from town to town, in the mean garb in which he had disguised himself for flight. To the honour of the town of Dundee, which, you will recollect, had been partly plundered and partly burnt by his forces, during his eventful progress in 1645, the citizens of that town were the first who supplied their fallen foe with clothes befitting his rank, with money, and with necessaries. The Marquis himself must have felt this as a severe rebuke for the wasteful mode in which he had carried on his warfare; and it was a still more piercing reproach to the unworthy victors, who now triumphed over an heroic enemy in the same manner as they would have done over a detected felon.

While Montrose was confined in the house of the Laird of Grange, he had almost made his escape through the bold stratagem of the Laird's wife, a descendant of the house of Somerville. This lady's address had drenched the guards with liquor; and the Marquis, disguised in a female dress, with which she had furnished him, had already passed the sleeping sentinels, when he was challenged and stopped by a half-drunken soldier, who had been rambling about without any duty or purpose. The alarm being given, he was again secured, and the lady's plot was of no avail. She escaped punishment only by her husband's connexion with the ruling party.

Before Montrose reached Edinburgh, he had been condemned by the Parliament to the death of a traitor. The sentence was pronounced, without further trial, upon an act of attainder passed whilst he was plundering Argyle in winter 1644; and it was studiously aggravated by every species of infamy.

The Marquis was, according to the special order of Parliament, met at the gates by the magistrates, attended by the common hangman, who was clad for

the time in his own livery. He was appointed, as the most infamous mode of execution, to be hanged on a gibbet thirty feet high, his head to be planted on the tolbooth, or prison of Edinburgh, his body to be quartered, and his limbs to be placed over the gates of the principal towns of Scotland. According to the sentence, he was conducted to jail on a cart, bound and bareheaded, the horse led by the executioner, wearing his bonnet, and the noble prisoner exposed to the scorn of the people, who were expected to hoot at him and revile him. But the rabble, who came out with the rudest purposes, relented when they saw the dignity of his bearing; and silence, accompanied by the sighs and tears of the crowd, attended the progress, which his enemies had designed should excite other emotions. The only observation he made was, that "the ceremonial of his entrance had been somewhat fatiguing and tedious."

He appeared before the Parliament, to hear the terms of his sentence, with the same manly indifference. He gazed around on his assembled enemies with as much composure as the most unconcerned spectator: heard Loudoun, the Chancellor, upbraid him, in a long and violent declamation, with the breach of both the first and second Covenant; with his cruel wars at the head of the savage Irish and Highland-men; and with the murders, treasons, and conflagrations, which they had occasioned. When the Chancellor had finished, Montrose with difficulty got permission to reply. He told the Parliament, with his usual boldness, that if he appeared before them uncovered, and addressed them with respect, it was only because the King had acknowledged their assembly, by entering into a treaty with them. He admitted he had taken the first, or National Covenant, and had acted upon it so long as it was confined to its proper purposes, but had dissented from and opposed those who had used it as a covert for assailing the royal authority. "The second, or Solemn League and Covenant," he said, "he had never taken, and was in no respect bound by it. He had made war by the King's express commission; and although it was impossible, in the course of hostilities, absolutely to prevent acts of military violence, he had always disowned and punished such irregularities. He had never," he said, "spilt the blood of a prisoner, even in retaliation of the cold-blooded murder of his officers and friends—nay, he had spared the lives of thousands in the very shock of battle. His last undertaking," he continued, "was carried on at the express command of Charles II, whom they had proclaimed their sovereign, and with whom they were treating as such. Therefore, he desired to be used by them as a man and a Christian, to whom many of them had been indebted for life and property, when the fate of war had placed both in his power. He required them, in conclusion, to proceed with him according to the laws of nature and nations, but especially according to those of Scotland, as they themselves would expect to be judged when they stood at the bar of Almighty God."

The sentence already mentioned was then read to the undaunted prisoner, on which he observed, he was more honoured in having his head set on the prison, for the cause in which he died, than he would have been in having his picture in the King's bed-

chamber. As to the distribution of his limbs, he said he wished he had flesh enough to send some to each city of Europe, in memory of the cause in which he died. He spent the night in reducing these ideas into poetry.

Early on the morning of the next day he was awakened by the drums and trumpets calling out the guards, by orders of Parliament, to attend on his execution. "Alas!" he said, "I have given these good folks much trouble while alive, and do I continue to be a terror to them on the day I am to die?"

The clergy importuned him, urging repentance of his sins; and offering, on his expressing such compunction, to relieve him from the sentence of excommunication, under which he laboured. He calmly replied, that though the excommunication had been rashly pronounced, yet it gave him pain, and he desired to be freed from it, if a relaxation could be obtained, by expressing penitence for his offences as a man; but that he had committed none in his duty to his prince and country, and had none to acknowledge or repent of.

Johnstone of Wariston, an eminent Covenanter, intruded himself on the noble prisoner, while he was combing the long curled hair which he wore as a cavalier. Wariston, a gloomy fanatic, hinted as if it were but an idle employment at so solemn a time. "I will arrange my head as I please to-day while it is still my own," answered Montrose; "tomorrow it will be yours, and you may deal with it as you list."

The Marquis walked on foot from the prison to the Grassmarket, the common place of execution for the basest felons, where a gibbet of extraordinary height, with a scaffold covered with black cloth, were erected. Here he was again pressed by the Presbyterian clergy to own his guilt. Their cruel and illiberal officiousness could not disturb the serenity of his temper. To exaggerate the infamy of his punishment, or rather to show the mean spite of his enemies, a book containing the printed history of his exploits was hung around his neck by the hangman. This insult, likewise, he treated with contempt, saying, he accounted such a record of his services to his prince as a symbol equally honourable with the badge of the Garter, which the King had bestowed on him. In all other particulars, Montrose bore himself with the same calm dignity, and finally submitted to execution with such resolved courage, that many, even of his bitterest enemies, wept on the occasion. He suffered on the 21st May, 1650.

Argyle, the mortal foe of Montrose, exulted in private over the death of his enemy, but abstained from appearing in Parliament when he was condemned, and from witnessing his execution. He is even said to have shed tears when he heard the scene rehearsed. His son, Lord Lorn, was less scrupulous; he looked on his feudal enemy's last moments, and even watched the blows of the executioner's axe, while he dissevered the head from the body. His cruelty was requited in the subsequent reign; and indeed Heaven soon after made manifest the folly, as well as guilt, which destroyed this celebrated commander, at a time when approaching war might have rendered his talents invaluable to his country.

Other noble Scottish blood was spilt at the same time, both at home and in England. The Marquis of Huntly, who had always acted for the King, though he had injured his affairs by his hesitation to co-operate with Montrose, was beheaded at Edinburgh; and Urry, who had been sometimes the enemy, sometimes the follower of Montrose, was executed with others of the Marquis's principal followers.

The unfortunate Duke of Hamilton, a man of a gentle but indecisive character, was taken, as I have told you, in his attempt to invade England and deliver the King, whom he seems to have served with fidelity, though he fell under his suspicion, and even suffered a long imprisonment by the royal order. While he was confined at Windsor, Charles, previous to his trial, was brought there by the soldiers. The dethroned King was permitted a momentary interview with the subject, who had lost fortune and liberty in his cause. Hamilton burst into tears, and flung himself at the King's feet, exclaiming, "My dear master!"—"I have been a *dear* master to you indeed," said Charles, kindly raising him. After the execution of the King, Hamilton, with the Earl of Holland, Lord Capel and others, who had promoted the rising of the royalists on different points, were condemned to be beheaded. A stout old cavalier, Sir John Owen, was one of the number. When the sentence was pronounced, he exclaimed it was a great honour to a poor Welsh knight to be beheaded with so many nobles, adding, with an oath, "I thought they would have hanged me." This gallant old man's life was spared, when his companions in misfortune were executed.

While these bloody scenes were proceeding, the Commissioners of the Scottish Parliament continued to carry on the treaty with King Charles. He had nearly broken it off, when Montrose's execution was reported to him; but a sense of his own duplicity in maintaining a treaty with the Parliament, while he gave Montrose a commission to invade and make war on them, smothered his complaints on the subject. At length Charles, seeing no other resource, agreed to accept the crown of Scotland on the terms offered, which were those of the most absolute compliance with the will of the Scottish Parliament in civil affairs, and with the pleasure of the General Assembly of the Kirk in ecclesiastical concerns. Above all, the young King promised to take upon him the obligations of the Solemn League and Covenant, and to further them by every means in his power. On these conditions the treaty was concluded; Charles sailed from Holland, and arriving on the coast of Scotland, landed near the mouth of the river Spey, and advanced to Stirling.

Scotland was at this time divided into three parties, highly unfriendly to each other. There were, **FIRST**, the rigid Presbyterians, of whom Argyle was the leader. This was the faction which had since the Whigamores' Raid been in possession of the supreme power of government, and with their leaders the King had made his treaty in Holland. **SECONDLY**, the moderate Presbyterians, called the Engagers, who had joined with Hamilton in his incursion into England. These were headed by the Earl of Lanark, who succeeded to the dukedom of Hamilton on the execution of his brother; by Lauderdale, a man of very

considerable talents; Dunfermline, and others. **THIRDLY**, there were the Absolute Loyalists, friends and followers of Montrose; such as the Marquis of Huntly, Lord Ogilvy, a few other nobles and gentlemen, and perhaps some Highland chiefs, too ignorant and too distant to have any influence in state affairs.

As all these three parties acknowledged, with more or less warmth, the sovereignty of King Charles, it might have seemed no very difficult matter to have united them in the same patriotic purpose of maintaining the national independence of the kingdom. But successful resistance to the English was a task to which the ruling party thought themselves perfectly competent; they entertained the most presumptuous confidence in their own strength, and their clergy assured them, that so far from the aid of either Engagers or Malignants being profitable to them in the common defence, the presence of any such profane assistance would draw down the curse of Heaven on the cause, which, trusted to the hands of true Covenanters only, could not fail to prosper.

Argyle, therefore, and his friends, received the young King with all the outward gestures of profound respect, but they took care to give him his will in no one particular. They excluded from attendance on his person all his English adherents, suspicious of their attachment to Prelacy and malignant opinions. The ministers beset him with exhortations and sermons of immoderate length, introduced on all occasions, and exhausting the patience of a young prince, whose strong sense of the ridiculous, and impatience of serious subjects, led him to receive with heartfelt contempt and disgust the homely eloquence of the longwinded orators. The preachers also gave him offence by chusing frequently for their themes the sins of his father, the idolatry of his mother, who was a Catholic, and his own ill-disguised disposition to malignity. They numbered up the judgments which, they affirmed, these sins had brought on his father's house, and they prayed that they might not be followed by similar punishments upon Charles himself. These ill-timed and ill-judged admonitions were so often repeated, as to impress on the young King's mind a sensation of dislike and disgust, with which he remembered the Presbyterian preachers as long as he lived.

Sometimes their fanaticism and want of judgment led to ridiculous scenes. It is said, that upon one occasion a devout lady, who lived opposite to the royal lodgings, saw from her window the young King engaged in a game at cards, or some other frivolous amusement, which the rigour of the Covenanters denounced as sinful. The lady communicated this important discovery to her minister, and it reached the ears of the Commission of the Kirk, who named a venerable member of their body to rebuke the monarch personally for this act of backsliding. The clergyman to whom this delicate commission was intrusted, was a shrewd old man, who saw no great wisdom in the proceeding of his brethren, but executed their commands with courtly dexterity, and summed up his ghostly admonition with a request, that when his Majesty indulged in similar recreations, he would be pleased to take the precaution of shutting the windows. The King laughed, and was glad to escape so well from the apprehended lecture. But

events were fast approaching which had no jesting aspect.

England, to which you must now turn your attention, had totally changed its outward constitution since the death of the King. Cromwell, who, using the victorious army as his tools, was already in the real possession of the supreme power, had still more tasks than one to accomplish, before he dared venture to assume the external appearance of it. He suffered, therefore, the diminished and mutilated House of Commons to exist for a season, during which the philosophical Republicans of the party passed resolutions that monarchy should never be again established in England; that the power of the Executive Government should be lodged in a Council of State; and that the House of Lords should be abolished.

Meantime, Cromwell led in person a part of his victorious army to Ireland, which had been the scene of more frightful disorders than England, or even Scotland. These had begun by the Catholic inhabitants rising upon the Protestants, and murdering many thousands of them in what was termed the Irish Massacre. This had been followed by a general war between the religions; but at length the address of the Duke of Ormond, as devoted a loyalist as Montrose, contrived to engage a large portion of the Catholics on the side of Charles; and Ireland became the place of refuge to all the Cavaliers or remains of the royal party, who began to assume a formidable appearance in that island. The arrival of Cromwell suddenly changed this gleam of fortune into cloud and storm. Wherever this fated General appeared he was victorious; and in Ireland, in order perhaps to strike terror into a fierce people, for Oliver Cromwell was not blood-thirsty by disposition, he made dreadful execution among the vanquished, particularly at the storming of the town of Drogheda, where his victorious troops spared neither sex nor age. He now returned to England, with even greater terror attached to his name than before.

The new Commonwealth of England had no purpose that the son of the King whom they had put to death, should be suffered to establish himself quietly in the sister kingdom of Scotland, and enjoy the power when opportunity offered of again calling to arms his numerous adherents in England, and disturbing or perhaps destroying their new-modelled republic. They were resolved to prevent this danger by making war on Scotland, whilst still weakened by her domestic dissensions, and compelling her to adopt the constitution of a republic, to become confederated with their own. This proposal was of course haughtily rejected by the Scots, as it implied a renunciation at once of King and Kirk, and a total alteration of the Scottish constitution in civil and ecclesiastical government. The ruling parties of both nations, therefore, prepared for the contest.

The rigid Presbyterians in Scotland showed now a double anxiety to exclude from their army all, however otherwise well qualified to assist in such a crisis, whom they regarded as suspicious in point of doctrine, whether as absolute Malignants, or as approaching nearer to their own doctrines, by professing a moderate and tolerant attachment to Presbytery.

Yet even without the assistance of these excluded parties, the Convention of Estates assembled a fine army, full of men enthusiastic in the cause in which they were about to fight, and feeling all the impulse which could be given by the rude eloquence of their favourite ministers. Unfortunately the preachers were not disposed to limit themselves to the task of animating the courage of the soldiers; but were so presumptuous as to interfere with, and control the plans of the General, and movements of the army.

The army of England, consisting almost entirely of Independents, amongst whom any man who chose might exert the office of a clergyman, had a resemblance to the Presbyterian troops of Scotland, for both armies professed to appeal to Heaven for the justice of their cause; and both resounded with psalms, prayers, exhortations, and religious exercises, to confirm the faith, and animate the zeal of the soldiers. Both used the same language in their proclamations against each other, and it was such as implied a war rather on account of religion than of temporal interests. The Scottish proclamations declared the army commanded by Cromwell to be an union of the most perverse heretical sectaries, of every different persuasion, agreeing in nothing, saving their desire to effect the ruin of the unity and discipline of the Christian Church, and the destruction of the Covenant, to which most of their leaders had sworn fidelity. The army of Cromwell replied to them in the same style. They declared that they valued the Christian Churches ten thousand times more than their own lives. They protested that they were not only a rod of iron to dash asunder the common enemies, but a hedge (though unworthy) about the divine vineyard. As for the Covenant, they protested that, would it not seem to make it an object of idolatry, they would be content, if called upon to encounter the Scots in this quarrel, to place the Covenant on the point of their pikes, and let God himself judge whether they or their opponents had best observed the obligations of that national engagement.

Although the contending nations thus nearly resembled each other in their ideas and language, there was betwixt the Scottish and English soldiers one difference, and it proved a material one. In the English army the officers insisted upon being preachers, and though their doctrine was wild enough, their ignorance of theology had no effect on military events. But with the Scots, the Presbyterian clergy were unhappily seized with the opposite rage of acting as officers and generals, and their skill in their own profession of divinity could not redeem the errors which they committed in the art of war.

Fairfax having declined the command of the English army, his conscience (for he was a Presbyterian) not permitting him to engage in the war, Cromwell accepted with joy the supreme military authority, and prepared for the invasion of Scotland.

The wars between the sister kingdoms seemed now about to be rekindled, after the interval of two-thirds of a century; and notwithstanding the greatly superior power of England, there was no room for absolute confidence in her ultimate success. The Scots, though divided into parties, so far as church government was concerned, were unanimous in

acknowledging the right of King Charles; whereas the English were far from making common cause against his claims. On the contrary, if the stern army of Sectaries, now about to take the field, should sustain any great disaster, the Cavaliers of England, with great part of the Presbyterians in that country, were alike disposed to put the King once more at the head of the government; so that the fate not of Scotland alone, but of England also, was committed to the event of the present war.

Neither were the armies and generals opposed to each other unworthy of the struggle. If the army of Cromwell consisted of veteran soldiers, inured to constant victory, that of Scotland was fresh, numerous, and masters of their own strong country, which was the destined scene of action. If Cromwell had defeated the most celebrated generals of the Cavaliers, David Lesley, the effective commander-in-chief in Scotland, had been victor over Montrose, more renowned perhaps than any of them. If Cromwell was a general of the most decisive character, celebrated for the battles which he had won, Lesley was, by early education, a trained soldier, more skilful than his antagonist in taking positions, defending passes, and all the previous arrangements of a campaign. With these advantages on the different sides, the eventful struggle commenced.

Early in the summer of 1650, Cromwell invaded Scotland at the head of his veteran and well-disciplined troops. But, on marching through Berwickshire and East Lothian, he found that the country was abandoned by the population, and stripped of every thing which could supply the hostile army. Nothing was to be seen save old spectre-looking women, clothed in white flannel, who told the English officers that all the men had taken arms, under command of the Barons.

Subsisting chiefly on the provisions supplied by a fleet, which, sailing along the coast, accompanied his movements, the English General approached the capital, where Lesley had settled his head-quarters. The right wing of the Scottish army rested upon the high grounds at the rise of Arthur's Seat, and the left wing was posted at Leith, while the high bank, formerly called Leith Walk, made a part of his lines, which, defended by a numerous artillery, completely protected the metropolis. Cromwell skirmished with the Scottish advanced posts near to Restalrig, but his cuirassiers were so warmly encountered, that they gained no advantage, and their General was obliged to withdraw to Musselburgh. His next effort was made from the westward.

The English army made a circuit to Collinton, Redhall, and other places near to the eastern extremity of the Pentland Hills, from which Cromwell hoped to advance on Edinburgh. But Lesley was immediately on his guard. He left his position betwixt Edinburgh and Leith, and took one which covered the city to the westward, and was protected by the Water of Leith, and the several cuts, drains, and mill-leads, at Saughton, Coltbridge, and the houses and villages in that quarter. Here Cromwell again found the Scots in order of battle, and again was obliged to withdraw after a distant cannonade.

The necessity of returning to the neighbourhood of his fleet, obliged Cromwell to march back to his en-

campment at Musselburgh. Nor was he permitted to remain there in quiet. At the dead of night, a strong body of cavalry, called the regiment of the Kirk, well armed at all points, broke into the English lines, with loud cries of, "God and the Kirk! all is ours!" It was with some difficulty that Cromwell rallied his soldiers upon this sudden alarm, in which he sustained considerable loss, though the assailants were finally compelled to retreat.

The situation of the English army now became critical;—their provisions were like to be exhausted, the communication with the fleet grew daily more precarious, while Lesley, with the same prudence which had hitherto guided his defence, baffled all the schemes of the English leader, without exposing his army to the risk of a general action, until Cromwell, fairly outgeneralled by the address of his enemy, was compelled to retire towards England.

Lesley, on his part, left his lines without delay, for the purpose of intercepting the retreat of the English. Moving by a shorter line, he took possession with his army of the skirts of Lammermoor, a ridge of hills terminating on the sea near the town of Dunbar, abounding with difficult passes, all of which he occupied strongly. Here he proposed to await the attack of the English, with every chance, nay, almost with the certainty, of gaining a great and decisive victory.

Cromwell was reduced to much perplexity. To force his way, it was necessary to attack a tremendous pass called Cockburn's Path, where, according to Cromwell's own description, one man might do more to defend, than ten to make way. And if he engaged in this desperate enterprise, he was liable to be attacked by the numerous forces of Lesley in flank and rear. He saw all the danger, and entertained thoughts of embarking his foot on board of his ships, and cutting his own way as he best could, at the head of his cavalry.

At this moment, the interference of the Presbyterian preachers, and the influence which they possessed over the Scottish army and General, ruined this fair promise of success. In spite of all the prudent remonstrances of Lesley, they insisted that the Scottish army should be led from their strong position, to attack the English upon equal ground. This, in the language of Scripture, they called going down against the Philistines at Gilgal.

Cromwell had slept at the Duke of Roxburgh's house, called Broxmouth, and his army were stationed in the park there, when he received news that the Scots were leaving their fastnesses, and about to hazard battle. He exclaimed, "that God had delivered them into his hands;" and calling for his horse, placed himself at the head of his troops. Coming to the head of a regiment of Lancashire men, he found one of their officers, while they were in the act of marching to battle, in a fit of sudden enthusiasm holding forth or preaching to the men. Cromwell also listened, and seemed affected by his discourse. At this moment the sun showed his broad orb on the level surface of the sea, which is close to the scene of action. "Let the Lord arise," he said, "and let his enemies be scattered;" and presently after, looking upon the field where the battle had now commenced, he added, "I profess they flee."

Cromwell's hopes did not deceive him. The hasty Scottish levies, thus presumptuously opposed to the veteran soldiers of Cromwell, proved unequal to standing the shock. Two regiments fought bravely, and were almost all cut off; but the greater part of Lesley's army fell into confusion without much resistance. Great slaughter ensued, and many prisoners were made, whom the cruelty of the English government destined to a fate hitherto unknown in Christian warfare. They transported to the English settlements in America those unfortunate captives, subjects of an independent kingdom, who bore arms by order of their own lawful government, and there sold them for slaves.

The decisive defeat at Dunbar opened the whole of the south of Scotland to Cromwell. The Independents found a few friends and brother sectaries among the gentry, who had been hitherto deterred, by the fear of the Presbyterians, from making their opinions public. Almost all the strong places on the south side of the Forth were won by the arms of the English, or yielded by the timidity of their defenders. Edinburgh Castle was surrendered, not without suspicion of gross treachery; and Tantallon, Hume, Roslin, and Borthwick, with other fortresses, fell into their hands.

Internal dissension added to the calamitous state of Scotland. The Committee of Estates, with the King, and the remainder of Lesley's army, retreated to Stirling, where they still hoped to make a stand, by defending the passes of the Forth. A Parliament, held at Perth, were in this extremity disposed to relax in the extreme rigour of their exclusive doctrines, and to admit into the army, which they laboured to reinforce, such of the moderate Presbyterians, or Engagers, and even of the Royalists and Malignants, as inclined to make a formal confession of their former errors. The Royalists readily enough complied with this requisition; but as their pretended repentance was generally regarded as a mere farce, submitted to that they might obtain leave to bear arms for the King, the stricter Presbyterians regarded this compromise with Malignants as a sinful seeking for help from Egypt. The Presbyterians of the western counties, in particular, carried this opinion so far, as to think this period of national distress an auspicious time for disclaiming the King's interest and title. Refusing to allow that the victory of Dunbar was owing to the military skill of Cromwell, and the disciplined valour of his troops, they set it down as a chastisement justly inflicted on the Scottish nation for espousing the Royal cause. Under this separate banner there assembled an army of about four thousand men, commanded by Kerr and Strachan. They were resolved, at the same time, to oppose the English invasion, and to fight with the King's forces, and thus embroil the kingdom in a threefold war. The leaders of this third party, who were called Remonstrators, made a smart attack on a large body of English troops, stationed in Hamilton under General Lambert, and were at first successful; but falling into disorder, owing to their very success, they were ultimately defeated. Kerr, one of their leaders, was wounded, and made prisoner; and Strachan, soon afterwards, revolted and joined the English army.

Cromwell, in the meanwhile, made the fairest promises to all who would listen to him, and laboured, not altogether in vain, to impress the rigid Presbyterian party with a belief, that they had better join with the Independents, although disallowing of church-government, and thus obtain peace and a close alliance with England, than adhere to the cause of the King, who, with his father's house, had, he said, been so long the troublers of Israel. And here I may interrupt the course of public events, to tell you an anecdote not generally known, but curious, as illustrating the character of Cromwell.

Shortly after the battle of Dunbar, Cromwell visited Glasgow; and upon Sunday attended the Presbyterian service in the principal church of that city. The preacher, a rigid Presbyterian, was nothing intimidated by the presence of the English general; but entering freely upon state affairs, which were then a common topic in the pulpit, he preached boldly on the errors and heresies of the Independent sectaries, insisted on the duty of resisting their doctrines, and even spoke with little respect of the person of Cromwell himself. An officer who sat behind Cromwell, whispered something in his ear more than once, and the General as often seemed to impose silence upon him. The curiosity of the congregation was strongly excited. At length the service was ended, and Cromwell was in the act of leaving the church, when he cast his eyes on one Wilson, a mechanic, who had long resided at Glasgow, and called on him by name. The man no sooner saw the General take notice of him than he ran away. Cromwell directed that he should be followed, and brought before him, but without injury. At the same time he sent a civil message to the clergyman who had preached, desiring to see him at his quarters. These things augmented the curiosity of the town's people; and when they saw Wilson led as prisoner to the General's apartments, many remained about the door, watching the result. Wilson soon returned, and joyfully showed his acquaintances some money which the English General had given him to drink his health. His business with Cromwell was easily explained. This man had been son of a footman who had attended James VI to England. By some accident Wilson had served his apprenticeship to a shoemaker in the same town where Cromwell's father lived, had often played with Master Oliver while they were both children, and had obliged him by making balls and other playthings for him. When Wilson saw that his old companion recognised him, he ran away, because, recollecting his father had been a servant of the royal family, he thought the General, who was known to have brought the late King to the block, might nourish ill-will against all who were connected with him. But Cromwell had received him kindly, spoken of their childish acquaintance, and given him some money. The familiarity with which he seemed to treat him, encouraged Wilson to ask his former friend what it was that passed betwixt the officer and him, when the preacher was thundering from the pulpit against the sectaries and their General. "He called the minister an insolent rascal," said Cromwell, not unwilling, perhaps, that his forbearance should be made public, "and asked my leave to pull him out of the pulpit by the ears; and

I commanded him to sit still, telling him the minister was one fool, and he another." This anecdote serves to show Cromwell's recollection of persons and faces. He next gave audience to the preacher, and used arguments with him which did not reach the public; but were so convincing, that he pronounced a second discourse in the evening, in a tone much mitigated towards Independency and its professors.

While the south of Scotland was overawed, and the Western Remonstrators were dispersed by Cromwell, the Scottish Parliament, though retired beyond the Forth, still maintained a show of decided opposition. They resolved upon the coronation of Charles, a ceremony hitherto deferred, but which they determined now to perform, as a solemn pledge of their resolution to support the constitution and religion of Scotland to the last.

But the melancholy solemnity had been nearly prevented by the absence of the principal personage. Charles, disgusted with the invectives of the Presbyterian clergy, and perhaps remembering the fate of his father at Newcastle, formed a hasty purpose of flying from the Presbyterian camp. He had not been sufficiently aware of the weakness of the Royalists, who recommended this wild step, and he actually went off to the hills. But he found only a few Highlanders at Clova, without the appearance of an army, which he had promised himself, and was easily induced to return to the camp with a party who had been dispatched in pursuit of him.

This excursion, which was called the *Start*, did not greatly tend to increase confidence betwixt the young King and his Presbyterian counsellors. The ceremony of the coronation was performed with such solemnities as the time admitted, but mingled with circumstances which must have been highly disgusting to Charles. The confirmation of the Covenant was introduced as an essential part of the solemnity; and the coronation was preceded by a national fast and humiliation, expressly held on account of the sins of the Royal Family. A suspected hand, that of the Marquis of Argyle, placed an insecure crown on the head of the son, whose father he had been one of the principal instruments in dethroning.

These were bad omens. But, on the other hand, the King enjoyed more liberty than before; most of the Engagers had resumed their seats in Parliament; and many Royalist officers were received into the army.

Determined at this time not to be tempted to a disadvantageous battle, the King, who assumed the command of the army in person, took up a line in front of Stirling, having in his front the river of Caron. Cromwell approached, but could neither with prudence attack the Scots in their lines, nor find means of inducing them to hazard a battle, unless upon great advantage. After the armies had confronted each other for more than a month, Cromwell dispatched Colonel Overton into Fife, to turn the left flank of the Scottish army, and intercept their supplies. He was encountered near the town of Inverkeithing by the Scots, commanded by Holborn and Brown. The first of these officers behaved basely, and perhaps treacherously. Brown fought well and bravely, but finally sustaining a total defeat, was made prisoner, and afterwards died of grief.

The situation of the main Scottish army, under

Charles in person, became hazardous after this defeat, for their position was rendered precarious, by the footing which the English obtained in the counties of Fife and Kinross, which enabled them to intercept the King's supplies and communications from the north. In this distressed situation Charles adopted a bold and decisive measure. He resolved to transfer the war from Scotland to England, and, suddenly raising his camp, he moved to the south-westward by rapid marches, hoping to rouse his friends in England to arms, before Cromwell could overtake him. But the cavaliers of England were now broken and dispirited, and were, besides, altogether unprepared for this hasty invasion, which seemed rather the effect of despair than the result of deliberate and settled resolution. The Presbyterians, though rather inclined to the royal cause, were still less disposed to hazard a junction with him, until terms of mutual accommodation could be settled. They were divided and uncertain, while the republicans were resolved and active.

The English militia assembled under Lambert to oppose Charles in front, and Cromwell followed close in his rear, to take every advantage that could offer. The Scots reached without much opposition the city of Worcester, where, 3d September, 1651, the militia, commanded by Lambert, and the regular forces under Cromwell, attacked the Royalists with double the number of their forces. Clarendon and other English authors represent the Scottish army as making little resistance. Cromwell, on the contrary, talks of the battle of Worcester, in his peculiar phraseology, as "a stiff business—a very glorious mercy—as stiff a contest as he had ever beheld." But, well or ill disputed, the day was totally lost. Three thousand men were slain in the field, ten thousand were taken, and such of them as survived their wounds, and the horrors of overcrowded jails, were shipped off as slaves for the plantations.

Charles escaped from the field, and concealed himself in obscure retreats, under various disguises. At one time he was obliged to hide himself in the boughs of a spreading oak tree; hence called the Royal Oak. At another time he rode before a lady, Mrs Lane, in the quality of a groom; and in this disguise passed through a part of the Parliament forces. After infinite fatigue, many romantic adventures, and the most imminent risk of discovery, he at length escaped by sea, and for eight years continued to wander from one foreign court to another, a poor, neglected, and insulted adventurer, claimant of thrones which he seemed destined never to possess.

The defeat at Worcester was a death-blow to the resistance of the King's party in Scotland. The Parliament, driven from Stirling to the Highlands, endeavoured in vain to assemble new forces. The English troops, after Cromwell's departure, were placed under the command of General Monk, who now began to make a remarkable figure in those times. He was a gentleman of good birth, had been in arms for the King's service, but being made prisoner, had finally embraced the party of the Parliament, and fought for them in Ireland. He was accounted a brave and skilful commander, totally free from the spirit of fanaticism so general in the army of Cromwell, and a man of deep sagacity, and a cold reserved

temper. Under Monk's conduct, seconded by that of Overton, Alured, and other Parliamentary officers, the cities, castles, and fortresses of Scotland, were reduced one after another. The partial resistance of the wealthy seaport of Dundee, in particular, was punished with the extremities of fire and sword, so that other towns became terrified, and surrendered without opposition.

The castle of Dunottar, in Kincardineshire, the hereditary fortress of the Earls Marischal, made an honourable defence under John Ogilvy of Barras. It is situated upon a rock, almost separated from the land by a deep ravine on the one side, and overhanging the ocean on the other. In this strong fortress the Honours of Scotland, as they were called, had been deposited after the battle of Dunbar. These were the crown, sceptre, and sword of state, the symbols of Scottish sovereignty, which were regarded by the nation with peculiar veneration. The terror was great, lest pledges, with which the national honour was so intimately connected, should fall into the hands of foreign schismatics and republicans. On the other hand, the English, ardently desirous to possess themselves of these trophies (the rather that they had formed a disproportioned idea of their intrinsic value), besieged the castle closely, and blockaded it by sea and land. As their provisions began to fail, the Governor foresaw that farther defence must speedily become impossible; and, with the assistance of Mr Granger, minister of Kinneff, he formed a stratagem for securing the ancient and venerable *regalia* from the dishonour which threatened them. The first preparation was to spread a report, that these national treasures had been carried abroad by Sir John Keith, a younger son of the Earl Marischal, ancestor of the family of Kintore. Mrs Granger, the minister's wife, was the principal agent in the subsequent part of the scheme. Having obtained of the English general the permission to bring out of the castle some *hards* (or bundles) of lint, which she said was her property, she had the courage and address to conceal the regalia within the hards of lint, and carried them boldly through the English camp, at the risk of much ill usage, had she been discovered in an attempt to deprive the greedy soldiery of their prey. She played her part so boldly, that she imposed on the general himself, who courteously saluted her, and helped her to mount on horseback as she left the encampment, little guessing with what a valuable part of his expected booty she was loaded at the moment. Arriving with her precious charge at Kinneff, the minister buried the relics of royalty under the pulpit of his church, and visited them from time to time, in order to wrap them in fresh packages, and preserve them from injury. Suspicion attached to the Governor of Dunottar; and when the castle was finally surrendered, for want of provisions, he was rigorously dealt with, imprisoned, and even tortured, to make him discover where the regalia were concealed. His lady, who had been active in the stratagem, was subjected to similar severities, as were also the minister of Kinneff and his courageous spouse. All, however, persisted in keeping the secret. Rewards were distributed, after the Restoration, to those who had been concerned in saving the Honours, but they do not appear to have

VOL. VII.

been very accurately accommodated to the merits of the parties. Sir John Keith, whose name had only been used in the transaction as a blind, was created Earl of Kintore, and Ogilvy was made a baronet; but the courageous minister, with his heroic wife, were only rewarded with a pension in money.

The towns and castles of Scotland being thus reduced, the national resistance of the natives was confined to a petty warfare, which small bands carried on, who lurked among the mountains and morasses, and took every advantage which these afforded to annoy the English troops, and cut off small parties, or straggling soldiers. These were called Moss-troopers, from a word formerly appropriated to the freebooters of the Border. But the English, who observed a most rigid discipline, were not much in danger of suffering from such desultory efforts; and as they seldom spared the prisoners taken in the skirmishes, the Scots found themselves obliged to submit, for the first time, to an invader more fortunate than all the preceding sovereigns of England. Their resistance ceased, but their hatred watched for a safer opportunity of vengeance. The Highlanders, however, being strong in the character of the country and its inhabitants, continued refractory to the English authority, and if the soldiery ventured to go through the country alone, or in small parties, they were sure to be surprised and slain, without its being possible to discover the actors. The English officers endeavoured to obtain from neighbouring chiefs, who pretended complete ignorance of these transactions, such redress as the case admitted of, but their endeavours were in general ingeniously eluded.

For example, an English garrison had lost cattle, horses, and even men, by the incursion of a Highland clan who had their residence in the neighbouring mountains, so that the incensed governor demanded peremptorily, that the actors of these depredations should be delivered up to him to suffer punishment. The Chief was in no condition to resist, but was not the less unwilling to deliver up the men actually concerned in the *creagh*, who were probably the boldest, or, as it was then termed, the *prettiest*, men of his name. To get easily out of the dilemma, he is said to have picked up two or three old creatures, past all exertion, whom he sent down to the English commandant, as if they had been the caterans or plunderers whom he wanted. The English officer caused them instantly to be hanged *in terrorem*, which was done accordingly, no protestations which they might have made of their innocence being understood or attended to. It is to be hoped that other refractory chiefs found more justifiable means of preserving their authority.

In the meantime, Oliver Cromwell accomplished an extraordinary revolution in England, which I can here but barely touch upon. He and his Council of Officers, who had so often offered violence to the Parliament, by excluding from the sittings such members as were obnoxious to them, now resolved altogether to destroy the very remnant of its existence. For this purpose Cromwell came to the House while it was sitting, told them, in a violent manner, that they were no longer a Parliament, and upbraiding several individuals with injurious names,

80

he called in a body of soldiers, and commanded one of them to "take away that bauble," meaning the silver mace, which is an emblem of the authority of the House. Then turning the members forcibly out of the hall, he locked the doors, and thus dissolved that memorable body, which had made war against the King, defeated, dethroned, and beheaded him, yet sunk at once under the authority of one of their own members, and an officer of their own naming, who had, in the beginning of these struggles, been regarded as a man of very mean consideration. Oliver Cromwell now seized the supreme power into his hands, with the title of Protector of the Republics of Great Britain and Ireland, under which he governed these islands till his death, with authority more ample than was ever possessed by any of their lawful monarchs.

The confusion which the usurpation of Cromwell was expected to have occasioned in England, determined the Royalists to attempt a general rising, in which it was expected that great part of the Highland chieftains would join. The successes of Montrose were remembered, although it seems to have been forgotten that it was more his own genius, than his means, that enabled him to attain them. The Earl of Glencairn was placed by the King's commission at the head of the insurrection; he was joined by the Earl of Athole, by the son of the heroic Montrose, by Lord Lorn, the son of the Marquis of Argyle, and other nobles. A romantic young English cavalier, named Wogan, joined this insurgent army at the head of a body of eighty horse, whom he brought by a toilsome and dangerous march through England and the Low Countries of Scotland. This gallant troop was frequently engaged with the Republican forces, and particularly with a horse regiment, called "the Brazen Wall," from their never having been broken. Wogan defeated, however, a party of these invincibles, but received several wounds, which, though not of themselves mortal, became so for want of good surgeons; and thus, in an obscure skirmish, ended the singular career of an enthusiastic Royalist.

The army under Glencairn increased to five thousand men, numbers much greater than Montrose usually commanded. Their commander, however, though a brave and accomplished nobleman, seems to have been deficient in military skill, or, at any rate, in the art of securing the good-will and obedience of the various chiefs and nobles who acted under him. It was in vain that Charles, to reconcile their feuds, sent over, as their commander-in-chief, General Middleton, who, after having fought against Montrose in the cause of the Covenant, had at length become an entire Royalist, and was trusted as such. But his military talents were not adequate to surmount the objections which were made to his obscure origin, and the difficulties annexed to his situation.

General Middleton had but an indifferent welcome to the Highland army, by the following scene which took place at an entertainment given by him on taking the command. Glencairn had spoken something in praise of the men he had assembled for the King's service, especially the Highlanders. In reply, up started Sir George Munro, who, having been trained in the wars of Germany, despised all irregular troops,

and flatly swore that the men of whom the Earl thus boasted, were a pack of thieves and robbers, whose place he hoped to supply with very different soldiers. Glengary, a Highland chief, who was present, arose to resent this insolent language; but Glencairn, preventing him, replied to Munro, "You are a base liar!—these men are neither thieves nor robbers, but gallant gentlemen, and brave soldiers."

In spite of Middleton's attempts to preserve peace, this altercation led to a duel. They fought on horseback, first with pistols, and then with broadswords. Sir George Munro, having received a wound on the bridle-hand, called to the Earl that he was unable to command his horse, and therefore desired to continue the contest on foot. "You base churl," answered Glencairn, "I will match you on foot or on horseback." Both dismounted, and encountered fiercely on foot, with their broadswords, when Munro received a wound across his forehead, from which the blood flowed so fast into his eyes, that he could not see to continue the combat. Glencairn was about to thrust his enemy through the body, when the Earl's servant struck up the point of his master's sword, saying, "You have enough of him, my lord—you have gained the day." Glencairn, still in great anger, struck the intrusive peace-maker over the shoulders, but returned to his quarters, where he was shortly after laid under arrest, by order of the General.

Ere this quarrel was composed, one Captain Livingstone, a friend of Munro, debated the justice of the question so keenly with a gentleman, named Lindsay, that they must needs fight a duel also, in which Lindsay killed Livingstone on the spot. General Middleton, in spite of Glencairn's intercessions, ordered Lindsay to be executed by martial law, on which Glencairn left the army with his own immediate followers, and soon after returning to the Lowlands, made peace with the English. His example was followed by most of the Lowland nobles, who grew impatient of long marches, Highland quarters, and obscure skirmishes, which were followed by no important result.

Middleton still endeavoured to keep the war alive, although Cromwell had sent additional forces into the Highlands. At length he sustained a defeat at Loch-Gary, 26th July, 1654, after which his army dispersed, and he himself retired abroad. The English forces then marched through the Highlands, and compelled the principal clans to submit to the authority of the Protector. And here I may give you an account of one individual chieftain, of great celebrity at that time, since you will learn better the character of that primitive race of men from personal anecdotes, than from details of obscure and petty contests, fought at places with unpronounceable names.

Evan Cameron of Lochiel, chief of the numerous and powerful clan of Cameron, was born in 1629. He was called MacConnuill Dhu (the son of Black Donald), from the patronymic that marked his descent, and Evan Dhu, or Black Evan, a personal epithet derived from his own complexion. Young Lochiel was bred up under the directions of the Marquis of Argyle, and was in attendance on that nobleman, who regarded him as a hostage for the peaceable behaviour of his clan. It is said, that in the civil war the young chief was converted to the side of the King

by the exhortations of Sir Robert Spottiswood, then in prison at St Andrew's, and shortly afterwards executed, as we have elsewhere noticed, for his adherence to Montrose.

Evan Dhu, having embraced these principles, was one of the first to join in the insurrection of 1652, of which I have just given a short account. During the best part of two years he was always with his clan, in the very front of battle, and behaved gallantly in the various skirmishes which took place. He was compelled, however, on one occasion, to withdraw from the main body, from learning that the English were approaching Lochaber, with the purpose of laying waste the country of Lochiel. He hastened thither to protect his own possessions, and those of his clan.

On returning to his estates, Lochiel had the mortification to find that the English had established a garrison at Inverlochy, with the purpose of reducing to submission the Royalist clans in the neighbourhood, particularly his own, and the MacDonalds of Glengary and Keppoch. He resolved to keep a strict watch on their proceedings, and, dismissing the rest of his followers, whom he had not means of maintaining without attracting attention to his motions, he lay in the woods with about fifty chosen men, within a few miles of Inverlochy.

It was the constant policy of Cromwell and his officers, both in Ireland and Scotland, to cut down and destroy the forests in which the insurgent natives found places of defence and concealment. In conformity with this general rule, the commandant of Inverlochy embarked three hundred men in two light-armed vessels, with directions to disembark at a place called Achdalew, for the purpose of destroying Lochiel's cattle and felling his woods. Lochiel, who watched their motions closely, saw the English soldiers come ashore, one-half having hatchets and other tools as a working party, the other half under arms, to protect their operations. Though the difference of numbers was so great, the chieftain vowed that he would make the red soldier (so the English were called, from their uniform) pay dear for every bullock or tree which he should destroy on the black soldier's property (alluding to the dark colour of the tartan, and perhaps to his own complexion). He then demanded of some of his followers who had served under Montrose, whether they had ever seen the Great Marquis encounter with such unequal numbers. They answered, they could recollect no instance of such temerity. "We will fight, nevertheless," said Evan Dhu, "and if each of us kill a man, which is no mighty matter, I will answer for the event." That his family might not be destroyed in so doubtful an enterprise, he ordered his brother Allan to be bound to a tree, meaning to prevent his interference in the conflict. But Allan prevailed on a little boy, who was left to attend him, to unloose the cords, and was soon as deep in the fight as Evan himself.

The Camerons, concealed by the trees, advanced so close on the enemy as to pour on them an unexpected and destructive shower of shot and arrows, which slew thirty men; and ere they could recover themselves from their surprise, the Highlanders were in the midst of them, laying about them with incredible fury with their ponderous swords and axes.

After a gallant resistance, the mass of the English began to retire towards their vessels, when Evan Dhu commanded a piper and a small party to go betwixt the enemy and their barks, and there sound his pibroch and war-cry, till their clamour made it seem there was another body of Highlanders in ambush to cut off their retreat. The English, driven to fury and despair by this new alarm, turned back, like brave men, upon the first assailants, and, if the working party had possessed military weapons, Lochiel might have had little reason to congratulate himself on the result of this audacious stratagem.

He himself had a personal rencontre, strongly characteristic of the ferocity of the times. The chief was singled out by an English officer of great personal strength, and, as they were separated from the general strife, they fought in single combat for some time. Lochiel was dexterous enough to disarm the Englishman; but his gigantic adversary suddenly closed on him, and in the struggle which ensued both fell to the ground, the officer uppermost. He was in the act of grasping at his sword, which lay near the place where they lay in deadly struggle, and was naturally extending his neck in the same direction, when the Highland chief, making a desperate effort, grasped his enemy by the collar, and snatching with his teeth at the bare and out-stretched throat, he seized it as a wild-cat might have done, and kept his hold so fast as to tear out the windpipe. The officer died in this singular manner. Lochiel was so far from disowning, or being ashamed of this extraordinary mode of defence, that he was afterwards heard to say, it was the sweetest morsel he had ever tasted.

When Lochiel, thus extricated from the most imminent danger, was able to rejoin his men, he found they had not only pursued the English to the beach, but even into the sea, cutting and stabbing whomsoever they could overtake. He himself advanced till he was chin-deep, and observing a man on board one of the armed vessels take aim at him with a musket, he dived his head under the water, escaping so narrowly that the bullet grazed his head. Another marksman was foiled by the affection of the chief's foster-brother, who threw himself betwixt the Englishman and the object of his aim, and was killed by the ball designed for his lord.

Having cut off a second party, who ventured to sally from the fort, and thus, as he thought, sufficiently chastised the garrison of Inverlochy, Lochiel again joined Middleton, but was soon recalled to Lochaber by new acts of devastation. Leaving most of his men with the royalist General, Evan Dhu returned with such speed and secrecy, that he again surprised a strong party when in the act of felling his woods, and assaulting them suddenly, killed on the spot a hundred men, and all the officers, driving the rest up to the very walls of the garrison.

Middleton's army being disbanded, it was long ere Lochiel could bring himself to accept of peace from the hands of the English. He continued to harass them by attacks on detached parties who straggled from the fort,—on the officers who went out into the woods in hunting-parties,—on the engineer officers, who were sent to survey the Highlands, of whom he made a large party prisoners, and confined them in a

desolate island, on a small lake, called Loch Ortuigg. By such exploits he rendered himself so troublesome, that the English were desirous to have peace with him on any moderate terms. Their overtures were at first rejected, Evan Dhu returning for answer, that he would not abjure the King's authority, even though the alternative was to be his living in the condition of an exile and outlaw. But when it was hinted to him that this would not be required, but that he was only desired to live in peace under the existing government, he made his submission to the existing powers with much solemnity.

Lochiel came down at the head of his whole clan in arms, to the garrison of Inverlochy. The English forces being drawn up in a line opposite to them, the Camerons laid down their arms in the name of King Charles, and took them up again in that of the States, without any mention of Cromwell. In consequence of this honourable treaty, the last Scotsman who maintained the cause of Charles Stewart submitted to the authority of the republic.

It is related of this remarkable chieftain, that he slew with his own hand the last wolf that was ever seen in the Highlands of Scotland. Another anecdote is recorded of him by tradition. Being benighted, on some party for the battle or the chase, Evan Dhu laid himself down with his followers to sleep in the snow. As he composed himself to rest, he observed that one of his sons, or nephews, had rolled together a great snowball, on which he deposited his head. Indignant at what he considered as a mark of effeminacy, he started up and kicked the snow-ball from under the sleeper's head, exclaiming,—"Are you become so luxurious that you cannot sleep without a pillow?"

After the accession of James II, Lochiel came to court to obtain pardon for one of his clan, who fired by mistake on a body of Athole men, and killed several. He was received with the most honourable distinction, and his request granted. The King desiring to make him a knight, asked of the chieftain for his own sword, in order to render the ceremony still more peculiar. Lochiel had ridden up from Scotland, being then the only mode of travelling, and a constant rain had so rusted his trusty broadsword, that at the moment no man could have unsheathed it. Lochiel, affronted at the idea which the courtiers might conceive from his not being able to draw his own sword, burst into tears.

"Do not regard it, my faithful friend," said King James, with ready courtesy—"your sword would have left the scabbard of itself, had the Royal cause required it."

With that he bestowed the intended honour with his own sword, which he presented to the new knight as soon as the ceremony was performed.

Sir Evan Dhu supported, for the last time, the cause of the Stewart family in the battle of Killiecrankie. After that civil strife was ended, he grew old in peace, and survived until 1719, aged about ninety, and so much deprived of his strength and faculties, that this once formidable warrior was fed like an infant, and like an infant rocked in a cradle.

CHAPTER XIV.

Administration of Public Justice in Scotland, under Cromwell—Heavy Taxes imposed by him—Church Affairs—Resolutionists and Remonstrators—Trials for Witchcraft.

WE will now take a general glance of Scotland, reduced as the country was to temporary submission under Cromwell, whose power there and elsewhere was founded upon military usurpation only. He built strong citadels at Leith, Ayr, Inverness, and Glasgow. Eighteen garrisons were maintained through the kingdom at large, and a standing army of ten thousand men kept the natives in subjection. Monk, so often mentioned, commanded this army, and was, besides, member of a Council of State, to whom the executive government was committed. Lord Broghill was President of this body, and out of nine members, two only, Swinton and Lockhart, were natives of Scotland.

To regulate the administration of public justice, four English and three Scottish judges were appointed to hear causes, and to make circuits for that purpose. The English judges, it may be supposed, were indifferent lawyers; but they distributed justice with an impartiality to which the Scottish nation had been entirely a stranger, and which ceased to be experienced when the native judges were again restored after the Restoration. The peculiar reetitude of the men employed by Cromwell being pointed out to a learned judge, in the beginning of the next century, his lordship composedly answered, "Devil thank them for their impartiality! a pack of kinless loons—for my part, I can never see a cousin or friend in the wrong."

This shameful partiality in the Scottish courts of justice revived, as just noticed, with the Restoration, when the judges were to be gained, not only by the solicitation of private friends, and by the influence of kinsfolks, but by the interference of persons in power, and the application of downright bribery.

In point of taxation, Oliver Cromwell's Scottish government was intolerably oppressive, since he appears to have screwed out of that miserable country an assessment of £10,000 per month, which, even when gradually diminished to £72,000 yearly, was paid with the utmost difficulty. Some alleviation was indeed introduced by the circulation of the money with which England paid her soldiers and civil establishment, which was at one time calculated at half a million yearly, and was never beneath the moiety of that sum.

With regard to the church, Cromwell prudently foresaw, that the consequence of the preachers would gradually diminish if they were permitted to abuse each other, but prevented from stirring up their congregations to arms. They continued to be rent asunder by the recent discord, which had followed upon the King's death. The majority were Resolutionists, who owned the King's title, and would not be prohibited from praying for him at any risk. The Remonstrants, who had never been able to see any sufficient reason for embracing the cause, or acknowledging the title, of Charles the Second, yielded obedience to the English government, and disowned

all notice of the King in their public devotions. The Independents treated both with contemptuous indifference, and only imposed on them the necessity of observing toleration towards each other.

But though divided into different classes, Presbyterianism continued on the whole predominant. The temper of the Scottish nation seemed altogether indisposed to receive any of the various sects which had proved so prolific in England. The quiet and harmless Quakers were the only sectaries who gained some proselytes of distinction. Independents of other denominations made small progress, owing to the vigilance with which the Presbyterian clergy maintained the unity of the Church. Even Cromwell was compelled to show deference to the prevailing opinions. He named a commission of about thirty ministers from the class of Remonstrators, and declared that without certificates from three or four of these select persons, no minister, though he might be called to a church, should enjoy a stipend. This put the keys of the Church (so far as emolument was concerned) entirely into the hands of the Presbyterians; and it may be presumed, that such of the Commissioners as acted (for many declined the office, thinking the duties of the Ecclesiastical Commission too much resembled Episcopacy) took care to admit no minister whose opinions did not coincide with their own. The sectaries who were concerned in civil affairs, were also thwarted and condemned; and, on the whole, in spite of the victories of the Independents in the field, their doctrines made little progress in Scotland.

During the four years which ensued betwixt the final cessation of the Civil War, by the dispersion of the royalist army, and the Restoration of Monarchy, there occurred no public event worthy of notice. The spirit of the country was depressed and broken. The nobles, who hitherto had yielded but imperfect obedience to their native monarchs, were now compelled to crouch under the rod of an English usurper. Most of them retired to their country-seats, or castles, and lived in obscurity, enjoying such limited dominion over their vassals as the neighbourhood of the English garrisons permitted them to retain. These, of course, prevented all calling of the people to arms, and exercise of the privilege, on the part of the barons, of making open war on each other.

Thus far the subjection of the country was of advantage to the tenantry and lower classes, who enjoyed more peace and tranquillity than had been their lot during the civil wars. But the weight of oppressive taxes, collected by means of a foreign soldiery, and the general sense of degradation, arising from their subjugation to a foreign power, counterbalanced for the time the diminution of feudal oppression.

In the absence of other matter, I may here mention a subject which is interesting, as peculiarly characteristic of the manners of Scotland. I mean the frequent recurrence of prosecutions for witchcraft, which distinguishes this period.

Scripture refers more than once to the existence of witches; and though divines have doubted concerning their nature and character, yet most European nations have retained in their statutes, laws founded upon the text of Exodus, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." The Reformers, although rejecting

the miracles of the Catholic Church, retained with tenacity the belief of the existence of such sorceresses, and zealously enforced the penalties against all unfortunate creatures whom they believed to fall under the description of witches, wizards, or the like. The increase of general information and common sense, has, at a later period, occasioned the annulling of those cruel laws in most countries of Europe. It has been judiciously thought, that, since the Almighty has ceased to manifest his own power by direct and miraculous suspension of the ordinary laws of nature, it is inconsistent to suppose that evil spirits should be left at liberty to form a league with wretched mortals, and impart to them supernatural powers of injuring or tormenting others. And the truth of this reasoning has been proved by the general fact, that where the laws against witchcraft have been abolished, witches are rarely heard of, or thought of, even amongst the lowest vulgar.

But in the seventeenth century, the belief in this imaginary crime was general, and the prosecutions, especially in Scotland, were very frequent. James VI, who often turned the learning he had acquired to a very idle use, was at the trouble to write a treatise against witchcraft, as he composed another against smoking tobacco; and the Presbyterian clergy, however little apt to coincide with that Monarch's sentiments, gave full acceptance to his opinion on the first point of doctrine, and very many persons were put to death as guilty of this imaginary crime.

I must, however, observe, that some of those executed for witchcraft well deserved their fate. Impositors of both sexes were found, who deluded credulous persons, by pretending an intercourse with supernatural powers, and furnished those who consulted them with potions, for the purpose of revenging themselves on their enemies, which were in fact poisonous compounds, sure to prove fatal to those who partook of them. Among many other instances, I may mention that of a lady of high rank, the second wife of a northern earl, who, being desirous of destroying her husband's eldest son by the former marriage, in order that her own son might succeed to the father's title and estate, procured drugs to effect her purpose from a Highland woman, who pretended to be a witch or sorceress. The fatal ingredients were mixed with ale, and set aside by the wicked countess, to be given to her victim on the first fitting opportunity. But Heaven disappointed her purpose, and, at the same time, inflicted on her a dreadful punishment. Her own son, for whose advantage she meditated this horrible crime, returning fatigued and thirsty from hunting, lighted by chance on this fatal cup of liquor, drank it without hesitation, and died in consequence.

The wretched mixer of the poison was tried and executed; but, although no one could be sorry that the agent in such a deed was brought to punishment, it is clear she deserved death, not as a witch, but as one who was an accomplice in murder by poison.

But most of the poor creatures who suffered death for witchcraft were aged persons, women in general, living alone, in a poor and miserable condition, and disposed, from the peevishness of age and infirmity, to rail against or desire evil, in their froward humour,

to neighbours by whom they were abused or slighted. When such had unwittingly given vent to impotent anger in bad wishes or imprecations, if a child fell sick, a horse became lame, a bullock died, or any other misfortune chanced in the family against which the ill-will had been expressed, it subjected the utterer instantly to the charge of witchcraft, and was received by judges and jury as a strong proof of guilt. If, in addition to this, the miserable creature had, by the oddity of her manners, the crossness of her temper, the habit of speaking to herself, or any other signs of the dotage which attends comfortless old age and poverty, attracted the suspicions of her credulous neighbours, she was then said to have been held and reputed a witch, and was rarely permitted to escape the stake.

It was equally fatal for an aged person of the lower ranks, if, as was frequently the case, she conceived herself to possess any peculiar receipt or charm for curing diseases, either by the application of medicines, of which she had acquired the secret, or by repeating words, or using spells and charms, which the superstition of the time supposed to have the power of relieving maladies that were beyond the skill of medical practitioners.

Such a person was held a *white* witch; one, that is, who employed her skill for the benefit, not the harm, of her fellow-creatures. But still she was a sorceress, and, as such, was liable to be brought to the stake. Such a doctress was equally exposed to such a charge, whether her patient died or recovered; and she was, according to circumstances, condemned for using sorcery to cure or to kill. Her allegation that she had received the secret from family tradition, or from any other source, was not admitted as a defence; and she was doomed to death with as little hesitation for having attempted to cure by mysterious and unlawful means, as if she had been charged, as in the instance already given, with having assisted to commit murder.

The following example of such a case is worthy of notice. It rests on tradition, but is very likely to be true. An eminent English judge was travelling the circuit, when an old woman was brought before him for using a spell to cure dimness of sight by hanging a clew of yarn round the neck of the patient. Marvellous things were told by the witnesses, of the cures which this spell had performed on patients far beyond the reach of ordinary medicine. The poor woman made no other defence than by protesting, that if there was any witchcraft in the ball of yarn, she knew nothing of it. It had been given her, she said, thirty years before, by a young Oxford student, for the cure of one of her own family, who having used it with advantage, she had seen no harm in lending it for the relief of others who laboured under similar infirmity, or in accepting a small gratuity for doing so. Her defence was little attended to by the jury; but the judge was much agitated. He asked the woman where she resided when she obtained possession of this valuable relic. She gave the name of a village, in which she had in former times kept a petty alehouse. He then looked at the clew very earnestly, and at length addressed the jury. "Gentlemen," he said, "we are on the point of committing a great injustice to this poor old woman; and, to

prevent it, I must publicly confess a piece of early folly, which does me no honour. At the time this poor creature speaks of, I was at college, leading an idle and careless life, which, had I not been given grace to correct it, must have made it highly improbable that ever I should have attained my present situation. I chanced to remain for a day and night in this woman's alehouse, without having money to discharge my reckoning. Not knowing what to do, and seeing her much occupied with a child who had weak eyes, I had the meanness to pretend that I could write out a spell that would mend her daughter's sight, if she would accept it instead of her bill. The ignorant woman readily agreed; and I scrawled some figures on a piece of parchment, and added two lines of nonsensical doggrel, in ridicule of her credulity, and caused her to make it up in that clew which has so nearly cost her her life. To prove the truth of it, let the yarn be unwound, and you may judge of the efficacy of the spell." The clew was unwound accordingly; and this pithy couplet was found on the enclosed bit of parchment—

The devil scratch out both thine eyes,
And spit into the holes likewise.

It was evident that those who were cured by such a spell, must have been indebted to nature, with some assistance, perhaps, from imagination. But the users of such charms were not always so lucky as to light upon the person who drew them up; and many unfortunate creatures were executed, as the poor ale-wife would have been, had she not lighted upon her former customer in the character of her judge.

Another old woman is said to have cured many cattle of the murrain, by a repetition of a certain verse. The fee which she required, was a loaf of bread and a silver penny; and when she was commanded to reveal the magical verses which wrought such wonders, they were found to be the following jest on the credulity of her customers:—

My loaf in my lap, and my penny in my purse,
Thou art never the better, and I never the worse.

It was not medicine only which witchery was supposed to mingle with; but any remarkable degree of dexterity in an art or craft, whether attained by skill or industry, subjected those who possessed it to similar suspicion. Thus it was a dangerous thing to possess more thriving cows than those of the neighbourhood, though their superiority was attained merely by paying greater attention to feeding and cleaning the animals. It was often an article of suspicion, that a woman had spun considerably more thread than her less industrious neighbours chose to think could be accomplished by ordinary industry; and, to crown these absurdities, a yeoman of the town of Malling, in Kent, was accused before a Justice of Peace as a sorcerer, because he used more frequently than his companions to hit the mark which he aimed at. This dexterity, and some idle story of the archer's amusing himself with letting a fly hum and buzz around him, convinced the judge, that the poor man's skill in his art was owing to the assistance of some imp of Satan. So he punished the marksman severely, to the great encouragement of archery, and as a wise example to all Justices of the Peace.

Other charges, the most ridiculous and improbable, were brought against those suspected of witchcraft. They were supposed to have power, by going through some absurd and impious ceremony, to summon to their presence the Author of Evil, who appeared in some mean or absurd shape, and, in return for their renouncing their redemption, gave them the power of avenging themselves on their enemies; which privilege, with that of injuring and teasing their fellow-creatures, was almost all they gained from their new master. Sometimes, indeed, they obtained from him the power of flying through the air on broom-sticks, when the Foul Fiend gave public parties; and the accounts given of the ceremonies practised on such occasions are equally disgusting and vulgar, totally foreign to any idea we can have of a spiritual nature, and only fit to be invented and believed by the most ignorant and brutal of the human species.

Another of these absurdities was, the belief that the evil spirits would attend if they were invoked with certain profane ceremonies, such as reading the Lord's Prayer backwards, or the like; and would then tell the future fortunes of those who had *raised* them, as it was called, or inform them what was become of articles which had been lost or stolen. Stories are told of such exploits by grave authors, which are to the full as ridiculous, and more so, than any thing that is to be found in fairy tales, invented for the amusement of children. And for all this incredible nonsense, unfortunate creatures were imprisoned, tortured, and finally burnt alive, by the sentence of their judges.

It is strange to find, that the persons accused of this imaginary crime in most cases paved the way for their own condemnation, by confessing and admitting the truth of all the monstrous absurdities which were charged against them by their accusers. This may surprise you; but yet it can be accounted for.

Many of these poor creatures were crazy, and infirm in mind as well as body; and, hearing themselves charged with this monstrous enormity by those whom they accounted wise and learned, became half persuaded of their own guilt, and assented to all the nonsensical questions which were put to them. But this was not all. Very many made these confessions under the influence of torture, which was applied to them with cruel severity. It is true, the ordinary courts of justice in Scotland had not the power of examining criminals under torture, which was reserved for the Privy Council. But this was a slight protection; for witches were seldom tried before the ordinary Criminal Courts, because the lawyers, though they could not deny the existence of a crime for which the law had laid down a punishment, yet showed a degree of incredulity respecting witchcraft, which was supposed frequently to lead to the escape of those accused of this unpopular crime, when in the management of professional persons. To avoid the ordinary jurisdiction of the Justiciary, and other regular criminal jurisdictions, the trial of witchcraft in the provinces was usually brought before commissioners appointed by the Privy Council. These commissioners were commonly country-gentlemen and clergymen, who, from ignorance on the one side,

misdirected learning on the other, and bigotry on both, were as eager in the prosecution as the vulgar could desire. By their commission they had the power of torture, and employed it unscrupulously, usually calling in to their assistance a witch-finder; a fellow, that is, who made money by pretending to have peculiar art and excellence in discovering these offenders, and who sometimes undertook to rid a parish or township of witches at so much a-head, as if they had been foxes, wild-cats, or other vermin. These detestable impostors directed the process of the torture, which frequently consisted in keeping the aged and weary beings from sleeping, and walking them forcibly up and down their prison, whenever they began to close their eyes, and in running needles into their flesh, under pretence of discovering a mark, which the witch-finders affirmed the devil had impressed on their skin, in token that they were his property and subjects. It is no wonder that wretched creatures, driven mad by want of sleep and pain, confessed any thing whatsoever to obtain a moment's relief, though they were afterwards to die for it.

But, besides the craziness of such victims, and the torture to which they were subjected, shame and weariness of life were often a cause of their pleading guilty to accusations in themselves absurd and impossible. You must consider, that the persons accused of witchcraft were almost always held guilty by the public and by their neighbours, and that if the court scrupled to condemn them, it was a common thing for the mob to take the execution into their own hands, and duck the unhappy wretches to death, or otherwise destroy them. The fear of such a fate might determine many of the accused, even though they were in their sound mind, and unconstrained by bodily torture, to plead guilty at once, and rather lose their wretched life by the sentence of the law, than expose themselves to the fury of the multitude. A singular story is told to this effect.

An old woman and her daughter were tried as witches, at Haddington. The principal evidence of the crime was, that though miserably poor, the two had contrived to look "fresh and fair," during the progress of a terrible famine, which reduced even the better classes to straits, and brought all indigent people to the point of starving; and all the while these two women, without either begging or complaining, lived on in their usual way, and never seemed to suffer by the general calamity. The jury were perfectly satisfied that this could not take place by any natural means; and, as the accused persons, on undergoing the discipline of one Kincaid, a witch-finder, readily admitted all that was asked about their intercourse with the devil, the jury, on their confession, brought them in guilty without hesitation.

The King's Advocate for the time (I believe Sir George Mackenzie is named) was sceptical on the subject of witchcraft. He visited the women in private, and urged them to tell the real truth. They continued at first to maintain the story they had given in their confession. But the Advocate, perceiving them to be women of more sense than ordinary, urged upon them the crime of being accessory to their own death, by persisting in accusing themselves of impossibilities, and promised them life and protection, providing they would unfold the true secret which

they used for their subsistence. The poor women looked wistfully on each other, like people that are in perplexity. At length, the mother said, "You are very good, my lord, and I dare say your power is very great, but you cannot be of use to my daughter and me. If you were to set us at liberty from the bar, you could not free us from the suspicion of being witches. As soon as we return to our hut, we will be welcomed by the violence and abuse of all our neighbours, who, if they do not beat our brains out, or drown us on the spot, will retain a hatred and ill-will, which will show itself on every occasion, and make our life so miserable, that we have made up our minds to prefer death at once."

"Do not be afraid of your neighbours," said the Advocate. "If you will trust your secret with me, I will take care of you for the rest of your lives, and send you to an estate of mine in the north, where nobody can know any thing of your history, and where, indeed, the people's ideas are such, that, if they thought you witches, they would rather regard you with fear than hatred."

The women, moved by his promises, told him, that, if he would cause to be removed an old empty trunk which stood in the corner of their hut, and dig the earth where he saw it had been stirred, he would find the secret by means of which they had been supported through the famine; protesting to Heaven, at the same time, that they were totally innocent of any unlawful arts, such as had been imputed to them. Sir George Mackenzie hastened to examine the spot, and found concealed in the earth two firkins of salted snails, one of them nearly empty. On this strange food the poor women had been nourished during the famine. The Advocate was as good as his word; and the story shows how little weight is to be laid on the frequent confessions of the party in cases of witchcraft.

As this story is only traditional, I will mention two others of the same kind, to which I can give a precise date.

The first of these instances regards a woman of rank, much superior to those who were usually accused of this imaginary crime. She was sister of Sir John Henderson of Fordel, and wife to the Laird of Pittardo, in Fife. Notwithstanding her honourable birth, this unfortunate matron was, in the year 1649, imprisoned in the common jail of Edinburgh, from the month of July till the middle of the month of December, when she was found dead, with every symptom of poison. Undoubtedly the infamy of the charge, and the sense that it must destroy her character and disgrace her family, was the cause which instigated her to commit suicide.

The same sentiment which drove this poor lady to her death, was expressed by a female, young and handsome, executed at Paisley in 1697, in the following short answer to some of her friends, who were blaming her for not being sufficiently active in defending herself upon her trial. "They have taken away my character," she said, "and my life is not worth saving."

It was remarkable that the number of supposed witches seemed to increase in proportion to the increase of punishment. On the 22d of May, 1650, the Scottish Parliament named a committee for inquiry

into the depositions of no less than fifty-four witches, with power to grant such commissions as we have already described, to proceed with their trial, condemnation, and execution. Supposing these dreaded sorceresses to exist in such numbers, and to possess the power of injury imputed to them, it was to be expected, as Reginald Scot expresses himself, that "there would neither be butter in the churn, nor cow in the close, nor corn in the field, nor fair weather without, nor health within doors." Indeed the extent to which people indulged their horrors and suspicions, was in itself the proof of their being fanciful. If, in a small province, or even a petty town, there had existed scores of people possessed of supernatural power, the result would be, that the laws of nature would have been liable to constant interruption.

The English judges appointed for Scotland in Cromwell's time, saw the cruelty and the absurdity of witch-trials, and endeavoured to put a stop to them; but the thanks which they received were only reflections on their principles of toleration, the benefit of which, in the opinion of the Scots, was extended, by this lenity, not only to heretics of every denomination, but even to those who worshipped the devil. Some went still further, and accused the Sectaries of admitting intercourse with evil spirits into their devotions. This was particularly reported and believed of the Quakers, the most simple and moral of all dissenters from the church.

Wiser and better views on the subject began to prevail in the end of the seventeenth century, and capital prosecutions for this imaginary crime were seen to decrease. The last instance of execution for witchcraft, took place in the remote province of Sutherland, in 1727, under the direction of an ignorant provincial judge, who was censured for the proceeding. The victim was an old woman in her last dotage, so silly that she was delighted to warm her wrinkled hands at the fire which was to consume her; and while they were preparing for her execution, often said, so good a blaze, and so many neighbours gathered round it, made the most cheerful sight she had seen for many years!

The laws against witchcraft, both in England and Scotland, were abolished; and persons who pretend to fortune-telling, the use of spells, or similar mysterious feats of skill, are now punished as common knaves and impostors. Since this has been the case, no one has ever heard of witches or witchcraft, even among the most ignorant of the vulgar; so that the crime must have been entirely imaginary, since it ceased to exist so soon as men ceased to hunt it out for punishment.

CHAPTER XV.

Cromwell's System of Government—his Death—Richard Cromwell's Accession to the Protectorate, and Retirement from it—Anecdotes of him—General Monk's Advance to London—Dissolution of the Long Parliament—Sir John Grenville's Interview with Monk, and Proposal for the Recall of the Exiled Stewarts—The Restoration—Arrival of Charles II at Dover.

OLIVER CROMWELL, who, in the extraordinary manner I have told you, raised himself to the supreme sovereignty of England, Scotland, and Ireland, was

a man of great talents, and, as has been already said, not naturally of a severe or revengeful disposition. He made the country formidable to foreign powers, and perhaps no government was ever more respected abroad than that of the Lord Protector.

At home he had a very difficult task to perform, in order to maintain his usurped authority. He was obliged repeatedly, as has been successfully done in other countries by usurpers of his own class, to convoke some species of senate or parliament, consisting of his own creatures, who might divide with him the power, in outward appearance, and save him the odium of governing by his sole authority. But such was the spirit of the English nation, that whenever Cromwell convoked a Parliament, though in a great measure consisting of his own partisans, and though the rest were studiously chosen as mean and ignorant persons, the instant that they met they began to inquire into the ground of the Protector's authority, and propose measures which interfered with his assumption of supreme power.

In addition to this, the various factions into which the country was divided, all agreed in hating the usurped power of the Protector, and were all engaged in conspiracies against him, which were conceived and carried on not only by Cavaliers and Presbyterians, but by Republicans, and even by soldiers among his own ranks. Thus hard pressed on every side, he displayed the utmost sagacity in his mode of defending himself. On two or three occasions, indeed, he held what he called High Courts of Justice, by whose doom both Cavaliers and Presbyterians suffered capital punishment, for plots against his government. But it was with reluctance Cromwell resorted to such severe measures. His general policy was to balance parties against each other, and make each of them desirous of the subsistence of his authority, rather than run the risk of seeing it changed for some other than their own. At great expense and by constant assiduity, he maintained spies in the councils of every faction of the state, and often the least suspected, and apparently most vehement, among the hostile parties, were, in private, the mercenary tools of Cromwell.

In the wandering court of Charles II in particular, one of the most noted cavaliers was Sir Richard Willis, who had fought bravely, and suffered much, in the cause both of the late King and of his son. There was no man among the Royalists who attended on Charles's person so much trusted and honoured as this gentleman, who, nevertheless, enjoyed a large pension from Cromwell, and betrayed to him whatever schemes were proposed for the restoration of the exiled monarch. By this and similar intercourse, the Protector had the means of preventing the numerous conspiracies against him from coming to a head, and also of opposing the machinations of one discontented party, by means of the others.

It is believed, however, that with all his art, the Protector would not have been able to maintain his power for many years. A people long accustomed to a free government, were generally incensed at being subjected to the unlimited authority of one man, and the discontent became universal. It seemed that, towards the conclusion of his life, Cromwell

was nearly at the end of his expedients; and it is certain, that his own conduct then displayed an apprehension of danger which he had never before exhibited. He became morose and melancholy, always wore secret armour under his ordinary dress, and shifted his bedchamber repeatedly, to prevent assassination. His health broke down under these gloomy apprehensions; and on the 3d of September, 1658, he died at the age of sixty. His death was accompanied by a general and fearful tempest; and by another circumstance equally striking in those superstitious times, namely, that he died on the day and month in which he had gained his decisive victories at Dunbar and Worcester.

The sceptre, which Oliver had held with so firm a grasp, was transferred to that of his son, Richard Cromwell; while the funeral of the deceased Protector was solemnized at an expense superior far to what England had bestowed on the obsequies of any of her kings. But this apparent transmission of Oliver's authority to his son was only nominal. A Parliament, which Richard assembled that they might vote him supplies, commenced an inquiry into the nature of the new Lord Protector's title; and a council of officers whom he convoked, became refractory, and assumed an authority which he dared not dispute with them. These military despots compelled Richard to dissolve the Parliament, and subsequently obliged him to resign the office of Protector. He descended quietly into humble life, burdened not only by many personal debts, but also by the demands of those who had supplied the exorbitant expenses of his father's funeral, which the State unworthily and meanly suffered to descend upon him.

Richard Cromwell, removed from the dangers and the guilt of power, lived a long and peaceable life, and died in 1712, at the age of eighty-six. Two anecdotes respecting him are worth mentioning. When he was obliged to retire abroad on account of his debts, Richard Cromwell was led, from curiosity, to visit Pesenas, a fine place in Languedoc. The Prince of Conti, a French prince of the blood royal, hearing an English traveller was in the palace, had the curiosity to receive him, that he might learn the latest news from England, which at this time astonished Europe by its frequent changes of government. The French prince spoke of Oliver Cromwell as a wicked man, and a lawless usurper of the government; but then he acknowledged his deep sagacity, high talents and courage in danger, and admired the art and force with which he had subjected three kingdoms to his own individual authority. "He knew how to command," continued the prince, "and deserved to be obeyed. But what has become of the poor poltroon, Richard—the coward, the dastard, who gave up, without a blow or struggle, all that his father had gained? Have you any idea how the man could be such a fool, and mean-spirited caitiff?" Poor Richard, glad to remain unknown where he was so little esteemed, only replied, "that the abdicated Protector had been deceived by those in whom he most trusted, and to whom his father had shown most kindness." He then took leave of the prince, who did not learn till two days afterwards, that he had addressed so unpleasing a discourse to the person whom it principally regarded.

The other anecdote is of a later date, being subsequent to 1705. Some lawsuit of importance required that Richard Cromwell should appear in the King's Bench Court. The judge who presided showed a generous deference to fallen greatness, and to the mutability of human affairs. He received with respect the man who had been once Sovereign of England, caused a chair to be placed for him within the bar, and requested him to be covered. When the counsel on the opposite side began his speech, as if about to allude to Richard's descent from the obnoxious Oliver, the judge checked him with generous independence. "I will hear nothing on that topic, sir," he said; "speak to the merits of the cause before us." After his appearance in court, Richard Cromwell's curiosity carried him to the House of Peers, where he stood below the bar, looking around him, and making observations on the alterations which he saw. A person who heard a decent-looking old man speaking in this way, said to him, civilly, "It is probably a long while, sir, since you have been in this house?"—"Not since I sat in that chair," answered the old gentleman, pointing to the throne, on which he had been, indeed, seated as sovereign, when, more than fifty years before, he received the addresses of both Houses of Parliament, on his succeeding to his father in the supreme power.

To return to public affairs in London, where changes succeeded with as little permanence, as the reflection of faces presented to a mirror; the attempt of the officers of the army to establish a purely military government, was combated by the return to Parliament of those republican members whom Oliver Cromwell had expelled, and whom the common people, by a vulgar but expressive nickname, now called the Rump Parliament. This assembly, so called because it was the sitting part of that which commenced the civil war, were again subjected to military violence, and dissolved by General Lambert, a person who unquestionably designed in his own person to act the part of Oliver Cromwell, though without either the talents or high reputation of the original performer. But a general change had taken place in the sentiments of the nation.

The public had been to a certain degree patient under the government of Oliver, to whom it was impossible to deny all the praise which belongs to firmness and energy; but they saw with disgust these feeble usurpers busied amongst themselves, and push each other from the rudder of the state, without consulting the people at large. Remembering the quiet and peaceful condition of the kingdom before the civil wars, when its kings succeeded by hereditary right to a limited power, and when the popular and monarchical branches of the constitution so judiciously balanced each other, the whole British nation looked back to the period as one of liberty, peace, and lawful order; and comparing this happy state with the recent manner in which every successive faction seized upon power when they could snatch it, and again yielded it up to the grasp of another and stronger party, all men were filled with dissatisfaction.

Upon the whole, the thoughts of all the judicious part of the nation were turned towards the exiled Prince, and there was a general desire to call him back to the exercise of the government, which was

only suppressed by the strong hand of the armed fanatics. It was absolutely necessary that some military force should be on foot, in order to cope with these warlike Saints, as they called themselves, before the general inclination of the kingdom could have room or freedom to express itself.

As it was the disturbances in Scotland which first shook the throne of Charles the First, so it was from the same country that the movement took place which eventually replaced on the throne his son and heir. We have already noticed, that the kingdom of Scotland had been finally subdued by the efforts of General Monk, who afterwards governed it during the protectorate of Cromwell, and in obedience to his authority.

Monk was a man of a grave, reserved, and sagacious character, who had gained general esteem by the manner in which he managed Scottish affairs. He had taken care to model the veteran troops in that kingdom, so as to subject them to his own separate control, and to detach from their command such officers as were either violent enthusiasts, or peculiarly attached to Lambert and his council of officers. Thus having under his immediate command a moveable force of between seven and eight thousand men, besides those necessary to garrison Scotland, Monk eagerly watched the contest of the factions in London, in order to perceive and seize on the fit opportunity for action.

This seemed to arrive, when the army under Lambert again thrust the Rump Parliament out of doors, and commenced a new military government, by means of a committee of officers, called the Council of Safety. Monk then threw aside the mask of indifference which he had long worn, assembled his forces on the Borders, and declared for the freedom of Parliament, and against the military faction by which they had been suppressed. The persuasion was universal throughout Britain, that Monk, by these general expressions, meant something more effectual than merely restoring the authority of the Rump, which had fallen into the common contempt of all men, by the repeated acts of violence to which they had tamely submitted. But General Monk, allowing all parties to suppose what they thought most probable, proceeded to make his preparations for marching with the greatest deliberation, without suffering even a whisper to escape concerning the ultimate objects of the expedition. He assembled the Scottish Convention of Estates, and asked and received from them a supply of six months' pay, for the maintenance of his troops. Their confidence in his intentions was such, that they offered him the support of a Scottish army of twenty-four thousand men; but Monk declined assistance which would have been unpopular in England. He then proceeded in his plan of new-modelling his army, with more boldness than before, dismissing many of the Independent officers, and supplying their places with Presbyterians, and even with secret Royalists.

The news of these proceedings spread through England, and were generally received with joy. Universal resistance was made to the payment of taxes; for the Rump Parliament had, on the eve of its expulsion by Lambert, declared it high treason to levy money without consent of Parliament; and the provinces, where Lambert and his military council had

no power of enforcing their illegal exactions, refused to obey them. The Council of Safety wanted money, therefore, and were in extreme perplexity.

Lambert himself, a brave man and a good officer, saw the necessity of acting with promptitude, and, placing himself at the head of a considerable force of veteran soldiers, marched towards Scotland. His numbers were enhanced by the report of the various spies and agents whom he sent into Monk's army under the guise of envoys. "What will you do?" said one of these persons, addressing a party of Monk's soldiers; "Lambert is coming down against you with such numerous forces, that your army will not be a breakfast for him." "The north must have given Lambert a good appetite," answered one of the veterans, "if he be willing to chew bullets, and feed upon pikes and musket-barrels."

In this tone of defiance the two armies moved against each other. Lambert took up his headquarters at Newcastle. Monk, on the other hand, placed his at Coldstream, on the Tweed, a place which commanded the second best passage over that river, Berwick being already in his hands. Coldstream, now a thriving town, was then so miserable, that Monk could get no supper, even for his own table, but was fain to have recourse to chewing tobacco to appease his hunger. Next day provisions were sent from Berwick, and the camp at Coldstream is still kept in memory in the English army, by the first regiment of Guards, which was one of those that composed Monk's vanguard, being called to this day the Coldstream regiment.

The rival generals at first engaged in a treaty, which Monk, perceiving Lambert's forces to be more numerous than his own, for some time encouraged, aware that want of pay, and of the luxuries to which they were accustomed in London, would soon induce his rival's troops to desert him.

Disaffection and weariness accordingly began to diminish Lambert's forces, when at length they heard news from the capital by which they were totally dispirited. During Lambert's absence, the presidency in the Military Committee, and the command of such of the army as remained to overawe London, devolved on General Fleetwood, a weak man, who really was overcome by the feelings of fanaticism, which others only affected. Incapable of any exertion, this person suffered the troops to be seduced from his interest to that of the Rump Parliament, which thus came again, and for the last time, into power. With these tidings came to Newcastle others of a nature scarce less alarming. The celebrated General Fairfax had taken arms in Yorkshire, and was at the head of considerable forces, both Cavaliers and Presbyterians, who declared for calling a free Parliament, that the national will might be consulted in the most constitutional manner, for once more regaining the blessing of a settled government. The soldiers of Lambert, disconcerted by these events, and receiving no pay, began to break up; and when Lambert himself attempted to lead them back to London, they left him in such numbers, that his army seemed actually to dissolve away, and leave the road to the capital open to Monk and the Scottish forces.

That General moved on accordingly, without opposition, carefully concealing his own intentions, re-

ceiving favourably all the numerous applications which were made to him for calling a new and free Parliament, in order to regenerate the national constitution, but returning no reply which could give the slightest intimation of his ultimate purpose. Monk observed this mystery, in order, perhaps, that he might reserve to himself the power of being guided by circumstances—at all events, knowing well, that if he were to declare in favour of any one party, or set of principles, among the various factious opinions which divided the state, the others would at once unite against him, which they would be loath to attempt, while each as yet entertained hopes that he might turn to their side.

With the eyes of all the nation fixed upon him and his forces, Monk advanced to Barnet, within ten miles of London, and from thence caused the Parliament to understand that they would do well to send from the city the remains of the army of Fleetwood, in case of discord between his troops and those which at present occupied the capital. The Rump Parliament had no alternative but to take the hint, unless they had resolved to try the fate of battle at the head of those insubordinate troops, who had more than once changed sides between Lambert and Fleetwood on one side, and themselves on the other, against the steady veterans of the Scottish wars. The late army of Fleetwood, excepting two regiments commanded by men whom Monk could perfectly trust, were ordered to leave the city, and the Scottish general entered at the head of his troops, who, rough from a toilsome march, and bearing other marks of severe service, made a far more hardy and serviceable, though a less showy appearance, than those who had so long bridled the people of London.

General Monk, and the remnant of the Parliament, met with external civility, but with great distrust on both sides. They propounded to him the oath of abjuration, as it was called, by which he was to renounce and abjure all allegiance to the House of Stewart, and all attempts to restore Charles II. But the General declined taking the oath; too many oaths, he said, had been already imposed on the public, unless they had been better kept. This circumstance seemed to throw light on Monk's intentions, and the citizens of London, now as anxious for the King's Restoration as ever they had been for the expulsion of his father, passed a vote in Common Council, by which they declared they would pay no taxes or contributions to this shadow of a Parliament, until the vacant seats in it should be filled up to the full extent of a genuine House of Commons.

The Rump Parliament had now, they conceived, an opportunity of ascertaining Monk's real purpose, and forcing him to a decisive measure. They laid their express commands on him to march into the city, seize upon the gates, break down the portcullises, destroy the ports, chains, and other means of defending the streets, and take from the contumacious citizens all means of protecting in future the entrance into the capital.

Monk, to the astonishment of most of his own officers, obeyed the commands thus imposed on him. He was probably desirous of ascertaining whether the disposition of his troops would induce them to consider the task as a harsh and unworthy one.

Accordingly, he no sooner heard his soldiers exclaiming at the disgrace of becoming the tools of the vengeance of the Rump members against the City of London, than he seemed to adopt their feelings and passions as his own, and like them complained, and complained aloud, of having been employed in an unjust and unpopular task, for the express purpose of rendering him odious to the citizens.

At this crisis, the rashness of the ruling junto, for it would be absurd to term them a Parliament, gave the General, whom it was their business to propitiate if possible, a new subject of complaint. They encouraged a body of the most fanatical sectaries, headed by a ridiculous personage called Praise-God Barebones, to present a violent petition to the House, demanding that no one should be admitted to any office of public trust, or so much as to teach a school, without his having taken the abjuration oath; and proposing, that any motion made in Parliament for the Restoration of the King should be visited with the pains of high treason.

The tenor of this petition, and the honour and favour which it received when presented, gave Monk the further cause of complaint against the Rump, or Remnant of the Parliament, which perhaps he had been seeking for. He refused to return to Whitehall, where he had formerly lodged, and took up his abode in the city, where he found it easy to excuse his late violence upon their defences, and to atone for it by declaring himself their protector and ally. From his quarters in the heart of London, the General wrote to the Parliament an angry expostulation, charging them with a design to arm the more violent fanatics, and call in the assistance of Fleetwood and Lambert against the Scottish army; and recommending to them, in a tone of authority, forthwith to dissolve themselves, and call a new Parliament, which should be open to all parties. The Parliament, greatly alarmed at this intimation, sent two of their members to communicate with the General; but they could only extract from him, that if writs went instantly forth for the new elections, it would be very well, otherwise, he and they were likely to disagree.

The assurance that General Monk had openly quarrelled with the present rulers, and was disposed to insist for a free and full Parliament, was made public by the printing and dispersing of the General's letter, and the tidings filled the City with most extravagant rejoicings. The rabble rung all the bells, lighted immense bonfires in every street, and danced around them, while they drank healths to the General, the secluded members, and even to the King. But the principal part of their amusement was roasting rumps of poultry, or fragments of butcher-meat cut into that form, in ridicule of their late rulers, whose power they foresaw would cease, whenever a full Parliament should be convened. The revelry lasted the whole night, which was that of 11th February, 1660.

Monk, supported at once by military strength and the consciousness of general popularity, did not wait until the new Parliament should be assembled, or the present dissolved, to take measures for destroying the influence of the junto now sitting at Westminster. He compelled them to open their doors to, and admit to their deliberations and votes, all the secluded

members of their body, who had been expelled from their seats by military violence, since it was first practised on the occasion called Colonel Pride's Purge. These members, returning to Parliament accordingly, made by their numbers such a predominant majority in the House, that the fifty or sixty persons, who had lately been at the head of the Government, were instantly reduced to the insignificance, as a party, from which they had only emerged by dint of the force which had been exercised to exclude the large body who were now restored to their seats.

The first acts of the House thus renovated were to disband the refractory part of the army, to dispossess the disaffected officers, of whom there were very many, and to reduce the country to a state of tranquillity; after which they dissolved themselves, having first issued writs to summon a new Parliament, to meet on the 25th of April. Thus then finally ended the Long Parliament, as it is called, which had sat for nearly twenty years; the most eventful period, perhaps, in British history.

While this important revolution had been on the eve of taking place, Charles the Second's affairs seemed to be at a lower ebb than they had almost ever been before. A general insurrection of the Cavaliers had been defeated by Lambert a few months before, and the severe measures which followed had, for the time, totally suppressed the spirit, and almost crushed the party of the Royalists. It was in vain that Charles had made advances to Monk while in Scotland, both through the General's own brother, and by means of Sir John Grenville, one of his nearest and most valued relatives and friends. If Monk's mind was then made up concerning the part which he designed to perform, he, at least, was determined to keep his purpose secret in his own bosom, and declined, therefore, though civilly, to hear any proposition on the part of the banished family. The accounts which the little exiled court received concerning Monk's advance into England were equally disconsolate. All intercourse with the Cavaliers had been carefully avoided by the cloudy and mysterious soldier, in whose hands Fortune seemed to place the fate of the British kingdoms. The general belief was, that Monk would renew, in his own person, the attempt in which Cromwell had succeeded and Lambert had failed, and again place a military commander at the head of the Government; and it seemed confirmed by his harsh treatment of the City.

While Charles and his attendants were in this state of despondence, they were suddenly astonished by the arrival from England of a partisan, named Baillie, an Irish Royalist, who had travelled with extreme rapidity to bring the exiled Prince the news of Monk's decided breach with the remnant of the Long Parliament, and the temper which had been displayed by the City of London when it became public. They listened to the messenger as they would have done to one speaking in a dream. Overwearyed and fatigued by the journey, and strongly excited by the importance of the intelligence which he brought them, the officer seemed rather like one under the influence of temporary derangement, or intoxication, than the deliberate bearer of great tidings. His character was, however, known as a gentleman of

fidelity and firmness, and they heard with wonder that London was blazing with bonfires, that the universal wish of the people of all sorts, boldly and freely expressed, demanded the restoration of the King to his authority, and that Monk had insisted upon the summoning of a free Parliament, which the junto had no longer the power of opposing. He produced also a copy of Monk's letter to the Parliament, to show that the General had completely broken with that body.

Other messengers soon confirmed the joyful tidings, and Sir John Grenville was dispatched to London in all haste, with full powers to offer the General every thing which could gratify ambition, or love of wealth, on condition of his proving the friend of Charles at this crisis.

This faithful and active Royalist reached the metropolis, and cautiously refusing to open his commission to any one, obtained a private interview with the mysterious and reserved General. He boldly communicated his credentials, and remained unappalled, when Monk, stepping back in surprise, asked him, with some emotion, how he dared become the bearer of such proposals. Sir John replied boldly, that all danger which might be incurred in obedience to his Sovereign's command had become familiar to him from frequent practice, and that the King, from the course which Monk had hitherto pursued, entertained the most confident hope of his loyal service. On this General Monk either laid aside the mask which he had always worn, or formed a determination upon what had hitherto been undecided in his own mind. He accepted of the high offers tendered to him by the young Prince; and, from that moment, if not earlier, made the interest of Charles the principal object of his thoughts. It has been indeed stated, that he had expressed his ultimate purpose of serving Charles before leaving Scotland; but whatever may have been his secret intentions, it seems improbable that he made any one his confidant.

At the meeting of the new Parliament, the House of Peers, which regained under this new aspect of things the privileges which Cromwell had suspended, again assumed their rank as a branch of the legislature. As the Royalists and Presbyterians concurred in the same purpose of restoring the King, and possessed the most triumphant majority, if not the whole votes, in the new House of Commons, the Parliament had only to be informed that Grenville awaited without, bearing letters from King Charles, when he was welcomed into the House with shouts and rejoicings; and the British constitution, by King, Lords, and Commons, after having been suspended for twenty years, was restored at once and by acclamation.

Charles Stewart, instead of being a banished pretender, whose name it was dangerous to pronounce, and whose cause it was death to espouse, became at once a lawful, beloved, almost adored prince, whose absence was mourned by the people, as they might have bemoaned that of the sun itself; and numbers of the great or ambitious hurried to Holland, where Charles now was, some to plead former services, some to excuse ancient delinquencies, some to allege the merit of having staked their lives in the King's

cause, others to enrich the Monarch, by sharing with him the spoils which they had gained by fighting against him.

It has been said by historians, that this precipitate and general haste in restoring Charles to the throne, without any conditions for the future, was throwing away all the advantage which the nation might have derived from the Civil Wars, and that it would have been much better to have re-admitted the King upon a solemn treaty, which should have adjusted the prerogative of the Crown, and the rights of the subject, and settled for ever those great national questions which had been disputed between Charles the First and his Parliament. This sounds all well in theory; but in practice there are many things, and perhaps the Restoration is one of them, which may be executed easily and safely, if the work is commenced and carried through in the enthusiasm of a favourable moment, but are likely enough to miscarry, if protracted beyond that happy conjuncture. The ardour in favour of monarchy, with which the mass of the English nation was at this time agitated, might probably have abated during such a lengthened treaty, providing for all the delicate questions respecting the settlement of the Church and State, and involving necessarily a renewal of all the discussions which had occasioned the Civil War. And supposing that the old discord was not rekindled by raking among its ashes, still it should be remembered that great part of Cromwell's army were not yet dissolved, and that even Monk's troops were not altogether to be confided in. So that the least appearance of disunion, such as the discussions of the proposed treaty were certain to give rise to, might have afforded these warlike enthusiasts a pretext for again assembling together, and reinstating the military despotism, which they were pleased to term the Reign of the Saints.

A circumstance occurred which showed how very pressing this danger was, and how little wisdom there would have been in postponing the restoration of a legal government to the event of a treaty. Lambert, who had been lodged in the Tower as a dangerous person, made his escape from that state prison, fled to Daventry, and began to assemble forces. The activity of Colonel Ingoldsby, who had been, like Lambert, himself an officer under Cromwell, but was now firmly attached to Monk, stifled a spark which might have raised a mighty conflagration. He succeeded in gaining over and dispersing the troops who had assembled under Lambert, and making his former commander prisoner with his own hand, brought him back in safety to his old quarters in the Tower of London. But as the roads were filled with soldiers of the old Cromwellian army, hastening to join Lambert, it was clear that only the immediate suppression of his force, and the capture of his person, prevented the renewal of general hostilities.

In so delicate a state of affairs, it was of importance that the Restoration, being the measure to which all wise men looked as the only radical cure for the distresses and disorders of the kingdom, should be executed hastily, leaving it in future to the mutual prudence of the King and his subjects to avoid the renewal of those points of quarrel which had given rise to the Civil War of 1641; since which

time, both Royalists and Parliamentarians had suffered such extreme misery as was likely to make them very cautious how the one made unjust attempts to extend the power of the Crown, or the other to resist it while within its constitutional limits.

The King landed at Dover on 29th May, 1660, and was received by General Monk, now gratified and honoured with the dukedom of Albemarle, the Order of the Garter, and the command of the army. With the King came his two brothers, James Duke of York, of whom we shall have much to say, and the Duke of Gloucester, who died early. They were received with such extravagant shouts of welcome, that the King said to those around him, "It must surely have been our own fault, that we have been so long absent from a country where every one seems so glad to see us."

CHAPTER XVI.

Character of Charles II—Middleton sent as High Commissioner to Scotland—Measures of the Scottish Parliament for the Introduction of Episcopacy—Trial and Execution of the Marquis of Argyle—Trial of Judge Swinton, and others—Act of Uniformity—The Non-conforming Clergy displaced—The Earl of Lauderdale succeeds to the power of Middleton.

OF Charles the Second, who thus unexpectedly, and as it were by miracle, was replaced on his father's throne, in spite of so many obstacles as within even a week or two of the event seemed to render it incredible, I have not much that is advantageous to tell you. He was a prince of an excellent understanding, of which he made less use than he ought to have done; a graceful address, much ready wit, and no deficiency of courage. Unfortunately, he was very fond of pleasure, and, in his zeal to pursue it, habitually neglected the interests of his kingdom. He was very selfish too, like all whose own gratification is their sole pursuit; and he seems to have cared little what became of friends or enemies, providing he could maintain himself on the throne, get money to supply the expenses of a luxurious and dissolute court, and enjoy a life of easy and dishonourable pleasure. He was good natured in general; but any apprehension of his own safety easily induced him to be severe and even cruel, for his love of self predominated above both his sense of justice and his natural clemency of temper. He was always willing to sacrifice sincerity to convenience, and perhaps the satirical epitaph written upon him at his own request, by his witty favourite, the Earl of Rochester, is not more severe than just—

Here lies our Sovereign Lord, the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.

After this sketch of the King's character, we must return to Scotland, from which we have been absent since Monk's march from Coldstream, to accomplish the Restoration.

This great event was celebrated with the same general and joyful assent in Scotland which had hailed it in the sister country. Indeed the Scots, during the whole war, can hardly be said to have quitted their sentiments of loyalty to the monarchy.

They had fought against Charles I, first to establish Presbytery in their own country, and then to extend it into England; but then even the most rigid of the Presbyterians had united in the resistance to the English, had owned the right of Charles the Second, and asserted it to their severe national loss at the battle of Dunbar. Since that eventful action, the influence of the Church of Scotland over the people at large had been considerably diminished, by disputes among the ministers themselves, as they espoused more rigid or more moderate doctrines, and by the various modes in which it had been Cromwell's policy to injure their respectability, and curb their power. But the Presbyterian interest was still very strong in Scotland. It entirely occupied the western counties, had a large share of influence in the south and midland provinces, and was only inferior in the northern shires, where the Episcopal interest always prevailed.

The Presbyterian church was sufficiently alive to their own interest and that of their body; for they had sent to Monk's army, ere it had reached London, an agent or commissioner to take care of the affairs of the Scottish Church in any revolution which should take place in consequence of the General's expedition.

This agent was James Sharpe, famous for his life, and still more for his deplorable death. At this time he was a man competently learned, bold, active, and ambitious, displaying much zeal for the interest of the Church, and being certainly by no means negligent of his own. This Master James Sharpe quickly found, while at London, that there was little purpose of establishing the Presbyterian religion in Scotland. It is true, that King Charles had, on his former expedition in Scotland, deliberately accepted and sworn to the Solemn League and Covenant, the principal object of which was the establishment of Presbytery of the most rigid kind. It was also true, that the Earl of Lauderdale, who, both from his high talents, and from the long imprisonment which he had sustained ever since the battle of Worcester, had a peculiar title to be consulted on Scottish affairs, strongly advised the King to suffer his northern subjects to retain possession of their darling form of worship; and though he endeavoured to give this advice in the manner most agreeable to the King, ridiculing bitterly the pedantry of the ministers, and the uses made of the Covenant, and in so far gratifying and amusing the King, still he returned to the point, that the Covenant and Presbyterian discipline ought not to be removed from Scotland, while the people continued so partial to them. They should be treated, he thought, like froward children, whom their keepers do not vex by struggling to wrest from them an unfitting plaything, but quietly wait to withdraw it when sleep or satiety makes it indifferent to them.

But the respect due to the King's personal engagement, as well as the opinion thus delivered by this worldly-wise nobleman, were strongly contested by those Cavaliers who professed absolute loyalty and devotion to the King, and affected to form their political opinions on those of Montrose. They laid upon the Presbyterian Church the whole blame of the late rebellion, and contended that the infamous transaction of delivering up Charles the First to England, was

the act of an army guided by Presbyterian counsels. In short, they imputed to the Church of Scotland the whole original guilt of the war; and though it was allowed that they at length joined the royal cause, it was immediately said that their accession only took place when they were afraid of being deprived of their power over men's consciences, by Cromwell and his independent schismatics. The King was then reminded, that he had been received by the Presbyterians less as their Prince than as their passive tool and engine, whom they determined to indulge in nothing save the name of a Sovereign; and that his taking the Covenant had been under a degree of moral restraint, which rendered it as little binding as if imposed by personal violence. Lastly, he was assured that the whole people of Scotland were now so much delighted with his happy restoration, that the moment was highly favourable for any innovation either, in church or state, which might place the crown firmer on his head; that no change could be so important as the substitution of Episcopacy for Presbytery; and that the opportunity, if lost, might never return.

The King himself had personal reasons, though they ought not to have entered into such a discussion, for recollecting with disgust the affronts and rigorous treatment which he had received from the Presbyterian leaders, before the battle of Dunbar had diminished their power. He had then adopted a notion that Presbytery was not a religion "for a gentleman," and he now committed to Lord Middleton, who was to be his High Commissioner and representative in the Scottish Parliament, full powers to act in the matter of altering the national religious establishment to the Episcopal model, as soon as he should think proper.

This determination was signing the doom of Presbytery as far as Charles could do so, for Middleton, though once in the service of the Covenanted Parliament, and as such opposed to Montrose, by whom he was beaten at the Bridge of Dee, had afterwards been Major-General of the Duke of Hamilton's ill-fated army, which was destroyed at Uttoxeter in 1648, and ever since that period had fought bravely, though unsuccessfully, in the cause of Charles, maintaining at the same time the tenets of the most extravagant Royalism. He was a good soldier, but in other respects a man of inferior talents, who had lived the life of an adventurer, and who, in enjoying the height of fortune which he had attained, was determined to indulge without control all his favourite propensities. These were, unhappily, of a coarse and scandalous nature. The Covenanters had assumed an exterior of strict demeanour and precise morality, and the Cavaliers, in order to show themselves their opposites in every respect, gave into the most excessive indulgences in wine and revelry, and conceived that in doing so they showed their loyalty to the King, and their contempt of what they termed the formal hypocrisy of his enemies. Their Parliament, when they met, were generally, many of them, under the influence of wine, and they were more than once obliged to adjourn, because the Royal commissioner was too intoxicated to behave properly in the chair.

While the Parliament were in this jovial humour, they failed not to drive forward the schemes of the

Commissioner Middleton, and of the more violent Royalists, with a zeal which was equally imprudent and impolitic. At once, and by a single sweeping resolution, they annulled and rescinded every statute and ordinance which had been made by those holding the supreme authority in Scotland since the commencement of the civil wars; although in doing so, they set aside many laws useful to the subject, many which had received the personal assent of the Sovereign, and some that were entered into expressly for his defence and the acknowledgment and protection of his right. By a subsequent act, the whole Presbyterian church government was destroyed, and the Episcopal institutions, to which the nation had shown themselves so adverse, were rashly and precipitately established. Mr James Sharpe, who had yielded to the high temptations held out to him, was named Lord Bishop of Saint Andrew's, and Primate of Scotland; and other persons, either ancient members of the Episcopal Church, or new converts to the doctrines which seemed a sure road to preferment, were appointed Prelates, with seats in Parliament, and great influence in the councils of the nation.

It may seem wonderful that such great changes, and in a matter so essential, should have been made without more violent opposition. But the general joy at finding themselves delivered from the domination of England; the withdrawing the troops, and abandoning the citadels by which Cromwell had ruled them, as a foreign conqueror governs a subdued country; and the pleasure of enjoying once more their own Parliament under the authority of their native prince, had a great effect, amid the first tumult of joy, in reconciling the minds of the Scottish people to the change even of the form of religion, when proposed and carried through as the natural consequences (it was pretended) of the restoration of royal power.

The Scottish nobility, and many of the gentry, especially the younger men, had long resented the interference of the Presbyterian preachers, in searching out scandals and improprieties within the bosom of families; and this right, which the clergy claimed and exercised, became more and more intolerable to those who were disposed to adopt the gay and dissolute manners which distinguished the Cavaliers of England, and who regarded with resentment the interference and rebukes with which the Presbyterian clergy claimed the right of checking their career of pleasure.

The populace of the towns were amused with processions, largesses, free distribution of liquor, and such like marks of public rejoicing, by which they are generally attracted. And I cannot help mentioning as remarkable, that upon 23d April, 1661, Jenny Geddes, the very woman who had given the first signal of civil broil, by throwing her stool at the Dean of Edinburgh's head, when he read the service-book on the memorable 23d July, 1637, showed her conversion to loyalty by contributing the materials of her green-stall, her baskets, shelves, forms, and even her own wicker-chair, to augment a bonfire kindled in honour of his Majesty's coronation, and the proceedings of his parliament.

There were many however, in Scotland, who were differently affected by the hasty proceedings

of Middleton and his jovial Parliament, of whose sentiments I will have much to say hereafter.

The greatest evil to be apprehended from the King's return, was the probability that he might be disposed to distinguish the more especial enemies of himself and his father, and perpetuate the memory of former injuries and quarrels, by taking vengeance for them. He had indeed published a promise of indemnity and of oblivion, for all offences during the civil war, against his own or his father's person. But this proclamation bore an exception of such persons as Parliament should point out as especially deserving of punishment. Accordingly, those who had been actively concerned in the death, or, as it may well be termed, the murder of Charles I. were, with one or two others, who had been peculiarly violent during the late times, excepted from pardon; and although but few were actually executed, yet it had been better perhaps to have spared several even of the most obnoxious class. But that is a question belonging to English history. In order that Scotland might enjoy the benefit of similar examples of severity, it was resolved also to bring to trial some of the most active persons there.

Among these, the Marquis of Argyle, whom we have so often mentioned, was by far the most considerable. He had repaired to London on the Restoration, hoping to make interest with the King, but was instantly arrested, and imprisoned in the Tower, and afterwards sent down to Scotland to undergo a trial, according to the laws of that country. There was a strong desire, on the part of the Cavalier party, that Argyle should be put to death, in revenge for the execution of Montrose, to whom you must remember he had been a deadly and persevering enemy. Undoubtedly he had been guilty of much cruelty in suppressing the Royalist party in the Highlands; and had, probably, been privately accessory to Montrose's tragical fate, though he seemed to hold aloof from the councils held on the subject. But then it was greatly too late to call him into judgment for these things. The King, when he came to Scotland after Montrose's execution, had acknowledged all that was done against him as good service, had entered the gate of Edinburgh, over which the features of his faithful general were blackening in the sun, and received, in such circumstances, the attendance and assistance of Argyle, as of a faithful and deserving subject. Nay, besides all this, which in effect implied a pardon for Argyle's past offences, the Marquis was protected by the general Act of Remission, granted by Charles in 1651, for all state offences committed before that period.

Sensible of the weight of this defence, the Crown Council and Judges searched anxiously for some evidence of Argyle's having communicated with the English army subsequently to 1651. The trial was long protracted, and the accused was about to be acquitted for want of testimony to acts of more importance than that compulsory submission which the conquering Englishmen demanded from all, and which no one had the power to refuse. But just when the Marquis was about to be discharged, a knock was heard at the door of the court, and a dispatch just arrived from London was handed to the Lord Advocate. As it was discovered that the name

of the messenger was Campbell, it was concluded that he bore the pardon, or remission, of the Marquis; but the contents were very different, being certain letters which had been written by Argyle to General Monk, when the latter was acting under Cromwell, in which he naturally endeavoured to gain the general's good opinion, by expressing a zeal for the English interest, then headed and managed by his correspondent. Monk, it seems, had not intended to produce these letters, if other matter had occurred to secure Argyle's condemnation, desirous, doubtless, to avoid the ignominy of so treacherous an action; yet he resolved to send them, that they might be produced in evidence, rather than that the accused should be acquitted. This transaction leaves a deep blot on the character of the restorer of the English monarchy.

These letters, so faithlessly brought forward, were received as full evidence of the Marquis's active compliance with the English enemy; and being found guilty, though only of doing that which no man in Scotland dared refuse to do at the time, he received sentence of death by beheading.

As Argyle rose from his knees, on which he had received the sentence, he said, "This reminds me, that I was the first to adorn the head of his Majesty with a crown (meaning at the coronation at Scone), and this is my requital. But may God give him a crown of glory!"

He faced death with a courage which other passages of his life had not prepared men to expect, for he was generally esteemed to be of a timorous disposition. On the scaffold, he told a friend that he felt himself capable of braving death like a Roman, but he preferred submitting to it with the patience of a Christian. The rest of his behaviour made his words good; and thus died the celebrated Marquis of Argyle, so important a person during this melancholy time. He was called by the Highlanders Gillespie Grumach, or the Grim, from an obliquity in his eyes, which gave a sinister expression to his countenance. The Marquis's head replaced on the tower of the tolbooth that of Montrose, his formidable enemy, whose scattered limbs were now assembled, and committed with much pomp to an honourable grave.

John Swinton of Swinton, representative of a family which is repeatedly mentioned in the preceding series of these tales, was destined to share Argyle's fate. He had taken the side of Cromwell very early after the battle of Dunbar, and it was by his counsels, and those of Lockhart of Lee, that the Usurper chiefly managed the affairs of Scotland. He was, therefore, far more deeply engaged in compliances with Cromwell than the Marquis of Argyle, though less obnoxious in other respects. Swinton was a man of acute and penetrating judgment, and great activity of mind; yet, finding himself beset with danger, and sent down to Scotland in the same ship with Argyle, he chose, from conviction, or to screen himself from danger, to turn Quaker. As he was determined that his family should embrace the same faith, his eldest son, when about to rise in the morning, was surprised to see that his laced scarlet coat, his rapier, and other parts of a fashionable young gentleman's dress at the time, were removed, and that a plain suit of grey cloth, with a

slouched hat, without loop or button, was laid down by his bed-side. He could hardly be prevailed on to assume this simple habit.

His father, on the contrary, seemed entirely to have humbled himself to the condition he had assumed; and when he appeared at the bar in the plain attire of his new sect, he declined to use any of the legal pleas afforded by the act of indemnity, or otherwise, but answered according to his new religious principles of non-resistance, that it was true he had been guilty of the crimes charged against him, and many more, but it was when he was in the gall of wickedness and bonds of iniquity; and that now, being called to the light, he acknowledged his past errors, and did not refuse to atone for them with his life. The mode of his delivery was at once so dignified and so modest, and the sight of a person who had enjoyed great power, placed under such altered circumstances, appears to have so much affected the Parliament before whom he stood, that his life was spared, though he was impoverished by forfeiture and confiscation. The people in his own country said, that if Swinton had not *trembled*, he would not have *quaked*; but notwithstanding this pun, his conversion seems to have been perfectly sincere. It is said, that he had a principal share in converting to the opinions of the Friends, the celebrated Robert Barclay, who afterwards so well defended their cause in the "Apology for the people called, in scorn, Quakers." Swinton remained a member of their congregation till his death, and was highly esteemed among them.

The escape of Judge Swinton might be accounted almost miraculous, for those who followed him through the same reign, although persons chiefly of inferior note, experienced no clemency. Johnstone of Wariston, executed for high treason, was indeed a man of rank and a lawyer, who had complied with all the measures of Cromwell and of the following times. But it seemed petty vengeance which selected, as subjects for capital punishment, Mr Guthrie, a clergyman, who had written a book imputing the wrath of Heaven against Scotland, to the sins of Charles I and his house, and a man called Govan, merely because he had been the first to bring to Scotland the news of Charles's death, and had told it in terms of approbation.

An act of oblivion was at length passed; but it contained a fatal clause, that those who might be entitled to plead the benefit of it, should be liable to certain fines, in proportion to their estates. The imposition of those fines was remitted to a committee of Parliament, who secretly accepted large bribes from those who were the most guilty, and inflicted severe penalties on such as were comparatively innocent.

A transaction of a still more daring character, shows the rapacious and reckless character of the commissioner Middleton, in the strongest light.

The Marquis of Argyle, as I have already said, had been executed, and his son succeeded to the title of Earl of Argyle only. He had repaired to London, in order to make some interest at court, and had been persuaded that some of the minions of Lord Clarendon, then at the head of affairs, would, for a thousand pounds, undertake to procure for him that minister's patronage and favour. Argyle upon this wrote a

confidential letter to Lord Duffus, in which he told him, that providing he could raise a thousand pounds, he would be able to obtain the protection of the English minister; that in such case he trusted the present would prove but a *gowk* storm;* and after some other depreciating expressions concerning the prevailing party in the Scottish Parliament, he added, that "then the King would see their tricks."

This letter fell into the hands of Middleton, who determined, that for expressions so innocent and simple, being in fact the natural language of a rival courtier, Argyle should be brought to trial for *leasing-making*; a crime, the essence of which consisted in spreading abroad falsehoods, tending to sow dissension between the King and the people. On this tyrannical law, which had been raked up on purpose, but which never could have been intended to apply to a private letter, Argyle was condemned to lose his head, and forfeit his estate. But the account of such a trial and sentence for a vague expression of ill-humour, struck Charles and his Privy Council with astonishment when it reached England, and the Chancellor, Clarendon, was the first to exclaim in the King's presence, that did he think he lived in a country where such gross oppression could be permitted, he would get out of his Majesty's dominions as fast as the gout would permit him. An order was sent down discharging the execution of Argyle, who was nevertheless detained prisoner until the end of Middleton's government,—a severe penalty for imputing tricks to the royal ministry. He was afterwards restored to his liberty and estates, to become at a later period a victim to similar persecution.

It was by driving on the alteration of Church government in Scotland, that Middleton hoped to regain the place in Charles's favour, and Clarendon's good opinion, which he had lost by his excesses and severity. A general act of uniformity was passed for enforcing the observances of the Episcopal church, and it was followed up by an order of council of the most violent character, framed, it is said, during the heat of a drunken revel at Glasgow. This furious mandate commanded, that all ministers who had not received a presentation from their lay patrons, and spiritual induction into their livings from the prelates, should be removed from them by military force, if necessary. All their parishioners were discharged from attending upon the ministry of such nonconformists, or acknowledging them as clergymen. This was at one stroke displacing all Presbyterian ministers who might scruple at once to turn Episcopalians.

It appeared by this rash action, that Middleton entertained an opinion that the ministers, however attached to Presbyterianism, would submit to the Episcopal model rather than lose their livings, which were the only means most of them had for the support of themselves and families. But to the great astonishment of the commissioners, about three hundred and fifty ministers resigned their churches without hesitation, and determined to submit to the last extremity of poverty, rather than enjoy comfort at the price of renouncing the tenets of their Church. In the north parts of Scotland, in the midland coun-

* A short storm, such as comes in the spring, the season of the cuckoo, which the Scotch call the *Gowk*.

ties, and along the eastern side of the Borders, many or most of the clergy conformed. But the western shires, where Presbytery had been ever most flourishing, were almost entirely deprived of their pastors; and the result was, that a number equal to one-third of the whole parish ministers of Scotland, were at once expelled from their livings, and the people deprived of their instructions.

The congregations of the exiled preachers were strongly affected by this sweeping change, and by the fate of their clergymen. Many of the latter had, by birth or marriage, relations and connexions in the parishes from which they were summarily banished, and they had all been the zealous instructors of the people in religion, and often their advisers in secular matters also. It was not in nature that their congregations should have seen them with indifference suddenly reduced from decent comfort to indigence, and submitting to it with patience, rather than sacrifice their conscientious scruples to their interest. Accordingly, they showed, in almost every case, the deepest sympathy with their distresses.

The cause also for which the clergy suffered, was not indifferent to the laity. It is true, the consequences of the Solemn League and Covenant had been so fatal, that at the time of the Restoration none but a few high-flying and rigid Presbyterians would have desired the re-establishment of that celebrated engagement. It depended only on the temper and moderation of the court, to have reduced what was once the idol of all true Presbyterians, to the insignificance of an old almanack, as it had been termed by the Independents. But there was great difference between suffering the Covenant to fall into neglect, as containing doctrines too highly pitched and readily susceptible of misrepresentation, and in complying with the government by ridiculing as absurd, and renouncing as odious, a document which had been once so much respected.

The Parliament, however, commanded the Solemn League and Covenant to be burnt at the Cross of Edinburgh, and elsewhere, with every mark of dishonour; while figures, dressed up to resemble Western Whigamores, as they were called, were also committed to the flames, to represent a burning of Presbyterianism in effigy. But as those who witnessed these proceedings could not but recollect, at the same time, that upon its first being formed, the same Covenant had been solemnly sworn to by almost all Scotland, with weeping eyes, and uplifted hands, and had been solemnly taken by the King himself, and a very large proportion of the nobility, including the present ministers—it was natural they should feel involuntary respect for that which once appeared so sacred to themselves, or to their fathers, and feel the unnecessary insults directed against it as a species of sacrilege.

The oaths, also, which imposed on every person in public office the duty of renouncing the Covenant, as an unlawful engagement, was distressing to the consciences of many, particularly of the lower class; and, in general, the efforts made to render the Covenant odious and contemptible, rather revived its decaying interest with the Scottish public.

There was yet another aggravation of the evils consequent on the expulsion of the Presbyterian

clergy. So many pulpits became vacant at once, that the prelates had no means of filling them up with suitable persons, whose talents and influence might have supplied the place of the exiled preachers. Numbers of half-educated youths were hastily sent for from the northern districts, in order that they might become *curates*, which was the term used in the Scottish Episcopal Church for a parish priest, although commonly applied in England to signify a clergyman hired to discharge the duty of another. From the unavoidable haste in filling the vacancies in the Church, these raw students, so hastily called into the spiritual vineyard, had, according to the historians of the period, as little morality as learning, and still less devotion than either. A northern country gentleman is said to have cursed the scruples of the Presbyterian clergy, because, he said, ever since they threw up their livings, it was impossible to find a boy to herd cows—they had all gone away to be curates in the west.

The natural consequences of all these adverse circumstances were, that the Presbyterian congregations withdrew themselves in numbers from the parish churches, treated the curates with neglect and disrespect, and, seeking out their ancient preachers in the obscurity to which they had retired, begged and received from them the religious instruction which the deprived clergymen still thought it their duty to impart to those who needed and desired it, in despite of the additional severities imposed by the government upon their doing so.

The Church Courts, or Commission Courts, as they were termed, took upon them to find a remedy for the defection occasioned by the scruples of the people. Nine prelates, and thirty-five commissioners from the laity, of whom a bishop, with four assistants, made a quorum, were intrusted with the power of enforcing the acts for the preservation of the Episcopal Church. These oppressive ecclesiastical courts were held wherever there was a complaint of nonconformity; and they employed all the rigours of long imprisonment, heavy fines, and corporal punishment, upon those who either abandoned the worship of their own parish-church, or went to hear the doctrine of the Presbyterian clergy, whose private meetings for worship were termed *Conventicles*.

These Conventicles were at first held in private houses, barns, or other buildings, as was the case in England, where (though in a much more moderate degree) the general conformity of the church was also enforced. But as such meetings, especially if numerous attended, were liable to be discovered and intruded upon by peace-officers and soldiers, who dispersed them rudely, sometimes plundering the men of their purses, and the women of their cloaks and plaids, the Scottish Presbyterians had recourse to an expedient of safety, suggested by the wild character of their country, and held these forbidden meetings in the open air, remote alike from observation and interruption, in wild, solitary, and mountainous places, where it was neither easy to find them, nor safe to disturb them, unless the force which assailed them was considerable.

On the other hand, the Privy Council doubled their exertions to suppress, or rather to destroy, the whole body of nonconformists. But the attention of the

English ministers had been attracted by the violence of their proceedings. Middleton began to fall into disfavour with Charles, and was sent as governor to Tangier, in a kind of honourable banishment, where he lost the life which he had exposed to so many dangers in battle, by a fall down a staircase.

Lauderdale, who succeeded to his power, had much more talent. He was ungainly in his personal appearance, being a big man, with shaggy red hair, coarse features, and a tongue which seemed too large for his mouth. But he possessed a great portion of sense, learning, and wit. He was originally zealous for the Covenant, and his enemies at court had pressed forward the oaths by which it was to be renounced with the more eagerness, that they hoped Lauderdale would scruple to take them; but he only laughed at the idea of their supposing themselves capable of forming any oath which could obstruct the progress of his rise.

Being now in power, he distinctly perceived that the violent courses adopted were more likely to ruin Scotland, than to establish Episcopacy. But he also knew that he could not retain the power he had obtained, unless by keeping on terms with Sharpe, the Primate of Scotland, and the other bishops, at whose instigation these wild measures were adopted and carried on; and it is quite consistent with Lauderdale's selfish and crafty character, to suppose that he even urged them on to farther excesses, in order that, when the consequences had ruined their reputation, he might succeed to the whole of that power, of which, at present, the prelates had a large share. The severities against dissenters, therefore, were continued; and the ruinous fines which were imposed on nonconformists, were raised by quartering soldiers upon the delinquents, who were entitled to have lodging, meat, and drink, in their houses, and forage for their horses, without any payment, till the fine was discharged. These men, who knew they were placed for the purpose of a punishment in the families where they were quartered, took care to be so insolent and rapacious, that if selling the last article he had of any value could raise money, to rid him of these unwelcome guests, the unfortunate landlord was glad to part with them at whatever loss.

The principal agents in this species of crusade against Calvinism, were the soldiers of the King's horse-guards, a body raised since the Restoration, upon the plan of the French household troops, the privates of which were accounted gentlemen, being frequently the younger sons of men of some pretension to family; cavaliers by profession, accustomed to practise the debauchery common among the dissolute youth of the period, and likely, from habit and inclination, to be a complete pest and torment to any decent house in which they might be quartered. Other regiments of horse, upon the ordinary establishment, were raised for the same purpose.

The west of Scotland, and in particular Dumfriesshire, Ayrshire, and Galloway, were peculiarly harassed, as being more refractory and obstinate than any others; for which purpose Sir James Turner was sent thither with a considerable party of Troops, and full commission from the Privy Council, to impose and levy fines, and inflict all the other penalties, for enforcing general conformity. Sir James was a sol-

dier of fortune, who had served under David Lesley, and afterwards in the army of Engagers, under the Duke of Hamilton. He was a man of some literature, having written a treatise on the Art of War, and some other works, besides his own Memoirs. Nevertheless, he appears, by the account he gives of himself in his Memoirs, to have been an unscrupulous plunderer, and other authorities describe him as a fierce and dissolute character. In such hands the powers assigned by the commission were not likely to slumber, although Sir James assures his readers that he never extorted above one half of the fine imposed. But a number of co-operating circumstances had rendered the exercise of such a commission less safe than it had hitherto been.

CHAPTER XVII.

Conventicles—The Pentland Rising—Battle of Rullion Green—The Indulgence granted—withdrawn—The Outlawed Covenanters—Armed Conventicles—Superstition of the Covenanters—Persecution of them—Adventure of Captain Creighton.

WHEN the custom of holding field conventicles was adopted, it had the effect of raising the minds of those who frequented them to a higher and more exalted pitch of enthusiasm. The aged and more timid could hardly engage on distant expeditions into the wild mountains and the moors, and the greater part of those who attended divine worship on such occasions, were robust of body, and bold of spirit, or at least men whose imperfections of strength and courage were more than supplied by religious zeal. The view of the rocks and hills around them, while a sight so unusual gave solemnity to their acts of devotion, encouraged them in the natural thought of defending themselves against oppression, amidst the fortresses of nature's own construction, to which they had repaired to worship the God of nature, according to the mode their education dictated and their conscience acknowledged. The recollection, that in these fastnesses their fathers had often found a safe retreat from foreign invaders, must have encouraged their natural confidence, and it was confirmed by the success with which a stand was sometimes made against small bodies of troops, who were occasionally repulsed by the sturdy Whigs whom they attempted to disperse. In most cases of this kind they behaved with moderation, inflicting no further penalty upon such prisoners as might fall into their hands, than detaining them to enjoy the benefit of a long sermon. Fanaticism added marvels to encourage this new-born spirit of resistance. They conceived themselves to be under the immediate protection of the Power whom they worshipped, and in their heated state of mind expected even miraculous interposition. At a conventicle held on one of the Lomond hills in Fife, it was reported and believed that an angelic form appeared in the air, hovering above the assembled congregation, with his foot advanced, as if in the act of keeping watch for their safety.

On the whole, the idea of repelling force by force, and defending themselves against the attacks of the soldiers, and others who assaulted them, when employed in divine worship, began to become more general among the harassed nonconformists. For this purpose many of the congregation assembled in arms,

and I received the following description of such a scene from a lady whose mother had repeatedly been present on such occasions.

The meeting was held on the Eildon Hills, in the bosom betwixt two of the three conical tops which form the crest of the mountain. Trusty sentinels were placed on advanced posts all around, so as to command a view of the country below, and give the earliest notice of the approach of any unfriendly party. The clergyman occupied an elevated temporary pulpit, with his back to the wind. There were few or no males of any quality or distinction, for such persons could not escape detection, and were liable to ruin from the consequences. But many women of good condition, and holding the rank of ladies, ventured to attend the forbidden meeting, and were allowed to sit in front of the assembly. Their side-saddles were placed on the ground to serve for seats, and their horses were *tethered*, or picquetted, as it is called, in the rear of the congregation. Before the females, and in the interval which divided them from the tent, or temporary pulpit, the arms of the men present, pikes, swords, and muskets, were regularly piled in such order as is used by soldiers, so that each man might in an instant assume his own weapons. When scenes of such a kind were repeatedly to be seen in different parts of the country, and while the Government relaxed none of that rigour which had thrown the nation into such a state, it was clear that a civil war could not be far distant.

It was in the autumn of 1666 that the severities of Sir James Turner, already alluded to, seem to have driven the Presbyterians of the west into a species of despair, which broke out into insurrection. Some accounts say, the peasants having used force to deliver an aged man, whom a party of soldiers were forcing to prison, in order to compel payment of a church fine, they reflected upon the penalties they had incurred by such an exploit, and resolved to continue in arms, and to set the Government at defiance. Another account affirms, that the poor people were encouraged to take up arms by an unknown person, calling himself Captain Gray, and pretending to have orders to call them out from superior persons, whom he did not name. By what means soever they were first raised, they soon assembled a number of peasants, and marched to Dumfries with such rapidity, that they surprised Sir James Turner in his lodgings, and seized on his papers and his money. Captain Gray took possession of the money, and left the party, never to rejoin them; having, it is probable, discharged his task, when he had hurried these poor ignorant men into such a dangerous mutiny. Whether he was employed by some hot-headed Presbyterian, who thought the time favourable for an insurrection against the Prelates, or whether by Government themselves, desirous of encouraging an insurrection which, when put down, might afford a crop of fines and forfeitures, cannot be known.

The country gentlemen stood on their guard, and none of them joined the insurgents; but a few of the most violent of the Presbyterian ministers engaged with them. Two officers of low rank were chosen to command so great an undertaking; their names were Wallace and Learmont. They held council together,

whether they should put Sir James Turner to death or not; but he represented that, severe as they might think he had been, he had been much less so than his commission and instructions required and authorised; and as, upon examining his papers, he was found to have spoken the truth, his life was spared, and he was carried with them as a prisoner or hostage. Being an experienced soldier, he wondered to see the accurate obedience of these poor peasants, the excellent order in which they marched, and their attention to the duties of out-posts and sentinels. But, probably, no peasant of Europe is sooner able to adapt himself to military discipline than the Scotsman, who is usually prudent enough to consider, that it is only mutual co-operation and compliance with orders which can make numbers effectual.

When at their greatest strength, which was assembled upon their reaching Lanark, after two or three days' wandering, the insurgents might amount to three thousand men. They issued at that place a declaration, which bore that they acknowledged the King's authority, and that the arms which they had assumed were only to be used in self-defence. But as, at the same time, they renewed the Covenant, of which the principal object was not to obtain for Presbytery a mere toleration, but a triumphant superiority, they would probably, as is usual in such cases, have extended or restricted their objects as success or disaster attended their enterprise.

Meantime, General Dalziel, commonly called Tom Dalziel, a remarkable personage of those times, had marched from Edinburgh at the head of a small body of regular forces, summoning all the lieges to join him, on pain of being accounted traitors. Dalziel had been bred in the Russian wars, after having served under Montrose. He was an enthusiastic Royalist, and would never shave his beard after the King's death. His dress was otherwise so different from what was then the mode, that Charles the Second used to accuse him of a plan to draw crowds of children together, that they might squeeze each other to death while they gazed on his singular countenance and attire. He was a man of a fierce and passionate temper, as appears from his once striking a prisoner on the face, with the hilt of his dagger, till the blood sprung,—an unmanly action, though he was provoked by the language of the man, who called the General "a Muscovian beast, who used to roast men."

This ferocious commander was advancing from Glasgow to Lanark, when he suddenly learned that the insurgents had given him the slip, and were in full march towards the capital. The poor men had been deceived into a belief that West Lothian was ready to rise in their favour, and that they had a large party of friends in the metropolis itself. Under these false hopes, they approached as far as Collington, within four miles of Edinburgh. Here they learned that the city was fortified, and cannon placed before the gates; that the College of Justice, which can always furnish a large body of serviceable men, was under arms, and, as their informer expressed it, every advocate in his bandoliers. They learned at the same time, that their own depressed party within the town had not the least opportunity or purpose of rising.

Discouraged with these news, and with the defection of many of their army, Learmont and Wallace drew back their diminished forces to the eastern shoulder of the Pentland Hills, and encamped on an eminence called Rullion Green. They had reposed themselves for some hours, when, towards evening, they observed a body of horse coming through the mountains, by a pass leading from the west. At first the Covenanters entertained the flattering dream that it was the expected reinforcement from West Lothian. But the standards and kettle-drums made it soon evident that it was the vanguard of Dalziel's troops, which, having kept the opposite skirts of the Pentland ridge till they passed the village of Currie, had there learned the situation of the insurgents, and moved in quest of them by a road through the hills.

Dalziel instantly led his men to the assault. The insurgents behaved with courage. They twice repulsed the attack of the Royalists. But it was renewed by a large force of cavalry on the insurgents' right wing, which bore down and scattered a handful of wearied horse who were there posted, and broke the ranks of the infantry. The slaughter in the field and in the chase was very small, not exceeding fifty men, and only a hundred and thirty were made prisoners. The King's cavalry, being composed chiefly of gentlemen, pitied their unfortunate countrymen, and made little slaughter; but many were slain by the country-people in the neighbourhood, who were unfriendly to their cause.

About twenty of the prisoners were executed as rebels, many of them being put to the torture. This was practised in various ways—sometimes by squeezing the fingers with screws called thumbikins, sometimes by the *boot*, a species of punishment peculiar to Scotland. It consisted in placing the leg of the patient in a very strong wooden case, called a Boot, and driving down wedges between his knee and the frame, by which the limb was often crushed and broken.

But though these horrid cruelties could tear the flesh and crush the bones of the unfortunate sufferers, it could not abate their courage. Triumphant in the cause for which they died, they were seen at the place of execution contending which should be the first victim, while he who obtained the sad preference actually shouted for joy. Most of the sufferers, though very ignorant, expressed themselves with such energy on the subject of the principles for which they died, as had a strong effect on the multitude. But a youth, named Hugh M'Kail, comely in person, well educated, and of an enthusiastic character, acted the part of a martyr in its fullest extent. He had taken but a small share in the insurrection, but was chiefly obnoxious for a sermon, in which he had said, that the people of God had been persecuted by a Pharaoh or an Ahab on the throne, a Haman in the state, and a Judas in the church; words which were neither forgotten nor forgiven. He was subjected to extreme torture, in order to wring from him some information concerning the causes and purposes of the rising; but his leg was crushed most cruelly in the boot, without extracting from him a sigh or sound of impatience. Being then condemned to death, he spoke of his future state with a rapturous confidence,

and took leave of the numerous spectators in the words of a dying saint, careless of the present, and confident in his hopes of immortality.

"I shall speak no more with earthly creatures," he said, "but shall enjoy the aspect of the ineffable Creator himself.—Farewell, father, mother, and friends—farewell, sun, moon, and stars—farewell, perishable earthly delights—and welcome, glory—welcome, eternal life—and welcome, death!" There was not a dry eye among the spectators of his execution; and it began to be perceived by the authors of these severities, that the last words and firm conduct of this dying man made an impression on the populace, the very reverse of what they desired. After this, they resorted to the cruel expedient which had been practised when the Royalist followers of Montrose were executed, and caused trumpets to be sounded, and drums beaten, to drown the last words of the dying men.

The vengeance taken for the Pentland rising was not confined to these executions in the capital. The shires of Galloway, Ayr, and Dumfries, were subjected to military severities, and all who had the slightest connexion with the rebellion were rigorously harassed. A party of Ayrshire gentlemen had gathered together for the purpose of joining the insurgents, but had been prevented from doing so. They fled from the consequences of their rashness, yet they were not only arraigned, and doom of forfeiture passed against them in their absence, but, contrary to all legal usage, the sentence was put in execution without their being heard in their defence; and their estates were conferred upon General Dalziel, and General Drummond, or retained by the officers of state to enrich themselves.

But the period was now attained which Lauderdale aimed at. The violence of the government in Scotland at length attracted the notice of the English court; and when inquired into, was found much too gross to be tolerated. The Primate Sharpe was ordered to withdraw from administration; Lauderdale, with Tweeddale, Sir Robert Murray, and the Earl of Kincardine, were placed at the head of affairs, and it was determined, by affording some relief to the oppressed Presbyterians, to try at least the experiment of lenity towards them.

Such of the ejected clergy as had not given any particular offence, were permitted to preach in vacant parishes, and even received some encouragement from government. This was termed the Indulgence. Had some such measure of toleration been adopted when Presbytery was first demolished, it might have been the means of preventing the frequency of conventicles; but, when resorted to in despair, as it were, of subduing them by violence, the mass of discontented Presbyterians regarded accession to the measure as a dishonourable accommodation with a government by whom they had been oppressed. It is true, the gentry, and those who at once preferred Presbytery, and were unwilling to suffer in their worldly estate by that preference, embraced this opportunity to hear their favourite doctrines without risk of fine and imprisonment. The Indulged clergy were also men, for the most part, of wisdom and learning, who, being unable to vindicate the freedom and sovereignty of their church, were contented to

preach to and instruct their congregations, and discharge their duty as clergymen, if not to the utmost, at least as far as the evil times permitted.

But this modified degree of zeal by no means gratified the more ardent and rigid Covenanters, by whom the stooping to act under the Indulgence was accounted a compromise with the Malignants—a lukewarm and unacceptable species of worship, resembling salt which had lost its savour. Many, therefore, held the Indulged clergy as a species of king's curates; and rather than listen to their doctrines, which they might have heard in safety, followed into the wilderness those bold and daring preachers, whose voices thundered forth defiance against the mighty of the earth. The Indulged were accused of meanly adopting Erastian opinions, and acknowledging the dependence and subjection of the Church to the civil magistrate,—a doctrine totally alien from the character of the Presbyterian religion. The elevated wish of following the religion of their choice, in defiance of danger and fear, and their animosity against a government by whom they had been persecuted, induced the more zealous Presbyterians to prefer a conventicle to their parish-church; and one in which the hearers attended in arms to defend themselves, to a more peaceful meeting, composed of such as only proposed, if surprised, to save themselves by submission or flight. Hence these conventicles became frequent, at which the hearers attended with weapons. The romantic and dangerous character of this species of worship recommended it to such as were constitutionally bold and high-spirited; and there were others, who, from the idle spirit belonging to youth, liked better to ramble through the country as the lifeguard to some outlawed preacher, than to spend the six days of the week in ordinary labour, and attend their own parish-church on the seventh, to listen to the lukewarm doctrine of an Indulged minister.

From all these reasons, the number of armed conventicles increased; and Lauderdale, incensed at the failure of his experiment, increased his severity against them, while the Indulgence was withdrawn, as a measure inadequate to the intended purpose, though, perhaps, it chiefly failed for want of perseverance on the part of the government.

As if Satan himself had suggested means of oppression, Lauderdale raked up out of oblivion the old and barbarous laws which had been adopted in the fiercest times, and directed them against the nonconformists, especially those who attended the field conventicles. One of those laws inflicted the highest penalties upon persons who were intercommuned, as it was called—that is, outlawed by legal sentence. The nearest relations were prohibited from assisting each other, the wife the husband, the brother the brother, and the parent the son, if the sufferers had been intercommuned. The government of this cruel time applied these ancient and barbarous laws to the outlawed Presbyterians of the period, and thus drove them altogether from human society. In danger, want, and necessity, the inhabitants of the wilderness, and expelled from civil intercourse, it is no wonder that we find many of these wanderers avowing principles and doctrines hostile to the government which oppressed them, and carrying their resistance beyond the bounds of mere defence. There were instances,

though less numerous than might have been expected, of their attacking the houses of the curates, or of others by whose information they had been accused of nonconformity; and several deaths ensued in those enterprises, as well as in skirmishes with the military.

Superstitious notions also, the natural consequences of an uncertain, melancholy, and solitary life among the desolate glens and mountains, mingled with the intense enthusiasm of this persecuted sect. Their occasional successes over their oppressors, and their frequent escapes from the pursuit of the soldiery, when the marksmen missed their aim, or when a sudden mist concealed the fugitives, were imputed, not to the operation of those natural causes by means of which the Deity is pleased to govern the world, and which are the engines of his power, but to the direct interposition of a miraculous agency, overruling and suspending the laws of nature, as in the period of Scriptural history.

Many of the preachers, led away by the strength of their devotional enthusiasm, conceived themselves to be the vehicles of prophecy, and poured out tremendous denunciations of future wars, and miseries more dreadful than those which they themselves sustained; and, as they imagined themselves to be occasionally under the miraculous protection of the heavenly powers, so they often thought themselves in a peculiar manner exposed to the envy and persecution of the spirits of darkness, who lamed their horses when they were pursued, betrayed their footsteps to the enemy, or terrified them by ghastly apparitions in the dreary caverns and recesses where they were compelled to hide themselves.

But especially the scattered Covenanters believed firmly, that their chief persecutors received from the Evil Spirit a proof against lead bullets—a charm, that is, to prevent their being pierced or wounded by them. There were abundance of the persecutors supposed to be gifted with this necromantic privilege. In the battle of Rullion Green, on Pentland Hills, many of the Presbyterians were willing to believe that the balls were seen hopping like hailstones from Tom Dalziel's buff-coat and boots. Silver bullets were not neutralized by the same spell; but that metal being scarce amongst the persecuted Covenanters, the circumstance did not afford them much relief.

I have heard of an English officer, however, who fell by baser metal. He was attacking a small house which was defended by some of the wanderers. They were firing on both sides, when one of the defenders, in scarcity of ammunition, loaded his piece with the iron ball which formed the top of the fire-tongs, and taking aim at the officer with that charge, mortally wounded him whom lead had been unable to injure. It is also said that the dying man asked to know the name of the place where he fell; and being told it was Caldens, or Caldons, he exclaimed against the Evil Spirit, who, he said, had told him he was to be slain among the Chaldeans, but, as it now appeared, had deceived him, by cutting him off when his death was totally unexpected.

To John Graham of Claverhouse, a Scottish officer of high rank, who began to distinguish himself as a severe executer of the orders of the Privy Council against nonconformists, the Evil Spirit was supposed

to have been still more liberal than to Dalziel, or to the Englishman who died at Caldons. He not only obtained proof against lead, but the devil is said to have presented him with a black horse, which had not a single white hair upon its body. This horse, it was said, had been cut out of the belly of its dam, instead of being born in the usual manner. On this animal, Claverhouse was supposed to perform the most unwonted feats of agility, flying almost like a bird along the sides of precipitous hills, and through pathless morasses, where an ordinary horse must have been smothered or dashed to pieces. It is even yet believed, that, mounted on this horse, Claverhouse (or Clavers, as he is popularly called) once turned a hare on the mountain named the Brandlaw, at the head of Moffatdale, where no other horse could have kept its feet. But these exertions were usually made whilst he was in pursuit of the wanderers, which was considered as Satan's own peculiarly pleasing work.

These superstitious notions were the natural consequences of the dreary and precarious existence to which these poor fugitives were condemned, and which induced them to view as miraculous whatever was extraordinary. The persons supposed to be proof against bullets, were only desperate and bold men, who had the luck to escape the dangers to which they fearlessly exposed themselves; and the equestrian exploits of Claverhouse, when stripped of exaggeration, were merely such as may be executed by any excellent horseman, and first-rate horse, to the amazement of those who are not accustomed to witness feats of the kind.

The peculiar character and prejudices of the Covenanters are easily accounted for. Yet when it is considered that so many Scottish subjects were involved in the snares of these cruel laws, and liable to be prosecuted under them (the number is said to have reached eighteen or twenty thousand persons), it may seem wonderful, that the government could find a party in the kingdom to approve of and help forward measures as impolitic as they were cruel. But, besides the great command which the very worst government must always possess over those who look for advancement and employment under it, these things, it must be considered, took place shortly after the Royalists, the prevalent party at that time, had been themselves subjected to proscription, exile, judicial executions, and general massacre. The fate of Montrose and his followers, the massacres of Dunnavertie and Philip-haugh, above all, the murder of King Charles, had taken place during the predominance of the Presbyterians in Scotland, and were imputed, however unjustly, to their religious principles, which were believed by the Cavaliers to be inconsistent with law, loyalty, and good order. Under such mistaken sentiments, many of the late Royalist party lent their arms eagerly to suppress the adherents of a sect, to the pre-eminence of which they traced the general misery of the civil wars, and their own peculiar misfortunes.

Thus we find the Lady Methven of the day (a daughter of the house of Marischal, and wife of Patrick Smythe, of Methven), interrupting a conventicle in person. A large meeting of this kind had assembled on the grounds of her husband, then absent

in London, when the lady approached them at the head of about sixty followers and allies, she herself leading them on with a light horseman's carabine ready cocked over her arm, and a drawn sword in the other hand. The congregation sent a party of a hundred armed men to demand her purpose, and the Amazonian lady protested, if they did not leave her husband's estate, it should be a bloody day. They replied, that they were determined to preach whether she would or not; but her unshaken determination overcame their enthusiasm, and at length compelled them to retreat. After this affair, she wrote to her husband that she was providing arms, and even two pieces of cannon, hearing that the Whigs had sworn to be revenged for the insult she had put on them. "If the fanatics," she concludes, "chance to kill me, comfort yourself it shall not be for nought. I was once wounded for our gracious King, and now, in the strength of Heaven, I will hazard my person with the men I can command, before these rebels rest where you have power." No doubt, Lady Methven acted against these "vagueing gypsies," as she terms them, with as much honesty and sincerity of purpose, as they themselves entertained in resisting her.

But the principal agents of government, in the persecution of these oppressed people, were the soldiery, to whom, contrary to the rule in all civilized countries, unless in actual warfare, power was given to arrest, examine, detain, and imprison such persons as they should find in the wildernesses, which they daily ransacked to discover delinquents, whose persons might afford plunder, or their purses pay fines. One of these booted apostles, as the Presbyterians called the dragoons, Captain Creichton by name, has left his Memoirs, in which he rather exults in, than regrets, the scenes of rapine and violence he had witnessed, and the plunder which he collected. The following is one of his stories.

Being then a life-guardsmen, and quartered at Bathgate, he went out one Sunday on the moors with his comrade Grant, to try if they could discover any of the wanderers. They were disguised like countrymen, in grey coats and bonnets. After eight or ten miles' walking, they descried three men on the top of a hill, whom they judged to be placed there as sentinels. They were armed with long poles. Taking precautions to come suddenly upon this outpost, Creichton snatched one of the men's poles from him, and asking what he meant by carrying such pole on the Lord's day, immediately knocked him down. Grant secured another—the third fled to give the alarm, but Creichton overtook and surprised him also, though armed with a pistol at his belt. They were then guided onward to the conventicle by the voice of the preacher, Master John King (afterwards executed), which was so powerful, that Creichton professes he heard him distinctly at a quarter of a mile's distance, the wind favouring his force of lungs.

The meeting was very numerously attended; nevertheless the two troopers had the temerity to approach, and commanded them, in the King's name, to disperse. Immediately forty of the congregation arose in defence, and advanced upon the troopers, when Creichton, observing a handsome horse, with a lady's pil-

lion on it, grazing near him, seized it, and leaping on its back, spurred though the morasses, allowing the animal to chuse its own way. Grant, though on foot, kept up with his comrade for about a mile, and the whole conventicle followed in full hue and cry, in order to recover the palfrey, which belonged to a lady of distinction. When Grant was exhausted, Creichton gave him the horse in turn, and being both armed with sword and pistols, they forced their way through such of the conventiclers as attempted to intercept them, and gained the house of a gentleman, whom Creichton calls Laird of Poddishaw. Here they met another gentleman of fortune, the Laird of Polkemmet, who, greatly to his disturbance, recognised, in the horse which the troopers had brought off, his own lady's nag, on which, without his knowledge, she had used the freedom to ride to the conventicle. He was now in the mercy of the life-guardsmen, being liable to a heavy fine for his wife's delinquency, besides the forfeiture of the pony. In this dilemma, Mr Baillie of Polkemmet invited the life-guardsmen to dine with him next day, and offered them the horse with its furniture, as a lawful prize. But Creichton, perceiving that the lady was weeping, very gallantly gave up his claim to the horse, on condition she would promise never to attend a conventicle again. The military gentlemen were no losers by this liberality, for as the lady mentioned the names of some wealthy persons who were present at the unlawful meeting, her husband gave them to understand that they must make up a purse of hush-money, for the benefit of Creichton and his comrade, who lived plentifully for a twelvemonth afterwards on the sum thus obtained.

This story, though it shows the power intrusted to the soldiers, to beat and plunder the persons assembled for religious worship, is rather of a comic than serious cast. But far different were the ordinary rencounters which took place between the Covenanters and the military. About forty or fifty years ago, melancholy tales of the strange escapes, hard encounters, and cruel exactions of this period, were the usual subject of conversation at every cottage fireside; and the peasants, while they showed the caverns and dens of the earth in which the wanderers concealed themselves, recounted how many of them died in resisting with arms in their hands, how many others were executed by judicial forms, and how many were shot to death without even the least pretence of a trial. The country people retained a strong sense of the injustice with which their ancestors had been treated, which showed itself in a singular prejudice. They expressed great dislike of that beautiful bird the Green-plover, in Scottish, called the Pease-weep. The reason alleged was, that these birds being, by some instinct, led to attend to and watch any human beings whom they see in their native wilds, the soldiers were often guided in pursuit of the wanderers, when they might otherwise have escaped observation, by the plover being observed to hover over a particular spot. For this reason, the shepherds often destroyed the nests of the bird when they met with them.

A still sadder memorial of those calamitous days was the number of headstones and other simple monuments which, after the Revolution, were erected

over the graves of the persons thus destroyed, and which usually bore, along with some lines of rude poetry, an account of the manner in which they had been slain.

These mortal resting-places of the victims of persecution were held so sacred, that about forty years since an aged man dedicated his life to travel through Scotland, for the purpose of repairing and clearing the tombs of the sufferers. He always rode upon a white pony, and from that circumstance, and the peculiarity of his appearance and occupation, acquired the nickname of Old Mortality. In later days, the events of our own time have been of such an engrossing character, that this species of traditional history is much forgotten, and moss and weeds are generally suffered to conceal the monuments of the martyrs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Descent of the Highland Host—Writs of Lawburrows on behalf of the King taken out against the Gentlemen of the West—Trial and Execution of Mitchell, for assassinating Honyman, Bishop of the Orkneys—Murder of Archbishop Sharpe—the Nonconformists take up Arms in the West—Defeat of Claverhouse at Drumclog—The Duke of Monmouth sent to Scotland to suppress the Insurrection—Battle of Bothwell Bridge.

WE have said before, that Lauderdale, now the chief Minister for Scotland, had not originally approved of the violent measures taken with the nonconformists, and had even recommended a more lenient mode of proceeding, by granting a toleration, or Indulgence, as it was called, for the free exercise of the Presbyterian religion. But being too impatient to wait the issue of his own experiment, and fearful of being represented as lukewarm in the King's service, he at length imitated and even exceeded Middleton, in his extreme severities against the nonconformists.

The Duke of Lauderdale, for to that rank he was raised when the government was chiefly intrusted to him, married Lady Dysart, a woman of considerable talent, but of inordinate ambition, boundless expense, and the most unscrupulous rapacity. Her influence over her husband was extreme, and, unhappily, was of a kind which encouraged him in his greatest errors. In order to supply her extravagance, he had recourse to the public fines for nonconformity, church penalties, and so forth, prosecutions for which, with the other violent proceedings we have noticed, were pushed on to such an extremity as to induce a general opinion, that Lauderdale really meant to drive the people of Scotland to a rebellion, in order that he himself might profit by the confiscations which must follow on its being subdued.

The Scottish nobility and gentry were too wise to be caught in this snare; but although they expressed the utmost loyalty to the King, yet many, with the Duke of Hamilton, the premier Peer of Scotland, at their head, remonstrated against courses which, while they beggared the tenantry, impoverished the gentry and ruined their estates. By way of answer to their expostulations, the western landholders were required to enter into bonds, under the same penalties which were incurred by those who were actual delinquents, that neither they nor their families, nor their vassals, tenants or other persons residing on

their property, should withdraw from church, attend conventicles, or relieve intercommuned persons. The gentry refused to execute these bonds. They admitted that conventicles were become very frequent, and expressed their willingness to assist the officers of the law in suppressing them; but, as they could exercise no forcible control over their tenants and servants, they declined to render themselves responsible for their conformity. Finally, they recommended a general indulgence, as the only measure which promised the restoration of tranquillity.

Both parties, at that unhappy period (1678), were in the habit of imputing their enemies' measures to the suggestions of Satan; but that adopted by Lauderdale, upon the western gentlemen's refusing the bond, had really some appearance of being the absolute dictate of an evil spirit. He determined to treat the whole west country as if in a state of actual revolt. He caused not only a body of the guards and militia, with field-artillery, to march into the devoted districts, but invited, for the same purpose, from the Highland mountains, the clans by which they were inhabited. These wild mountaineers descended under their different chiefs, speaking an unknown language, and displaying to the inhabitants of the low countries their strange attire, obsolete arms, and singular manners. The clans were surprised in their turn. They had come out expecting to fight, when, to their astonishment, they found an innocent, peaceful, and unresisting country, in which they were to enjoy free quarters, and full license for plunder. It may be supposed, that such an invitation to men, to whom marauding habits were natural, offered opportunities not to be lost, and accordingly the western counties long had occasion to lament the inroad of the Highland Host. A committee of the Privy Council, most of whom were themselves chiefs of clans, or commanders in the army, attended to secure the submission of the gentry, and enforce the bonds. But the noblemen and gentry continuing obstinate in their refusal to come under obligations which they had no means of fulfilling, the Privy Council issued orders to disarm the whole inhabitants of the country, taking even the gentlemen's swords, riding-horses, and furniture; and proceeding with such extreme rigour, that the Earl of Cassilis, among others, prayed they would either afford him the protection of soldiers, or return him some of his arms to defend his household, since otherwise he must be subject to the insolence and outrages of the most paltry of the rabble.

To supply the place of the bonds, which were subscribed by few or none, this unhappy Privy Council fell upon a plan, by a new decree, of a nature equally oppressive. There was, and is, a writ in Scotland, called lawburrows, by which a man, who is afraid of violence from his neighbour, upon making oath to the circumstances affording ground for such apprehension, may have the party bound over to keep the peace, under security. Of this useful law, a most oppressive application was now made. The King was made to apply for a lawburrows through a certain district of his dominions, against all the gentlemen who had refused to sign the bond; and thus an attempt was made to extort security from every man so situated, as one of whom the King had a natural right to entertain well-founded apprehensions!

VOL. VII.

These extraordinary provisions of law seem to have driven, not the Presbyterians alone, but the whole country of the west, into absolute despair.

No supplication or remonstrance had the least effect on the impenetrable Lauderdale. When he was told that the oppression of the Highlanders and of the soldiery would totally interrupt the produce of agriculture, he replied, it were better that the west bore nothing but windle-straws and sandy-laverocks,* than that it should bear rebels to the King. In their despair, the suffering parties determined to lay their complaints against the Minister before the King in person. With this purpose, not less than fourteen peers, and fifteen gentlemen, of whom many were threatened with writs of lawburrows, repaired to London, to lay their complaints at the foot of the throne. This journey was taken in spite of an arbitrary order, by which the Scottish nobility had been discharged, in the King's name, either to approach the King's person, or to leave their own kingdom; as if it had been the purpose to chain them to the stake, like baited bears, without the power of applying for redress, or escaping from the general misery.

Lauderdale had so much interest at court, as to support himself against this accusation, by representing to the King that it was his object to maintain a large army in Scotland, to afford assistance when his Majesty should see it time to extend his authority in England. He retained his place, therefore, and the supplicants were sent from court in disgrace. But their mission had produced some beneficial effects, for the measures concerning the lawburrows and the enforced bonds were withdrawn, and orders given for withdrawing the Highlanders from the west countries, and disbanding the militia.

When the Highlanders went back to their hills, which was in February, 1678, they appeared as if returning from the sack of some besieged town. They carried with them plate, merchant-goods, webs of linen and of cloth, quantities of wearing apparel, and household furniture, and a good number of horses to bear their plunder. It is, however, remarkable, and to the credit of this people, that they are not charged with any cruelty during three months' residence at free-quarters, although they were greedy of spoil, and rapacious in extorting money. Indeed, it seems probable, that, after all, the wild Highlanders had proved gentler than was expected, or wished, by those who employed them.

An event now occurred, one of the most remarkable of the time, which had a great effect upon public affairs, and the general feeling of the nation. This was the death of James Sharpe, Archbishop of St Andrew's, and Primate of Scotland. This person, you must remember, having been the agent of the Presbyterians at the time of the Restoration, had, as was generally thought, betrayed his constituents; at least he had certainly changed his principles, and accepted the highest office in the new Episcopal establishment. It may be well supposed that a person so much hated as he was, from his desertion of the old cause, and violence in the new, was the object of general hostility, and that amongst a sect so enthusiastic as the nonconformists, some one should

* Dog's grass and sea-larks.

be found to exercise judgment upon him—in other words, to take his life.

The avenger, who conceived himself called to this task, was one Mitchell, a fanatical preacher, of moderate talents and a heated imagination. He fired a pistol, loaded with three bullets, into the coach of the Archbishop, and missing the object of his aim, broke the arm of Honyman, Bishop of the Orkneys, who sat with Sharpe in the carriage, of which wound he never entirely recovered, though he lingered for some years. The assassin escaped during the confusion. This was in 1668, and in 1674 the Archbishop again observed a man who seemed to watch him, and whose face was imprinted upon his mind. The alarm was given, and Mitchell was seized. Being closely examined by the Lords of the Privy Council, he at first absolutely denied the act charged against him. But to the Chancellor he confessed in private—having first received a solemn promise that his life should be safe—that he had fired the shot which wounded the Bishop of Orkney. After this compromise, the assassin's trial was put off from time to time, from the determined desire to take the life which had been promised to him. In order to find matter against Mitchell, he was examined concerning his accession to the insurrection of Pentland; and as he refused to confess any thing which should make against himself, he was appointed to undergo the torture of the boot.

He behaved with great courage when the frightful apparatus was produced, and not knowing, as he said, that he could escape such torture with life, declared that he forgave from his heart those at whose command it was to be inflicted, the men appointed to be the agents of their cruelty, and those who satiated their malevolence by looking on as spectators. When the executioner demanded which leg should be inclosed in the dreadful boot, the prisoner, with the same confidence, stretched out his right leg, saying, "Take the best; I willingly bestow it in this cause." He endured nine blows of the mallet with the utmost firmness, each more severely crushing the limb. At the ninth blow he fainted, and was remanded to prison. After this he was sent to the Bass, a desolate isle, or rather rock, in the Frith of Forth, where was a strong castle, then occupied as a state prison.

Upon the 7th January, 1678, ten years after the deed was committed, and four years after he was made prisoner, Mitchell was finally brought to his trial; and while his own confession was produced against him as evidence, he was not allowed to plead the promise of life upon which he had been induced to make the fatal avowal. It is shameful to be obliged to add, that the Duke of Lauderdale would not permit the records of the Privy Council to be produced, and that some of the Privy Councillors swore, that no assurance of life had been granted, although it is now to be seen on the record. The unfortunate man was therefore condemned. Lauderdale, it is said, would have saved his life; but the Archbishop demanding his execution as necessary to guard the lives of Privy Councillors from such attempts in future, the Duke gave up the cause with a profane and brutal jest, and the man was executed, with more disgrace to his judges than to himself, the consideration of his guilt

being lost in the infamous manœuvres used in bringing him to punishment.

I have already said, that in the commencement of Lauderdale's administration, Archbishop Sharpe was removed from public affairs. But this did not last long, as the Duke found that he could not maintain his interest at court without the support of the Episcopal party. The Primate's violence of disposition was supposed to have greatly influenced the whole of Lauderdale's latter government. But in Fife, where he had his archiepiscopal residence, it was most severely felt; and as the nonconformists of that county were fierce and enthusiastic in proportion to the extremity of persecution which they underwent, there was soon found a band among them who sent abroad an anonymous placard, threatening that any person who might be accessory to the troubles inflicted upon the Whigs in that county, should be suitably punished by a party strong enough to set resistance at defiance.

The chief person among these desperate men was David Hackston of Rathillet, a gentleman of family and fortune. He had been a loose liver in his youth, but latterly had adopted strong and enthusiastic views of religion, which led him into the extreme opinions entertained by the fiercest of the Whig party. John Balfour of Kinloch, called Burley, the brother-in-law of Hackston, is described, by a covenanting author, as a little man of stern aspect, and squint-eyed; none of the most religious, but very willing to engage in any battles or quarrels which his comrades found it necessary to sustain. He was at this time in danger from the law, on account of a late affray, in which he had severely wounded one of the life-guards. It is alleged that both these persons had private enmity at Archbishop Sharpe. Balfour had been his factor in the management of some property, and had failed to give account of the money he had received, and Hackston, being bail for his brother-in-law, was thrown into jail till the debt was made good. The remainder of the band were either small proprietors of land, or portioners, as they are called in Scotland, or mechanics, such as weavers and the like.

These enthusiasts, to the number of nine, were out, and in arms, upon 3d May, 1679, with the purpose of assaulting (in the terms of their proclamation) one Carmichael, who acted as a commissioner for receiving the fines of the nonconformists. This person had indeed been in the fields hunting that morning, but chancing to hear that there was such a party looking out for him, he left his sport and went home.

When Rathillet and his friends were about to disperse, in sullen disappointment, the wife of a farmer at Baldinny sent a lad to tell them, that the Archbishop's coach was upon the road returning from Ceres towards St Andrew's. The conspirators were in that mood when our own wishes and thoughts, strongly fostered and cherished, are apt to seem to us like inspiration from above. Balfour, or Burley, affirmed he had felt a preternatural impulse forcing him to return to Fife, when it was his purpose to have gone to the Highlands, and that going to prayers, he had been confirmed by the Scripture text, "Go, have not I sent thee?" Russell, another of the party, also affirmed he had been long impressed with the idea

that some great enemy to the church was to be cut off, and spoke of some text about Nero, which assuredly does not exist in Scripture.

They all agreed, in short, that the opportunity offered was the work of Heaven; that they should not draw back, but go on; and that, instead of the inferior agent, for whom they had been seeking in vain, it was their duty to cut off the prime source of the persecution, whom Heaven had delivered into their hands. This being determined upon, the band chose Hackston for their leader; but he declined the office, alleging, that the known quarrel betwixt him and the Archbishop would mar the glory of the action, and cause it to be imputed to private revenge. But he added, with nice distinction, that he would remain with them, and would not interfere to prevent what they felt themselves called upon to do. Balfour then said, "Gentlemen, follow me."

They then set off at speed in pursuit of the carriage, which was driving along a desolate heath, about three or four miles from St Andrew's called Magus-Moor. Fleming and Russell, two of the assassins, rode into a farm-yard, and demanded of the tenant, If that equipage on the road before them were the Archbishop's coach? Guessing their purpose, he was too much frightened to answer; but one of the female servants came out and assured them, with much appearance of joy, that they were on the right scent. The whole party then threw away their cloaks, and pursued as fast as they could gallop, firing their carabines on the carriage, and crying out, "Judas, be taken!" The coachman drove rapidly, on seeing they were pursued by armed men; but a heavy coach in a rugged road could not outstrip horsemen. The servants who attended the carriage offered some resistance, but were dismounted and disarmed by the pursuers. Having come up with the carriage, they stopped it by cutting the traces, and wounding the postilion; and then fired a volley of balls into the coach, where the Archbishop was seated with his daughter. This proving ineffectual, they commanded the Prelate to come forth, and prepare for death, judgment, and eternity. The old man came out of the coach, and creeping on his knees towards Hackston, said, "I know you are a gentleman—you will protect me?"

"I will never lay a hand upon you," said Hackston, turning away from the suppliant. One man of the party, touched with some compassion, said, "Spare his grey hairs." But the rest of the assassins were unmoved. One or two pistols were discharged at the prostrate Archbishop without effect; when, conceiving, according to their superstitious notion, that their victim was possessed of a charm against gun-shot, they drew their swords, and killed him with many wounds, dashing even his skull to pieces, and scooping out his brains. The lady, who made vain attempts to throw herself between her father and the swords of the assassins, received one or two wounds in the scuffle. They rifled the coach of such arms and papers as it contained. They found some trinkets, which they conceived were magical; and also, as they pretended, a bee in a box, which they concluded was a familiar spirit.

Such was the progress and termination of a violent and wicked deed, committed by blinded and desperate men. It brought much scandal on the Presbyterians,

though unjustly; for the moderate persons of that persuasion, comprehending the most numerous, and by far the most respectable of the body, disowned so cruel an action, although they might be at the same time of opinion, that the Archbishop, who had been the cause of many men's violent death, merited some such conclusion to his own. He had some virtues, being learned, temperate, and living a life becoming his station; but his illiberal and intolerant principles, and the violences which he committed to enforce them, were the occasion of great distress to Scotland, and of his own premature and bloody end.

The Scottish government, which the Archbishop's death had alarmed and irritated in the highest degree, used the utmost exertions to apprehend his murderers; and failing that, to disperse and subdue, by an extremity of violence greater than what had been hitherto employed, every assembly of armed Covenanters. All attendance upon field-conventicles was declared treason; new troops were raised, and the strictest orders sent to the commanding officers to act against nonconformists with the utmost rigour. On the other hand, the intercommuned persons, now grown desperate, assembled in more numerous and better armed parties, and many of them showed a general purpose of defying and rebelling against the King's authority, which the moderate party continued to acknowledge, as being that of the supreme Civil Magistrate. These circumstances soon led to a crisis.

Several of the murderers of the Archbishop of Saint Andrew's found their way, through great dangers, to the west of Scotland; and their own interest, doubtless, induced them to use such influence as they had acquired by their late action, to bring matters to extremity.

Hackston, Balfour, and others, seem to have held council with Donald Cargill, one of the most noted of the preachers at conventicles, and particularly with Robert Hamilton, brother to the Laird of Prestonfield; in consequence of which they appeared at the head of eighty horse, in the little burgh of Rutherglen, upon the 29th of May, appointed to be held as a holiday, on account of the Restoration of Charles II. They quenched the bonfires, which had been kindled on account of this solemnity, and drawing up in order at the market-cross, after prayer, and singing part of a psalm, they formally entered their protest, or testimony, as they called it, against the acts abolishing Presbytery, and establishing Episcopacy, together with the other defections of the time, all of which they renounced and disclaimed. After this bravado, they affixed a copy of their testimony on the cross, closed their meeting with prayer, and then evacuated the town at their leisure, the individuals retiring to their own houses, and Hamilton harbouring the Fife gentlemen, that is, those, who had killed the Archbishop.

We have already mentioned John Graham of Claverhouse as a superior officer, who had been singularly active against the nonconformists. He was now lying in garrison at Glasgow, and, on the 1st of June, drew out his own troop of dragoons, with such other cavalry as he could hastily add to it, and set off in quest of the insurgents, who had offered such a public affront to government.

At Hamilton, he made prisoner John King, a preacher, and with him seventeen countrymen, who were attending on his ministry; and hearing of a larger assembly of insurgents who were at Loudonhill, a short distance off, he pushed forward to that place. Here Claverhouse was opposed by a large body in point of numbers, but very indifferently armed, though there were about fifty horse, tolerably appointed, as many infantry with guns, and a number of men armed with scythes, forks, pikes, and halberds. The immediate spot on which the parties met was called Drumclog. It is a boggy piece of ground, unfit for the acting of cavalry, and a broad drain, or ditch, seems also to have given the insurgents considerable advantage. A short but warm engagement ensued, during which Balfour, and William Cleland, to be afterwards mentioned, crossed the ditch boldly, and outflanking the dragoons, compelled them to fly. About thirty of the defeated party were slain, or died of their wounds. An officer of the name of Graham, a kinsman of Claverhouse, was among the slain. His body, mistaken, it is reported, for that of his namesake, was pitifully mangled. Claverhouse's own horse was laid open by the blow of a scythe, and was scarcely able to bear him off the field of battle. As he passed the place where he had left his prisoners, King, the preacher, when he beheld his captor in this pitiful plight, hollo'd out to him to stay and take the afternoon sermon. Some royalist prisoners were taken, to whom quarter was given, and they were dismissed. This clemency on the part of his soldiers greatly disgusted Mr Hamilton, who now assumed the command of the insurgents. To show a good example, he killed one of the defenceless captives with his own hand, lenity being, according to his exaggerated ideas, the setting free the brats of Babel, after they had been delivered into their hands, that they might dash them to the stones. The insurgents only lost five or six men; one of whom had assisted at the murder of the Archbishop.

After having gained this victory, the insurgents resolved to keep the field, and take such future fortune as Heaven should send them. They marched to Hamilton after the action, and the next day, strongly reinforced by the numbers which joined them on all sides, they proceeded to attack the town of Glasgow.

The city was defended by Lord Ross and Claverhouse, with a small but regular force. The insurgents penetrated into the town from two points, one column advancing up the Gallowgate, the other entering by the College and the Wynd Head. But Claverhouse, who commanded the King's troops, had formed a barricade about the Cross, Town-house, and Tolbooth, so that the Whigs, in marching to the attack, were received with a fire which they could not sustain, from an enemy who lay sheltered and in safety. But although they were beaten for the present, the numbers of the insurgents began so much to increase, that Ross and Claverhouse judged it necessary to evacuate Glasgow, and march eastward, leaving all the west of Scotland at the mercy of the rebels, whose numbers speedily amounted to five or six thousand men. There were among them, however, very few gentlemen, or persons of influence, whose presence might have prevented them from

falling into the state of disunion to which, owing to the following circumstances, they were speedily reduced.

The discord was now at its height between the more moderate Presbyterians, who were willing to own the King's government, under the condition of obtaining freedom of conscience; and the more hot-headed and furious partisans, who would entertain no friendship or fellowship with those who owned and supported prelacy, and who held the acknowledging the government, or the listening to the preachers who ministered by their indulgence or connivance, as a foul compromising to the cause of Presbytery, and professed it their object to accomplish a complete revolution in Church and State, and render the kirk as triumphant as it had been in 1640.

The preachers likewise differed amongst themselves. Mr John Welsh, much famed for his zeal for Presbytery, did, nevertheless, together with Mr David Hume, head the Moderate, or, as it was called by their opponents, the Erastian party; whilst Donald Cargill, Thomas Douglas, and John King, espoused, with all ardour, the more extravagant purposes, which nothing short of a miracle could have enabled them to accomplish. These champions of the two parties preached against each other from the pulpit, harangued and voted on different sides in councils of war, and had not the sense to agree, or even to adjourn their disputes, when they heard that the forces of both England and Scotland were collecting to march against their undisciplined army, ill-provided as it was with arms, and at variance concerning the causes which had brought them to the field.

While the insurgents were thus quarrelling among themselves, and incapable of taking any care of their common cause, the Privy Council ordered out the militia, and summoned to arms the vassals of the Crown; many of whom, being inclined to Presbytery, came forth with no small reluctance. The Highland chiefs, who lay near the scene of action, were also ordered to attend the King's host with their followers.

But when the news of the insurrection reached London, Charles II, employing for a season his own good judgment, which he too often yielded to the management of others, seems to have formed an idea of conciliating the rebels, as well as of subduing them. For this purpose, he sent to Scotland, as commander-in-chief, his natural son, James, Duke of Monmouth, at the head of a large body of the royal guards. This young nobleman was the King's favourite, both from the extreme beauty of his person, and the amiableness of his disposition. Charles had taken care of his fortune, by uniting him with the heiress of the great family of Buccleuch, whose large estates are still enjoyed by their descendants. Wealthy, popular, and his father's favourite, the Duke of Monmouth had been encouraged to oppose his own court influence to that of the King's brother, the Duke of York; and as the latter had declared himself a Roman Catholic, so Monmouth, to mark the distinction betwixt them, was supposed to be favourable to Presbyterians, as well as dissenters of any sect, and was popularly called the Protestant Duke. It was naturally supposed that, having such inclinations, he was intrusted with some powers favourable to the insurgents.

These unfortunate persons having spent a great deal of time in debating on church polemics, and employed no part of it in disciplining their army, or supplying them with provisions, were still lying in the vicinity of the town of Hamilton, while numbers, despairing of their success, were every day deserting them. On the 21st of June, they were alarmed by the intelligence, that the Duke of Monmouth was advancing at the head of a well-disciplined army. This did not recall them to their senses; they held a council, indeed, but it was only to engage in a furious debate, which lasted until Rathillet told them his sword was drawn, as well against those who accepted the Indulgence, as against the curates, and withdrew from the council after this defiance, followed by those who professed his principles.

The moderate party thus left to themselves, drew up a Supplication to the Duke of Monmouth, and after describing their intolerable grievances, declared that they were willing to submit all controversies to a free Parliament, and a free assembly of the Church.

The Duke, in reply, expressed compassion for their condition, and a wish to alleviate it by his intercession with the King, but declared, they must in the interim lay down their arms. When they received this message, the insurgent troops were in the greatest disorder, the violent party having chosen this unfortunate moment for cashiering the officers whom they had formerly chosen, and nominating others who had no taint of Erastianism or Malignity, in other words, no disposition to acknowledge any allegiance to the King, or submission to the civil power. While they were thus employed, the troops of Monmouth appeared in sight.

The insurgents were well posted for defence. They had in front the Clyde, a deep river, not easily fordable, and only to be crossed by Bothwell Bridge, which, gives name to the battle. This is (or rather was, for though it still exists, it is now much altered), a high, steep, and narrow bridge, having a portal, or gateway, in the centre, which the insurgents had shut and barricaded. About three hundred men were stationed to defend this important pass, under Rathillet, Balfour, and others. They behaved well, and made a stout defence, till the soldiers of Monmouth forced the pass at the point of the bayonet. The insurgents then gave way, and the royal army advanced towards the main body, who, according to the historian Burnet, seem neither to have had the grace to submit, the courage to fight, nor the sense to run away. They stood a few minutes in doubt and confusion, their native courage and enthusiasm frozen by the sense of discord amongst themselves, and the sudden approach of an army superior in discipline. At length, as the artillery began to play upon them, and the horse and Highlanders were about to charge, they gave way without resistance, and dispersed like a flock of sheep.

The gentle-tempered Duke of Monmouth gave strict orders to afford quarter to all who asked it, and to make prisoners, but spare lives. Considerable slaughter, it is said, took place, notwithstanding his orders, partly owing to the unrelenting temper of Claverhouse, who was burning to obtain vengeance for the defeat of Drumclog, and the death of his

kinsman, who was slain there; and partly to the fury of the English soldiers and the Scottish Highlanders, who distinguished themselves by their cruelty.

Four hundred men were killed at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, and about twelve hundred made prisoners. These last were marched to Edinburgh and imprisoned in the Greyfriars' Church-yard, like cattle in a pen-fold, while several ministers and others were selected for execution. The rest, after long confinement there, and without any shelter save what they found in the tombs, were dismissed, upon giving bonds for conformity in future, and the more obstinate were sent as slaves to the plantations. Many of the last class were lost at sea. And yet, notwithstanding these disasters, the more remote consequences of the battle of Bothwell Bridge were even more calamitous than those which were direct and immediate.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Duke of York's Administration of Affairs in Scotland—Persecution of the Cameronians—The Jerviswood and Rye-House Plots—Death of Charles II.

THE efforts made by Monmouth obtained an indemnity which was ill-observed, and a limited indulgence which was speedily recalled; and instead of the healing measures which were expected, severe inquisition was made into the conduct of the western proprietors, accused of favouring the insurrection, and that of the gentlemen who had failed to give attendance in the King's host, when assembled to put it down. The excuses made for this desertion of duty were singular enough, being, in many cases, a frank confession of the defaulters' fear of disquiet from their wives, some of whom invoked bitter curses on their husbands, if they took either horse or man to do prejudice to the fanatics who were in arms. To these excuses the court paid no heed, but fined the absentees heavily, and even threatened forfeiture of their lands.

The mild influence of Monmouth in the administration of Scotland lasted but a short while; and that of Lauderdale, though that nobleman was now loaded with age as well as obloquy, in a great measure revived, until it was superseded by the arrival in Scotland of the King's brother, and heir-presumptive of the throne, James Duke of York.

We have already said that this Prince was a Catholic, and indeed it was his religion which had occasioned his exile, first to Brussels, and now to Scotland. The King consented to his brother's banishment as an unavoidable measure, the utmost odium having been excited against all Catholics by the alleged discovery of a plot amongst the Papists, to rise upon and massacre the Protestants, depose the King, and put his brother on the throne. The whole structure of this story is now allowed to have been gross lies and forgeries, but at this period, to doubt it was to be as bad as the Papists themselves. The first fury of national prejudice having begun to subside, James was recalled from Brussels to Scotland, in order to be nearer his brother, though still at such a distance as should not again arouse the jealousy of the irritable Protestants.

The Duke of York was of a character very different from his brother Charles. He had neither that

monarch's wit nor his levity, was fond of business, and capable of yielding strict attention to it, and, without being penurious, might be considered as an economist. He was attached to his religion, with a sincerity honourable to him as a man, but unhappy for him as a prince, destined to reign over a Protestant people. He was severe even to cruelty, and nourished the same high idea of the divine right of kings, and the duty of complete submission on the part of subjects, which was the original cause of his father's misfortunes.

On the Duke of York's arrival in Scotland, he was received with great marks of honour and welcome by the nobles and gentry, and occupied the palace of Holyrood, which had been long untenanted by royalty. He exerted himself much to conciliate the affections of the Scottish persons of condition; and his grave and lofty, yet courteous manners, suited well the character of a people, who, proud and reserved themselves, willingly pay much respect to the etiquette of rank, providing those entitled to such deference are contented to admit their claims to respect in return.

The Duke of York, it is said, became aware of the punctilious character of the Scottish nation, from a speech of the well-known Tom Dalziel. The Duke had invited this old cavalier to dine in private with him, and with his Duchess, Mary of Este, daughter of the Duke of Modena. This princess chose to consider it as a derogation from her rank to admit a subject to her table, and refused to sit down to dinner if Dalziel should remain as a visitor. "Madam," said the undismayed veteran, "I have dined at a table where your father might have stood at my back." He alluded to that of the Emperor of Germany, whom the Duke of Modena must, if summoned, have attended as an officer of the household. The spirit of the answer is said to have determined James, while holding intercourse with the Scottish nobles and gentry, to exercise as much affability as he could command or affect, which, with the gravity and dignity of his manners, gave him great influence among all that approached his person. He paid particular attention to the chiefs of Highland clans, made himself acquainted with their different interests and characters, and exerted himself to adjust and reconcile their feuds. By such means, he acquired among this primitive race, alike sensible to kind treatment, and resentful of injury or neglect, so great an ascendancy, that it continued to be felt in the second generation of his family.

The Duke of York, a Catholic and a Prince, was in both capacities disposed to severity against fanatics and insurgents; so that his presence and interference in Scottish affairs increased the disposition to severity against Presbyterians of every shade and modification. But it was on his return, after a short visit to London, during which he had ascertained that his brother's affection for him was undiminished, that he ventured to proceed to extremities in suppressing non-conformists.

The doctrines promulgated by the more fierce and unreasonable insurgents, in their camp at Hamilton, were now adopted by the numerous and increasing sect, who separated their cause entirely from that of the moderate Presbyterians. These men disowned

altogether the King's authority and that of the government, and renounced the title of all pretenders to the throne, who would not subscribe to the Solemn League and Covenant, and govern according to its principles. These doctrines were chiefly enforced by two preachers, named Cargill and Cameron, from the last of whom their followers assumed, or acquired, the title of Cameronians.

Richard Cameron laboured and died in a manner not unworthy of his high pretensions, as the founder of a religious sect. He continued in open resistance after the battle of Bothwell Bridge; and upon the 22d of June, 1680 occupied the little burgh of Sanquhar with a small party of armed horsemen, and published a paper, or Testimony, formally disowning the authority of the King, and proclaiming that, by injustice and tyranny, he had forfeited the throne. After this bold step, Cameron, being closely pursued, roamed through the more desolate places of the country, with a few friends in arms, of whom Hackston of Rathillet, famous for his share in the death of Archbishop Sharpe, was the principal.

But, upon 22d July, 1680, while lying at a desolate place, called Airs Moss, they were alarmed with the news, that Bruce of Earlsall was coming upon them with a superior force of infantry and dragoons. The wanderers resolved to stand their ground, and Cameron pronounced a prayer, in which he three times repeated the pathetic expression, "Lord, spare the green and take the ripe." He then addressed his followers with great firmness, exhorting them to fight to the very last, "For I see," he added, "heaven's gates open to receive all such as shall die this day."

Rathillet divided their handful of twenty-three horse upon the two flanks of about forty half-armed infantry. The soldiers approached, and charged with fury. Cameron was killed on the spot. Rathillet fought with great bravery, but was at length overpowered, struck down, and made prisoner.

In the barbarous spirit of the age, the seizure of Hackston was celebrated as a kind of triumph, and all possible insult was heaped on the unhappy man. He was brought into Edinburgh, mounted on a horse without a saddle, and having his face to the tail. The head and hands of Richard Cameron were borne before him on pikes. But such insults rather arouse than break the spirits of brave men. Hackston behaved with great courage before the Council. The Chancellor having upbraided him as a man of libertine habits, "While I was so," he replied, "I was acceptable to your lordship; I only lost your favour when I renounced my vices." The Archbishop's death being alleged against him as a murder, he replied, that Heaven would decide which were the greatest murderers, himself or those who sat in judgment on him. He was executed with circumstances of protracted cruelty. Both his hands were cut off before execution, and his heart torn from his bosom before he was quite dead. His head, with that of Cameron, was fixed on the Netherbow Port, the hands of the former being extended, as if in the act of prayer. One of the enemies of his party gave Cameron this testimony on the occasion: "Here are the relics of a man who lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting."

Daniel, or Donald Cargill, took up the banner of the sect, which had fallen from Cameron's dying hand. He avouched its tenets as boldly as his predecessor, and at a large conventicle of Cameronians, held in the Torwood, September, 1680, had the audacity to pronounce sentence of excommunication against the King, the Duke of York, the Dukes of Monmouth, Lauderdale, and Rothes, the Lord Advocate, and General Dalziel. This proceeding was entirely uncanonical, and contrary to the rules of the Scottish Presbyterian church; but it assorted well with the uncompromising spirit of the Hill-men, or Cameronians, who desired neither to give nor receive favours from those whom they termed God's enemies.

A high reward being put upon Cargill's head, he was, not long afterwards, taken by a Dumfries-shire gentleman, and executed, along with four others, all disowning the authority of the King. The firmness with which these men met death, tended to confirm the good opinion of the spectators; and though the Cameronian doctrines were too wild to be adopted by men of sense and education, yet they spread among the inferior ranks, and were productive of much mischief.

Thus, persecution, long and unsparingly exercised, drove a part of an oppressed peasantry into wild and perilous doctrines; dangerous, if acted upon, not only to the existing tyranny, but to any other form of government, how moderate soever. It was, considering the frantic severity of the Privy Council, a much greater wonder that they had not sooner stirred up a spirit of determined and avowed opposition to their government, than that such should now have arisen. Nevertheless, blind to experience, the Duke of York, who had now completely superseded Lauderdale in the management of the Scottish affairs, continued to attempt the extirpation of the Cameronian sect, by the very same violent means which had occasioned its formation.

All usual forms of law, all the bulwarks by which the subjects of a country are protected against the violence of armed power, were at once broken down, and officers and soldiers received commissions not only to apprehend, but to interrogate and punish, any persons whom they might suspect of fanatical principles; and if they thought proper, they might put them to death upon the spot. All that was necessary to condemnation was, that the individuals seized upon should scruple to renounce the Covenant—or should hesitate to admit, that the death of Sharpe was an act of murder—or should refuse to pray for the King—or to answer any other ensnaring or captious questions concerning their religious principles.

A scene of this kind is told with great simplicity and effect by one of the writers of the period; and I am truly sorry that Claverhouse, whom, at the time of the Revolution, we shall find acting an heroic part, was a principal agent in this act of cruelty. Nor, considering the cold blooded and savage barbarity of the deed, can we admit the excuse either of the orders under which he acted, or of the party prejudices of the time, or of the condition of the sufferer as a rebel and outlaw, to diminish our unqualified detestation of it.

There lived at this gloomy period, at a place called Preshill, or Priesthill, in Lanarkshire, a man named

John Brown, a carrier by profession, and called, from his zealous religious principles, the Christian Carrier. This man had been out with the insurgents at Bothwell Bridge, and was for other reasons amenable to the cruelty of the existing laws. On a morning of May, 1685, Peden, one of the Cameronian ministers, whom Brown had sheltered in his house, took his leave of his host and his wife, repeating twice,—“Poor woman! a fearful morning—a dark and misty morning!”—words which were afterwards believed to be prophetic of calamity. When Peden was gone, Brown left his house with a spade in his hand for his ordinary labour, when he was suddenly surrounded and arrested by a band of horse, with Claverhouse at their head. Although the prisoner had a hesitation in his speech upon ordinary occasions, he answered the questions which were put to him in this extremity with such composure and firmness, that Claverhouse asked whether he was a preacher. He was answered in the negative. “If he has not preached,” said Claverhouse, “mickle hath he prayed in his time—But betake you now to your prayers for the last time (addressing the sufferer), for you shall presently die.” The poor man kneeled down and prayed with zeal, and when he was touching on the political state of the country, and praying that Heaven would spare a remnant, Claverhouse, interrupting him, said, “I gave you leave to pray, and you are preaching.”—“Sir,” answered the prisoner, turning towards his judge on his knees, “you know nothing either of preaching or praying, if you call what I now say preaching;”—then continued without confusion. When his devotions were ended, Claverhouse commanded him to bid good night to his wife and children. Brown turned towards them, and, taking his wife by the hand, told her that the hour was come which he had spoken of, when he first asked her consent to marry him. The poor woman answered firmly,—“In this cause I am willing to resign you.”—“Then have I nothing to do save to die,” he replied; “and I thank God I have been in a frame to meet death for many years.” He was shot dead by a party of soldiers at the end of his own house; and although his wife was of a nervous habit, and used to become sick at the sight of blood, she had on this occasion strength enough to support the dreadful scene without fainting or confusion, only her eyes dazzled when the carabines were fired. While her husband's dead body lay stretched before him, Claverhouse asked her what she thought of her husband now. “I ever thought much of him,” she replied, “and now more than ever.”—“It were but justice,” said Claverhouse, “to lay thee beside him.”—“I doubt not,” she replied, “that if you were permitted, your cruelty would carry you that length. But how will you answer for this morning's work?”—“To man I can be answerable,” said Claverhouse, “and Heaven I will take in my own hand.” He then mounted his horse and marched, and left her with the corpse of her husband lying beside her, and her fatherless infant in her arms. “She placed the child on the ground,” says the narrative, with scriptural simplicity, “tied up the corpse's head, and straightened the limbs, and covered him with her plaid, and sat down and wept over him.”

The persecuted and oppressed fanatics showed upon all occasions the same undaunted firmness, nor did the women fall short of the men in fortitude. Two of them underwent the punishment of death, by drowning; for which purpose they were chained to posts within the flood-mark, and exposed to the fury of the advancing tide; while, at the same time, they were offered rescue from the approaching billows, the sound of which was roaring in their ears, if they would but condescend so far as to say, God save the King. "Consider," said the well meaning friends around them, "it is your duty to pray even for the greatest sinner."—"But we are not to do so," said the elder female, "at the bidding of every profligate." Her place of execution being nearer the advancing tide, she was first drowned; and her younger companion having said something, as if she desired the King's salvation, the bystanders would have saved her; but when she was dragged out of the waves, half strangled, she chose to be replunged into them, rather than abjure the Covenant. She died accordingly.

But it was not the common people and the fanatics alone who were vexed and harassed with unreasonable oaths. Those of higher rank were placed in equal danger, by a test oath, of a complex and puzzling nature, and so far inconsistent with itself, that while, on the one hand, the person who took it was to profess his full belief and compliance with the Confession of Faith adopted by the Scottish Church in the first Parliament of King James VI, he was in the next clause made to acknowledge the King as supreme head of the Church; a proposition entirely inconsistent with that very Confession which he had just recognised. Nevertheless, this test was considered as a general pledge of loyalty to be taken by every one to whom it should be tendered, under pain of ruinous fines, confiscations, and even death itself. The case of the Earl of Argyle was distinguished, even in those oppressive times, for its peculiar injustice.

This nobleman was the son of the Marquis who was beheaded at the commencement of this reign, and he himself, as we have already mentioned, had been placed in danger of losing life and lands, by a most oppressive proceeding on the obsolete statute of leasing-making. He was now subjected to a severer storm. When the oath was tendered to him, as a Privy Councillor, he declared he took it so far as it was consistent with itself, and with the Protestant religion. Such a qualification, it might have been thought, was entirely blameless and unexceptionable. And yet for having added this explanation to the oath which he was required to take, Argyle was thrown into prison, and brought to the bar as guilty of treason and leasing-making. He was found guilty, and sentence of death and forfeiture was pronounced against him as a traitor. It has been plausibly alleged, that government only used this proceeding, to wring from the unfortunate Earl a surrender of his jurisdictions; but, very prudently, he did not chuse to trust his life on so precarious a tenure. He was one of the few Peers who still professed an attachment to the Presbyterian religion; and the enemies who had abused the laws so grossly to obtain his condemnation, were sufficiently likely to use the

advantage to the uttermost. He escaped from the Castle of Edinburgh, disguised in his sister's clothes, and went over to Holland.

This extravagant proceeding struck general terror, from its audacious violation of justice, while the gross fallacy on which it rested was the subject of general contempt. Even the children educated in George Heriot's Hospital (a charity on a plan similar to that of Christ Church in London), turned into ridicule the proceedings on this iniquitous trial. They voted that their yard-dog was a person under trust, and that the test, therefore, should be tendered to him. Poor Watch, you may believe, only smelled at the paper on which the oath was printed, and would pay no more attention to it. Upon this, the paper was again offered, having been rubbed over with butter, which induced the mastiff to swallow it. This was called taking the test with a qualification, and the dog was adjudged to be hanged as a leasing-maker, and perverter of the laws of the kingdom.

The gross violence of these proceedings awakened resentment as well as fear. But fear was at first predominant. Upwards of thirty-six noblemen and gentlemen, attached to the Presbyterian religion, resolved to sell their property in Scotland, and remove themselves to America, where they might live according to the dictates of their conscience. A deputation of their number, Lord Melville, Sir John Cochrane, Baillie of Jarviswood, and others, went to London to prepare for this emigration. Here the secret was imparted to them, of an enterprise formed by Monmouth, Shaftesbury, Lord Russell, and Algernon Sidney, to alter the government under Charles II; and, at all events, to prevent, by the most forcible means, the Duke of York's ascent to the throne, in case of the King's death. The Scottish malcontents abandoned their plan of emigration, to engage in this new and more adventurous scheme. Walter Scott, Earl of Tarras, brother-in-law of the Earl of Monmouth, undertook for a rising in the south of Scotland; and many of his name and kindred, as well as other gentlemen of the Borders of Scotland, engaged in the plot. One gentleman who was invited to join, excused himself, on account of the ominous sound of the titles of two of the persons engaged. He did not, he said, like such words as Gallowshiels and Hangingshaw.

Besides the Scottish plot, and that which was conducted by Russell and Sidney in London, there were in that city some desperate men, of a subordinate description, who proposed to simplify the purpose of both the principal conspiracies, by putting the King to death as he passed by a place called the Rye-House. This last plot becoming public, was the means of defeating the others. But although Campbell of Cessnock, Baillie of Jarviswood, and some conspirators of less consequence, were arrested, the escape of most of the persons concerned partly disappointed the revenge of the government. The circumstances attending some of these escapes were singular.

Lord Melville was about to come to Edinburgh from his residence in Fife, and had sent his principal domestic, a Highlander, named MacArthur, to make preparations for his arrival in town. The justice-general was friendly to Lord Melville. He had that

morning issued warrants for his arrest, and desired to put him on his guard, but durst take no steps to do so.

Happening to see Lord Melville's valet in the street, he bent his eye significantly on him, and asked, "What are you doing here? Get back, you Highland dog!" The man began to say he was making preparations for his master coming to town, when the Justice again interrupted him, saying, angrily, "Get home, you Highland dog!" and then passed on. MacArthur was sensible of the dangerous temper of the times, and upon receiving such a hint, slight as it was, from such a man, he resolved to go back to his master. At the Ferry he saw a party of the guards embarking on the same voyage. Making every exertion, he got home time enough to alarm his Lord, who immediately absconded, and soon after got over to Holland.

Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth, afterwards Lord Marchmont, had a still more narrow escape. The party of guards sent to arrest him had stopped at the house of a friend to the government to get refreshments, which were amply supplied to them. The lady of the house, who secretly favoured the Presbyterian interest, connected the appearance of this party, and the inquiries which they made concerning the road to Polwarth Castle, with some danger threatened to Sir Patrick Hume. She dared not write to apprise him, and still less durst she trust a messenger with any verbal communication. She therefore wrapt up a feather in a blank piece of paper, and sent it over the hills by a boy, while she detained the military party as long as she could, without exciting suspicion. In the meantime, Sir Patrick received the token, and his acute apprehension being rendered yet more penetrating by a sense of danger, he at once comprehended that the feather was meant to convey a hint to him that he should fly.

Having been long peculiarly odious to the government, Sir Patrick could think of no secure retreat above ground. A subterranean vault in Polwarth church-yard, being the place in which his ancestors were buried, seemed the only safe place of refuge. The sole light admitted into this dreary cell was by a small slit at one end. A trusty domestic contrived to convey a bed and bedclothes to this dismal place, and here Sir Patrick lay concealed during the strict search which was made for him in every direction. His daughter, Grizell Hume, then about eighteen years of age, was intrusted with the task of conveying him food, which could be only brought to the vault at midnight. She had been bred up in the usual superstitions of the times, about ghosts and apparitions, but the duty which she was discharging to her father banished all such childish fears. When she returned from her first journey, her mother asked her if she was not frightened in going through the church-yard. She answered, that she had felt fear for nothing excepting the minister's dogs (the manse being nigh the church), which had kept such a barking as to alarm her for a discovery. Her mother sent for the clergyman next morning, and by pretending an alarm for mad dogs, prevailed on him to destroy them, or shut them up.

But it was not enough to have a faithful messenger; much precaution was also necessary, to secure

secretly, and by stealth, the provisions for the unfortunate recluse, since, if the victuals had been taken openly, the servants must naturally have suspected the purpose to which they were to be applied. Grizell Hume used, therefore, to abstract from the table, as secretly as she could, a portion of the family dinner. Sir Patrick Hume was fond of sheep's head (being a good Scotsman in all respects), and Grizell, aware of her father's taste, had slipped into her napkin a large part of one which was on the table, when one of her brothers, a boy too young to be trusted with the secret, bawled out, in his surprise at the disappearance of the sheep's head, "Mamma, look at Grizzy—while we were supping the broth, she has eaten up all the sheep's head."

While in this melancholy abode, Sir Patrick Hume's principal amusement was reading and reciting Buchanan's translation of the Psalms. After lurking in his father's tomb, and afterwards in his own house, for three or four weeks, he at length ventured abroad, and through many dangers made his escape to Holland, like other fugitives.

In the meantime, Baillie of Jerviswood, though in a very infirm state of health, was brought to that trial from which Polwarth and others had escaped so marvellously. This gentleman had been offered his life, on condition of his becoming a witness against Lord Russell; a proposal which he rejected with disdain, saying, those who uttered it knew neither him nor his country. It does not appear that there was the slightest evidence of the Scottish gentlemen having any concern in the scheme for assassinating the King; but there is no doubt that they had meditated an insurrection, as the only mode of escaping the continued persecution of the government.

When Baillie received sentence of death, he only replied, "My Lords, the sentence is sharp, and the time is short; but I thank God, who has made me as fit to die as you are to live." He suffered death with the same firmness; and his lady, with Roman fortitude, had the courage to be present at the execution. It is worthy of mention, that the son and heir of this gentleman afterwards married the same young lady who so piously supported her father, Sir Patrick Hume, while concealed in the tomb. No other person was executed for accession to what was called the Jerviswood Plot, but many gentlemen were tried in absence, and their estates being declared forfeited, were bestowed on the most violent tools of the government.

Upwards of two thousand individuals were denounced, outlaws, or fugitives from justice. Other persons, obnoxious to the rulers, were exorbitantly fined. One of these was Sir William Scott of Harden, from whose third son your mother is descended. This gentleman, in his early years, had been an active member of the Committee of Estates, but was now upwards of seventy, and much retired from public life. But his nephew, Walter, Earl of Tarras, was deeply concerned in the Jerviswood plot, more than one of Harden's sons were also implicated, and hence he became obnoxious to the government. He attended only on the Indulged, that is, licensed preachers, and had kept himself free of giving any offence that could be charged against him. The celebrated Richard Cameron had been

for some time his chaplain, but had been dismissed so soon as he declared against the indulgence, and afforded other symptoms of the violent opinions of his sect. But the Privy Council had determined that husbands should be made responsible for the penalties and fines incurred by their wives. Lady Scott of Harden had become liable for so many transgressions of this kind, that the sum total, amounting to almost two thousand pounds, was, with much difficulty, limited to fifteen hundred pounds, an immense sum for a Scottish gentleman of that period; but which was extorted from this aged gentleman by imprisonment in the Castle of Edinburgh.

Whilst these affairs were going on in Scotland, the Duke of York was suddenly recalled to London by the King, whose health began to fail. Monmouth, his favourite son, had been obliged to retire abroad, in consequence of the affair of the Rye-house plot. It was said that the King still nourished a secret wish to recall his son, and to send the Duke of York back to Scotland. But if he meditated such a change of resolution, which seems rather improbable, fate left him no opportunity to execute it.

Charles II died of a stroke of apoplexy, which summoned him from the midst of a distracted country, and a gay and luxurious court, on the 6th of February, 1685.

CHAPTER XX.

Invasions and execution of Monmouth and Argyle—Execution of Rumbold, the principal Conspirator in the Rye-house Plot—Imprisonment of a Body of Nonconformists in Dunottar Castle—Distinctions between the two Parties of Whig and Tory—James II's Plans for the Restoration of Popery.

WHEN the Duke of York ascended the throne on the death of his brother Charles, he assumed the title of James II of England, and James VII of Scotland. His eldest daughter, Mary (whom he had by his first wife), was married to William, Prince of Orange, the Stadtholder or President of the Dutch United Provinces; a Prince of great wisdom, sense, and courage, distinguished by the share he had taken in opposing the ambition of France. He was now next heir to the crown of England, unless the King, his father-in-law, should have a surviving son by his present Queen, Mary of Este. It was natural to conclude, that the Prince of Orange viewed with the most intense interest the various revolutions and changes of disposition which took place in a kingdom where he possessed so deep a stake. It did not escape remark, that the Duke of Monmouth, the Earl of Argyle, and the various malcontents who were compelled to fly from England or Scotland, seemed to find support, as well as refuge, in Holland. On this subject James made several remonstrances to his son-in-law, which the Prince evaded, by alleging that a free state, like the Dutch republic, could not shut its ports against fugitives, of whatever description; and with such excuses James was obliged to remain satisfied. Nevertheless, the enemies of the monarch were so absolutely subdued, both in Scotland and England, that no prince in Europe seemed more firmly seated upon his throne.

In the meanwhile, there was no relaxation in the oppressive measures carried on in Scotland. The same laws for apprehending, examining, and execut-

ing in the fields, were enforced with unrelenting severity; and as the refusal to bear evidence against a person accused of treason, was made to amount to a crime equal to treason itself, the lands and life of every one seemed to be exposed to the machinations of the corrupt ministry of an arbitrary Prince. To administer or receive the Covenant, or even to write in its defence, was declared treasonable, and many other delinquencies were screwed up to the same penalty of death and confiscation. Those whom the law named traitors were thus rendered so numerous, that it seemed to be impossible for the most cautious to avoid coming into contact with them, and thereby subjecting themselves to the severe penalties denounced on all having intercourse with such delinquents. This general scene of oppression would, it was supposed, lead to an universal desire to shake off the yoke of James, should an opportunity be afforded.

Under this conviction, the numerous disaffected persons who had retreated to Holland, resolved upon a double invasion of Britain, one part of which was to be directed against England, under command of the popular Duke of Monmouth, whose hopes of returning in any more peaceful fashion had been destroyed by the death of his father, Charles II. The other branch of the expedition was destined to invade Scotland, having at its head the Earl of Argyle (who had been the victim of so much unjust persecution), with Sir Patrick Hume, Sir John Cochrane, and others, the most important of the Scottish exiles, to assist and counsel him.

As these Tales relate exclusively to the history of Scotland, I need only notice, that Monmouth's share of the undertaking seemed, for a time, to promise success. Having landed at Lyme in Dorsetshire, he was joined by greater numbers of men than he had means of arming, and his rapid progress greatly alarmed James's government. But his adherents were almost entirely of the lower order, whose zeal and courage might be relied on, but who had no advantages of influence from education or property. At length the unfortunate Duke hazarded a battle near Sedgemoor, in which his cavalry, from the treachery or cowardice of their leader, Lord Grey, fled and left the infantry unprotected. The sturdy peasants fought with the utmost resolution, until they were totally broken and dispersed, with great slaughter. But the carnage made among the unresisting fugitives was forgotten, in comparison with the savage and unsparing judicial prosecutions which were afterwards carried on before Judge Jefferies, a man whose cruelty was a shame to his profession, and to mankind.

Monmouth himself had no better fortune than his unfortunate adherents. He fell into the hands of the pursuers, and was brought prisoner to the Tower of London. He entreated to be permitted to have an interview with the King, alleging he had something of consequence to discover to him. But when this was at length granted, the unhappy Duke had nothing to tell, or at least told nothing, but exhausted himself in asking mercy at the hands of his uncle, who had previously determined not to grant it. Monmouth accordingly suffered death on Tower-hill, amid the lamentations of the common people, to

whom he was endeared by his various amiable qualities, and the beauty of his person, which qualified him to be the delight and ornament of a court, but not to be the liberator of an oppressed people.

While the brief tragedy of Monmouth's invasion, defeat, and death, was passing in England, Argyle's invasion of Scotland was brought to as unhappy a conclusion. The leaders, even before they left their ships, differed as to the course to be pursued. Argyle, a great chieftain in the Highlands, was naturally disposed to make the principal efforts in that country which his friends and followers inhabited. Sir Patrick Hume and Sir John Cochrane, while they admitted that they were certain to raise the clan of Campbell by following the Earl's counsel, contended, nevertheless, that this single clan, however brave and numerous, could not contend with the united strength of all the other western tribes, who were hostile to Argyle, and personally attached to James II. They complained, that by landing in the West Highlands, they should expose themselves to be shut up in a corner of the kingdom, where they could expect to be joined by none save Argyle's immediate dependants; and where they must necessarily be separated from the western provinces, in which the oppressed Covenanters had shown themselves ready to rise, even without the encouragement of money or arms, or of a number of brave gentlemen to command and lead them on.

These disputes augmented, when, on landing in Kintyre, the Earl of Argyle raised his clan to the number of about a thousand men. Joined to the adventurers who had embarked from Holland, who were about three hundred, and to other recruits, the insurgent army might amount in all to fifteen hundred men, a sufficient number to have struck a severe blow before the royal forces could have assembled together, if the invaders could have determined among themselves where to aim it.

Argyle proposed marching to Inverary, to attack the Laird of Ballechan, who was lying there for the King with six hundred Highlanders, waiting the support of the Marquis of Athole, who was at the head of several clans in motion towards Argyleshire. But Sir John Cochrane, having had some communications in the west, which promised a general rising in that country, declared that the main effort should be made in that quarter. He had a letter also from a gentleman of Lanarkshire, named William Cleland, undertaking, that if the Marquis of Argyle would declare for the work of Reformation, carried on from the year 1638 to 1648, he should be joined by all the faithful Presbyterians in that country. Sir John, therefore, demanded from Argyle a supply of men and ammunition, that he might raise the western shires; and was so eager in the request, that he said if nobody would support him, he would go alone with a corn-fork in his hand.

Either project was hopeful, if either had been rapidly executed, but the loss of time in debating the question was fatal. At length the Lowland expedition was determined on; and Argyle, with an army augmented to two thousand five hundred men, descended into Lennox, proposing to cross the Clyde, and raise the Covenanters of the west country. But the various parties among the Presbyterians had

already fallen into debates, whether or not they should own Argyle, and unite under his standard; so that, when that unhappy, and, it would seem, irresolute nobleman, had crossed the river Leven, near to Dumbarton, he found his little army, without any prospect of reinforcement, nearly surrounded by superior forces of the King, assembling from different points, under the Marquis of Athole, the Duke of Gordon, and the Earl of Dumbarton.

Argyle, pressed on all sides, proposed to give battle to the enemy; but the majority of the council of war which he convoked were of opinion, that it was more advisable to give the enemy the slip, and, leaving their encampment in the night, to march for Glasgow, or for Bothwell Bridge; and thus at the same time get into the country of friends, and place a large and unfordable river betwixt them and a superior enemy. Lighting, therefore, numerous fires in the camp, as if it were still occupied with them, Argyle and his troops commenced their projected manœuvre; but a retreat is always a discouraging movement, a night-march commonly a confused one, and the want of discipline in these hasty levies added to the general want of confidence and the general disorder. Their guides, also, were either treacherous or ignorant, for, when morning dawned on the dispirited insurgents, instead of finding themselves near Glasgow, they perceived they were much lower on the banks of the Clyde, near Kilpatrick. Here the leaders came to an open rupture. Their army broke up and separated; and when the unfortunate Earl, being left almost alone, endeavoured to take refuge in the house of a person who had been once his servant, he was positively refused admittance. He then crossed the Clyde, accompanied by a single friend, who, perceiving that they were pursued, had generosity to halt and draw upon himself the attention of the party who followed them. This was at Inchinnan ford, upon the river Cart, close to Blythwood House.

But Argyle was not more safe alone than in company. It was observed by some soldiers of the militia, who were out in every direction, that the fugitive quitted his horse and waded through the river on foot, from which they argued he must be a person of importance, who was careless about losing his horse, so that he himself made his escape. As soon, therefore, as he reached the bank, they fell upon him, and though he made some defence, at length struck him down. As he fell he exclaimed,—"Unfortunate Argyle!"—thus apprising his captors of the importance of their prisoner. A large fragment of rock, still called Argyle's Stone, marks the place where he was taken.

Thus terminated this unfortunate expedition, in which Argyle seems to have engaged, from an over estimation both of his own consequence and military talents, and the Lowland gentlemen to have joined, from their imperfect knowledge of the state of the country, reported to them by such as deeply felt their own wrongs, and did not consider that the mass of their countrymen was overawed, as well as discontented.

By way of retaliating upon this unhappy nobleman the severities exercised towards Montrose, which he is said to have looked upon in triumph, the same disgraceful indignities were used towards

Argyle, to which his enemy had been subjected. He was carried up the High-street bare-headed, and mounted on an unsaddled horse, with the hangman preceding him, and was thus escorted to the Tol-booth.

The Council debated whether he should be executed on the extravagant sentence which had condemned him for a traitor and *depraver* of the laws, on account of his adding a qualification to the test, or whether it were not better to try him anew, for the undoubted treason which he had committed by this subsequent act of invasion. It was resolved they should follow the first course, and hold Argyle as a man already condemned, lest, by doing otherwise, they should seem to admit the illegality of the first sentence. The unfortunate Earl was appointed to be beheaded by the Maiden, an instrument resembling the Guillotine of modern France. He mounted the scaffold with great firmness, and embracing the engine by which he was to suffer, declared it the sweetest maiden he ever kissed, and submitted with courage to the fatal accomplishment of his sentence. When this nobleman's death is considered as the consequence of a sentence passed against him for presuming to comment upon and explain an oath which was self-contradictory, it can only be termed a judicial murder. Upwards of twenty of the most considerable gentlemen of his clan were executed in consequence of having joined him. His estate was wasted and confiscated; his brother, Lord Niel Campbell, was forced to fly to America, and his name doomed to extirpation.

Several of Argyle's Lowland followers were also condemned to death. Amongst these was Richard Rumbold, an Englishman, the principal conspirator in what was called the Rye-house Plot. He was a republican of the old stamp, who might have ridden right-hand man to Cromwell himself. He was the most active in the scheme for assassinating the two royal brothers, which was to have been executed at his farm called the Rye-house, by one party firing on the guards, and another pouring their shot into the King's carriage. Rumbold, who was to head the latter party, expressed some scruple at shooting the innocent postilion, but had no compunction on the project of assassinating the King and Duke of York.

Escaping from England when the discovery took place, this stern republican had found refuge in Holland, until he was persuaded to take part in Argyle's expedition. When the Scottish leaders broke up in confusion and deserted each other, a stranger and an Englishman was not likely to experience much aid or attention. Rumbold, left to shift for himself amid the general dispersion and flight, was soon beset by a party of the Royalists, and whilst he stoutly defended himself against two men in front, a third came behind him with a corn-fork, put it behind his ear, and turned off his steel cap, leaving his head exposed; on which Rumbold exclaimed, "O cruel countryman, to use me thus when my face was to mine enemy!"

He died the death of a traitor, as his share in the Rye-house conspiracy justly merited. But on the scaffold, Rumbold maintained the same undaunted courage he had often shown in the field. One of his dying observations was, "that he had never believed

that the generality of mankind came into the world bridled and saddled, and a few booted and spurred to ride upon them."

This man's death was afterwards avenged on one Mark Kerr, the chief of those who took him, who was murdered before his own door, by two young men calling themselves Rumbold's sons, who ripped out his heart, in imitation of what their father had suffered on the scaffold. Thus does crime beget crime, and cruelty engender cruelty. The actors in this bloody deed made their escape, not so much as a dog baying at them.

Before quitting the subject of Argyle's rebellion, I may mention a species of oppression practised on the nonconformists, of a nature differing from those I have already mentioned. When the alarm of invasion arose, it was resolved by the Privy Council, that all such persons as were in prison on account of religion should be sent to the north, for their more safe custody. After a toilsome march, rendered bitter by want of food and accommodation, as well as by the raillery of the pipers, who insulted with ridiculous tunes a set of persons who held their minstrelsy to be sinful, the wanderers, to the number of an hundred and sixty persons, of whom there were several women, and even some children, reached the place of their destination. This proved to be the Castle of Dunottar, a strong fortress, almost surrounded by the German Ocean, the same in which, as I have told you, the Regalia of Scotland were preserved for some time. Here they were without distinction packed into a large dungeon, having a window open to the sea, but in front of a huge precipice. They were neither allowed bedding nor provisions excepting what they bought, and were treated by their keepers with the utmost rigour. The walls of this place, still called the Whigs' Vault, bear token to the severities inflicted on those unhappy persons. There are, in particular, a number of apertures cut in the wall about a man's height, and it was the custom, when such was the jailor's pleasure, that any prisoner who was accounted refractory, should be obliged to stand up with his arms extended, and his fingers secured by wedges in the crevices I have described. It appears that some of these apertures or crevices, which are lower than the others, have been intended for women, and even for children. In this cruel confinement many died, some were deprived of the use of their limbs by rheumatism and other diseases, and several lost their lives by desperate attempts to descend from the precipice on which the castle is founded. Some who actually escaped by descending the rocks, were retaken, and for the attempt so cruelly tortured, by lighted matches tied between their fingers, that several were mutilated, and others died of the inflammation which ensued.

The survivors, after enduring this horrid imprisonment for six weeks or two months, had the test offered to them. Those who, overcome by bodily anguish, and the hopeless misery of their condition, agreed to take this engagement, were discharged, and the others transported to the plantations. A tombstone in Dunottar church-yard still preserves the names of those who died in this cruel captivity, in the various modes we have mentioned.

The failure of the invasions of Monmouth and

Argyle, with the revenge which had been taken on their unfortunate leaders, was by James, in his triumph, recorded by two medals struck for the occasion, which bore on one side two severed heads, on the other two headless trunks, a device as inhuman as the proceedings by which these advantages had been followed up, and the royal vengeance unsparingly executed.

The part of the nation which inclined to support the side of the King in all political discussions, now obtained a complete superiority over the rest. They were known by the name of Tories, an appellation borrowed from Ireland, where the irregular and desultory bands, which maintained a sort of skirmishing warfare after Cromwell had suppressed every national and united effort, were so called. Like the opposite term of Whig, Tory was at first used as an epithet of scorn and ridicule, and both were at length adopted as party distinctions, coming in place of those which had been used during the Civil War, the word Tory superseding the term of Cavalier, and Whig being applied instead of Roundhead. The same terms of distinction have descended to our time, as expressing the outlines of the two political parties who divide the Houses of Parliament, and, viewed politically, the whole mass of the community. A man who considers that, in the general view of the constitution, the monarchical power is in danger of being undermined by the popular branches, and who therefore supports the Crown in ordinary cases of dispute, is a Tory; while one who conceives the power of the Crown to be more likely to encroach upon the liberties of the people, throws his weight and influence into the popular scale, and is called a Whig.

Either of these opinions may be honourably and conscientiously maintained by the party whom reflection or education has led to adopt it; and the existence of two such parties, opposing each other with reason and moderation, and by constitutional means only, is the sure mode of preventing aggression, either on the rights of the Crown or on the privileges of the people, and of keeping the constitution itself inviolate; as the stays and rigging of a vessel straining against each other in opposite directions, tend to keep the ship's mast upright in its place. But as it is natural for men to drive favourite opinions into extremes, it has frequently happened, that the Whigs, or the more violent part of that faction, have entertained opinions which tended towards democracy; and that the Tories, on the other hand, indulging in opposite prejudices, have endangered the constitution by their tendency towards absolute rule.

Thus, in the great Civil War, the friends to popular freedom began their opposition to Charles I, in the laudable desire to regain the full extent of constitutional liberty, but could not bring the war to a conclusion until the monarchy was totally overthrown, and liberty overwhelmed in the ruins. In like manner, the Tories of Charles II and James II's time, remembering the fatal issue of the civil wars, adopted the opposite and equally mistaken opinion, that no check could be opposed to the will of the sovereign, without danger of overthrowing the throne, and by their unlimited desire to enlarge the prerogative of the Crown, they not only endangered the national liberty,

but conducted the deluded sovereign to his ruin. When, therefore, we speak of any particular measure adopted by the Whigs, or Tories, it would be very rash to consider it as deserving of censure or applause, merely on account of its having originated with the one or other of these parties. On the contrary, its real merits can only be soundly estimated when we have attentively considered its purpose and effect, compared with the general spirit of the constitution, and with the exigencies of the times when it was brought forward.

During the whole of Charles the Second's reign, a violent struggle had been continued between the Whigs and the Tories, in the course of which both parties acted with a furious animosity, which admitted of no scruple concerning the means to be resorted to for annoying their adversaries. The Whig party had availed themselves of that detestable imposture called the Popish Plot, to throw upon the Tories the guilt of an attempt to massacre the Protestants, and bring England back to the Catholic faith by the sword. Under this pretext they shed no small quantity of innocent blood. The Tories regained a decided ascendancy, by the discovery of the Rye-house Plot, an atrocious enterprise, at which men's minds revolted, and which the court artfully improved, by confounding the more moderate schemes laid by Monmouth, Lord Russel, and others, for obtaining some relief from the oppressive and unconstitutional measures of the court, with the bloody measures against the King's person, which Rumbold and other desperate men had meditated. The general hatred inspired by the latter enterprise excited a wide-spread clamour against the conspirators, and the Tories in their turn became the instruments of sacrificing, on account of a conspiracy of which they were ignorant, Lord Russel and Algernon Sidney, two men whose names, for free and courageous sentiments, will live for ever in history.

The prejudice against the Whigs had not subsided, when James ascended the throne; and the terrible mode in which the invasion of Monmouth was suppressed and punished, if it excited compassion for the sufferers, spread, at the same time, general dread of the government. In these circumstances, the whole powers of the state seemed about to be surrendered to the King, without even a recollection of the value of national liberty, or of the blood which had been spent in its defence. The danger was the greater, that a large proportion of the national clergy were extravagant Royalists, who had adopted maxims utterly inconsistent with freedom, and with the very essence of the British constitution. They contended that the right of kings flowed from God, and that they were responsible to him only for the manner in which they exercised it; that no misconduct however gross, no oppression however unjust, gave the subject any right to defend his person or his property against the violence of the sovereign, and that any attempt at resistance, however provoked, was contrary alike to religion and to law, and liable to punishment in this world as treason or sedition, and in that which is to come to eternal condemnation, as foes of the prince whom Heaven had made their anointed sovereign. Such were the base and slavish maxims into which many wise, good, and learned

men were hurried, from the recollection of the horrors of civil war, the death of Charles I, and the destruction of the Hierarchy; and thus do men endeavour to avoid the repetition of one class of crimes and errors, by rushing into extremes of a different description.

James II was unquestionably desirous of power; yet such was the readiness with which courts of justice placed at his feet the persons and property of his subjects, and so great the zeal with which many of the clergy were disposed to exalt his authority into something of a sacred character, accountable for his actions to Heaven alone, that it must have seemed impossible for him to form any demand for an extension of authority which would not have been readily conceded to him, on the slightest hint of his pleasure. But it was the misfortune of this monarch to conceive, that the same sophistry by which divines and lawyers placed the property and personal freedom of his subjects at his unlimited disposal, extended his power over the freedom of their consciences also.

We have often repeated, that James was himself a Roman Catholic; and, as a sincere professor of that faith, he was not only disposed, but bound, as far as possible, to bring others into the pale of the church, beyond which, according to the Popish belief, there is no salvation. He might also flatter himself, that the indulgences of a life which had been in some respects irregular, might be obliterated and atoned for by the great and important service of ending the Northern heresy. To James's sanguine hopes, there appeared at this time a greater chance of so important a change being accomplished than at any former period. His own power, if he was to trust the expressions of the predominant party in the state, was at least as extensive over the bodies and minds of his subjects as that of the Tudor family, under whose dynasty the religion of England four times changed its form, at the will and pleasure of the sovereign. James might, therefore, flatter himself, that as Henry VIII by his sole fiat detached England from the Pope, and assumed in his own person the office of Head of the Church, so a submissive clergy, and a willing people, might, at a similar expression of the present sovereign's will and pleasure, return again under the dominion of the Holy Father, when they beheld their prince surrender to him, as a usurpation, the right of supremacy which his predecessor had seized upon.

But there was a fallacy in this reasoning. The Reformation presented to the English nation advantages both spiritual and temporal, of which they must necessarily be deprived, by a reconciliation with Rome. The former revolution was a calling from darkness into light, from ignorance into knowledge, from the bondage of priestcraft into freedom; and a mandate of Henry VIII, recommending a change fraught with such advantages, was sure to be promptly obeyed. The purpose of James, on the contrary, went to restore the ignorance of the dark ages, to lock up the Scriptures from the use of laymen, to bring back observances and articles of faith which were the offspring of superstitious credulity, and which the increasing knowledge of more than a century had taught men to despise.

Neither would a reconciliation with Rome have

been more favourable to those, who looked to a change of religion only as the means of obtaining temporal advantages. The acquiescence of the nobility in the Reformation had been easily purchased by the spoils of the church-property; but their descendants, the present possessors, would have every reason to apprehend, that a return to the Catholic religion might be cemented by a resumption of the church lands, which had been confiscated at the Reformation.

Thus the alteration which James proposed to accomplish in the national religion, was a task as different from that effected by Henry VIII, as is that of pushing a stone up hill, from assisting its natural impulse by rolling it downwards. Similar strength may indeed be applied in both cases, but the result of the two attempts must be materially different. This distinction James did not perceive; and he persevered in his rash attempt, in an evil hour for his own power, but a fortunate one for the freedom of his subjects, who, being called on to struggle for their religion, re-asserted their half-surrendered liberty, as the only mode by which they could obtain effectual means of resistance.

CHAPTER XXI.

Attempts of James II to annul the Test Act and Penal Statutes against Roman Catholics—Proclamation annulling the Oath of Supremacy and Test—Continued Efforts to introduce the Catholic Ascendancy—Attempted Invasion of the Rights of the Universities—Prosecution of the Bishops—Views of the Prince of Orange—how modified by the Birth of the Prince of Wales—Invasion of the Prince of Orange—Flight of James—The Throne of England settled upon William and Mary.

IN attempting the rash plan, which doubtless had for its object the establishment of the Catholic religion in his dominions, James II, in his speech to the first English Parliament after Monmouth's defeat, acquainted them with his intentions in two particulars, both highly alarming in the existing temper of the public. The first was, that having seen, he said, from the example of the last rebellion, that the militia were not adequate to maintain the defence of the kingdom, it was the King's purpose in future to maintain a body of regular troops, for whose pay he requested the House of Commons would make provision. The second point was no less ominous. The King desired, that no man would take exceptions if he employed some officers in the army who were not qualified according to the Test Act. "They were persons," he said, "well known to him; and having had the benefit of their assistance in a time of need and danger, he was determined neither to expose them to disgrace, nor himself to the want of their services on a future occasion."

To understand what this alluded to, you must be informed that the Test Act was contrived to exclude all persons from offices of public trust, commissions in the army, and the like, who should not previously take the test oath, declaring themselves Protestants, according to the Church of England. King James's speech from the throne, therefore, intimated, that he intended to maintain a standing military force, and that it was his purpose to officer these in a

great measure with Papists, whom he designed thus to employ, although they could not take the test.

Both these suspicious and exceptionable measures being so bluntly announced, created great alarm. When it was moved in the House of Lords, that thanks be returned for the King's speech, Lord Halifax said, that thanks were indeed due to his Majesty, but it was because he had frankly let them see the point he aimed at. In the House of Commons, the reception of the speech was more markedly unfavourable; and an address was voted, representing that the Papist officers lay under disabilities, which could only be removed by act of Parliament.

This intimation was ill received by the King in his turn, who expressed himself displeased at the implied jealousy of his purposes. The House remained in profound silence for some time, until Mr Cook stood up and said, "I hope we are all Englishmen, and not to be frightened out of our duty by a few hard words." This was considered as censurable language, and the gentleman who used it was sent to the Tower. The King presently afterwards prorogued the Parliament, which never met again during the short remainder of his reign.

Highly exasperated and disappointed at the unexpected and unfavourable reception which his propositions in favour of the Roman Catholics had received from the English Parliament, James determined that the legislature of Scotland, which till now had studied to fulfill, and even anticipate, his slightest wishes, should show their southern neighbours, in this instance also, the example of submission to the will of their sovereign. In order to induce them, and particularly the representatives of the burghs, to consent without hesitation, he promised a free intercourse of trade with England, and an ample indemnity for all past offences; measures which he justly regarded as essential to the welfare of Scotland. But these most desirable favours were clogged by a request, that the penal laws should be abolished, and the test withdrawn. The Scottish Parliament, hitherto so submissive, were alarmed at this proposal, which, although it commenced only by putting Popery on a level with the established religion, was likely, they thought, to end in overturning the Reformed doctrines, and replacing those of the Church of Rome.

It is true that the Scottish penal laws respecting the Roman Catholics were of the most severe and harsh character. The punishments for assisting at the celebration of the mass, were, for the first offence, confiscation and corporal punishment; for the second banishment, and to the third the pains of treason were annexed. These tyrannical laws had been introduced at a violent period, when those who had just shaken off the yoke of Popery were desirous to prevent, by every means, the slightest chance of its being again imposed on them, and when, being irritated by the recollection of the severities inflicted by the Roman Catholics on those whom they termed heretics, the Protestants were naturally disposed to retaliate upon the sect by whom they had been practised.

But although little could be said in defence of these laws, when the Catholics were reduced to a submissive state, the greater part by far of the people of Scotland desired that they should continue to exist,

as a defence to the Reformed religion, in case the Papists should again attempt to recover their ascendancy. They urged, that, while the Catholics remained quiet, there had been no recent instance of the penal laws being executed against them, and that therefore, since they were already in actual enjoyment of absolute freedom of conscience, the only purpose of the proposed abolition of the penal laws must be, to bring the Catholics forward into public situations, as the favoured ministers of the King, and professing the same religion with his Majesty.

Then in respect to the test oath, men remembered that it had been the contrivance of James himself; deemed so sacred, that Argyle had been condemned to death for even slightly qualifying it; and declared so necessary to the safety, nay, existence of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, that it was forced upon Presbyterians at the sword's point. The Protestants, therefore, of every description, were terrified at the test's being dispensed with in the case of the Roman Catholics, who, supported as they were by the King's favour, were justly to be regarded as the most formidable enemies of all whom they termed heretics.

The consequence of all this reasoning was, that the Episcopal party in Scotland, who had hitherto complied with every measure which James had proposed, now stopped short in their career, and would no longer keep pace with his wishes. He could get no answer from the Scottish Parliament, excepting the ambiguous expression, that they would do as much for the relief of the Catholics as their consciences would permit.

But James, although he applied to Parliament in the first instance, had secretly formed the resolution of taking away the effect of the penal laws, and removing the Test Act, by his own royal prerogative; not regarding the hatred and jealousy which he was sure to excite, by a course of conduct offensive at once to the liberties of his subjects, and threatening the stability of the Reformed religion.

The pretence on which this stretch of his royal prerogative was exerted, was very slender. The right had been claimed, and occasionally exercised, by the Kings of England, of dispensing with penal statutes in such individual cases as might require exception or indulgence. This right somewhat resembled the Crown's power of pardoning criminals whom the law has adjudged to death; but, like the power of pardon, the dispensing privilege could only be considered as extending to peculiar cases. So that when the King pretended to suspend the effect of the penal laws in all instances whatsoever, it was just as if, because in possession of the power of pardoning a man convicted of murder, he had claimed the right to pronounce that murder should in no case be held a capital crime. This reasoning was undeniable. Nevertheless, at the risk of all the disaffection which such conduct was certain to excite, James was rash enough to put forth a royal proclamation, in which, by his own authority, he dispensed at once with all the penal laws affecting Catholics, and annulled the Oath of Supremacy and the Test, so that a Catholic became as capable of public employment as a Protestant. At the same time, to maintain some appearance of impartiality, an indulgence was

granted to moderate Presbyterians, while the laws against the conventicles which met in arms, and in the open fields, were confirmed and enforced.

In this arbitrary and violent proceeding, James was chiefly directed by a few Catholic councillors, none of whom had much reputation for talent, while most of them were inspired by a misjudging zeal for their religion, and dreamt they saw the restoration of Popery at hand. To these must be added two or three statesmen, who, being originally Protestants, had adopted the Catholic religion in compliance with the wishes of the King. From these men, who had sacrificed conscience and decency to court favour, the very worst advice was to be apprehended, since they were sure to assert to extremity the character which they had adopted on the ground of self-interest. Such a minister was the Earl of Perth, Chancellor of Scotland, who served the King's pleasure to the uttermost in that kingdom; and such, too, was the far more able and dangerous Earl of Sunderland in England, who, under the guise of the most obsequious obedience to the King's pleasure, made it his study to drive James on to the most extravagant measures, with the secret resolution of deserting him as soon as he should see him in danger of perishing by means of the tempest which he had encouraged him wantonly to provoke.

The sincerity of those converts who change their faith at a moment when favour and power can be obtained by the exchange, must always be doubtful, and no character inspires more contempt than that of an apostate who deserts his religion for love of gain. Not, however, listening to these obvious considerations, the King seemed to press on the conversion of his subjects to the Roman Catholic faith, without observing that each proselyte, by the fact of becoming so, was rendered generally contemptible, and lost any influence he might have formerly possessed. Indeed, the King's rage for making converts was driven to such a height by his obsequious ministers, that an ignorant negro, the servant or slave of one Read, a mountebank, was publicly baptized after the Catholic ritual upon a stage in the High-street of Edinburgh, and christened James, in honour, it was said, of the Lord Chancellor James Earl of Perth, King James himself, and the Apostle James.

While the King was deserted by his old friends and allies of the Episcopal Church, he probably expected that his enemies the Presbyterians would have been conciliated by the unexpected lenity which they experienced. To bring this about, the indulgence was gradually extended, until it comprehended almost a total abrogation of all the oppressive laws respecting fanatics and conventicles, the Cameronians alone being excepted, who disowned the King's authority. But the Protestant nonconformists, being wise enough to penetrate into the schemes of the Prince, remained determined not to form a union with the Catholics, or to believe that the King had any other object in view than the destruction of Protestants of every description.

Some ministers, indeed, received the toleration with thanks and flattery; and several Presbyterians of rank accepted offices under government in the room of Episcopalians, who had resigned rather than acquiesce in the dispensation of the penal laws. But,

to use their own expressions, the more clear-sighted Presbyterians plainly saw that they had been less aggrieved with the wounds, stabs, and strokes, which the church had formerly received, than by this pretended Indulgence, which they likened to the cruel courtesy of Joab, who gave a salute to Abner, while at the same time he stabbed him under the fifth rib. This was openly maintained by one large party among the Presbyterians, while the more moderate admitted, that indeed Heaven had made the King its instrument to procure some advantage to the church; but that as they were convinced the favour shown to them was not sincere, but bestowed with the purpose of disuniting Protestants amongst themselves, they owed him little gratitude for that which he bestowed, not from any good will to them, but to further his own purposes.

These discords between the King and his former friends in Scotland occasioned many changes in the administration of the country. The Duke of Queensberry, who had succeeded Lauderdale in his unlimited authority, and had shown the same disposition to gratify the King upon all former occasions, was now disgraced on account of his reluctance to assent to the rash measures adopted in favour of the Catholics. Perth, and Melfort, the last also a convert to the Catholic faith, were placed at the head of the administration. On the other hand, Sir George MacKenzie, long King's Advocate, and so severe against the Covenanters that he received the name of the Bloody MacKenzie, refused to countenance the revocation of the penal laws, and was, like Queensberry, deprived of his office. Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees, named in his stead, was a Presbyterian of the more rigid sort, such as were usually called fanatics. Judges were also created from the same oppressed party. But none of the non-conformists so promoted, however gratified with their own advancement, either forgot the severity with which their sect had been treated, through the express interference and influence of James, or gave the infatuated monarch credit for sincerity in his apparent change of disposition towards them.

Insensible to the general loss of his friends and partisans, James proceeded to press the exercise of his dispensing power. By a new order from court, the most ridiculous and irritating that could well be imagined, all persons in civil employment, without exception, were ordered to lay down their offices, and resume them again by a new commission, without taking the test; which re-assumption, being an act done against the existing laws, they were required instantly to wipe out, by taking out a remission from the Crown, for obeying the royal command. And it was declared, that such as did not obtain such a remission, should be afterwards incapable of pardon, and subjected to all the penalties of not having taken the test. Thus, the King laid his commands upon his subjects to break one of the standing laws of the kingdom, and then stood prepared to enforce against them the penalty which they had incurred (a penalty due to the Crown itself), unless they consented to shelter themselves by accepting a pardon from the King for a crime which they had committed by his order, and thus far acknowledge his illegal power to suspend the laws. In this manner, it was expected

that all official persons would be compelled personally to act under and acknowledge the King's power of dispensing with the constitution.

In England, the same course of misgovernment was so openly pursued, that no room was left the people to doubt that James designed to imitate the conduct of his friend and ally, Louis XIV of France, in the usurpation of despotic power over the bodies and consciences of his subjects. It was just about this time that the French monarch revoked the toleration which had been granted by Henry IV to the French Protestants, and forced upwards of half a million of his subjects, offending in nothing excepting their worshipping God after the Protestant manner, into exile from their native country. Many thousands of these persecuted men found refuge in Great Britain, and by the accounts they gave of the injustice and cruelty with which they had been treated, increased the general hatred and dread of the Catholic religion, and in consequence the public jealousy of a Prince who was the bigoted follower of its tenets.

But James was totally blind to the dangerous precipice on which he stood, and imagined that the murmurs of the people might be suppressed by the large standing army which he maintained, a considerable part of which, in order to overawe the city of London, lay encamped at Hounslow-Heath.

To be still more assured of the fidelity of his army, the King was desirous to introduce amongst them a number of Catholic officers, and also to convert as many of the soldiers as possible to that religion. But even among a set of men, who from their habits are the most disposed to obedience, and perhaps the most indifferent about religious distinctions, the name of Papist was odious; and the few soldiers who embraced that persuasion were treated by their comrades with ridicule and contempt.

In a word, any prince less obstinate and bigoted than James, might easily have seen that the army would not become his instrument in altering the laws and religion of the country. But he proceeded, with the most reckless indifference, to provoke a struggle, which it was plain must be maintained against the universal sentiments of his subjects. He had the folly not only to set up the Catholic worship in his royal chapel, with the greatest pomp and publicity, but to send an ambassador, Lord Castlemaine, to the Pope, to invite his Holiness to countenance his proceedings, by affording him the presence of a nuncio from the See of Rome. Such a communication was, by the law of England, an act of high-treason, and excited the deepest resentment in England, while abroad it was rather ridiculed than applauded. Even the Pope himself afforded the bigoted monarch very little countenance in his undertaking, being probably of opinion that James's movements were too violent to be secure. His Holiness was also on indifferent terms with Louis XIV, of whom James was a faithful ally; and, on the whole, the Pope was so little disposed to sympathise with the imprudent efforts of the English Monarch in favour of the Catholic religion, that he contrived to evade every attempt of Lord Castlemaine to enter upon business, by affecting a violent fit of coughing whenever the conversation took that turn. Yet even this coldness, on the part of one necessarily so partial

VOL. VII.

to his views, and so intimately concerned in the issue of his attempt, did not chill the insane zeal of the English monarch.

To attain his purpose with some degree of grace from Parliament, which, though he affected to despise it, he was still desirous of conciliating, the King took the most unconstitutional measures to influence the members of both houses. One mode was by admitting individuals to private audiences, called Closetings, and using all the personal arguments, promises, and threats, which his situation enabled him to enforce, for the purpose of inducing the members to comply with his views. He extorted also, from many of the royal burghs, both in England and Scotland, the surrender of their charters, and substituted others which placed the nomination of their representatives to Parliament in the hands of the Crown; and he persisted obstinately in removing Protestants from all offices of honour and trust in the government, and in filling their situations with Papists. Even his own brothers-in-law, the Earls of Clarendon and Rochester, were disgraced, or at least dismissed from their employments, because they would not sacrifice their religious principles to the King's arguments and promises.

Amid so many subjects of jealousy, all uniting to show, that it was the purpose of the King to assume arbitrary power, and by the force of tyranny over the rights and lives of his subjects, to achieve a change in the national religion, those operations which immediately affected the church were the objects of peculiar attention.

As early in his unhappy career as 1686, the year following that of his accession to the throne, James had ventured to re-establish one of the most obnoxious institutions in his father's reign, namely, the Court of High Ecclesiastical Commission, for trying all offences of the clergy. This oppressive and vexatious judicature had been abolished in Charles the First's time, along with the Star Chamber, and it was declared by act of Parliament that it should never be again erected. Yet the King, in spite of experience and of law, recalled to life this oppressive court, in order to employ its arbitrary authority in support of the cause of Popery. Sharpe, a clergyman of London, had preached with vehemence in the controversy between Protestants and Catholics, and some of the expressions he made use of were interpreted to reflect on the King. Sharpe endeavoured to apologize, but nevertheless the Bishop of London received orders to suspend the preacher from his functions. That prelate excused himself from obedience, because he had no power to proceed thus summarily against a person not convicted of any offence. The Bishop's excuse, as well as Sharpe's apology, were disregarded, and both were suspended from their functions by this illegal court; the preacher, because he exerted himself, as his profession required, in combating the arguments by which many were seduced from the Protestant faith; the prelate, because he declined to be an instrument of illegal oppression. The people saw the result of this trial, with a deep sense of the illegality shown, and the injustice inflicted.

The Universities were equally the object of the King's unprovoked aggressions. It was in their bosom that the youth of the kingdom, more especially those

destined for the clerical profession, received the necessary instruction, and James naturally concluded, that to introduce the Catholic influence into these two great and learned bodies, would prove a most important step in his grand plan of re-establishing that religion in England.

The experiment upon Cambridge was a slight one. The King, by his mandate, required the university to confer a degree of master of arts upon Father Francis, a Benedictine monk. Academical honours of this kind are generally conferred without respect to the religion of the party receiving them; and indeed the University had, not very long before, admitted a Mahomedan to the degree of master of arts: but that was an honorary degree only, whereas what was demanded for the Benedictine monk inferred a right to sit and vote in the elections of the University, whose members, considering that the Papists so introduced might soon control the Protestants, resolved to oppose the King's purpose in the commencement, and refused to grant the degree required. The Court of High Commission suspended the Vice-Chancellor, but the University chose a man of the same determined spirit in his room; so that the King was not the nearer to his object, which he was compelled for the present to abandon.

Oxford, however, was attacked with more violence, and the consequences were more important. That celebrated University had been distinguished by its unalterable attachment to the royal cause. When Charles I was compelled to quit London, he found a retreat at Oxford, where the various colleges expended in supporting his cause whatever wealth they possessed, while many members of the University exposed their lives in his service. In Charles the Second's time, Oxford, on account of its inflexible loyalty, had been chosen as the place where the King convoked a short Parliament, when the interest of the Whigs in the city of London was so strong as to render him fearful of remaining in its vicinity. It was less to the honour of the University, that they had shown themselves the most zealous in expressing, and enforcing by their ordinances, the slavish tenets of passive obedience and non-resistance to the royal authority, which were then professed by many of the members of the Church of England; but it was an additional proof, that their devotion to the King was almost unlimited.

But if James recollected any thing whatever of these marks of loyalty to the Crown, the remembrance served only to encourage him in his attack upon the privileges of the University, in the belief that they would not be firmly resisted. With ingratitude, therefore, as well as folly, he proceeded to intrude his mandate on the society of Magdalen College, commanding them to chuse for their president one of the new converts to the Catholic religion, and on their refusal, expelled them from the college; thus depriving them of their revenues and settlement in life, because they would not transgress the statutes, to the observance of which they had solemnly sworn.

A still more fatal error, which seems indeed to have carried James's imprudence to the uttermost, was the ever-memorable prosecution of the Bishops, which had its origin in the following circumstances. In 1688, James published a second declaration of in-

dulgence, with an order subjoined, by which it was appointed to be read in all the churches. The greater part of the English bishops, disapproving of the King's pretended prerogative of dispensing with the test and penal laws, resolved to refuse obedience to this order, which, as their sentiments were well known, could only be intended to disgrace them in the eyes of the people. Six of the most distinguished of the prelates joined with the Archbishop of Canterbury in a humble petition to the King, praying his Majesty would dispense with their causing to be published in their dioceses a declaration founded upon the claim of royal dispensation, which claim having been repeatedly declared illegal, the petitioners could not, in prudence, honour, or conscience, be accessary to distributing a paper, which asserted its validity in so solemn a manner all over the nation.

The King was highly incensed at this remonstrance, and summoning the seven prelates before his Privy Council, he demanded of them if they owned and adhered to their petition. They at once acknowledged that they did so, and were instantly committed to the Tower, upon a charge of sedition. The rank and respectability of these distinguished men, the nature of the charge against whom, in the popular apprehension, was an attempt to punish them for a bold, yet respectful discharge of their high duties, coupled with the anxious dread of what might be expected to follow such a violent procedure, wrought up the minds of the people to the highest pitch.

An immense multitude assembled on the banks of the Thames, and beheld with grief and wonder those fathers of the Church conveyed to prison in the boats appointed for that purpose. The enthusiasm was extreme. They wept, they kneeled, they prayed for the safety of the prisoners, which was only endangered by the firmness with which they had held fast their duty; and the benedictions which the persecuted divines distributed on every side, were answered with the warmest wishes for their freedom, and the most unreserved avowal of their cause. All this enthusiasm of popular feeling was insufficient to open James's eyes to his madness. He urged on the proceedings against the prelates, who, on the 17th June, 1688, were brought to trial, and, after a long and most interesting hearing of their cause, were fully acquitted. The acclamations of the multitude were loud in proportion to the universal anxiety which prevailed while the case was in dependence; and when the news reached the camp at Hounslow, the extravagant rejoicings of the soldiers, unchecked by the King's own presence, showed that the army and the people were animated by the same spirit.

Yet James was so little influenced by this universal expression of adherence to the Protestant cause, that he continued his headlong career with a degree of rapidity, which compelled the reflecting part of the Catholics themselves to doubt and fear the event. He renewed his violent interference with the Universities, endeavoured to thrust on Magdalen College a Popish Bishop, and resolved to prosecute every clergyman who should refuse to read his declaration of indulgence; that is to say, with the exception of an inconsiderable minority, the whole Church of England.

While the kingdoms of Scotland and England were agitated by these violent attempts to establish the Roman Catholic religion, their fears were roused to the highest pitch by observing with what gigantic strides the King was advancing to the same object in Ireland, where, the great body of the people being Catholics, he had no occasion to disguise his purposes. Lord Tyrconnell, a headstrong and violent man, and a Catholic of course, was appointed Viceroy, and proceeded to take every step necessary, by arming the Papists and depressing the Protestants, to prepare for a total change, in which the latter should be subjugated by a Catholic Parliament. The violence of the King's conduct in a country where he was not under the necessity of keeping any fair appearances, too plainly showed the Protestants of England and Scotland, that the measure, presented to them as one of general toleration for all Christian sects, was in fact designed to achieve the supremacy of the Catholic faith over heresy of every denomination.

During all this course of mal-administration, the sensible and prudent part of the nation kept their eyes fixed on William Prince of Orange, married, as I have before told you, to James's eldest daughter, Mary, and heir to the throne, unless it happened that the King should have a son by his present Queen. This was an event which had been long held improbable, for the children which the Queen had hitherto borne were of a very weak constitution, and did not long survive their birth; and James himself was now an elderly man.

The Prince of Orange, therefore, having a fair prospect of attaining the throne after his father-in-law's death, observed great caution in his communications with the numerous and various factions in England and Scotland; and even to those who expressed the greatest moderation and the purest sentiments of patriotism, he replied with a prudent reserve, exhorting them to patience, dissuading from all hasty insurrections, and pointing out to them, that the death of the King must put an end to the innovations which he was attempting on the constitution.

But an event took place which entirely altered the Prince of Orange's views and feelings, and forced him upon an enterprise, one of the most remarkable in its progress and consequences of any which the history of the world affords. Mary, Queen of England, and wife of James II, was delivered of a male child, on the 10th June, 1688. The Papists had long looked forward to this event as to one which should perpetuate the measures of the King in favour of the Roman Catholics, after his own death. They had, therefore, ventured to prophesy, that the expected infant would be a son, and they imputed the fulfilment of their wishes to the intervention of the Virgin Mary of Loretto, propitiated by prayers and pilgrimage.

The Protestant party, on the other hand, were disposed to consider the alleged birth of the infant, which had happened so seasonably for the Catholics, as the result, not of a miracle of the Popish saints, but of a trick at court. They affirmed that the child was not really the son of James and his wife, but a supposititious infant, whom they were desirous to palm upon their subjects as the legal heir of the

throne, in order to defeat the claim of the Protestant successors. This assertion, though gravely swallowed by the people, and widely spread amongst them, was totally without foundation; nor was it possible that there could exist more complete proof of such a fact, than James himself published to the world concerning the birth of this young Prince of Wales. But the King's declarations, and the evidence which he at length made public, were unable to bear down the calumny which was so widely and anxiously circulated. The leaders of the Protestant party, whatever they might themselves believe, took care to make the rumour of the alleged imposture as general as possible; and many, whose Tory principles would not have allowed them to oppose the succession of a prince really descended of the blood royal, stood prepared to dispute the right of the infant to succeed to the throne, on account of the asserted doubtfulness of his birth.

One thing, however, was certain, that whether the child was supposititious or not, his birth was likely to prolong the misgovernment under which the country groaned. There now existed no longer the prospect that James would be succeeded by his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, with whom the Protestant religion must necessarily have recovered its predominance. This infant was of course to be trained up in the religion and principles of his father; and the influence of the dreaded spirit of Popery, instead of terminating with the present reign, would maintain and extend itself through that of a youthful successor. The Prince of Orange, on his part, seeing himself, by the birth and rights of this infant, excluded from the long-hoped for succession to the Crown of England, laid aside his caution, for a bold and active interference in British politics.

He now publicly, though with decency, declared, that his sentiments were opposite to those on which his father-in-law acted, and that though he was disposed to give a hearty consent to repealing penal statutes in all cases, being of opinion that no one should be punished for his religious opinions, yet he could not acquiesce in the King's claim to dispense with the test, which only excluded from public offices those whose conscience would not permit them to conform to the established religion of the country in which they lived. Having thus openly declared his sentiments, the Prince of Orange was resorted to, openly or secretly, by all those, of whatever political opinions, who joined in the general fear for the religious and civil liberties of the country, which were threatened by the bigotry of James. Encouraged by the universal sentiments of the English nation, a few Catholics excepted, and by the urgent remonstrances of many of the leading men of all the various parties, the Prince of Orange resolved to appear in England at the head of an armed force, with the purpose of putting a stop to James's encroachments on the constitution in church and state.

Under various plausible pretexts, therefore, the Prince began to assemble a navy and army adequate to the bold invasion which he meditated; while neither the warning of the King of France, who penetrated the purpose of these preparations, nor a sense of the condition in which he himself stood, could induce James to take any adequate measures of defence.

The unfortunate Prince continued to follow the same measures which had lost him the hearts of his subjects, and every step he took encouraged and prompted disaffection. Dubious of the allegiance of his army, he endeavoured, by introducing Irish Catholics amongst them, to fill their ranks, in part at least, with men in whom he might repose more confidence. But the Lieutenant-Colonel and five Captains of the regiment in which the experiment was first tried, refused to receive the proposed recruits; and though these officers were cashiered for doing so, yet their spirit was generally applauded by those of their own profession.

Another experiment on the soldiery had a still more mortifying result. Although it is contrary to the British constitution to engage soldiers under arms in the discussion of any political doctrine, since they must be regarded as the servants, not the counsellors, of the state; nevertheless, James resolved, if possible, to obtain from the army their approbation of the repeal of the test and the penal statutes. By way of experiment, a single battalion was drawn up in his own presence, and informed, that they must either express their hearty acquiescence in the King's purposes in respect to these laws, or lay down their arms, such being the sole condition on which their services would be received. On hearing this appeal, the whole regiment, excepting two officers and a few Catholic soldiers, laid down their arms. The King stood mute with anger and disappointment, and at length told them, in a sullen and offended tone, to take up their arms and retire to their quarters, adding, that he would not again do them the honour to ask their opinions.

While James was thus extorting from his very soldiers opinions the most unfavourable to his measures, he suddenly received intelligence from his ambassador in Holland, that the Prince of Orange was about to put to sea with an army of fifteen thousand men, supplied by the States of Holland, and a fleet of five hundred sail.

Conscious that he had lost the best safeguard of a monarch,—namely, the love and affections of his subjects,—this news came upon James like a thunder-clap. He hastened to retract all the measures which had rendered his reign so unpopular; but it was with a precipitation which showed fear, not conviction, and the people were persuaded that the concessions would be recalled so soon as the danger was over.

In the meantime the Dutch fleet set sail. At first it encountered a storm, and was driven back into harbour. But the damage sustained by some of the vessels being speedily repaired, they again put to sea, and with so much activity, that the short delay proved rather of service than otherwise; for the English fleet, which had also been driven into harbour by the storm, could not be got ready to meet the invaders. Steering for the west of England, the prince of Orange landed in Torbay, on the 5th November, 1688, being the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, an era which seemed propitious to an enterprise commenced in opposition to the revival of Popery in England.

Immediately on his landing, the Prince published a manifesto, setting forth, in plain and strong terms, the

various encroachments made by the reigning monarch upon the British constitution, and upon the rights as well of the church as of private persons and corporate bodies. He came, he said, with an armed force, to protect his person from the King's evil councillors, but his only purpose was to have a full and free Parliament assembled, in order to procure a general settlement of religion, liberty, and property.

Notwithstanding that so many persons of rank and influence had privately encouraged the Prince of Orange to this undertaking, there appeared at first very little alacrity to support him in carrying it through. The inhabitants of the western counties where the Prince landed, were overawed by recollection of the fearful punishment inflicted upon those who had joined Monmouth, and the Prince had advanced to Exeter ere he was joined by any adherent of consequence. But from the time that one or two gentlemen of consideration joined him, a general commotion took place all over England, and the nobility and gentry assumed arms on every side for redress of the grievances set forth in the Prince's manifesto.

In the midst of this universal defection, King James gave orders to assemble his army, assigned Salisbury for his head-quarters, and announced his purpose of fighting the invaders. But he was doomed to experience to what extent he had alienated the affections of his subjects by his bigoted and tyrannical conduct. Several noblemen and officers of rank publicly deserted, and carried off to the Prince's army numbers of their soldiers. Amongst these was Lord Churchill, afterwards the celebrated Duke of Marlborough. He was a particular favourite of the unhappy King, who had bestowed a peerage on him, with high rank in the army; and his desertion to the Prince on this occasion showed that the universal aversion to King James's measures had alienated the affections of those who would otherwise have been most devotedly attached to him.

A still more striking defection seems to have destroyed the remains of the unhappy Monarch's resolution. His second daughter, the Princess Anne, who was married to a younger son of the King of Denmark, called Prince George, escaped by night from London, under the protection of the Bishop of that city, who raised a body of horse for her protection, and rode armed at their head. She fled to Nottingham, where she was received by the Earl of Dorset, and declared for a free Protestant Parliament. Her husband, and other persons of the first distinction, joined the Prince of Orange.

The sudden and unexpected dissolution of his power, when every morning brought intelligence of some new defection or insurrection, totally destroyed the firmness of James, who, notwithstanding his folly and misconduct, becomes, in this period of unmitigated calamity, an object of our pity. At the tidings of his daughter's flight, he exclaimed, with the agony of paternal feeling, "God help me, my own children desert me!" In the extremity and desolation of his distress, the unfortunate Monarch seems to have lost all those qualities which had gained him in earlier life the character of courage and sagacity; and the heedless rashness with which he had scorned the distant danger, was only equalled by the prostrating degree of intimidation which now overwhelmed him.

He dismissed his army, to the great increase of the general confusion; and finally, terrified by the recollection of his father's fate, he resolved to withdraw himself from his kingdom.

It is probable that he could not have taken any resolution which would have been so grateful to the Prince of Orange. If James had remained in Britain, the extremity of his misfortunes would probably have awakened the popular compassion; and the tenets of the High Churchmen and Tories, although they had given way to their apprehensions for the safety of religion and liberty, might, when these were considered as safe, have raised many partisans to the distressed monarch. Besides, while King James remained in his dominions, it would have been an obnoxious and odious attempt, on the part of the Prince of Orange, to have plucked the crown forcibly from the head of his father-in-law, in order to place it upon his own. On the other hand, if the flight of the King into foreign countries should leave the throne unoccupied, nothing could be so natural as to place there the next Protestant heir of the crown, by whose providential interference the liberties and constitution of the country had been rescued from such imminent danger.

Fortune seemed at first adverse to an escape, which King James desired from his fears, and the Prince of Orange from his hopes. As the King, attended by one gentleman, endeavoured to get on board of a vessel prepared for his escape, they were seized by some rude fishermen, who were looking out to catch such priests and Catholics as were flying from the kingdom. At the hands of these men the unfortunate Monarch received some rough treatment, until the gentry of the country interposed for the protection of his person, but still refused to permit him to depart the kingdom. He was allowed, however, to return to London, where the rabble, with their usual mutability, and moved with compassion for the helpless state to which he was reduced, received him with acclamations of favour.

The Prince of Orange, not a little disappointed by this incident, seems to have determined to conduct himself towards his father-in-law with such a strain of coldness and severity as should alarm James for his personal safety, and determine him to resume his purpose of flight. With such a view, the Prince refused to receive the nobleman whom the King had sent to him to desire a conference, and ordered the messenger to be placed under arrest. In reply to the message, he issued a command, transmitted at midnight, that the King should leave his palace the next morning. The dejected sovereign yielded to the mandate, and, at his own request, Rochester was assigned for his abode. That happened which must have been foreseen, from his chusing a place near the river as his temporary habitation. James privately embarked on board of a frigate, and was safely landed at Ambleteuse, in France. He was received by Louis XIV with the utmost generosity and hospitality, and lived for many years at St Germain, under his protection and at his expense, excepting only during a short campaign (to be afterwards noticed) in Ireland. Every effort to replace him in his dominions, only proved destructive to those who were engaged in them. The exiled monarch was looked

upon with reverence by sincere Catholics, who counted him as a martyr to his zeal for the form of religion which he and they professed; but by others he was ridiculed as a bigot, who had lost three kingdoms for the sake of a mass.

A Convention, as it was called (in effect a Parliament, though not such in form, because it could not be summoned in the King's name), was convoked at Westminster; and, at their first meeting, they returned their unanimous thanks to the Prince of Orange for the deliverance which he had achieved for the nation. The House of Commons then proceeded, by a great majority, to vote that King James had forfeited his regal title by a variety of encroachments on the constitution; that, by his flight, he had abdicated the government; and that the throne was vacant. But as great part of this resolution was adverse to the doctrine of the Tories, who refused to adopt it, the mention of forfeiture was omitted; and it was finally settled, that by his evil administration, and subsequent flight from Britain, King James had *abdicated* the throne. And I cannot forbear to point out to you the singular wisdom of both the great parties in the state, who, by keeping the expressions of their resolution so general as to clash with the sentiments of neither, concurred in a measure so important, without starting any theoretical disputes to awaken party contention at a moment when the peace of England depended on unanimity.

The throne being thus declared vacant, the important question remained, by whom it should be filled. This was warmly disputed. The Tories were contented that the Prince of Orange should exercise the regal power, but only under the title of Regent. They could not reconcile themselves to the dethroning a King and electing his successor; and contended, that James's course of misconduct did not deprive him of his kingly title, but only operated like some malady, which rendered him unfit to have the exercise of regal power. The Whigs replied, that this doctrine would prevent their deriving the desired advantages from the Revolution, since, if James was in any respect to be acknowledged as a sovereign, he might return and claim the power which is inalienable from the royal right. Besides, if James was still King, it was evident that his son, who had been carried abroad, in order that he might be bred up in Popery and in arbitrary doctrines, must be acknowledged after the death of James himself. They, therefore, declared for the necessity of filling up the vacant sovereignty. A third party endeavoured to find a middle opinion, with regard to which the objections applicable to those we have just expressed should not hold good. They proposed that the crown should be conferred on Mary, Princess of Orange, in her own right; thus passing over the infant Prince of Wales, and transferring their allegiance to Mary as the next Protestant heir of the crown.

The Prince of Orange, who had listened to, and watched these debates in silence, but with deep interest, now summoned a small council of leading persons, to whom he made his sentiments known.

He would not, he said, interfere in any respect with the right of the English Parliament, to arrange their future government according to their own laws, or their own pleasure. But he felt it necessary to ac-

quaint them, that if they chose to be governed by a Regent, he would not accept that office. Neither was he disposed to take the government of the kingdom under his wife, supposing she was chosen Queen. If either of these modes of settlement were adopted, he informed them he would retire entirely from all interference with British affairs. The Princess, his wife, seconded her husband's views, to whom she always paid the highest degree of conjugal deference.

The wisdom and power of the Prince of Orange, nay, even the assistance of his military force, were absolutely indispensable to the settlement of England, divided as it was by two rival political parties, who had indeed been forced into union by the general fear of James's tyranny, but were ready to renew their dissensions the instant the overwhelming pressure of that fear was removed. The Convention were, therefore, obliged to regulate the succession to the throne upon the terms agreeable to the Prince of Orange. The Princess and he were called to the throne jointly, under the title of King William and Queen Mary, the survivor succeeding the party who should first die. The Princess Anne of Denmark was named to succeed after the death of her sister and brother-in-law, and the claims of James's infant son were entirely passed over.

The Convention did not neglect this opportunity to annex to the settlement of the crown a Declaration of Rights, determining in favour of the subject those rights which had been contested during the late reigns, and drawing with more accuracy and precision than had hitherto been employed, the lines which circumscribe the royal authority.

Such was this memorable Revolution, which (saving a petty and accidental skirmish) decided the fate of a great kingdom without bloodshed, and in which, perhaps, for the only time in history, the heads of the discordant factions of a great empire laid aside their mutual suspicion and animosity, and calmly and dispassionately discussed the great concerns of the nation, without reference to their own interests or those of their party. To the memory of this Convention or Parliament, the Britannic kingdoms owe the inestimable blessing of a constitution, fixed on the decided and defined principles of civil and religious liberty.

CHAPTER XXII

State of Affairs in Scotland previous to the Revolution—Endeavours of James to secure the Scots to his interest—The Scottish Army is ordered to England, and, on the Flight of James, joins the Prince of Orange—Expulsion of Captain Wallace from Holyrood House—Meeting of the Scottish Convention—Struggles of the Jacobite and Whig Parties—Secession of the Viscount of Dundee, and settlement of the Throne on King William—Disposal of Offices of trust in Scotland—Mr Carstairs confidentially consulted by King William.

THE necessity of explaining the nature and progress of the Revolution of England, without which it would be impossible for you to comprehend what passed in the northern part of the kingdom, has drawn us away from the proper subject of this little book, and makes it necessary that we should return to our account of Scottish affairs during the time

that these important events were taking place in England.

We have mentioned the discontents which existed among King James's most zealous friends in Scotland, on account of his pressing the revocation of the Test, and that several of the crown officers, and crown lawyers, and even two or three of the judges, had been displaced for demurring to that measure, the vacancies being filled with Catholics or Presbyterians. You have also been told, that by this false policy, James lost the affection of his friends of the Episcopal church, without being able to conciliate his ancient enemies, the nonconformists.

Thus stood matters in Scotland, when, in September, 1688, King James sent down to his council in Scotland, an account of the preparations making in Holland to invade England. Upon this alarming news, the militia were ordered to be in readiness; the Highland chiefs were directed to prepare their clans to take the field; and the vassals of the crown were modelled into regiments, and furnished with arms. These forces, joined to the standing army, would have made a considerable body of troops.

But unanimity, the soul of national resistance, was wanting. The Scottish Royalists were still so much attached to the Crown, and even to the person of James, that, notwithstanding the late causes of suspicion and discord which had occurred betwixt them and the King, there remained little doubt that they would have proved faithful to his cause. But the Presbyterians, even of the most moderate party, had suffered so severely at James's hand, both during his brother's reign and his own, that it was hardly to be expected that a few glances of favour to which they seemed to be admitted, only because they could not be decently excluded from the toleration designed for the benefit of the Catholics, should make them forget the recent terrors of the storm. Several of the gentry of this persuasion, however, seemed ready to serve the King, and obtained commissions in the militia; but the event showed that this was done with the purpose of acting more effectually against him.

The Earl of Perth endeavoured to ascertain the real sentiments of that numerous party, by applying to them through the medium of Sir Patrick Murray, a person who seemed attached to no particular sect, but who was esteemed by all. This gentleman applied to such leading Presbyterian ministers as were in Edinburgh, reminding them of the favours lately shown to them by the King, and requesting they would now evince their gratitude, by influencing their hearers to oppose the unnatural invasion threatened by the Prince of Orange. The clergymen received the overture coldly, and declined to return an answer till there should be more of their brethren in town. Having in the interim obtained information, which led them to expect the ultimate success of the Prince of Orange, they sent as their answer to the Earl of Perth, through Sir Patrick Murray, "that they owned the King had of late been used as Heaven's instrument, to show them some favour; but being convinced that he had done so, only with a design to ruin the Protestant religion, by introducing dissension among its professors of different denominations, and observing, that the persons whom he vo-

luntarily raised to power, were either Papists, or persons popishly inclined, they desired to be excused from giving any farther answer, saying that they would conduct themselves in this juncture as God should inspire."

From this answer, it was plain that James was to expect nothing from the Presbyterians; yet they remained silent and quiet, waiting the event, and overawed by the regular troops, who were posted in such places as to prevent open insurrection.

The disaffection of the English soldiery having alarmed James's suspicions, he sent orders that his Scottish army should be drawn together and held in readiness to march into England. The Scottish administration answered by a remonstrance, that this measure would leave the government in Scotland totally defenceless, and encourage the disaffected, who could not but think the affairs of King James in England were desperate, since he could not dispense with the assistance of so small a body of troops. To this remonstrance the King replied by a positive order, that the Scottish army should advance into England.

This little army might consist of six or seven thousand excellent troops, commanded by James Douglas, brother to the Duke of Queensberry, as General-in-chief, and by the more celebrated John Graham of Claverhouse, recently created Viscount of Dundee, as Major-General. The former was secretly a favourer of the Prince of Orange's enterprise. Viscount Dundee, on the other hand, was devotedly attached to the cause of King James, and redeemed some of his fiercer and more cruel propensities, by the virtue of attaching himself to his benefactor, when he was forsaken by all the world besides. It is said, that the march was protracted by Douglas, lest the steadiness of the Scottish army should have served as an example to the English. At length, however, they reached London, where the Viscount of Dundee claimed a right to command, as eldest Major-General, but the English officers of the same rank, whether out of national jealousy, or that Dundee's obtaining so high a rank might have interfered with their private schemes, positively refused to serve under him. It is said, that, in the event of his obtaining this command, his design was to assemble such English troops as yet remained faithful, and, at the head of these and the Scottish army, to have marched against the Prince of Orange, and given him battle. But this scheme, which must have cost much bloodshed, was defeated by the refusal of the English officers to fight under him.

King James, amidst the distraction of his affairs, requested the advice of this sagacious and determined adherent, who pointed out to him three courses. The first was, to try the fate of war, by manfully fighting the Prince of Orange. The second alternative was, to meet him in friendship, and require to know his purpose. The third was, to retire into Scotland, under protection of the little army of that kingdom. The King, it is said, was inclined to try the third alternative; but, as he received intelligence that several Scottish peers and gentlemen were come post to London, to wait on the Prince of Orange, he justly doubted whether that kingdom would have proved a safe place of refuge. Indeed, he presently afterwards heard, that one of Douglas's battalions

had caught the spirit of desertion, and gone over to the Prince.

Shortly after this untoward event, Dundee, with such of his principal officers as adhered to the cause of James, received assurances of the King's disposition to hazard battle, and were commanded to meet him at Uxbridge, to consult upon the movements to be adopted. When the Scottish officers reached the place appointed, instead of meeting with the King, they learned that their misguided monarch had fled, and received the fatal order to disband their forces. Dundee, with the Lords Linlithgow and Dunmore, shed tears of grief and mortification. In the uncertainty of the times, Dundee resolved to keep his forces together, until he had conducted them back into Scotland. With this view he took up his quarters at Watford, intending to retreat on the ensuing morning. In the meanwhile, the town's-people, who did not like the company of these northern soldiers, raised a report during the course of the night that the Prince of Orange was coming to attack them, hoping, by this false alarm, to frighten them from the place sooner than they intended. But Dundee was not a person to be so easily startled. To the great alarm of the citizens, he caused his trumpets sound to arms, and, taking up a strong position in front of the town, sent out to reconnoitre, and learn the intentions of the Prince of Orange. Thus the stratagem of the citizens of Watford only brought on themselves the chance of a battle in front of their town, which was most likely to suffer in the conflict, be the event what it would.

But the Prince of Orange knew Dundee's character well. He had served his early campaigns under that Prince, and had merited his regard, not only by his diligent discharge of his duty, but also by rescuing William at the battle of Seneff in 1674, and remounting him on his own horse, when that of the Prince was slain under him. Dundee had left the Dutch service, on being disappointed of a regiment.

Knowing, therefore, the courage and obstinacy of the Scottish commander, the Prince of Orange took the step of assuring the Viscount of Dundee, that he had not the least purpose of molesting him, and that, understanding he was at Watford, and was keeping his men embodied, he had to request he would remain there till further orders. When the news of the King's return to London was rumoured, Dundee went to assure his old master of his continued attachment, and to receive his orders; and it is said he even then offered to assemble the dispersed troops of the King, and try the fate of war. But James's spirit was too much broken to stand such a hazard.

On James's final flight to France, and the decision of the Convention, elevating the Prince and Princess of Orange to the throne, Dundee would no longer retain his command, but retired to Scotland, at the head of a body-guard of twenty or thirty horse, who would not quit him, and without whose protection he could not perhaps have passed safely through the southern and western counties, where he had exercised so many severities. The Scottish army, or what remained of it, was put under the command of General MacKay, an officer attached to King William, and transferred to the service of the new monarch, though there were many amongst them

who cast a lingering eye towards that of their old master.

In the meantime, the revolution had been effected in Scotland, though not with the same unanimity as in England. On the contrary, the Episcopalians throughout the kingdom, in spite of all the provocations which they had received, could not prevail upon themselves to join in any measures which should be unfavourable to James's interest, and would probably have appeared in arms in his cause, had there been any one present in Scotland to raise and uphold the exiled Monarch's banner.

The Scottish prelates, in particular, hastened to show, that in the extremity of King James's misfortunes, they had forgotten their rupture with him, and were returned to the principles of passive obedience, by which their Church was distinguished. On the 3d November, the whole of their number, excepting the Bishops of Argyle and Caithness, joined in a letter to the King, professing their own fixed and unshaken loyalty, promising their utmost efforts to promote among his subjects an *intemperate* and steadfast allegiance, and praying that Heaven would give the King the hearts of his subjects and the necks of his enemies.

But the defenceless state in which King James's Scottish government was left, after the march of Douglas and Dundee into England at the head of the regular forces, rendered the good wishes of the bishops of little service. It soon began to appear that the Scottish Presbyterians were determined to avail themselves of an opportunity for which the chief amongst them had long made preparations. The Earls of Glencairn, Crawford, Dundonald, and Taras, with several other persons of consideration, encouraged the rising of the Presbyterians, who, hastily assuming arms, appeared in different parts of the country, in open opposition to the government.

These desultory forces might have been put down by the militia; but a manœuvre of the Earl of Athole, whose connexion with the Earl of Derby had procured him admission into the secrets of the Revolution, prevented the adherents of King James from having this support. Lord Tarbat concurred in the sentiments of Athole, and both being members of the Privy Council, had an opportunity of carrying their purpose into execution. When the news reached Scotland, that the army of King James was disbanded, and the King had fled, these two noblemen persuaded the Chancellor, Perth, and other Catholics or zealous Jacobites in the Privy Council, that, as there was now no chance of coming to a decision by force of arms, it was their duty to disband the militia, as their services could not be needed, and their maintenance was a burden to the country.

The Earl of Perth, who appears to have been a timorous man, was persuaded to acquiesce in this measure; and no sooner had he parted with the militia, his last armed defence, than his colleagues made him understand, that he being a Papist, incapacitated by law from holding any public office, they did not think themselves in safety to sit and vote with him as a member of government. And, while the Protestant part of his late obsequious brethren seemed to shun him as one infected with the plague, the rabble beat drums in the streets, proclaimed him

traitor, and set a price upon his head. His courage could not withstand the menace, and he escaped from the metropolis, with the purpose of flying beyond seas; but being pursued by armed barks, he was taken, and detained a prisoner for more than four years.

In the meantime, an act of violence of a decided character took place in Edinburgh. Holyrood House, the ancient palace of James's ancestors, and his own habitation when in Scotland, had been repaired with becoming splendour when he came to the throne. But it was within its precincts that he had established his royal chapel for the Catholic service and established a seminary of Jesuits, an institution which, under pretext of teaching the Latin language, and other branches of education gratis, was undoubtedly designed to carry on the work of making proselytes. At Holyrood House a printing establishment was also erected, from which were issued polemical tracts in defence of the Catholic religion, and similar literary articles. The palace and its inmates were on all these accounts very obnoxious to the Presbyterian party, which now began to obtain the ascendancy.

The same bands, consisting of the meaner class of people, apprentices, and others, whose appearance had frightened the Chancellor out of the city, continued to parade the streets with drums beating, until, confident in their numbers, they took the resolution of making an attack on the palace, which was garrisoned by a company of soldiers, commanded by one Captain Wallace.

As they pressed on this officer's sentinels, he at length commanded his soldiers to fire, and some of the insurgents were killed. A general cry was raised through the city, that Wallace and his troopers were committing a massacre of the inhabitants; and many of the citizens, repairing to the Earl of Athole and his colleagues, the only part of the Privy Council which remained, obtained a warrant from them for the surrender of the palace, and an order for the King's heralds to attend in their official habits to intimate the same. The city guard of Edinburgh was also commanded to be in readiness to enforce the order; the trained bands were got under arms, and the Provost and Magistrates, with a number of persons of condition, went to show their good-will to the cause. Some of these volunteers acted a little out of character. Lord Mersington, one of the Judges of the Court of Session, lately promoted by James II, at the time when he was distributing his favours equally betwixt Papist and Puritan, attracted some attention from his peculiar appearance; he was girt with a buff-belt about five inches broad, bore a halberd in his hand, and (if a Jacobite eye-witness speaks truth) was "as drunk as ale and brandy could make him."

On the approach of this motley army of besiegers, Wallace, instead of manning the battlements and towers of the palace, drew up his men imprudently in the open court-yard in front of it. He refused to yield up his post, contending, that the warrant of the Privy Council was only signed by a small number of that body. Defiance was exchanged on both sides, and firing commenced; on which most of the volunteers got into places of safety, leaving Captain Wallace and the major of the city guard to dispute the

matter professionally. It chanced that the latter proved the better soldier, and finding a back way into the palace, attacked Wallace in the rear. The defenders were at the same time charged in front by the other assailants, and the palace was taken by storm. The rabble behaved themselves as riotously as might have been expected, breaking, burning, and destroying, not only the articles which belonged to the Catholic service, but the whole furniture of the chapel; and, finally, forcing their way into the royal sepulchres, and pulling about the bodies of the deceased Princes and Kings of Scotland. These monuments, to the great scandal of the British government, were not closed until ten or twelve years since, before which time, the exhibition of the wretched relics of mortality, which had been dragged to light on this occasion, was a part of the show offered to strangers who visited the palace.

This riot, which ascertained the complete superiority of the Presbyterian party, took place on the 10th December, 1688. The houses of various Catholics, who then resided chiefly in the Canongate, were mobbed, or rabbled, as was then the phrase, their persons insulted, and their property destroyed. But the populace contented themselves with burning and destroying whatever they considered as belonging to Papists and Popery, without taking any thing for their own use.

This zeal for the Protestant cause was maintained by false rumours, that an army of Irish Catholics had landed in the west, and were burning, spoiling, and slaying. It was even said they had reached Dumfries. A similar report had produced a great effect on the minds of the English during the Prince of Orange's advance to the capital. In Scotland it was a general signal for the Presbyterians to get to arms; and, being thus assembled, they, and particularly the Cameronians, found active occupation in ejecting from the churches the clergy of the Episcopalian persuasion. To proceed in this work with some appearance of form, they, in most cases, previously intimated to the Episcopal curates, that they must either leave their churches voluntarily, or be forcibly ejected from them.

Now, since these armed nonconformists had been, to use their own language, for nearly twenty years "proscribed, forfeited, miserably oppressed, given up as sheep to the slaughter, intercommuned, and interdicted of harbour or supply, comfort or communion, hunted and slain in the fields, in cities imprisoned, tortured, executed to the death, or banished and sold as slaves;" and, as many of them avowed the same wild principles which were acted upon by the murderers of Archbishop Sharpe, it might have been expected that a bloody retaliation would take place as soon as they had the power in their own hands. Yet it must be owned that these stern Cameronians showed no degree of positive cruelty. They expelled the obnoxious curates with marks of riotous triumph, tore their gowns, and compelled them sometimes to march in a mock procession to the boundary of their parish; they plundered the private chapels of Catholics, and destroyed whatever they found belonging to their religion; but they evinced no desire of personal vengeance; nor have I found that any of the clergy who were expelled in this memorable month of December, 1688, were either killed or wounded in cold blood.

VOL. VII.

These tumults would have extended to Edinburgh; but the College of Justice, under which title all the different law-bodies of the capital are comprehended, assumed arms for maintaining the public peace, and resisting an expected invasion of the city by the Cameronians, who threatened, in this hour of triumph, a descent on the metropolis, and a second Whigamores' Raid. This species of civic guard effectually checked their advance, until, not being supposed favourable to the Prince of Orange, it was disbanded by proclamation when he assumed the management of public affairs.

Hitherto Scotland may be said to have been without a government; and, indeed, now that all prospect of war seemed at an end, men of all parties posted up to London, as the place where the fate of the kingdom must be finally settled. The Prince of Orange recommended the same measure which had been found efficient in England; and a Convention of the Scottish estates was summoned to meet in March, 1689. The interval was spent by both parties in preparing for a contest.

The Episcopal party continued devoted to the late King. They possessed a superiority among the nobility, providing the Bishops should be permitted to retain their seats in the Convention. But amongst the members for counties, and especially amongst the representatives of burghs, the great majority was on the side of the Whigs, or Williamites, as the friends of the Prince of Orange began to be called.

If actual force were to be resorted to, the Jacobites relied on the faith of the Duke of Gordon, who was governor of the Castle of Edinburgh, on the attachment of the Highland clans, and the feudal influence of the nobles and gentry of the north. The Whigs might reckon on the full force of the five western shires, besides a large proportion of the south of Scotland. The same party had on their side the talents and abilities of Dalrymple, Fletcher, and other men of strong political genius, far superior to any that was possessed by the Tories. But if the parties should come to an open rupture, the Whigs had no soldier of reputation to oppose to the formidable talents of Dundee.

The exiled King having directed his adherents to attend the Convention, and, if possible, secure a majority there, Dundee appeared on the occasion with a train of sixty horse, who had most of them served under him on former occasions. The principal Whigs, on their part, secretly brought into town the armed Cameronians, whom they concealed in garrets and cellars, till the moment should come for their being summoned to appear in arms. These preparations for violence show how inferior in civil polity Scotland must have been to England, since it seemed that the great national measures which were debated with calmness, and adopted with deliberation in the Convention of England, were, in that of North Britain, to be decided by an appeal to the sword.

Yet the Convention assembled peaceably, though under ominous circumstances. The town was filled with two factions of armed men, lately distinguished as the persecuting and the oppressed parties, and burning with hatred against each other. The guns of the Castle, from the lofty rock on which it is situated, lay loaded and prepared to pour their

thunders on the city; and under these alarming circumstances, the Peers and Commons of Scotland were to consider and decide upon the fate of her Crown. Each party had the deepest motives for exertion.

The Cavaliers, or Jacobites, chiefly belonging by birth to the aristocracy, forgot James's errors in his misfortunes, or indulgently ascribed them to a few bigoted priests and selfish councillors, by whom, they were compelled to admit, the royal ear had been too exclusively possessed. They saw, in their now aged monarch, the son of the venerated martyr, Charles I, whose memory was so dear to them, and the descendant of the hundred princes who had occupied the Scottish throne, according to popular belief, for a thousand years, and under whom their ancestors had acquired their fortunes, their titles, and their fame. James himself, whatever were the political errors of his reign, had been able to attach to himself individually many both of the nobility and gentry of Scotland, who regretted him as a friend as well as a sovereign, and recollected the familiarity with which he could temper his stately courtesy, and the favours which many had personally received from him. The compassion due to fallen majesty was in this case enhanced, when it was considered that James was to be uncrowned, in order that the Prince and Princess of Orange, his son-in-law and daughter, might be raised to the throne in his stead, a measure too contrary to the ordinary feelings of nature not to create some disgust. Besides, the Cavaliers generally were attached to the Episcopalian form of worship, and to the constitution of a church, which while it supported with credit the dignity of the sacred order, affected not the interference in the affairs of private families, for which they censured the Presbyterians. Above all, the Jacobites felt that they themselves must sink in power and influence with the dethronement of King James, and must remain a humbled and inferior party in the kingdom which they lately governed, hated for what had passed, and suspected in regard to the future.

The Whigs, with warmer hopes of success, had even more urgent motives for political union and exertion. They reckoned up the melancholy roll of James's crimes and errors, and ridiculed the idea, that he who had already suffered so much both in his youth and middle age, could ever become wiser by misfortune. Bigotry and an extravagant and inveterate love of power, they alleged, were propensities which increased with age; and his religion, they contended, while it would readily permit him to enter into any engagements which an emergency might require, would with equal ease dispense with his keeping them, and even impute it as a merit that he observed no faith with heretics. The present crisis, they justly argued, afforded a happy occasion to put an end to that course of open encroachment upon their liberty and property, of which the Scottish nation had so long had to complain; and it would be worse than folly to sacrifice the rights and liberties of the people to the veneration attached to an ancient line of princes, when their representative had forgotten the tenure by which he held the throne of his fathers. The form of the Presbyterian Church, while it possessed a vital power over the hearts and consciences of the worshippers, was also of a cha-

racter peculiarly favourable to freedom, and suitable to a poor country like that of Scotland, ill able to maintain bishops and dignitaries with becoming splendour. A great part of the nation had shown themselves attached to it, and disposed to submit to the greatest hardships, and to death itself, rather than conform to the Episcopalian mode of worship; and it was fitting they should have permission to worship God in the way their consciences recommended. The character of William afforded the most brilliant arguments to his partisans in the Convention. He had been from his youth upward distinguished as the champion of public freedom, his zeal for which exceeded even his ambition. He was qualified by the doctrines of toleration, which he had deeply imbibed, to cure the wounds of nations distracted by civil faction, and his regard for truth and honour defied every temptation to extend his power, which the unsettled circumstances of the British kingdoms might present to an ambitious prince.

Distracted by these various considerations, the Scottish Convention met. The first contest was for the nomination of a president, in which it is remarkable that both the contending parties made choice of candidates, in whom neither could repose trust as faithful partisans. The Marquis of Athole was proposed by the Jacobites, to whose side he now inclined, after having been, as I have shown you, the principal actor in displacing James's Scottish administration, and chasing from Edinburgh that King's Chancellor, the Earl of Perth. The Whigs, on the other hand, equally at a loss to find an unexceptionable candidate, set up the Duke of Hamilton, although his future conduct was so undecided and dubious as to make them more than once repent of their choice.

The Duke of Hamilton attained the presidency by a majority of fifteen, which, though not a very predominating one, was sufficient to ascertain the superiority of the Whigs, who, as usual in such cases, were immediately joined by all those whom timidity or selfish considerations had kept aloof, until they should discover which was the safest, and likely to be the winning side. The majorities of the Whigs increased therefore upon every question, while the Jacobite party saw no remedy but in some desperate and violent course. The readiest which occurred was to endeavour to induce the Duke of Gordon, governor of the castle, to fire upon the town, and to expel the Convention, in which their enemies were all-powerful. The Convention, on the other hand, by a great majority, summoned the Duke to surrender the place, under the pains of high-treason.

The position of the Duke was difficult. The castle was strong, but it was imperfectly supplied with provisions; the garrison was insufficient, and many among them of doubtful fidelity; and as every other place of strength throughout the kingdom had been surrendered, to refuse compliance might be to draw upon himself the unmitigated vengeance of the prevailing party. The Duke was therefore uncertain how to decide, when the Earls of Lothian and Tweeddale came to demand a surrender in the name of the Convention; and he at first offered to comply, on obtaining indemnity for himself and his friends. But the Viscount of Dundee, getting access to the castle while the treaty was in dependence, succeeded in

inspiring the Duke with a share of his own resolution; so that when the Commissioners desired to know the friends for whom he demanded immunity, he answered by delivering to them a list of all the clans in the Highlands; which being interpreted as done in scorn, the two Earls returned so indignant, that they scarce could find words to give an account of their errand to the Convention.

Soon after, the Duke of Gordon was solemnly summoned by two heralds, in their ceremonial habits, to surrender the place; and they published a proclamation, prohibiting any one to converse with or assist him, should he continue contumacious. The Duke desired them to inform the Convention, that he held his command by warrant from their common master; and giving them some money to drink King James's health, he observed, that when they came to declare loyal subjects traitors, with the King's coats on their backs, they ought in decency to turn them.

But though Dundee had been able to persuade the Duke to stand a siege in the castle, he could not prevail upon him to fire on the town; an odious severity, which would certainly have brought general hatred upon him, without, perhaps, having the desired effect of dislodging the Convention. This scheme having failed, the Jacobites resolved upon another, which was to break up with all their party, and hold another and rival Convention at Stirling. For this purpose it was proposed that the Earl of Mar, hereditary keeper of Stirling Castle, should join them, in order that they might have the protection of the fortress, and that Athole should assist them with a body of his Highlanders. These noblemen entered into the plan; but when it came to the point of execution, the courage of both seems to have given way, and the design was postponed.

Whilst affairs were in this state, Dundee, provoked alike at the vacillation of his friends, and the triumph of his enemies, resolved no longer to remain inactive. He suddenly appeared before the Convention, and complained of a plot laid to assassinate himself and Sir George MacKenzie, the late King's advocate,—a charge which was very probable, since the town was now filled with armed Cameronians, who had smarted so severely under the judicial prosecutions of the lawyer, and the military violence of the soldier. Dundee demanded that all strangers should be removed from the town; and when it was answered, that this could not be done without placing the Convention at the mercy of the Popish Duke of Gordon and his garrison, he left the assembly in indignation, and, returning to his lodgings, instantly took arms and mounted his horse, attended by fifty or sixty armed followers. The city was alarmed at the appearance of this unexpected cavalcade, so formidable from the active and resolute character of its leader; and the Convention, feeling, or pretending, personal alarm, ordered the gates of their hall to be locked, and the keys to be laid upon the table. In the meantime the drums beat to arms, and the bands of westland-men, who had been hitherto concealed in garrets, and similar lurking-places, appeared in the streets, with their arms prepared, and exhibiting, in their gestures, language, and looks, the stern hopes of the revenge which they had long panted for.

While these things were passing, Dundee, in full

view of friends and enemies, rode at leisure out of the city, by the lane called Leith Wynd, and proceeded along the northern bank of the North Loch, where the New Town of Edinburgh is now situated. From thence, turning under the western side of the castle, he summoned the Duke of Gordon to a conference at the foot of the walls, and for that purpose scrambled up the precipitous bank and rock on which the fortress is situated. So far as is known, Dundee's advice to the Duke was, to maintain the castle at all risks, promising him speedy relief.

The people of Edinburgh, who witnessed this extraordinary interview, concluded that the castle was about to fire upon the city; while the Jacobite members of the Convention on their part, unarmed and enclosed among their political enemies, were afraid of being massacred by the armed Whigs. The Convention, when their alarm subsided, sent Major Buntine with a party to pursue Dundee and make him prisoner. That officer soon overtook the Viscount, and announced his commission; to which Dundee only deigned to answer, that if he dared attempt to execute such a purpose, he would send him back to the Convention in a pair of blankets. Buntine took the hint, and suffering the dreaded commander and his party to pass unmolested, returned in peace to the city. Dundee marched towards Stirling, and in consequence of his departure, the other friends of King James left Edinburgh, and hastened to their own homes.

So soon as this extraordinary scene had passed over, the Convention, now relieved from the presence of the Jacobite members, resolved upon levying troops to defend themselves, and to reduce the castle. The Cameronians were the readiest force of whose principles they could be assured, and it was proposed to them to raise a regiment of two battalions, under the Earl of Angus, eldest son of the Marquis of Douglas, a nobleman of military talents, as Colonel, and William Cleland, as Lieutenant-Colonel. This last had been one of the commanders at Drumclog, and, besides being a brave gentleman, was a poet, though an indifferent one, and more a man of the world than most of the sect to which he belonged.

Some of the more rigid Covenanters were of opinion, that those of their principles had no freedom (to use their own phraseology) to join together for the defence of a Convention, in which so many persons had both places and power, who had been deeply engaged in the violent measures of the last reign; and they doubted this the more, as no steps had been taken to resume the obligations of the Covenant. But the singular and most unexpected train of events, which had occasioned their being called to arms to defend a city, where they had never before been seen openly, save when dragged to execution, seemed so directly the operation of Providence in their favour, that, giving way for once to the dictates of common sense, the Cameronians agreed to consider the military association now proposed as a necessary and prudential measure, protesting only that the intended regiment should not be employed either under or along with such officers as had given proofs of attachment to Popery, Prelacy, or Malignancy. They also stipulated for regular opportunities of public worship, and for strict punishment of unchristian conversation,

swearing, and profligacy of every sort; and their discipline having been arranged as much to their mind as possible, eighteen hundred men were raised, and, immediately marching to Edinburgh, assumed the duty of defending the Convention, and blockading the garrison in the castle.

They were soon, however, relieved by troops more competent to such a task, being a part of the regular army sent down to Scotland by King William, in order to give his party the decided superiority in that kingdom. Batteries were raised against the castle, and trenches opened. The Duke of Gordon made an honourable defence, avoiding, at the same time, to do any damage to the town, and confining his fire to returning that of the batteries, by which he was annoyed. But the smallness of his garrison, the scarcity of provisions, the want of surgical assistance and medicines for the wounded, above all, the frequency of desertion, induced the Duke finally to surrender upon honourable terms, and in June he evacuated the fortress.

The Convention, in the meantime, almost entirely freed from opposition within their own assembly, proceeded to determine the great national question arising out of the change of government. Two letters being presented to them, one from King James, the other on the part of the prince of Orange, they opened and read the latter with much reverence, while they passed over with little notice that of his father-in-law, intimating by this that they no longer regarded him as a sovereign.

This was made still more manifest by their vote respecting the state of the nation, which was much more decisive than that of the English Convention. The Scots Whigs had no Tories to consult with, and were of course at no trouble in chusing between the terms of abdication or forfeiture. They openly declared that James had assumed the throne without taking the oaths appointed by law; that he had proceeded to innovate upon the constitution of the kingdom, with the purpose of converting a limited monarchy to a despotic authority; they added, that he had employed the power thus illegally assumed, for violating the laws and liberties, and altering the religion of Scotland; and in doing so, had **FORFEITED** his right to the Crown, and the throne had become vacant.

The forfeiture, in strict law, would have extended to all James's immediate issue, as in the case of treason in a subject; but as this would have injured the right of the Princess of Orange, the effects of the declaration were limited to King James's infant son, and to his future children. In imitation of England, the crown of Scotland was settled upon the Prince and Princess of Orange, and the survivor of them; after whose decease, and failing heirs of their body, the Princess Anne and her heirs were called to the succession.

When the Crown was thus settled, the Convention entered into a long declaration, called the Claim of Rights, by which the dispensing powers were pronounced illegal; the various modes of oppression practised during the last two reigns were censured as offences against liberty, and Prelacy was pronounced an insupportable grievance.

These resolutions being approved of by the new

sovereigns, they began to assume the regal power, and fixed an administration. The Duke of Hamilton was named High Commissioner, in reward of his services as President of the Convention; Lord Melville was made Secretary of State, and the Earl of Crawford President of the Council. Some offices were put into commission, to serve as objects of ambition to those great men who were yet unprovided for; others were filled up by such as had given proofs of attachment to the Revolution. In general, the choice of the ministry was approved of; but the King and his advisers were censured for bestowing too much confidence on Dalrymple, lately created Lord Stair, and Sir John Dalrymple, his son, called Master of Stair. A vacancy occurred for the promotion of the Earl of Stair in a singular manner.

Sir George Lockhart, an excellent lawyer, who had been crown counsel in Cromwell's time, was, at the period of the Revolution, President of the Court of Session, or first judge in civil affairs. He had agreed to act as an arbiter in some disputes which occurred between a gentleman named Chiesley, of Dalry, and his wife. The President, in deciding this matter, had assigned a larger provision to Mrs Chiesley than, in her husband's opinion, was just or necessary; and Dalry, a man headlong in his passions, was desperately offended, and publicly threatened the President's life. He was cautioned by a friend to forbear such imprudent language, and to dread the just vengeance of Heaven. "I have much to reckon for with Heaven," said the desperate man, "and we will reckon for this amongst the rest." In pursuance of his dreadful threat, Chiesley, armed for the purpose of assassination, followed his victim to the Greyfriars' church, in which Sir George usually heard service; but feeling some reluctance to do the deed within the sacred walls, he dogged him home, till he turned into the entry to his own house, in what is still called the President's Close. Here Chiesley shot the Judge dead; and, disdaining to save his life by flight, he calmly walked about in the neighbourhood of the place till he was apprehended. He was afterwards tried and executed.

The office of the murdered President (a most important one) was conferred upon Lord Stair, and that of King's Advocate, equivalent to the situation of Attorney-General, was given to his son, Sir John Dalrymple, who was afterwards associated with Lord Melville in the still more important situation of Secretary of State. Both father and son were men of high talent, but of doubtful integrity, and odious to the Presbyterians for compliances with the late government.

Besides his immediate and official councillors, King William gave, in private, much of his confidence to a clergyman named Carstairs, who was one of his chaplains. This gentleman had given strong proof of his fidelity and fortitude; for, being arrested in Charles II's time, on account of his connexion with the conspiracy called Jerviswood's Plot, he underwent the cruel torture of the thumbikins, which, as I before told you, were screws, that almost crushed the thumbs to pieces. After the success of the Revolution, the Magistrates of Edinburgh complimented Carstairs, then a man of importance, with a present of the instrument of torture by which he had suffered.

The King, it is said, heard of this, and desired to see the thumbikins. They were produced. He placed his thumbs in the engine, and desired Carstairs to turn the screw. "I should wish to judge of your fortitude," said the King, "by experiencing the pain which you endured." Carstairs obeyed, but turned the screws with a polite degree of attention not to injure the royal thumbs. "This is unpleasant," said the King, "yet it might be endured. But you are trifling with me. Turn the engine so that I may really feel a share of the pain inflicted on you." Carstairs, on this reiterated command, and jealous of his own reputation, turned the screws so sharply, that William cried for mercy, and owned he must have confessed any thing, true or false, rather than have endured the pain an instant longer. This gentleman became a particular confidant of the King, and more trusted than many who filled high and ostensible situations in the state. He was generally allowed to be a man of sagacity and political talent, but his countrymen accused him of duplicity and dissimulation; and from that character he was generally distinguished by the nickname of Cardinal Carstairs.

But while King William was thus preparing the mode by which he was to govern Scotland, an insurrection took place, by means of which the sceptre of that kingdom was well nigh wrested from his gripe. This was by the exertions of the Viscount Dundee, one of those extraordinary persons, by whose energies great national revolutions are sometimes wrought with the assistance of very small means.

CHAPTER XXIII.

King James's Successes in Ireland—Preparations of the Viscount of Dundee for a Rising in favour of James in Scotland—Feud between MacDonald of Keppoch and MacIntosh of Moy—Advance of General MacKay to the North against Dundee—Movements of the two Armies—Battle of Killiecrankie, and Death of Dundee.

WHEN the Viscount of Dundee retired, as I told you, from the city of Edinburgh, the Convention, founding upon the intercourse which he had held, contrary to their order, with the Duke of Gordon, an intercommuned Catholic, sent him a summons to appear before them, and answer to an accusation to that effect. But Dundee excused himself on account of his lady's dangerous illness, and his own danger from the Cameronians.

In the meantime King James, with forces furnished him by the French king, had arrived in Ireland, and, welcomed by the numerous Catholics, had almost made himself master of that fine kingdom, excepting only the province of Ulster, where the Protestants, of English and Scottish descent, offered a gallant and desperate resistance. But in spite of such partial opposition as the north of Ireland could make, James felt so confident, that, by his Secretary Melfort, he wrote letters to the Viscount of Dundee, and to the Earl of Balcarras, Dundee's intimate friend, and a steady adherent of the exiled monarch, encouraging them to gather together his faithful subjects, and make a stand for his interest, and promising them the support of a considerable body of forces from Ireland, with a supply of arms and ammunition. So high were the hopes entertained by

Lord Melfort, that, in letters addressed to some of his friends, he expressed, in the most imprudent manner, his purpose of improving to the uttermost the triumph which he did not doubt to obtain. "We dealt too leniently with our enemies," he said, "when we were in power, and possessed means of crushing them. But now, when they shall be conquered by us, and subjected once more to our authority, we will reduce them to hewers of wood, and drawers of water."

These letters falling into the hands of the Convention, excited the utmost indignation. The Duke of Hamilton and others, who conceived themselves particularly aimed at, became more decided than ever to support King William's government, since they had no mercy to expect from King James and his vindictive councillors. A military force was dispatched to arrest Balcarras and Dundee. They succeeded in seizing the first of these noblemen; but Dundee being surrounded by a strong body-guard, and residing in a country where many of the gentlemen were Jacobites, the party sent to arrest him were afraid to attempt the execution of their commission. He remained, therefore, at his own castle of Dudhope, near Dundee, where he had an opportunity of corresponding with the Highland chiefs, and with the northern gentlemen, who were generally disposed to Episcopacy, and favourable to the cause of King James.

Of the same name with the great Marquis of Montrose, boasting the same devoted loyalty, and a character as enterprising, with judgment superior to that of his illustrious prototype, Dundee is said to have replied to those who, on the day of his memorable retreat, asked him whither he went,—“That he was going wherever the spirit of Montrose should conduct him.” His whole mind was now bent upon realizing this chivalrous boast. His habits were naturally prudent and economical; but while others kept their wealth as far as possible out of the reach of the revolutionary storm, Dundee liberally expended, for the cause of his old master, the treasures which he had amassed in his service. His arguments, his largesses, the high influence of his character among the Highland chiefs, whose admiration of *Ian Dhu Cean*, or Black John the Warrior, was no way diminished by the merciless exploits which had procured him in the Low country the name of the Bloody Claverse, united with their own predilection in favour of James, and their habitual love of war, to dispose them to a general insurrection. Some of the clans, however, had, as usual, existing feuds amongst themselves, which Dundee was obliged to assist in composing, before he could unite them all in the cause of the dethroned monarch.

I will give you an account of one of those feuds, which, I believe, led to the last considerable clan-battle fought in the Highlands.

There had been, for a great many years, much debate, and some skirmishing, betwixt MacIntosh of Moy, the chief of that ancient surname, and a sept of MacDonalds, called MacDonalds of Keppoch. The MacIntoshes had claims of an ancient date upon the district of Glen-Roy (now famous for the phenomenon called the parallel roads), and the neighbouring valley of Glenspean. MacIntosh had his right to these

lands expressed in written grants from the Crown, but Keppoch was in actual possession of the property. When asked upon what charters he founded his claim, MacDonald replied, that he held his lands, not by a sheep's skin, but by the sword; and his clan, an uncommonly bold and hardy race, were ready to support his boast. Several proposals having been in vain made to accommodate this matter MacIntosh resolved to proceed to open force, and possess himself of the disputed territory. He therefore displayed the yellow banner, which was the badge of his family, raised his clan and marched towards Keppoch, being assisted by an independent company of soldiers, raised for the service of government, and commanded by Captain MacKenzie of Suddie. It does not appear by what interest this formidable auxiliary force was procured, but probably by an order from government.

On their arrival at Keppoch, MacIntosh found his rival's house deserted, and imagining himself in possession of victory, even without a combat, he employed many workmen, whom he had brought with him for that purpose, to construct a castle, or fort, on a precipitous bank overhanging the river Roy, where the vestiges of his operations are still to be seen. The work was speedily interrupted, by tidings that the MacDonalds of Keppoch, assisted by their kindred tribes of Glengarry and Glencoe, had assembled, and that they were lying on their arms, in great numbers, in a narrow glen behind the ridge of hills which rises to the north-east of Keppoch, the sloping declivity of which is called Mullroy. Their purpose was to attack MacIntosh at day-break; but that chief determined to anticipate their design, and marched towards his enemy before the first peep of dawn. The MacDonalds, with their chief, Coll of Keppoch, were equally ready for the conflict; and, in the grey light of the morning, when the MacIntoshes had nearly surmounted the heights of Mullroy, the MacDonalds appeared in possession of the upper ridge, and a battle instantly commenced.

A lad who had lately run away from his master, a tobacco-spinner in Inverness, and had enlisted in Suddie's independent company, gives the following account of the action. "The MacDonalds came down the hill upon us, without either shoe, stocking, or bonnet on their heads; they gave a shout, and then the fire began on both sides, and continued a hot dispute for an hour (which made me wish I had been spinning tobacco). Then they broke in upon us with sword and target, and Lochaber-axes, which obliged us to give way. Seeing my captain severely wounded, and a great many men lying with heads cloven on every side, and having never witnessed the like before, I was sadly affrighted. At length a Highlandman attacked me with sword and target, and cut my wooden-handled bayonet out of the muzzle of my gun. I then clubbed my gun, and gave him a stroke with it, which made the butt-end to fly off, and seeing the Highlandmen come fast down upon me, I took to my heels, and ran thirty miles before I looked behind me, taking every person whom I saw or met for my enemy." Many, better used to such scenes, fled as far and fast as Donald MacBane, the tobacco-spinner's apprentice. The gentleman who bore MacIntosh's standard, being a special object of pursuit,

saved himself and the sacred deposit by a wonderful exertion. At a place where the river Roy flows between two precipitous rocks, which approach each other over the torrent, he hazarded a desperate leap where no enemy dared follow him, and bore off his charge in safety.

It is said by tradition, that the MacIntoshes fought with much bravery, and that the contest was decided by the desperation of a half-crazed man, called "the red-haired Bo-man," or cowherd, whom Keppoch had not summoned to the fight, but who came thither, nevertheless, with a club on his shoulder. This man, being wounded by a shot, was so much incensed with the pain, that he darted forward into the thickest of the MacIntoshes, calling out, "They fly, they fly! upon them, upon them!" The boldness he displayed, and the strokes he dealt with his unusual weapon, caused the first impression on the array of the enemies of his chief.

MacDonald was very unwilling to injure any of the government soldiers, yet Suddie, their commander, received his death-stroke. He was brave, and well armed with carabine, pistols, and a halberd or half-pike. This officer came in front of a cadet of Keppoch, called MacDonald of Tullich, and by a shot aimed at him, killed one of his brothers, and then rushed on with his pike. Notwithstanding this deep provocation, Tullich, sensible of the pretext which the death of a captain under government would give against his clan, called out more than once, "Avoid me—avoid me."—"The MacDonald was never born that I would shun," replied the MacKenzie, pressing on with his pike. On which Tullich hurled at his head a pistol, which he had before discharged. The blow took effect, the skull was fractured, and MacKenzie died shortly after, as his soldiers were carrying him to Inverness.

MacIntosh himself was taken by his rival, who, in his esteem, was only an insurgent vassal. When the captive heard the MacDonalds greeting their chieftain with shouts of "Lord of Keppoch! Lord of Keppoch!" he addressed him boldly, saying, "You are as far from being Lord of the lands of Keppoch at this moment, as you have been all your life."—"Never mind," answered the victorious chieftain, with much good-humour, "we'll enjoy the good weather while it lasts." Accordingly, the victory of his tribe is still recorded in the pipe-tune called, "MacDonald took the brae on them."

Some turn of fortune seemed about to take place immediately after the battle; for before the MacDonalds had collected their scattered forces, the war-pipes were again heard, and a fresh body of Highlanders appeared advancing towards Keppoch, in the direction of Garvamoor. This was owing to one of those sudden changes of sentiment by which men in the earlier stages of society are often influenced. The advancing party was the clan of MacPherson, members, like the MacIntoshes, of the confederacy called the Clan Chattan, but who, disputing with them the precedence in that body, were their friends or enemies, as the recollection of former kindnesses, or ancient quarrels, prevailed. On this occasion the MacPhersons had not accompanied MacIntosh to the field, there being some discord betwixt the tribes at the time; but when they heard of MacIntosh's de-

eat, they could not reconcile it with their honour, to suffer so important a member of their confederacy to remain captive with the MacDonalds. They advanced, therefore, in order of battle, and sent Keppoch a flag of truce, to demand that MacIntosh should be delivered to them.

The chief of Keppoch, though victorious, was in no condition for a fresh contest, and therefore surrendered his prisoner, who was much more mortified by finding himself in the hands of the MacPhersons, than rejoiced in escaping from those of his conqueror Keppoch. So predominant was his sense of humiliation, that when the MacPhersons proposed to conduct him to Cluny, the seat of their chief, he resisted at first in fair terms, and when the visit was urged upon him, he threatened to pierce his bosom with his own dirk, if they should persevere in compelling him to visit Cluny in his present situation. The MacPhersons were generous, and escorted him to his own estates.

The issue of the conflict at Mullroy, so mortifying to the conquered chief, was also followed with disastrous consequences to the victor.

The resistance offered to the royal troops, and the death of MacKenzie of Suddie who commanded them, together with the defeat of MacIntosh, who had the forms of the law on his side, gave effect to his complaints to the Privy Council. Letters of fire and sword, as they were called, that is, a commission to burn and destroy the country and lands of an offending chieftain, or district, were issued against Coll MacDonald of Keppoch. Sixty dragoons, and two hundred of the foot guards, were detached into Glenroy and Glenspean, with orders to destroy man, woman, and child, and lay waste Keppoch's estates. Keppoch himself was for a time obliged to fly, but a wealthy kinsman purchased his peace by a large *erick*, or fine. We shall presently find him engaged in a conflict, where the destiny, not of two barren glens, but of a fair kingdom, seemed to depend upon the issue.

This brings us back to Dundee, who, in spring 1689, received intelligence that General MacKay, an officer intrusted by King William with the command of the forces in Scotland, was marching against him at the head of an army of regular troops. MacKay was a man of courage, sense, and experience, but rather entitled to the praise of a good officer than an able general, and better qualified to obey the orders of an intelligent commander, than penetrate into, encounter, and defeat, schemes of such an active spirit as Dundee.

Of this there was an instance in the very beginning of the conflict, when MacKay advanced towards Dudhope Castle, with the hope of coming upon his antagonist at unawares; but Dundee was not to be taken by surprise. Marching with a hundred and fifty horse to the town of Inverness, he found MacDonald of Keppoch at the head of several hundred Highlanders, blockading the place, on account of the citizens having taken part with MacIntosh against his clan. Dundee offered his mediation, and persuaded the magistrates to gratify Keppoch with the sum of two thousand dollars, for payment of which he granted his own bond in security. He manifested his influence over the minds of the mountain chiefs

still more, by prevailing on Keppoch, though smarting under the injuries he had sustained, by the letters of fire and sword issued against him by King James's government, to join him with his clan, for the purpose of restoring that monarch to the throne.

Thus reinforced, but still far inferior in numbers to his opponent MacKay, Dundee, by a rapid movement, surprised the town of Perth. He seized what public treasure he found in the hands of the receiver of taxes, saying that he would plunder no private person, but thought it was fair to take the King's money for the King's service. He dispersed, at the same time, two troops of horse, newly raised by government, seized their horses and accoutrements, and made prisoners their commanding officers, the Lairds of Pollock and of Blair.

After this exploit, Dundee retreated into the Highlands to recruit his little army, to wait for a body of three thousand men whom he expected from Ireland, and to seek a suitable time for forwarding the explosion of a conspiracy, which had been formed in a regiment of dragoons now serving in MacKay's army, but which he had himself commanded before the Revolution. Both the officers and men of this regiment were willing to return to the command of their old leader, and the allegiance of their former King. Creighton, an officer in the regiment, the same whose attack on a conventicle I formerly told you of, was the chief conductor of this conspiracy. It was discovered by MacKay just when it was on the point of taking effect, and when the event, with such an enemy as Dundee in his vicinity, must have been destruction to his army. MacKay cautiously disguised his knowledge of the plot until he was joined by strong reinforcements, which enabled him to seize upon the principal conspirators, and disarm and disband their inferior accomplices.

The Privy Council had a great inclination to make an example, which should discourage such practices in future; and Captain Creighton, being the chief agent, a stranger, and without friends, was selected for the purpose of being hanged, as a warning to others. But Dundee did not desert his old comrade. He sent a message to the Lords of the Privy Council, saying, that if they hurt a hair of Creighton's head, he would in the way of reprisal cut his prisoners, the Lairds of Pollock and Blair, joint from joint, and send them to Edinburgh, packed up in hampers. The Council were alarmed on receiving this intimation. The Duke of Hamilton reminded them, that they all knew Dundee so well that they could not doubt his being as good as his word, and that the gentlemen in his hands were too nearly allied to several of the Council to be endangered on account of Creighton. These remonstrances saved Creighton's life.

A good deal of marching, countermarching, and occasional skirmishing, ensued between Dundee and MacKay, during which an incident is said to have occurred strongly indicative of the character of the former. A young man had joined Dundee's army, the son of one of his old and intimate friends. He was employed upon some reconnoitring service, in which, a skirmish taking place, the new recruit's heart failed him, and he fairly fled out of the fray. Dundee covered his dishonour, by pretending that

he himself had dispatched him to the rear upon a message of importance. He then sent for the youth to speak with him in private. "Young man," he said, "I have saved your honour; but I must needs tell you, that you have chosen a trade for which you are constitutionally unfit. It is not perhaps your fault, but rather your misfortune, that you do not possess the strength of nerves necessary to encounter the dangers of battle. Return to your father—I will find an excuse for your doing so with honour—and I will put you in the way of doing King James's cause effectual service, without personally engaging in the war."

The young gentleman, penetrated with a sense of the deepest shame, threw himself at his General's feet, and protested that his failure in duty was only the effect of a momentary weakness, the recollection of which should be effaced by his future conduct, and entreated Dundee, for the love he bore his father, to give him at least a chance of regaining his reputation. Dundee still endeavoured to dissuade him from remaining with the army, but as he continued urgent to be admitted to a second trial, he reluctantly gave way to his request. "But remember," he said, "that if your heart fails you a second time, you must die. The cause I am engaged in is a desperate one, and I can permit no man to serve under me who is not prepared to fight to the last. My own life, and those of all others who serve under me, are unsparingly devoted to the cause of King James; and death must be his lot who shows an example of cowardice."

The unfortunate young man embraced, with seeming eagerness, this stern proposal. But in the next skirmish in which he was engaged, his constitutional timidity again prevailed. He turned his horse to fly, when Dundee coming up to him, only said, "The son of your father is too good a man to be consigned to the provost marshal;" and without another word, he shot him through the head with his pistol, with a sternness and inflexibility of purpose, resembling the stoicism of the ancient Romans.

Circumstances began now to render Dundee desirous of trying the chance of battle, which he had hitherto avoided. The Marquis of Athole, who had vacillated more than once during the progress of the Revolution, now abandoned entirely the cause of King James, and sent his son, Lord Murray, into Athole, to raise the clans of that country, Stewarts, Robertsons, Fergussons, and others, who were accustomed to follow the family of Athole in war, from respect to the Marquis's rank and power, though they were not his patriarchal subjects or clansmen. One of these gentlemen, Stewart of Boquhan, although dependent on the Marquis, was resolved not to obey him through his versatile changes of politics. Having been placed in possession of the strong castle of Blair, a fortress belonging to the Marquis, which commands the most important pass into the northern Highlands, Stewart refused to surrender it to Lord Murray, and declared he held it for King James, by order of the Viscount of Dundee. Lord Murray, finding his father's own house thus defended against him, sent the tidings to General MacKay, who assembled about three thousand foot, and two troops of horse, and advanced with all haste

into Athole, determined to besiege Blair, and to fight Dundee, should he march to its relief.

At this critical period, Lord Murray had assembled about eight hundred Athole Highlanders, of the clans already named, who were brought together under pretence of preserving the peace of the country. Many of them, however, began to suspect the purpose of Lord Murray to join MacKay; and recollecting that it was under Montrose's command, and in the cause of the Stewarts, that their fathers had gained their fame, they resolved they would not be diverted from the same course of loyalty, as they esteemed it. They, therefore, let Lord Murray know, that if it was his intention to join Dundee, they would all follow him to the death; but if he proposed to embrace the side of King William, they would presently leave him. Lord Murray answered with menaces of that vengeance which a feudal lord could take upon disobedient vassals, when his men, setting his threats at defiance, ran to the river, and filling their bonnets with water, drank King James's health, and left the standard of the Marquis to a man—a singular defection among the Highlanders of that period, who usually followed to the field their immediate superior, with little choice as to the side of politics which he was pleased to embrace.

These tidings came to Dundee, with the information, that MacKay had reached Dunkeld, with the purpose of reducing Blair, and punishing the Athole gentlemen, for their desertion of the standard of their chief. About the same time, General Cannon joined the Viscount, with the reinforcement so long expected from Ireland; but they amounted to only three hundred men, instead of as many thousands, and were totally destitute of money and provisions, both of which were to have been sent with them. Nevertheless, Dundee resolved to preserve the castle of Blair, so important as a key to the Northern Highlands, and marched to protect it with a body of about two thousand Highlanders, with whom he occupied the upper and northern extremity of the pass between Dunkeld and Blair.

In this celebrated defile, called the Pass of Killiecrankie, the road runs for several miles along the banks of a furious river, called the Garry, which rages below, amongst cataracts and water-falls which the eye can scarcely discern, while a series of precipices and wooded mountains rise on the other hand; and the road itself is the only mode of access through the glen, and along the valley which lies at its northern extremity. A defile of such difficulty was capable of being defended to the last extremity by a small number against a considerable army, and, considering how well adapted his followers were for such mountain warfare, many of the Highland chiefs were of opinion, that Dundee ought to content himself with guarding the pass against MacKay's superior army, until a rendezvous, which they had appointed, should assemble a stronger force of their countrymen. But Dundee was of a different opinion, and resolved to suffer MacKay to march through the pass without opposition, and then to fight him in the open valley, at the northern extremity. He chose this bold measure, both because it promised a very decisive result to the combat; and also because he preferred fighting MacKay before he was joined by a considerable

body of English horse who were expected, and of whom the Highlanders had at that time some dread.

On the 17th June, 1689, General MacKay with his troops entered the pass, which, to their astonishment, they found unoccupied by the enemy. His forces were partly English and Dutch regiments, who, with many of the Lowland Scots themselves, were struck with awe, and even fear, at finding themselves introduced by such a magnificent, and at the same time formidable avenue, to the presence of their enemies, the inhabitants of these tremendous mountains, into whose recesses they were penetrating. But besides the effect on their minds produced by the magnificence of natural scenery, to which they were wholly unaccustomed, the consideration must have hung heavy on them, that if a general of Dundee's talents suffered them to march unopposed through a pass so difficult, it must be because he was conscious of possessing strength sufficient to attack and destroy them at the further extremity, when their only retreat would lie through the narrow and perilous path by which they were now advancing.

Mid-day was past ere MacKay's men were extricated from the defile, when their general drew them up in one line three deep, without any reserve, along the southern extremity of the narrow valley into which the pass opens. A hill on the north side of the valley, covered with dwarf trees and bushes, formed the position of Dundee's army, which, divided into columns, formed by the different clans, was greatly outflanked by MacKay's troops.

The armies shouted when they came in sight of each other; but the enthusiasm of MacKay's soldiers being damped by the circumstances we have observed, their military shout made but a dull and sullen sound compared to the yell of the Highlanders, which rung far and shrill from all the hills around them. Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel, of whom I gave you some anecdotes, called on those around him to attend to this circumstance, saying, that in all his battles he observed victory had ever been on the side of those whose shout before joining seemed most sprightly and confident. It was accounted a less favourable augury by some of the old Highlanders, that Dundee at this moment put on a sad-coloured buff-coat above the scarlet cassock and bright cuirass, in which he had hitherto appeared.

It was some time ere Dundee had completed his preparations for the assault which he meditated, and only a few dropping shots were exchanged, while, in order to prevent the risk of being outflanked, he increased the intervals between the columns with which he designed to charge, insomuch, that he had scarce men enough left in the centre. About an hour before sunset, he sent word to MacKay that he was about to attack him, and gave the signal to charge.

The Highlanders stript themselves to their shirts and doublets, threw away every thing that could impede the fury of their onset, and then put themselves in motion, accompanying with a dreadful yell the discordant sound of their war pipes. As they advanced the clansmen fired their pieces, each column thus pouring in a well-aimed though irregular volley, when, throwing down their fusees, without waiting to reload, they drew their swords, and, increasing their pace to the utmost speed, pierced through and broke the thin

line which was opposed to them, and profited by their superior activity and the nature of their weapons, to make a great havoc among the regular troops. When thus mingled with each other, hand to hand, the advantages of superior discipline on the part of the Lowland soldier were lost.—Agility and strength were on the side of the mountaineers. Some accounts of the battle give a terrific account of the blows struck by the Highlanders, which cleft heads down to the breast, cut steel headpieces as under as night-caps, and slashed through pikes like willows. Two of MacKay's regiments in the centre stood fast, the interval between the attacking columns being so great that none were placed opposite to them. The rest were totally routed and driven headlong into the river.

Dundee himself, contrary to the advice of the Highland chiefs, was in front of the battle, and fatally conspicuous. By a desperate attack he possessed himself of MacKay's artillery, and then led his handful of cavalry, about fifty men, against two troops of horse, who fled without fighting. Observing the stand made by the two regiments already mentioned, he galloped towards the clan of MacDonald, and was in the act of bringing them to the charge, with his right arm elevated, as if pointing the way to victory, when he was struck by a bullet beneath the arm-pit, where he was unprotected by his cuirass. He tried to ride on, but being unable to keep the saddle, fell, mortally wounded, and died in the course of the night.

It was impossible for a victory to be more complete than that gained by the Highlanders at Killiecrankie. The cannon, baggage, and stores of MacKay's army, fell into their hands. The two regiments which kept their ground suffered so much in their attempt to retreat through the pass, now occupied by the Atholemen, in their rear, that they might be considered as destroyed. Two thousand of MacKay's army were killed or taken, and the general himself escaped with difficulty to Stirling, at the head of a few horse. The Highlanders, whose dense columns underwent three successive volleys from MacKay's line, had eight hundred men slain.

But all other losses were unimportant compared to that of Dundee, with whom were forfeited all the fruits of that bloody victory. MacKay, when he found himself free from pursuit, declared his conviction that his opponent had fallen in the battle. And such was the opinion of Dundee's talents and courage, and the general sense of the peculiar crisis at which his death took place, that the common people of the low country cannot, even now, be persuaded that he died an ordinary death. They say, that a servant of his own, shocked at the severities which, if triumphant, his master was likely to accomplish against the Presbyterians, and giving way to the popular prejudice of his having a charm against the effect of lead-balls, shot him, in the tumult of the battle, with a silver button taken from his livery coat. The Jacobites, and Episcopal party, on the other hand, lamented the deceased victor as the last of the Scots, the last of the Grahams, and the last of all that was great.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Cannon succeeds Dundee, and is defeated at Dunkeld—The Cameronian Regiment—Skirmish at Cromdale—Pacification of the Highlands, through the instrumentality of the Earl of Breadalbane—Company of Jacobite Officers in the French Service as Privates—Reduction of the Bass—Settlement of Church Affairs—The Assurance.

THE Viscount of Dundee was one of those gifted persons upon whose single fate that of nations is sometimes dependent. His own party believed, that, had he lived to improve the decisive victory which he had so bravely won, he would have soon recovered Scotland to King James's allegiance. It is certain, a great many of the nobility only waited a gleam of success to return to the Jacobite side; nor were the revolutionary party so united amongst themselves as to have offered a very firm resistance. The battle of Killiecrankie, duly improved, must have delivered the whole of Scotland north of the Forth into the power of Dundee, and rendered even Stirling and Edinburgh insecure. Such a flame kindled in Scotland, must have broken many of King William's measures, rendered it impossible for him to go to Ireland, where his presence was of the last necessity, and have been, to say the least, of the highest prejudice to his affairs.

But all the advantages of the victory were lost in the death of the conquering general. Cannon, who succeeded to the chief command on Dundee's decease, was a stranger to Highland manners, and quite inadequate to the management of such an army as that which chance placed under his command. It was in vain that the fame of the victory, and that love of plunder and of war, which made part of the Highland character, brought around him, from the remote recesses of that warlike country, a more numerous body of the mountaineers than Montrose had ever commanded. By the timidity and indecision of his opponent, MacKay gained time enough to collect, which he did with celerity, a body of troops sufficient to coop up the Jacobite general within his mountains, and to maintain an indecisive war of posts and skirmishes, which wearied out the patience of the quick-spirited Highlanders.

Cannon attempted only one piece of service worthy of mention, and in that he was foiled. In the extremity of the alarm which followed the defeat of Killiecrankie, the newly raised regiment of Cameronians had been dispatched to the Highlands. They had advanced as far as Dunkeld, when Cannon for once showed some activity, and getting free from MacKay by a rapid and secret march, he at once surrounded, in the village and castle of Dunkeld, about twelve hundred Cameronians, with more than double their own forces. Their situation seemed so desperate, that a party of horse who were with them retired, and left the hill-men to their fate.

But the newly acquired discipline of these hardy enthusiasts prevented their experiencing the fate of their predecessors at Bothwell and Pentland. They were judiciously posted in the Marquis of Athole's house, and neighbouring enclosures, as also in the church-yard and the old cathedral; and with the advantage of this position they beat off repeatedly the

fierce attacks of the Highlanders, though very inferior in numbers. This advantage restored the spirits of the King's troops, and diminished considerably that of the Highlanders, who, according to their custom, began to disperse and return home.

The Cameronian regiment lost in this action their gallant Lieutenant-Colonel, Cleland, and many men. But they were victorious, and that was a sufficient consolation.

You may have some curiosity to know the future fate of this singular regiment. The peculiar and narrow-minded ideas of the sect led many of them to entertain doubts of the lawfulness of the part they had taken. The Presbyterian worship had indeed been established as the national church, but it was far from having attained that despotic authority claimed for it by the Cameronians, and therefore, although, at the first landing of the Prince of Orange, they had felt it matter of duty to espouse his cause, yet they were utterly disgusted with the mode in which he had settled the state, and especially the Church of Scotland.

William, a wise and prudent monarch, saw the impossibility of bringing the country to a state of quiet settlement, if he kept alive the old feuds by which it had been recently divided, or if he permitted the oppressed Presbyterians to avenge themselves as they desired upon their former persecutors. He admitted all persons alike to serve the state, whatever had been their former principles and practice; and thus many were reconciled to his government, who, if they had felt themselves endangered in person and property, or even deprived of the hope of royal patronage and official situation, would have thrown a heavy weight into the Jacobite scale. He, upon these principles, employed several persons who had been active enforcers of King James's rigorous measures, and whom the Cameronians accounted God's enemies and their own, and deemed more deserving of retaliation than encouragement and employment.

In church affairs, King William's measures were still less likely to be pleasing to these fierce enthusiasts. He was contented that there should be in Scotland, as in Holland, a national church, and that the form should be Presbyterian. But he was decided in opinion that this church should have no power either over the persons or consciences of those who were of different communions, to whom he extended a general toleration, from which the Catholics alone were excluded, owing to the terror inspired by their late strides to predominant superiority. The wisest, the most prudent, and the most learned of the Presbyterian ministers, those chiefly who, having fled from Scotland and resided in the Netherlands, had been enlightened on this subject of toleration, were willingly disposed to accommodate themselves to the King's inclination.

But wise and moderate opinions had no effect on the more stubborn Presbyterians, who, irritated at the Kirk's being curbed of her supreme power, and themselves checked in the course of their vengeance, accounted the model of King William's ecclesiastical government an Erastian establishment, in which the dignity of the church was rendered subordinate to that of the state. There were many divines,

even within the pale of the church, whose opinions tended to this point, and who formed a powerful party in the General Assembly. But the Cameronians in particular, elated with the part, both in suffering and acting, which they had performed during the late times, considered the results of the Revolution as totally unworthy of the struggle which they had maintained. The ministers who were willing to acquiesce in a model of church government so mutilated in power and beauty, they termed a hive of lukewarm, indifferent shepherds, who had either deserted their flocks and fled, to save themselves during the rage of persecution, or who, remaining in Scotland, had truckled to the enemy, and exercised their ministry in virtue of a niggardly indulgence from the tyrant, whilst they themselves endured want and misery, and the extremities of the sword and gallows, rather than renounce one iota of the doctrine held by the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland in the time of her highest power. They considered the General Assembly held under the authority of King William, as an association in which the black hand of defection was extended to the red hand of persecution, and where apostates and oppressors, leagued together, made common cause against pure Presbyterian government and discipline.

Feeling thus indisposed towards the existing government, it followed as a matter of course, that the Cameronians, if they did not esteem themselves actually called upon to resist King William's authority, from which they were withheld by some glimmering of common sense,—which suggested, as the necessary consequence, the return of their old enemy James,—neither did they feel at liberty to own themselves his subjects, to take oaths of allegiance to his person and that of his queen, or to submit themselves, by any mark of homage, to a sovereign, who had not subscribed and sworn to the Solemn League and Covenant.

Although, therefore, this extreme party differed among themselves, to what extent they should disclaim the King and the government, yet the general sense of their united societies became more and more scrupulous, concerning the lawfulness of serving in the Earl of Angus's regiment; and while they continued to own these soldiers as brethren, and hold correspondence with them, we observe that they hint at the introduction of some of the errors of the time, even into this select regiment. Card-playing, dice, and other scandalous games, but in particular the celebration of King William's birth-day, by rejoicing and drinking of healths, greatly afflicted the spirit of the general meeting of the more rigorous of the party, who held such practices as an abomination. It is probable, therefore, that the regiment of Cameronians received from this time few recruits out of the bosom of the party whose name they bore.

They were afterwards sent to serve on the Continent, and behaved courageously at the bloody battle of Steinkirk, in 1692, where they lost many men, and amongst others their colonel, the Earl of Angus, who fell fighting bravely at their head. During these campaigns the regiment became gradually more indifferent to their religious professions. At last, we learn that their chaplain and they became heartily weary of each other, and that while the preacher up-

braided his military flock with departing from the strictness of their religious professions, the others are said to have cursed him to his face, for having been instrumental in inducing them to enter into the service. In latter times, this regiment, which is still called the 26th, or Cameronian regiment, seems to have differed very little in its composition from other marching regiments, excepting that it was chiefly recruited in Scotland, and that, in memory of the original principles of the sect out of which it was raised, each soldier was, and perhaps is still, obliged to show himself possessed of a Bible when his necessities are inspected.

During the course of the winter 1689-90, King James made an effort to reanimate the war in the Highlands, which had almost died away, after the repulse of the Highlanders at Dunkeld. He sent over General Buchan, an officer of reputation, and who was supposed to understand Highland character and Highland warfare. The clans again assembled with renewed hopes. But Buchan proved as incapable as Cannon had shown himself the year before, of profiting by the ardour of the Highlanders.

With singular want of caution, the Jacobite General descended the Spey, as far as a place called Cromdale, where he quartered his army, about eighteen hundred men, in the hamlets in the vicinity. Sir Thomas Livingstone, an excellent old officer, who commanded on the part of King William, crossed the Spey with a large force of cavalry, some infantry, and a body of the clan Grant, who had embraced William's interest, and by a night attack completely surprised Buchan and his army in their quarters. They fought gallantly, notwithstanding, with their swords and targets, but were at length compelled to take to flight. The pursuit was not so destructive to the defeated party as it would have been to the soldiers of any other nation, if pursued by the cavalry of a successful enemy. Light of foot, and well acquainted with their own mountains, the Highlanders escaped up the hills, and amongst the mists, with such an appearance of ease and agility, that a spectator observed, they looked more like men received into the clouds, than fugitives escaped from a victorious enemy.

But the skirmish of Cromdale, and the ruin of King James's affairs in Ireland, precluded all hopes on the part of the Jacobites, of bringing the Highland war to a successful termination. A fort near Inverlochy, originally erected by Cromwell, was again repaired by Livingstone, and acquired the name of Fort William, and was strongly garrisoned, to bridle the Camerons, MacDonalds, and other Jacobite clans. The chiefs saw they would be reduced to maintain a defensive war in their own fastnesses, and that against the whole regular force of Scotland. They became desirous, therefore, of submitting for the present, and reserving their efforts in favour of the exiled family for some more favourable time. King William was equally desirous to see this smouldering fire, which the appearance of such a General as Montrose or Dundee might soon have blown into a destructive flame, totally extinguished. For this purpose, he had recourse to a measure, which, had it been duly executed, was one of deep policy.

The Earl of Breadalbane, a man of great power in

the Highlands, and head of a numerous clan of the Campbells, was intrusted with a sum of money, which some authors call twenty, and some twelve thousand pounds, to be distributed among the chieftains, on the condition of their submission to the existing government, and keeping on foot, each chief in proportion to his means, a military force to act on behalf of government, at home or abroad, as they should be called on. This scheme would probably have rendered the Highland clans a resource, instead of a terror, to the government of King William; while their love of war, and their want of money, would by degrees have weaned them from their attachment to the exiled King, which would gradually have been transferred to a prince, who led them to battle, and paid them for following him.

But many of the chiefs were jealous of the conduct of the Earl of Breadalbane in distributing the funds intrusted to his care. Part of this treasure the wily Earl bestowed among the most leading men; when these were bought off, he intimidated those of less power into submission, by threatening them with military execution; and it has always been said, that he retained a considerable portion of the gratuity in his own hands. The Highland chiefs complained to government of Breadalbane's conduct, who, they alleged, had advised them only to submit to King William for the present, until an opportunity should occur of doing King James effectual service. They also charged him with retaining, for his own purposes, a considerable part of the money deposited in his hands, as the price of peace.

Government, it is said, attended to this information, so far as to demand, through the Secretary of State, a regular account of the manner in which the sum of money placed in his hands had been distributed. But Breadalbane, too powerful to be called in question, and too audacious to care for suspicion of what he judged government dared not resent, is traditionally said to have answered the demand in the following cavalier manner:—"My dear Lord, the money you mention, was given to purchase the peace of the Highlands. The money is spent—the Highlands are quiet, and this is the only way of accomplishing among friends."

We shall find afterwards, that the selfish avarice, and resentment of this unprincipled nobleman, gave rise to one of the most bloody, treacherous, and cruel actions, which dishonour the seventeenth century. Of this we shall speak hereafter; at present, it is enough to repeat, that Breadalbane bribed, soothed, or threatened into submission to the government, all the chiefs who had hitherto embraced the interest of King James, and the Highland war might be considered as nearly, if not entirely, ended. But the proposed measure, designed to have attached them unalienably to the cause of King William, was totally disconcerted, and the Highlanders continued as much Jacobites at heart as before the pacification.

There remained, however, after the Highlands were thus partially settled, some necessity of providing for the numerous Lowland officers who had joined the standard of Dundee, and afterwards remained with his less able successors in command. These individuals were entitled to consideration and compassion. They amounted to nearly a hundred

gentlemen, who, sacrificing their fortune to their honour, preferred following their old master into exile, to changing his service for that of another. It was stipulated that they should have two ships to carry them to France, where they were received with the same liberal hospitality which Louis XIV showed in whatever concerned the affairs of King James, and where, accordingly, they received for some time pay and subsistence, in proportion to the rank which they had severally enjoyed in the exiled King's service.

But when the battle of La Hogue had commenced the train of misfortunes which France afterwards experienced, and put a period to all hopes of invading England, it could not be expected that Louis should continue the expense of supporting this body of officers, whom there was now so little prospect of providing for in their own country. They, therefore, petitioned King James to permit them to reduce themselves to a company of private soldiers, with the dress, pay, and appointments of that rank, assuring his Majesty, that they would esteem it a pleasure to continue in his service, even under the meanest circumstances, and the greatest hardships.

James reluctantly accepted of this generous offer, and, with tears in his eyes, reviewed this body of devoted loyalists, as, stript of the advantages of birth, fortune, and education, they prepared to take upon them the duties of the lowest rank in their profession. He gave every man his hand to kiss,—promised never to forget their loyalty, and wrote the name of each individual in his pocket-book, as a pledge, that when his own fortune permitted, he would not be unmindful of their fidelity.

Being in French pay, this company of gentlemen were of course engaged in the French service; and wherever they came, they gained respect by their propriety of behaviour, and sympathy from knowledge of their circumstances. But their allowance, being only threepence a-day, with a pound and a half of bread, was totally inadequate, not only for procuring their accustomed comforts, but even for maintaining them in the most ordinary manner. For a time, they found a resource in the sale of watches, rings, and such superfluous trinkets as had any value. It was not unusual to see individuals among them laying aside some little token of remembrance, which had been the gift of parental affection, of love, or of friendship, and to hear them protest, that with this at least they would never part. But stern necessity brought all these relics to the market at last, and this little fund of support was entirely exhausted.

About this time the company served under Marshal Noailles, at the siege of Rosas, in Catalonia, and distinguished themselves by their courage on so many occasions, that their general called them his children; and pointing out their determined courage to others, used to say, that the real gentleman was ever the same, whether in necessity or in danger.

In a subsequent campaign in Alsace, this company of Scottish officers distinguished themselves by their voluntary attempt to storm a fort upon an island on the Rhine, defended by five hundred Germans. They advanced to the shore of that broad river under shelter of the night, waded into the stream, with

their ammunition about their neck, and linked arm-in-arm, according to the Highland fashion. In the middle of the current the water was up to their breasts, but as soon as it grew more shallow, they untied their cartouch-boxes, and marching ashore with their muskets shouldered, poured a deadly volley upon the Germans, who, seized with a panic, and endeavouring to escape, broke down their own bridges, and suffered a severe loss, leaving the island in possession of the brave assailants. When the French general heard of the success of what he had esteemed a desperate bravado, he signed himself with the cross in astonishment, and declared that it was the boldest action that ever had been performed, and that the whole honour of contrivance and execution belonged to the company of officers. The place was long called *L'Isle des Ecossois*, the Scottishmen's Island, and perhaps yet retains the name.

In these and similar undertakings, many of this little band fell by the sword; but their fate was enviable compared with that of those who died under the influence of fatigue, privations, and contagious diseases, which fell with deadly severity on men once accustomed to the decency and accommodations of social life, and now reduced to rags, filth, and famine. When, at the peace of Ryswick, this little company was disbanded, there remained but sixteen men out of their original number; and few of these ever again saw the country whose fame had been sustained and extended by their fidelity and courage.

At length the last faint embers of civil war died away throughout Scotland. The last place which held out for King James was the strong island and castle in the Frith of Forth, called the Bass. This singular rock rises perpendicularly out of the sea. The surface is pasture land, sloping to the brink of a tremendous precipice, which on all sides sinks sheer down into the stormy ocean. There is no anchorage ground on any point; and although it is possible, in the present state of the island, to land (not without danger, however), and to ascend by a steep path to the table land on the top of the crag, yet at the time of the Revolution a strong castle defended the entrance, and the boats belonging to the garrison were lowered into the sea, or heaved up into the castle, by means of the engine called a crane. Access was thus difficult to friends, and impossible to enemies.

This sequestered and inaccessible spot, the natural shelter and abode of gannets, gulls, and sea-fowl of all descriptions, had been, as I have before noticed, converted into a state prison during the reigns of Charles II and James II; and was often the melancholy abode of the nonconformists who were prisoners to government. The Governor of the Bass held out from 1688 to 1690, when he surrendered to King William. It was shortly after recovered for King James by some Jacobite officers, who, sent thither as prisoners, contrived to surprise and overpower the garrison, and again bid defiance to the new government. They received supplies of provisions from their Jacobite friends on shore, and exercised, by means of their boats, a sort of privateering warfare on such merchant-vessels as entered the Frith. A squadron of ships of war was sent to reduce the

place, which, in their attempt to batter the Castle, did so little damage, and received so much, that the siege was given up, or rather converted into a strict blockade. The punishment of death was denounced by the Scottish government against all who should attempt to supply the island with provisions; and a gentleman named Trotter, having been convicted of such an attempt, was condemned to death, and a gallows erected opposite to the Bass, that the garrison might witness his fate. The execution was interrupted for the time by a cannon-shot from the island, to the great terror of the assistants, amongst whom the bullet lighted; but no advantage accrued to Trotter, who was put to death elsewhere. The intercourse between the island and the shore was in this manner entirely cut off. Shortly afterwards the garrison became so weak for want of provisions, that they were unable to man the crane by which they launched out and got in their boats. They were thus obliged finally to surrender, but not till reduced to an allowance of two ounces of rusk to each man per day. They were admitted to honourable terms, with the testimony of having done their duty like brave men.

We must now return to the state of civil affairs in Scotland, which was far from being settled. The arrangements of King William had not included in his administration Sir James Montgomery and some other Presbyterians, who conceived their services entitled them to such distinction. This was bitterly resented; for Montgomery and his friends fell into an error very common to agents in great changes, who often conceive themselves to have been the authors of those events, in which they are only the subordinate and casual actors. Montgomery had conducted the debates concerning the forfeiture of the crown at the Revolution, and therefore believed himself adequate to the purpose of dethroning King William, who, he thought, owed his crown to him, and of replacing King James. This monarch, so lately deprived of his realm on account of his barefaced attempts to bring in Popery, was now supported by a party of Presbyterians, who proposed to render him the nursing father of that model of church government, which he had so often endeavoured to stifle in the blood of its adherents. As extremes approach to each other, the most violent Jacobites began to hold intercourse with the most violent Presbyterians, and both parties voted together in Parliament, from hatred to the administration of King William. The alliance, however, was too unnatural to continue; and King William was only so far alarmed by its progress, as to hasten a redress of several of those grievances, which had been pointed out in the Declaration of Rights. He also deemed it prudent to concede something to the Presbyterians, disappointed as many of them were with the result of the Revolution in ecclesiastical matters.

I have told you already that King William had not hesitated to declare that the National Church of Scotland should be Presbyterian; but, with the love of toleration, which was a vital principle in the King's mind, he was desirous of permitting the Episcopal incumbents, as well as the forms of worship, to remain in the churches of such parishes as preferred that communion. Moreover, he did not deem it

equitable to take from such proprietors as were possessed of it, the right of patronage, that is, of presenting to the presbytery a candidate for a vacant charge; when, unless found unfit for such a charge, upon his life and doctrine being inquired into by formal trial, the person thus presented was of course admitted to the office.

A great part of the Presbyterians were much discontented at a privilege, which threw the right of electing a clergyman for the whole congregation into the hands of one man, whilst all the rest might be dissatisfied with his talents, or with his character. They argued also, that very many of these presentations being in the hands of gentry of the Episcopal persuasion, to continue the right of patronage, was to afford such patrons the means of introducing clergymen of their own tenets, and thus to maintain a perpetual schism in the bosom of the church. To this it was replied by the defenders of patronage, that as the stipends of the clergy were paid by the landholders, the nomination of the minister ought to be left in their hands; and that it had accordingly been the ancient law of Scotland, that the advowson, or title to bestow the church-living, was a right of private property. The tendency towards Episcopacy, continued these reasoners, might indeed balance, but could not overthrow, the supremacy of the Presbyterian establishment, since every clergyman who was in possession of a living, was bound to subscribe the Confession of Faith, as established by the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, and to acknowledge that the General Assembly was invested with the full government of the church. They further argued, that in practice it was best this law of patronage should remain unaltered. The Presbyterian church being already formed upon a model strictly republican, they contended, that to vest the right of nominating the established clergy in the hearers, was to give additional features of democracy to a system, which was already sufficiently independent both of the crown and the aristocracy. They urged, that to permit the flocks the choice of their own shepherd, was to encourage the candidates for church preferment rather to render themselves popular by preaching to soothe the humours of the congregation, than to exercise the wholesome but unpleasing duties, of instructing their ignorance, and reproving their faults; and that thus assentation and flattery would be heard from the pulpit, the very place where they were most unbecoming, and were likely to be most mischievous.

Such arguments in favour of lay patronage had much influence with the King; but the necessity of doing something which might please the Presbyterian party, induced his Scottish ministers,—not, it is said, with William's entire approbation,—to renew a law of Cromwell's time, which placed the nomination of a minister, with some slight restrictions, in the hands of the congregation. These, upon a vacancy, exercised a right of popular election, gratifying unquestionably to the pride of human nature, but tending to excite, in the case of disagreement, debates and strife, which were not always managed with the decency and moderation that the subject required.

King William equally failed in his attempt to secure toleration for such of the Episcopal clergy, as were disposed to retain their livings under a Presby-

terian supremacy. To have gained these divines, would have greatly influenced all that part of Scotland which lies to the north of the Forth; but in affording them protection, William was desirous to be secured of their allegiance, which in general they conceived to be due to the exiled sovereign. Many of them had indeed adopted a convenient political creed, which permitted them to submit to William as King *de facto*, that is, as being actually in possession of the royal power, whilst they internally reserved the claims of James as King *de jure*, that is, who had the right to the crown, although he did not enjoy it.

It was William's interest to destroy this sophistical species of reasoning, by which, in truth, he was only recognised as a successful usurper, and obeyed for no other reason but because he had the power to enforce obedience. An oath, therefore, was framed, called the Assurance, which, being put to all persons holding offices of trust, was calculated to exclude those temporisers who had contrived to reconcile their immediate obedience to King William, with a reserved acknowledgment, that James possessed the real right to the crown. The Assurance bore, in language studiously explicit, that King William was acknowledged, by the person taking the oath, not only as King in fact, but also as King in law and by just title. This oath made a barrier against most of the Episcopal preachers who had any tendency to Jacobitism; but there were some who regarded their own patrimonial advantages more than political questions concerning the rights of monarchs, and in spite of the intolerance of the Presbyterian clergy (which, considering their previous sufferings, is not to be wondered at), about an hundred Episcopal divines took the oath to the new government, retained their livings, and were exempted from the jurisdiction of the courts of Presbytery.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Massacre of Glencoe.

I AM now to call your attention to an action of the Scottish government, which leaves a stain on the memory of King William; although he probably was not aware of the full extent of the baseness, treachery, and cruelty, for which his commission was made a cover.

I have formerly mentioned, that some disputes arose concerning the distribution of a large sum of money, with which the Earl of Breadalbane was intrusted, to procure, or rather to purchase, a peace in the Highlands. Lord Breadalbane and those with whom he negotiated disagreed, and the English government, becoming suspicious of the intentions of the Highland chiefs to play fast and loose on the occasion, sent forth a proclamation in the month of August, 1691, requiring them, and each of them, to submit to government before the first day of January, 1692. After this period, it was announced that those who had not submitted themselves, should be subjected to the extremities of fire and sword.

This proclamation was framed by the Privy Council, under the influence of Sir John Dalrymple (Master of Stair, as he was called), whom I have already

mentioned as holding the place of Lord Advocate, and who had, in 1690, been raised to be Secretary of State, in conjunction with Lord Melville. The Master of Stair was at this time an intimate friend of Breadalbane, and it seems that he shared with that nobleman the warm hope and expectation of carrying into execution a plan of retaining a Highland army in the pay of Government, and accomplishing a complete transference of the allegiance of the chiefs to the person of King William. This could not have failed to be a most acceptable piece of service, upon which, if it could be accomplished, the Secretary might justly reckon as a title to his master's further confidence and favour.

But when Breadalbane commenced his treaty, he was mortified to find, that, though the Highland chiefs expressed no dislike to King William's money, yet they retained their secret fidelity to King James too strongly to make it safe to assemble them in a military body, as had been proposed. Many chiefs, especially those of the MacDonalds, stood out also for terms, which the Earl of Breadalbane and the Master of Stair considered as extravagant; and the result of the whole was, the breaking off the treaty, and the publishing of the severe proclamation already mentioned.

Breadalbane and Stair were greatly disappointed and irritated against those chiefs and tribes, who, being refractory on this occasion, had caused a breach of their favourite scheme. Their thoughts were now turned to revenge; and it appears from Stair's correspondence, that he nourished and dwelt upon the secret hope, that several of the most stubborn chiefs would hold out beyond the term appointed for submission, in which case it was determined that the punishment inflicted should be of the most severe and awful description. That all might be in readiness for the meditated operations, a considerable body of troops were kept in readiness at Inverlochy, and elsewhere. These were destined to act against the refractory clans, and the campaign was to take place in the midst of winter, when it was supposed that the season and weather would prevent the Highlanders from expecting an attack.

But the chiefs received information of these hostile intentions, and one by one submitted to government within the appointed period, thus taking away all pretence of acting against them. It is said that they did so by secret orders from King James, who, having penetrated the designs of Stair, directed the chiefs to comply with the proclamation, rather than incur an attack which they had no means of resisting.

The indemnity, which protected so many victims, and excluded both lawyers and soldiers from a profitable job, seems to have created great disturbance in the mind of the Secretary of State. As chief after chief took the oath of allegiance to King William, and one by one put themselves out of danger, the greater became the anxiety of the Master of Stair to find some legal flaw for excluding some of the Lochaber clans from the benefit of the indemnity. But no opportunity occurred for exercising these kind intentions, excepting in the memorable, but fortunately the solitary instance, of the clan of the MacDonalds of Glencoe.

This clan inhabited a valley formed by the river

Coe, which falls into Lochleven not far from the head of Loch-Etive. It is distinguished even in that wild country, by the sublimity of the mountains, rocks, and precipices, in which it lies buried. The minds of men are formed by their habitations. The MacDonalds of the Glen were not very numerous, seldom mustering above two hundred armed men; but they were bold and daring to a proverb, confident in the strength of their country, and in the protection and support of their kindred tribes, the MacDonalds of Clanranald, Glengarry, Keppoch, Ardnamurchan, and others of that powerful name. They also lay near the possessions of the Campbells, to whom, owing to the predatory habits to which they were especially addicted, they were very bad neighbours, so that blood had at different times been spilt between them.

MacIan of Glencoe (this was the patronymic title of the chief of this clan) was a man of a stately and venerable person and aspect. He possessed both courage and sagacity, and was accustomed to be listened to by the neighbouring chieftains, and to take a lead in their deliberations. MacIan had been deeply engaged both in the campaign of Killiecrankie, and in that which followed under General Buchan; and when the insurgent Highland chiefs held a meeting with the Earl of Breadalbane, at a place called Auchallader, in the month of July, 1691, for the purpose of arranging an armistice, MacIan was present with the rest, and, it is said, taxed Breadalbane with the design of retaining a part of the money lodged in his hands for the pacification of the Highlands. The Earl retorted with vehemence, and charged MacIan with a theft of cattle, committed upon some of his lands by a party from Glencoe. Other causes of offence took place, in which old feuds were called to recollection; and MacIan was repeatedly heard to say, he dreaded mischief from no man so much as from the Earl of Breadalbane. Yet this unhappy chief was rash enough to stand out to the last moment, and decline to take advantage of King William's indemnity, till the time appointed by the proclamation was well-nigh expired.

The displeasure of the Earl of Breadalbane seems speedily to have communicated itself to the Master of Stair, who, in his correspondence with Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, commanding in the Highlands, expresses the greatest resentment against MacIan of Glencoe, for having, by his interference, helped to mar the bargain between Breadalbane and the Highland chiefs. Accordingly, in a letter of 3d December, the Secretary intimated that government was determined to destroy utterly some of the clans, in order to terrify the others, and that he hoped that, by standing out and refusing to submit under the indemnity, the MacDonalds of Glencoe would fall into the net. This was a month before the time limited by the indemnity, so long did these bloody thoughts occupy the mind of this unprincipled statesman.

Ere the term of mercy expired, however, MacIan's own apprehensions, or the advice of friends, dictated to him the necessity of submitting to the same conditions which others had embraced, and he went with his principal followers to take the oath of allegiance to King William. This was a very brief

space before the 1st of January, when, by the terms of the proclamation, the opportunity of claiming the indemnity was to expire. MacIlan was, therefore, much alarmed to find that Colonel Hill, the governor of Fort William, to whom he tendered his oath of allegiance, had no power to receive it, being a military, and not a civil officer. Colonel Hill, however, had sympathy with the distress and even tears of the old chieftain, and gave him a letter to Sir Colin Campbell of Ardkinlas, Sheriff of Argyleshire, requesting him to receive the "lost sheep," and administer the oath to him, that he might have the advantage of the indemnity, though so late in claiming it.

MacIlan hastened from Fort William to Inverary, without even turning aside to his own house, though he passed within a mile of it. But the roads, always very bad, were now rendered almost impassable by a storm of snow; so that, with all the haste which the unfortunate chieftain could exert, the fatal 1st of January was past before he reached Inverary.

The Sheriff, however, seeing that MacIlan had complied with the spirit of the statute, in tendering his submission within the given period, under the sincere, though mistaken belief, that he was applying to the person ordered to receive it; and considering also, that, but for the tempestuous weather, it would after all have been offered in presence of the proper law-officer, did not hesitate to administer the oath of allegiance, and sent off an express to the Privy Council, containing an attestation of MacIlan's having taken the oaths, and a full explanation of the circumstances which had delayed his doing so until the lapse of the appointed period. The Sheriff also wrote to Colonel Hill what he had done, and requested that he would take care that Glencoe should not be annoyed by any military parties until the pleasure of the Council should be known, which he could not doubt would be favourable.

MacIlan, therefore, returned to his own house, and resided there, as he supposed, in safety, under the protection of the government to which he had sworn allegiance. That he might merit its protection, he convoked his clan, acquainted them with his submission, and commanded them to live peaceably, and give no cause of offence, under pain of his displeasure.

In the meantime, the vindictive Secretary of State had procured orders from his Sovereign respecting the measures to be followed with such of the chiefs as should not have taken the oaths within the term prescribed. The first of these orders, dated 11th January, contained peremptory directions for military execution, by fire and sword, against all who should not have made their submission within the time appointed. It was, however, provided, in order to avoid driving them to desperation, that there was still to remain a power of granting mercy to those clans who, even after the time was past, should still come in and submit themselves. Such were the terms of the first royal warrant, in which Glencoe was not named.

It seems afterwards to have occurred to Stair, that Glencoe would be sheltered under this mitigation of the intended severities, since he had already come in and tendered his allegiance, without waiting for the menace of military force. A second set of instructions were therefore made out on the 16th

January. These held out the same indulgence to other clans who should submit themselves at the very last hour, but they closed the gate of mercy against the devoted MacIlan, who had already done all that was required of others. The words are remarkable:—"As for MacIlan of Glencoe, and that tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper, for the vindication of public justice, to extirpate that set of thieves."

You will remark the hypocritical clemency and real cruelty of these instructions, which profess a readiness to extend mercy to those who needed it not (for all the other Highlanders had submitted within the limited time), and deny it to Glencoe, the only man who had not been able literally to comply with the proclamation, though in all fair construction he had done what it required.

Under what pretence or colouring King William's authority was obtained for such cruel instructions, it would be in vain to inquire. The Sheriff of Argyle's letter had never been produced before the Council; and the certificate of MacIlan's having taken the oath was blotted out, and, in the Scottish phrase, deleted. It seems probable that the fact of that chief's submission was altogether concealed from the King, and that he was held out in the light of a desperate and incorrigible leader of banditti, who was the main obstacle to the peace of the Highlands; but if we admit that William acted under such misrepresentations, deep blame will still attach to him for so rashly issuing orders of an import so dreadful. It is remarkable that these fatal instructions are both superscribed and subscribed by the King himself, whereas, in most state papers, the sovereign only superscribes, and they are countersigned by the Secretary of State, who is answerable for their tenor; a responsibility which Stair, on that occasion, was not probably ambitious of claiming.

The Secretary's letters to the military officers, directing the mode of executing the King's orders, betray the deep and savage interest which he personally took in their tenor, and his desire that the bloody execution should be as general as possible. He dwelt in these letters upon the proper time and season for cutting off the devoted tribe. "The winter," he said, "is the only season in which the Highlanders cannot elude us, or carry their wives, children, and cattle, to the mountains. They cannot escape you; for what human constitution can then endure to be long out of house? This is the proper season to maul them, in the long dark nights." He could not suppress his joy that Glencoe had not come in within the term prescribed; and expresses his hearty wishes that others had followed the same course. He assured the soldiers that their powers should be ample; and he exacted from them proportional exertions. He entreated that the thieving tribe of Glencoe be *rooted out* in earnest; and he was at pains to explain a phrase which is in itself terribly significant. He gave directions for securing every pass by which the victims could escape, and warned the soldiers that it were better to leave the thing unattempted, than fail to do it to purpose. "To plunder their lands, or drive off their cattle, would," say his letters, "be only to render them

desperate; they must be all slaughtered, and the manner of execution must be sure, secret, and effectual."

These instructions, such as have been rarely penned in a Christian country, were sent to Colonel Hill, the Governor of Fort William, who, greatly surprised and grieved at their tenor, endeavoured for some time to evade the execution of them. At length, obliged by his situation to render obedience to the King's commands, he transmitted the orders to Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, directing him to take four hundred men of a Highland regiment belonging to the Earl of Argyle, and fulfil the royal mandate. Thus, to make what was intended yet worse, if possible, than it was in its whole tenor, the execution of this cruelty was committed to soldiers, who were not only the countrymen of the proscribed, but the near neighbours, and some of them the close connexions, of the MacDonalds of Glencoe. This is the more necessary to be remembered, because the massacre has unjustly been said to have been committed by English troops. The course of the execution was as follows.

Before the end of January, a party of the Earl of Argyle's regiment, commanded by Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, approached Glencoe. MacIlan's sons went out to meet them with a body of men, to demand whether they came as friends or foes. The officer replied, that they came as friends, being sent to take up their quarters for a short time in Glencoe, in order to relieve the garrison of Fort William, which was crowded with soldiers. On this they were welcomed with all the hospitality which the chief and his followers had the means of extending to them, and they resided for fifteen days amongst the unsuspecting MacDonalds, in the exchange of every species of kindness and civility. That the laws of domestic affection might be violated at the same time with those of humanity and hospitality, you are to understand that Alaster MacDonald, one of the sons of MacIlan, was married to a niece of Glenlyon, who commanded the party of soldiers. It appears also, that the intended cruelty was to be exercised upon defenceless men; for the MacDonalds, though afraid of no other ill treatment from their military guests, had supposed it possible the soldiers might have a commission to disarm them, and therefore had sent their weapons to a distance, where they might be out of reach of seizure.

Glenlyon's party had remained in Glencoe for fourteen or fifteen days, when he received orders from his commanding officer, Major Duncanson, expressed in a manner which shows him to have been the worthy agent of the cruel Secretary. They were sent in conformity with orders of the same date, transmitted to Duncanson by Hamilton, directing that all the MacDonalds, under seventy years of age, were to be cut off, and that the *government was not to be troubled with prisoners*. Duncanson's orders to Glenlyon were as follows:—

"You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels, and put all to the sword under seventy. You are to have especial care that the old fox and his cubs do on no account escape your hands; you are to secure all the avenues, that no man escape. This you are to put in execution at four in the mornin' precisely, and

VOL. VII.

by that time, or very shortly after, I will strive to be at you with a stronger party. But if I do not come to you at four, you are not to tarry for me, but fall on. This is by the King's special command, for the good and safety of the country, that these miscreants be cut off root and branch. See that this be put into execution without either fear or favour, else you may expect to be treated as not true to the King or government, nor a man fit to carry a commission in the King's service. Expecting that you will not fail in the fulfilling hereof, as you love yourself, I subscribe these with my hand,

"ROBERT DUNCANSON."

This order was dated 12th February, and addressed, "For their Majesties' service, to Captain Robert Campbell of Glenlyon."

This letter reached Glenlyon soon after it was written; and he lost no time in carrying the dreadful mandate into execution. In the interval, he did not abstain from any of those acts of familiarity which had lulled asleep the suspicions of his victims. He took his morning draught, as on every former day since he came to the Glen, at the house of Alaster MacDonald, MacIlan's second son, who was married to his (Glenlyon's) niece. He, and two of his officers named Lindsay, accepted an invitation to dinner from MacIlan himself, for the following day, on which they had determined he should never see the sun rise. To complete the sum of treachery, Glenlyon played at cards in his own quarters, with the sons of MacIlan, John and Alaster, both of whom were also destined for slaughter.

About four o'clock, in the morning of 13th February, the scene of blood began. A party, commanded by one of the Lindsays, came to MacIlan's house and knocked for admittance, which was at once given. Lindsay, one of the expected guests at the family meal of the day, commanded this party, who instantly shot MacIlan dead by his own bedside, as he was in the act of dressing himself, and giving orders for refreshments to be provided for his fatal visitors. His aged wife was stript by the savage soldiery, who, at the same time, drew off the gold rings from her fingers with their teeth. She died the next day, distracted with grief, and the brutal treatment she had received. Several domestics and clansmen were killed at the same place.

The two sons of the aged chieftain had not been altogether so confident as their father of the peaceful and friendly purpose of their guests. They observed, on the evening preceding the massacre, that the sentinels were doubled, and the main guard strengthened. John, the elder brother, had even heard the soldiers muttering amongst themselves, that they cared not about fighting the men of the Glen fairly, but did not like the nature of the service they were engaged in; while others consoled themselves with the military logic, that their officers must be answerable for the orders given, they having no choice save to obey them. Alarmed with what had been thus observed and heard, the young men hastened to Glenlyon's quarters, where they found that officer and his men preparing their arms. On questioning him about these suspicious appearances, Glenlyon accounted for them by a story, that he was bound

on an expedition against some of Glengarry's men; and, alluding to the circumstance of their alliance, which made his own cruelty more detestable, he added, "If any thing evil had been intended, would I not have told Alaster and my niece?"

Reassured by this communication, the young men retired to rest, but were speedily awakened by an old domestic, who called on the two brothers to rise and fly for their lives. "Is it time for you," he said, "to be sleeping, when your father is murdered on his own hearth?" Thus roused, they hurried out in great terror, and heard throughout the glen, wherever there was a place of human habitation, the shouts of the murderers, the report of the muskets, the screams of the wounded, and the groans of the dying. By their perfect knowledge of the scarce accessible cliffs amongst which they dwelt, they were enabled to escape observation, and fled to the southern access of the glen.

Meantime, the work of death proceeded with as little remorse as Stair himself could have desired. Even the slight mitigation of their orders respecting those above seventy years, was disregarded by the soldiery in their indiscriminate thirst for blood, and several very aged and bedridden persons were slain amongst others. At the hamlet where Glenlyon had his own quarters, nine men, including his landlord, were bound and shot like felons; and one of them, MacDonald of Auchentriaten, had General Hill's passport in his pocket at the time. A fine lad of twenty had, by some glimpse of compassion on the part of the soldiers, been spared, when one Captain Drummond came up, and demanding why the orders were transgressed in that particular, caused him instantly to be put to death. A boy, of five or six years old, clung to Glenlyon's knees entreating for mercy, and offering to become his servant for life, if he would spare him. Glenlyon was moved; but the same Drummond stabbed the child with his dirk, while he was in this agony of supplication.

At a place called Auchnaion, one Barber, a sergeant, with a party of soldiers, fired on a group of nine MacDonalds, as they were assembled round their morning fire, and killed four of them. The owner of the house, a brother of the slain Auchintriaten, escaped unhurt, and expressed a wish to be put to death rather in the open air than within the house. "For your bread which I have eaten," answered Barber, "I will grant the request." MacDonald was dragged to the door accordingly; but he was an active man, and when the soldiers were presenting their firelocks to shoot him, he cast his plaid over their faces, and, taking advantage of the confusion, escaped up the glen.

The alarm being now general, many other persons, male and female, attempted their escape in the same manner as the two sons of MacIan and the person last mentioned. Flying from their burning huts, and from their murderous visitors, the half-naked fugitives committed themselves to a winter morning of darkness, snow, and storm, amidst a wilderness the most savage in the West Highlands, having a bloody death behind them, and before them tempest, famine, and desolation. Bewildered in the snow-wreaths, several sunk to rise no more. But the severities of the storm were tender mercies compared

to the cruelty of their persecutors. The great fall of snow, which proved fatal to several of the fugitives, was the means of saving the remnant that escaped. Major Duncanson, agreeably to the plan expressed in his orders to Glenlyon, had not failed to put himself in motion with four hundred men, on the evening preceding the slaughter; and had he reached the eastern passes out of Glencoe by four in the morning, as he calculated, he must have intercepted and destroyed all those who took that only way of escape from Glenlyon and his followers. But as this reinforcement arrived so late as eleven in the forenoon, they found no MacDonald alive in Glencoe, save an old man of eighty, whom they slew; and after burning such houses as were yet unconsumed, they collected the property of the tribe, consisting of twelve hundred head of cattle and horses, besides goats and sheep, and drove them off to the garrison.

Thus ended this horrible deed of massacre. The number of persons murdered was thirty-eight; those who escaped might amount to a hundred and fifty males, who, with the women and children of the tribe, had to fly more than twelve miles through rocks and wildernesses, ere they could reach any place of safety or shelter.

This detestable execution excited general horror and disgust, not only throughout Scotland, but in foreign countries, and did King William, whose orders, signed and superscribed by himself, were the warrant of the action, incredible evil both in popularity and character.

Stair, however, seemed undaunted, and had the infamy to write to Colonel Hill, while public indignation was at the highest, that all that could be said of the matter was, that the execution was not so complete as it might have been. There was, besides, a pamphlet published in his defence, offering a bungled vindication of his conduct; which indeed amounts only to this, that a man of the Master of Stair's high place and eminent accomplishments, who had performed such great services to the public, of which a laboured account was given; one also, who, it is particularly insisted upon, performed the duty of family worship regularly in his household, ought not to be over-severely questioned for the death of a few Highland Papists, whose morals were no better than those of English highwaymen.

No public notice was taken of this abominable deed until 1695, three years after it had been committed, when, late and reluctantly, a Royal Commission, loudly demanded by the Scottish nation, was granted, to inquire into the particulars of the transaction, and to report the issue of their investigations to Parliament.

The Commission was of a different opinion from the apologist of the Secretary of State, and reported, that the letters and instructions of Stair to Colonel Hill and others were the sole cause of the murder. They covered the King's share of the guilt by reporting, that the Secretary's instructions went beyond the warrant which William had signed and superscribed. The royal mandate, they stated, only ordered the tribe of Glencoe to be subjected to military execution, *in case* there could be any mode found of separating them from the other Highlanders. Having thus found a screen, though a very flimsy one, for

William's share in the transaction, the report of the Commission let the whole weight of the charge fall on Secretary Stair, whose letters, they state, intimated no mode of separating the Glencoe men from the rest, as directed by the warrant; but, on the contrary, did, under a pretext of public duty, appoint them, without inquiry or distinction, to be cut off and rooted out in earnest and to purpose, and that "suddenly, secretly, and quietly." They reported, that these instructions of Stair had been the warrant for the slaughter; that it was unauthorized by his Majesty's orders, and, in fact, deserved no name save that of a most barbarous murder. Finally, the report named the Master of Stair as the deviser, and the various military officers employed as the perpetrators, of the same, and suggested, with great moderation, that Parliament should address his Majesty to send home Glenlyon and the other murderers to be tried, or should do otherwise as his Majesty pleased.

The Secretary, being by this unintelligible mode of reasoning thus exposed to the whole severity of the storm, and overwhelmed at the same time by the King's displeasure, on account of the Darien affair (to be presently mentioned), was deprived of his office, and obliged to retire from public affairs. General indignation banished him so entirely from public life, that, having about this period succeeded to his father's title of Earl of Stair, he dared not take his seat in Parliament as such, on account of the threat of the Lord Justice Clerk, that if he did so, he would move that the address and report upon the Glencoe Massacre should be produced and inquired into. It was the year 1700 before the Earl of Stair found the affair so much forgotten, that he ventured to assume the place in Parliament to which his rank entitled him; and he died in 1707, on the very day when the treaty of Union was signed, not without suspicion of suicide.

Of the direct agents in the massacre, Hamilton absconded, and afterwards joined King William's army in Flanders, where Glenlyon, and the officers and soldiers connected with the murder, were then serving. The King, availing himself of the option left to him in the address of the Scottish Parliament, did *not* order them home for trial; nor does it appear that any of them were dismissed the service, or punished for their crime, otherwise than by the general hatred of the age in which they lived, and the universal execration of posterity.

Although it is here a little misplaced, I cannot refrain from telling you an anecdote connected with the preceding events, which befell so late as the year 1745-6, during the romantic attempt of Charles Edward, grandson of James II, to regain the throne of his fathers. He marched through the Low Countries, at the head of an army consisting of the Highland clans, and obtained for a time considerable advantages. Amongst other Highlanders, the descendant of the murdered MacIan of Glencoe joined his standard with a hundred and fifty men. The route of the Highland army brought them near to a beautiful seat built by the Earl of Stair, so often mentioned in the preceding narrative, and the principal mansion of his family. An alarm arose in the councils of Prince Charles, lest the MacDonalds of Glencoe should seize this opportunity of marking their recollection of the

injustice done to their ancestors, by burning or plundering the house of the descendant of their persecutor; and, as such an act of violence might have done the Prince great prejudice in the eyes of the people of the Low Country, it was agreed that a guard should be posted to protect the house of Lord Stair.

MacDonald of Glencoe heard the resolution, and deemed his honour and that of his clan concerned. He demanded an audience of Charles Edward, and admitting the propriety of placing a guard on a house so obnoxious to the feelings of the Highland army, and to those of his own clan in particular, he demanded, as a matter of right rather than favour, that the protecting guard should be supplied by the MacDonalds of Glencoe. If this request was not granted, he announced his purpose to return home with his people, and prosecute the enterprise no further. "The MacDonalds of Glencoe," he said, "would be dishonoured by remaining in a service where others than their own men were employed to restrain them, under whatsoever circumstances of provocation, within the line of their military duty." The royal Adventurer granted the request of the high-spirited chieftain, and the MacDonalds of Glencoe guarded from the slightest injury the house of the cruel and crafty statesman who had devised and directed the massacre of their ancestors. Considering how natural the thirst of vengeance becomes to men in a primitive state of society, and how much it was interwoven with the character of the Scottish Highlander, Glencoe's conduct on this occasion is a noble instance of a high and heroic preference of duty to passion.

We must now turn from this terrible story to one which, though it does not seize on the imagination with the same force in the narrative, yet embraces a far wider and more extensive field of death and disaster.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Darien Scheme—Death of William, and Accession of Queen Anne.

HUMAN character, whether national or individual, presents often to our calm consideration the strangest inconsistencies; but there are few more striking than that which Scotchmen exhibit in their private conduct, contrasted with their views when united together for any general or national purpose. In his own personal affairs, the Scotchman is remarked as cautious, frugal, and prudent, in an extreme degree, not generally aiming at enjoyment or relaxation till he has realized the means of indulgence, and studiously avoiding those temptations of pleasure, to which men of other countries most readily give way. But when a number of Scotchmen associate for any speculative project, it would seem that their natural caution becomes thawed and dissolved by the union of their joint hopes, and that their imaginations are heated and influenced by any splendid prospect held out to them. They appear, in particular, to lose the power of calculating and adapting their means to the end which they desire to accomplish, and are readily induced to aim at objects magnificent in themselves, but which they have not, unhappily, the wealth or strength necessary to attain. Thus the natives of

Scotland are often found to attempt splendid designs, which, shipwrecked for want of the necessary expenditure, give foreigners occasion to smile at the great error and equally great misfortune of the nation,—I mean their pride and their poverty. There is no greater instance of this tendency to daring speculation, which rests at the bottom of the coldness and caution of the Scottish character, than the disastrous history of the Darien colony.

Paterson, a man of comprehensive views and great sagacity, was the parent and inventor of this memorable scheme. In youth he had been an adventurer in the West Indies, and it was said a *buccaneer*, that is, one of a species of adventurers nearly allied to pirates, who, consisting of different nations, and divided into various bands, made war on the Spanish commerce and settlements in the South Seas, and among the West Indian islands. In this roving course of life, Paterson had made himself intimately acquainted with the geography of South America, the produce of the country, the nature of its commerce, and the manner in which the Spaniards governed that extensive region.

On his return to Europe, however, the schemes which he had formed respecting the New World, were laid aside for another project, fraught with the most mighty and important consequences. This was the plan of that great national establishment, the Bank of England, of which he had the honour to suggest the first idea. For a time he was admitted a Director of that institution, but it befell Paterson as often happens to the first projectors of great schemes. Other persons, possessed of wealth and influence, interposed, and, taking advantage of the ideas of the obscure and unprotected stranger, made them their own by alterations or improvements more or less trivial, and finally elbowed the inventor out of all concern in the institution, the foundation of which he had laid.

Thus expelled from the Bank of England, Paterson turned his thoughts to the plan of settling a colony in America; a country so favoured in point of situation, that it seemed to him formed to be the site of the most flourishing commercial capital in the universe.

The two great continents of North and South America, are joined together by an isthmus, or narrow tract of land, called Darien. This neck of land is not above a day's journey in breadth, and as it is washed by the Atlantic Ocean on the eastern side, and the Great Pacific Ocean on the west, the isthmus seemed designed by nature as a common centre for the commerce of the world. Paterson ascertained, or at least alleged that he had ascertained, that the isthmus had never been the property of Spain, but was still possessed by the original natives, a tribe of fierce and warlike Indians, who made war on the Spaniards. According to the law of nations, therefore, any state had a right of forming a settlement in Darien, providing the consent of the Indians was first obtained; nor could their doing so be justly made subject of challenge even by Spain, so extravagantly jealous of all interference with her South American provinces. This plan of a settlement, with so many advantages to recommend it, was proposed by Paterson to the merchants of Hamburgh, to the Dutch,

and even to the Elector of Brandenburg; but it was coldly received by all these states.

The scheme was at length offered to the merchants of London, the only traders probably in the world who had the means of realizing the splendid visions of Paterson. But when the projector was in London, endeavouring to solicit attention to his plan, he became intimate with the celebrated Fletcher of Salton. This gentleman, one of the most accomplished men, and best patriots, whom Scotland has produced in any age, had, nevertheless, some notions of her interests which were more fanciful than real, and, anxious to do his country service, did not sufficiently consider the adequacy of the means by which her welfare was to be obtained. He was dazzled by the vision of opulence and grandeur which Paterson unfolded, and thought of nothing less than securing, for the benefit of Scotland alone, a scheme which promised to the state which should adopt it, the keys, at is were, of the New World. The projector was easily persuaded to give his own country the benefit of his scheme of colonization, and went to Scotland along with Fletcher. Here the plan found general acceptance, and particularly with the Scottish administration, who were greatly embarrassed at the time by the warm prosecution of the affair of Glencoe, and who easily persuaded King William that some freedom and facilities of trade granted to the Scotch, would divert the public attention from the investigation of a matter, not very creditable to his Majesty's reputation any more than to their own. Stair, in particular, a party deeply interested, gave the Darien scheme the full support of his eloquence and interest, in hope to regain a part of his lost popularity.

The Scottish ministers obtained permission, accordingly, to grant such privileges of trade to the Scotch as might not be prejudicial to that of England. In June, 1695, these influential persons obtained a statute from Parliament, and afterwards a charter from the Crown, for creating a corporate body, or stock company, by name of the Company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies, with power to plant colonies and build forts in places not possessed by other European nations, the consent always of the inhabitants of the places where they settled being obtained.

The hopes entertained of the profits to arise from this speculation, were in the last degree sanguine; not even the Solemn League and Covenant was signed with more eager enthusiasm. Almost every one who had, or could command, any sum of ready money, embarked it in the Indian and African Company; many subscribed their all; maidens threw in their portions, and widows whatever sums they could raise upon their dower, to be repaid an hundred fold by the golden shower which was to descend upon the subscribers. Some sold estates to vest the money in the Company's funds, and so eager was the spirit of speculation, that, when eight hundred thousand pounds formed the whole circulating capital of Scotland, half of that sum was vested in the Darien Stock.

But it was not the Scotch alone whose hopes were excited by the rich prospects held out to them. An offer being made by the managers of the Company,

to share the expected advantages of the scheme with English and foreign merchants, it was so eagerly grasped at, that three hundred thousand pounds of stock was subscribed for in London within nine days after opening the books. The merchants of Hamburg and of Holland subscribed two hundred thousand pounds.

Such was the hopeful state of the new Company's affairs, when the English jealousy of trade interfered to crush an adventure which seemed so promising. The idea which then and long afterwards prevailed in England was, that all profit was lost to the British empire which did not arise out of commerce exclusively English. The increase of trade in Scotland or Ireland they considered, not as an addition to the general prosperity of the united nations, but as a positive loss to England. The commerce of Ireland they had long laid under severe shackles, to secure their own predominance; but it was not so easy to deal with Scotland, who had not only a separate legislature, but acknowledged no subordination or fealty to England, being to all effects a foreign country, though governed by the same King.

This new species of rivalry on the part of an old enemy, was both irritating and alarming. The English had hitherto thought of the Scotch as a poor and fierce nation, who, in spite of fewer numbers and far inferior resources, was always ready to engage in war with her powerful neighbour; and it was embarrassing and provoking to find the same nation display, in spite of its proverbial caution, a hardy and ambitious spirit of emulating them in the paths of commerce.

These narrow-minded, unjust, and ungenerous apprehensions, prevailed so widely throughout the English nation, that both Houses of Parliament joined in an address to the King, stating that the advantages given to the newly-erected Scottish Indian and African Company, would ensure that kingdom so great a superiority over the English East India company, that a great part of the stock and shipping of England would be transported to the north, and Scotland would become a free port for all East Indian commodities, which they would be able to furnish at a much cheaper rate than the English. By this means, it was said, England would lose all the advantages of an exclusive trade in the Eastern commodities, which had always been a great article in her foreign commerce, and sustain infinite detriment in the sale of her domestic manufactures. The King, in his gracious answer to this address, acknowledged the justice of its statements, though as void of just policy as of grounds in public law. It bore, that "the King had been ill served in Scotland, but hoped some remedies might still be found to prevent the evils apprehended." To show that his resentment was serious against his Scottish ministers, King William deprived Stair of his office as Secretary of State. Thus a statesman, who had retained his place in spite of the bloody deed of Glencoe, was deprived of it for attempting to serve his country, by extending her trade and national importance.

The English Parliament persisted in the attempt to find remedies for the evils which they were pleased to apprehend from the Darien scheme, by appointing a Committee of Inquiry, with directions to summon before them such persons as had, by subscribing to the Company given encouragement to the progress

of an undertaking, so fraught, as they alleged, with danger to the trade of England. These persons being called before Parliament, and menaced with impeachment, were compelled to renounce their connexion with the undertaking, which was thus deprived of the aid of English subscriptions, to the amount, as already mentioned, of three hundred thousand pounds. Nay, so eager did the English Parliament show themselves in this matter, that they even extended their menace of impeachment to some native-born Scotchmen, who had offended the House by subscribing their own money to a Company formed in their own country, and according to their own laws.

That this mode of destroying the funds of the concern might be yet more effectual, the weight of the King's influence with foreign states was employed to diminish the credit of the undertaking, and to intercept the subscriptions which had been thence obtained. For this purpose, the English envoy at Hamburg was directed to transmit to the Senate of that commercial city a remonstrance on the part of King William, accusing them of having encouraged the commissioners of the Darien Company; requesting them to desist from doing so; intimating that the plan, said to be fraught with many evils, had not the support of his Majesty; and protesting, that the refusal of the Senate to withdraw their countenance from the scheme, would threaten an interruption to the friendship which his Majesty desired to cultivate with the good city of Hamburg. The Senate returned to this application a spirited answer:—"The city of Hamburg," they said, "considered it as strange that the King of England should dictate to them, a free people, with whom they were to engage in commercial arrangements; and were yet more astonished to find themselves blamed for having entered into such engagements with a body of his own Scottish subjects, incorporated under a special act of Parliament." But as the menace of the envoy showed that the Darien Company must be thwarted in all its proceedings by the superior power of England, the prudent Hamburgers, ceasing to consider it as a hopeful speculation, finally withdrew their subscriptions. The Dutch, to whom William could more decidedly dictate, from his authority with the States of Holland as Stadtholder, and who were jealous, besides, of the interference of the Scotch with their own East Indian trade, adopted a similar course, without remonstrance; and thus the Company, deserted both by foreign and English associates, were crippled in their undertaking, and left to their own limited resources.

The managers of the scheme, supported by the general sense of the people of Scotland, made warm remonstrances to King William on the hostile interference of his Hamburg envoy. In William's answer, he was forced meanly to evade what he was resolved not to grant, and yet could not in equity refuse. "The King," it was promised, "would send instructions to his envoy, not to make use of his Majesty's name or authority for obstructing their engagements with the city of Hamburg." The Hamburgers, on the other hand, declared themselves ready to make good their subscriptions, if they had any assurance from the King of England, that in so doing they would be safe from his threatened resentment. But, in spite of repeated promises, the envoy

02 m 50 02 m
00[= =]09:00[= =]09:00[= =]
20 05 W 20 05 W 20 05 W
1 50 02 m 50 02 m 50 02 m 50
00[= =]09:00[= =]09:00[= =]09:00[= =]

received no power to make such declaration. Thus the Darien Company lost the advantage of support, to the extent of two hundred thousand pounds, subscribed in Hamburgh and Holland, and that by the personal and hostile interference of their own Monarch, under whose charter they were embodied.

Scotland, left to her unassisted resources, would have acted with less spirit but more wisdom, in renouncing her ambitious plan of colonization, sure as it now was to be thwarted by the hostile interference of her unfriendly neighbours. But those engaged in the scheme, comprising great part of the nation, could not be expected easily to renounce hopes which had been so highly excited, and enough remained of the proud and obstinate spirit with which their ancestors had maintained their independence, to induce the Scotch, even when thrown back on their own limited means, to determine upon the establishment of their favourite settlement at Darien, in spite of the desertion of their English and foreign subscribers, and in defiance of the invidious opposition of their powerful neighbours. They caught the spirit of their ancestors, who, after losing so many dreadful battles, were always found ready with sword in hand, to dispute the next campaign.

The contributors were encouraged in this stubborn resolution, by the flattering account which was given of the country to be colonized, in which every class of Scotchmen found something to flatter their hopes, and to captivate their imagination. The description given of Darien by Paterson, was partly derived from his own knowledge, partly from the report of buccaneers and adventurers, and the whole was exaggerated by the eloquence of an able man, pleading in behalf of a favourite project.

The climate was represented as healthy and cool, the tropical heats being mitigated by the height of the country, and by the shade of extensive forests, which yet presented neither thicket nor underwood, but would admit a horseman to gallop through them unimpeded. Those acquainted with trade were assured of the benefits of a safe and beautiful harbour, where the advantages of free commerce and universal toleration, would attract traders from all the world, while the produce of China, Japan, the Spice Islands, and Eastern India, brought to the bay of Panama in the Pacific Ocean, might be transferred by a safe and easy route across the Isthmus to the new settlement, and exchanged for all the commodities of Europe. "Trade," said the commercial enthusiast, "will beget trade—money will beget money—the commercial world shall no longer want work for their hands, but will rather want hands for their work. This door of the seas, and key of the universe, will enable its possessors to become the legislators of both worlds, and the arbitrators of commerce. The settlers at Darien will acquire a nobler empire than Alexander or Cæsar, without fatigue, expense, or danger, as well as without incurring the guilt and bloodshed of conquerors." To those more vulgar minds who cannot separate the idea of wealth from the precious metals, the projector held out the prospect of golden mines. The hardy Highlanders, many of whom embarked in the undertaking, were to exchange their barren moors for extensive savannahs of the richest pasture, with some latent hopes of a creagh (or foray) upon

Spaniards or Indians. The Lowland laird was to barter his meagre heritage, and oppressive feudal tenure, for the free possession of unlimited tracts of ground, where the rich soil, three or four feet deep, would return the richest produce for the slightest cultivation. Allured by these hopes, many proprietors actually abandoned their inheritances, and many more sent their sons and near relations to realise their golden hopes, while the poor labourers, who desired no more than bread and freedom of conscience, shouldered their mattocks, and followed their masters in the path of emigration.

Twelve hundred men, three hundred of whom were youths of the best Scottish families, embarked on board of five frigates, purchased at Hamburgh for the service of the expedition; for the King refused the Company even the trifling accommodation of a ship of war, which lay idle at Burntisland. They reached their destination in safety, and disembarked at a place called Acta, where, by cutting through a peninsula, they obtained a safe and insulated situation for a town, called New Edinburgh, and a fort named Saint Andrew. With the same fond remembrance of their native land, the colony itself was called Caledonia. They were favourably received by the native princes, from whom they purchased the land they required. The harbour, which was excellent, was proclaimed a free port; and in the outset the happiest results were expected from the settlement.

The arrival of the colonists took place in winter; when the air was cool and temperate; but with the summer returned the heat, and with the heat came the diseases of a tropical climate. Those who had reported so favourably of the climate of Darien, had probably been persons who had only visited the coast during the healthy season, or mariners, who, being chiefly on ship-board, find many situations healthy, which prove pestilential to Europeans residing on shore. The health of the settlers, accustomed to a cold and mountainous country, gave way fast under the constant exhalations of the sultry climate, and even a more pressing danger arose from the want of food. The provisions which the colonists had brought from Scotland were expended, and the country afforded them only such supplies as could be procured by the precarious success of fishing and the chase.

This must have been foreseen; but it was never doubted that ample supplies would be procured from the English provinces in North America, which afforded superabundance of provisions, and from the West India colonies, which always possessed superfluities. It was here that the enmity of the King and the English nation met the unfortunate settlers most unexpectedly, and most severely. In North America, and in the West India Islands, the most savage pirates and buccaneers, men who might be termed enemies to the human race, and had done deeds which seemed to exclude them from intercourse with mankind, had nevertheless found repeated refuge,—had refitted their squadrons, and, supplied with every means of keeping the sea, had set sail in a condition to commit new murders and piracies. But no such relief was extended to the Scotch colonists at Darien, though acting under a charter from their

Sovereign, and establishing a peaceful colony according to the law of nations, and for the universal benefit of mankind.

The governors of Jamaica, Barbadoes, and New York, published proclamations, setting forth, that whereas it had been signified to them (the governors) by the English Secretary of State, that his Majesty was unacquainted with the purpose and design of the Scotch settlers at Darien (which was a positive falsehood), and that it was contrary to the peace entered into with his Majesty's allies (no European power having complained of it), and that the governors of the said colonies had been commanded not to afford them any assistance; therefore, they did strictly charge the colonists over whom they presided, to hold no correspondence with the said Scots, and to give them no assistance of arms, ammunition, provisions, or any other necessary whatsoever, either by themselves or any others for them; as those transgressing the tenor of the proclamation, would answer the breach of his Majesty's commands at their highest peril.

These proclamations were strictly obeyed; and every species of relief, not only that which countrymen may claim of their fellow-subjects, and Christians of their fellow-Christians, but such as the vilest criminal has a right to demand, because still holding the same human shape with the community whose laws he has offended,—the mere supply, namely, of sustenance, the meanest boon granted to the meanest beggar,—was denied to the colonists of Darien.

Famine aided the diseases which swept them off in large numbers; and undoubtedly they, who thus perished for want of the provisions for which they were willing to pay, were as much murdered by King William's government, as if they had been shot in the snows of Glencoe. The various miseries of the colony became altogether intolerable, and, after waiting for assistance eight months, by far the greater part of the adventurers having died, the miserable remainder abandoned the settlement.

Shortly after the departure of the first colony, another body of fifteen hundred men, who had been sent out from Scotland, arrived at Darien, under the hope of finding their friends alive, and the settlement prosperous. This reinforcement suffered by a bad passage, in which one of their ships was lost, and several of their number died. They took possession of the deserted settlement with sad anticipations, and were not long in experiencing the same miseries which had destroyed and dispersed their predecessors. Two months after, they were joined by Campbell of Finnab, with a third body of three hundred men, chiefly from his own Highland estate, many of whom had served under him in Flanders, where he had acquired an honourable military reputation. It was time the colony should receive such support, for, in addition to their other difficulties, they were now threatened by the Spaniards.

Two years had elapsed since the colonization of Darien had become matter of public discussion, and notwithstanding their feverish jealousy of their South American settlements, the Spaniards had not made any remonstrance against it. Nay, so close and intimate was the King of Spain's friendship with

King William, that it seems possible he might never have done so, unless the colonists had been disowned by their sovereign, as if they had been vagabonds and outlaws. But finding them so treated by their Prince, the Spaniards felt themselves invited in a manner to attack them, and not only lodged a remonstrance against the settlement with the English cabinet, but seized one of the vessels wrecked on the coast, confiscated the ship, and made the crew prisoners. The Darien Company sent an address to the King by the hands of Lord Basil Hamilton, remonstrating against this injury; but William, who studied every means to discountenance the unfortunate scheme, refused, under the most frivolous pretexts, to receive the petition. This became so obvious, that the young nobleman determined that the address should be received in season or out of season, and, taking a public opportunity to approach the King as he was leaving the saloon of audience, he obtruded himself and the petition upon his notice, with more bluntness than ceremony. "That young man is too bold," said William; but doing justice to Lord Basil's motive, he presently added,—“if a man *can* be too bold in the cause of his country.”

The fate of the colony now came to a crisis. The Spaniards had brought from the Pacific a force of sixteen hundred men, who were stationed at a place called Tubucantee, waiting the arrival of an armament of eleven ships, with troops on board, destined to attack Fort Saint Andrew. Captain Campbell, who, by the unanimous consent of the settlers, was chosen to the supreme military command, marched against them with two hundred men, surprised and stormed their camp, and dispersed their army, with considerable slaughter. But in returning from his successful expedition, he had the mortification to learn that the Spanish ships had arrived before the harbour, disembarked their troops, and invested the place. A desperate defence was maintained for six weeks; until loss of men, want of ammunition, and the approach of famine, compelled the colonists to an honourable surrender. The survivors of this unhappy settlement were so few, and so much exhausted, that they were unable to weigh the anchor of the vessel in which they were to leave the fatal shore, without assistance from the conquering Spaniards.

Thus ended the attempt of Darien, an enterprise splendid in itself, but injudicious, because far beyond the force of the adventurous little nation by which it was undertaken. Paterson survived the disaster, and, even when all was over, endeavoured to revive the scheme, by allowing the English three fourths in a new Stock Company. But national animosities were too high to suffer his proposal to be listened to. He died at an advanced age, poor and neglected.

The failure of this favourite project, deep sorrow for the numbers who had fallen, many of whom were men of birth and blood, the regret for pecuniary losses, which threatened national bankruptcy, and indignation at the manner in which their charter had been disregarded, all at once agitated from one end to the other a kingdom, which is to a proverb proud, poor, and warm in their domestic attachments.

Nothing could be heard throughout Scotland but the language of grief and of resentment. Indemnification, redress, revenge, were demanded by every mouth, and each hand seemed ready to vouch for the justice of the claim. For many years, no such universal feeling had occupied the Scottish nation.

King William remained indifferent to all complaints of hardship and petitions of redress, unless when he showed himself irritated by the importunity of the supplicants, and hurt at being obliged to evade what it was impossible for him, with the least semblance of justice, to refuse. The motives of a Prince naturally just and equitable, and who, himself the President of a great trading nation, knew well the injustice which he was committing, seem to have been, first, a reluctance to disoblige the King of Spain, but secondly, and in a much greater degree, what William might esteem the political necessity of sacrificing the interests of Scotland to that of her jealous neighbours. But what is unjust can never be in a true sense necessary, and the sacrifice of principle to circumstances will, in every sense, and in all cases, be found as unwise as it is unworthy.

It is, however, only justice to William to state, that though in the Darien affair he refused the Scots the justice which was unquestionably their due, he was nevertheless the only person in either kingdom who proposed, and was anxious to have carried into execution, an union between the kingdoms, as the only effectual means of preventing in future such subjects of jealousy and contention. But the prejudices of England as well as Scotland, rendered more inveterate by this unhappy quarrel, disappointed the King's wise and sagacious overture.

Notwithstanding the interest in her welfare which King William evinced, by desiring the accomplishment of an union, the people of Scotland could not forget the wrongs which they had received concerning the Darien project; and their sullen resentment showed itself in every manner, excepting open rebellion, during the remainder of his reign.

In this humour, Scotland became a useless possession to the King. William could not wring from that kingdom one penny for the public service, or, what he would have valued more, one recruit to carry on his continental campaigns. These hostile feelings subsisted to a late period.

William died in 1701, having for six years and upwards survived his beloved consort, Queen Mary. This great King's memory was, and is, justly honoured in England, as their deliverer from slavery, civil and religious, and is almost canonized by the Protestants of Ireland, whom he rescued from subjugation, and elevated to supremacy. But in Scotland, his services to church and state, though at least equal to those which he rendered to the sister countries, were in a considerable degree obliterated by the infringement of their national rights, on several occasions. Many persons, as well as your grandfather, may recollect, that on the 5th of November, 1788, when a full century had elapsed after the Revolution, some friends to constitutional liberty proposed that the return of the day should be solemnized by an agreement to erect a monument to the memory of King William, and the services which he had rendered to the British kingdoms. At this

period an anonymous letter appeared in one of the Edinburgh newspapers, ironically applauding the undertaking, and proposing as two subjects of the entablature, for the base of the projected column, the massacre of Glencoe, and the distresses of the Scottish colonists at Darien. The proposal was abandoned as soon as this insinuation was made public. You may observe from this how cautious a monarch should be of committing wrong or injustice, however strongly recommended by what may seem political necessity; since the recollection of such actions cancels the sense of the most important national services, as in Scripture it is said, "that a dead fly will pollute a rich and costly unguent."

James II died only four months before his son-in-law William. The King of France proclaimed James's son, that unfortunate Prince of Wales, born in the very storm of the Revolution, as William's successor in the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland; a step which greatly irritated the three nations, to whom Louis seemed by this act disposed to nominate a sovereign. Anne, the sister of the late Queen Mary, ascended the throne of these kingdoms, according to the provision made at the Revolution, by the legislature of both nations.

CHAPTER XXVII.

State of Parties in Scotland—English Act of Succession—Opposition to it in Scotland, and Act of Security—Trial and Execution of Captain Green—The Union.

At the period of Queen Anne's accession, Scotland was divided into three parties. These were, first, the Whigs, stanch favourers of the Revolution, in the former reign called Williamites; secondly, the Tories, or Jacobites, attached to the late King; and thirdly, a party sprung up in consequence of the general complaints arising out of the Darien adventure, who associated themselves for asserting the rights and independence of Scotland.

This latter association comprehended several men of talent, among whom Fletcher of Salton, already mentioned, was the most distinguished. They professed, that providing the claims and rights of the country were ascertained and secured against the encroaching influence of England, they did not care whether Anne or her brother, the titular Prince of Wales, was called to the throne. These statesmen called themselves the Country Party, as embracing exclusively for their object the interest of Scotland alone. This party, formed upon a plan and principle of political conduct hitherto unknown in the Scottish Parliament, was numerous, bold, active, and eloquent; and as a critical period had arrived, in which the measures to be taken in Scotland must necessarily greatly affect the united empire, her claims could no longer be treated with indifference or neglect, and her patriots must be listened to.

The conjuncture which gave Scotland new consequence, was as follows:—When Queen Anne was named to succeed to the English throne, on the death of her sister Mary, and brother-in-law William III, she had a family. But the last of her children had died before her accession to the crown, and there were no hopes of her having more; it became, there-

fore, necessary to make provision for the succession to the crown when the new Queen should die. The titular Prince of Wales was undoubtedly the next heir; but he was a Catholic, bred up in the Court of France, inheriting all the extravagant claims, and probably the arbitrary sentiments, of his father; and to call him to the throne, would be in all likelihood to undo the settlement between king and people which had taken place at the Revolution. The English legislature, therefore, turned their eyes to another descendant of King James VI, namely, Sophia, the Electress Dowager of Hanover, granddaughter of James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland, by the marriage of his daughter, Elizabeth, with the Prince Palatine. This princess was the nearest Protestant heir in blood to Queen Anne, supposing the claims of the son of James II were to be passed over. She was a Protestant, and would necessarily, by accepting the crown, become bound to maintain the civil and religious rights of the nation, as settled at the Revolution, upon which her own right would be dependent. For these weighty reasons the English Parliament passed an Act of Succession, settling the crown, on the failure of Queen Anne and her issue, upon the Princess Sophia, Electress Dowager of Hanover, and her descendants. This act, most important in its purport and consequences, was passed in June 1700.

It became of the very last importance, to induce the legislature of Scotland to settle the crown of that kingdom on the same series of heirs to which that of England was destined. If, after the death of Queen Anne, the Scottish nation, instead of uniting in chusing the Electress Sophia, should call to the crown her brother, the titular Prince of Wales, the two kingdoms would again be separated, after having been under the same sway for a century, and all the evils of mutual hostilities, encouraged by the alliance and assistance of France, must again distract Great Britain. It became necessary, therefore, to try every species of persuasion to prevent a measure fraught with so much mischief.

But Scotland was not in a humour to be either threatened or soothed into the views of England on this important occasion. The whole party of Anti-Revolutionists, Jacobites, or, as they called themselves, Cavaliers, although they thought it prudent for the present to submit to Queen Anne, entertained strong hopes that she herself was favourable to the succession of her brother after her own death, while their principles dictated to them, that the wrong, as they termed it, done to James II ought as speedily as possible to be atoned for by the restoration of his son. They were of course hostile to the proposed Act of Settlement in favour of the Electress Sophia.

The country party, headed by the Duke of Hamilton and the Marquis of Tweeddale, opposed the Act of Succession, for different reasons. They resolved to take this favourable opportunity to diminish or destroy the ascendancy which had been exercised by England respecting the affairs of Scotland, and which, in the case of Darien, had been so unjustly and unworthily employed to thwart and disappoint a national scheme. They determined to obtain for Scotland a share in the plantation trade of England, and a freedom from the clogs imposed by the

Navigation Act, and other regulations enacted to secure a monopoly of trade to the English nation. Until these points were determined in favour of Scotland, they resolved they would not agree to pass the Act of Succession, boldly alleging, that, unless the rights and privileges of Scotland were to be respected, it was of little consequence whether she chose a King from Hanover or Saint Germain.

The whole people of Scotland, excepting those actually engaged in the administration, or expecting favours from the court, resolutely adopted the same sentiments, and seemed resolved to abide all the consequences of a separation of the two kingdoms, nay of a war with England, rather than name the Electress Sophia successor to the crown, till the country was admitted to an equitable portion of those commercial privileges which England retained with a tenacious grasp. The crisis seemed an opportunity of Heaven's sending, to give Scotland consequence enough to insist on her rights.

With this determined purpose, the country party in the Scottish Parliament, instead of adopting, as the English ministers eagerly desired, the Protestant Act of Succession, proposed a measure called an Act of Security. By this it was provided, that in case of Queen Anne's death without children, the whole power of the crown should, for the time, be lodged in the Scottish Parliament, who were directed to chuse a successor of the royal line and Protestant religion. But the choice was to be made with this special reservation, that the person so chosen should take the throne only under such conditions of government as should secure, from English or foreign influence, the honour and independence of the Scottish crown and nation. It was further stipulated, that the same person should be incapable of holding the crowns of both kingdoms, unless the Scottish people were admitted to share with the English the full benefits of trade and navigation. That the nation might assume an appearance of strength necessary to support such lofty pretensions, it was provided by the same statute, that the whole men in Scotland capable of bearing arms, should be trained to the use of them by monthly drills; and, that the influence of England might expire at the same time with the life of the Queen, it was provided that all commissions of the officers of state, as well as those of the military employed by them, should cease and lose effect so soon as Anne's death took place.

This formidable act, which in fact hurled the gauntlet of defiance at the far stronger kingdom of England, was debated in the Scottish Parliament, clause by clause, and article by article, with the utmost fierceness and tumult. "We were often," says an eye-witness, "in the form of a Polish Diet, with our swords in our hands, or at least our hands on our swords."

The Act of Security was carried in Parliament by a decided majority, but the Queen's Commissioner refused the royal assent to so violent a statute. The Parliament on their part would grant no supplies, and when such were requested by the members of administration, the hall rung with the shouts of "Liberty before subsidy!" The Parliament was adjourned amidst the mutual discontent of both ministers and opposition.

The dispute betwixt the two nations was embroiled during the recess of Parliament by intrigues. Simon Fraser of Beaufort, afterwards Lord Lovat, had undertaken to be the agent of France in a Jacobite conspiracy, which he afterwards discovered to government, involving in his accusation the Duke of Hamilton, and other noblemen. The persons accused defended themselves by alleging that the plot was a mere pretext, devised by the Duke of Queensberry, to whom it had been discovered by Fraser. The English House of Peers, in allusion to this genuine or pretended discovery, passed a vote, that a dangerous plot had existed in Scotland, and that it had its origin in the desire to overthrow the Protestant succession in that nation. This resolution was highly resented by the Scotch, being considered as an unauthorized interference, on the part of the English Peers, with the concerns of another kingdom. Every thing seemed tending to a positive rupture between the sister kingdoms; and yet, my dear child, it was from this state of things that the healing measure of an incorporating Union finally took its rise.

In the very difficult and critical conduct which the Queen had to observe betwixt two high-spirited nations, whose true interest it was to enter into the strictest friendship and alliance, but whose irritated passions for the present breathed nothing but animosity, Anne had the good fortune to be assisted by the wise counsels of Godolphin, one of the most sagacious and profound ministers who ever advised a crowned head. By his recommendation, the Queen proceeded upon a plan, which, while at first sight it seemed to widen the breach between the two nations, was in the end to prove the means of compelling both to lay aside their mutual prejudices and animosities. The scheme of a Union was to be proceeded upon, like that of breaking two spirited horses to join in drawing the same yoke, when it is of importance to teach them, that by moving in unison, and at an equal pace, the task will be easy to them both. Godolphin's first advice to the Queen was, to suffer the Scottish Act of Security to pass. The English, in their superior wealth and importance, had for many years looked with great contempt on the Scottish nation, as compared with themselves, and were prejudiced against the Union, as a man of wealth and importance might be against a match with a female in an inferior rank of society. It was necessary to change this feeling, and to show plainly to the English people, that, if not allied to the Scotch in intimate friendship, they might prove dangerous enemies.

The Act of Security finally passed in 1704, having, according to Godolphin's advice, received the Queen's assent; and the Scottish Parliament, as the provisions of the statute bore, immediately began to train their countrymen, who have always been attached to the use of arms, and easily submit to military discipline.

The effect of these formidable preparations, was to arouse the English from their indifference to Scottish affairs. Scotland might be poor, but her numerous levies, under sanction of the Act of Security, were not the less formidable. A sudden inroad on Newcastle, as in the great Civil War, would distress London, by interrupting the coal trade; and what-

ever might be the event, the prospect of a civil war, as it might be termed, after so long a tract of peace, was doubtful and dangerous.

The English Parliament, therefore, showed a mixture of resentment tempered with a desire of conciliation. They enacted regulations against the Scottish trade, and ordered the Border towns to be fortified and garrisoned; but they declined, at the same time, the proposed measure of inquiring concerning the person who advised the Queen to consent to the Act of Security. In abstaining from this, they paid respect to Scottish independence, and at the same time, by empowering the Queen to nominate Commissioners for a Union, they seemed to hold out the olive branch to the sister kingdom.

While this lowering hurricane seemed to be gaining strength betwixt the two nations, an incident took place which greatly inflamed their mutual resentment.

A Scottish ship, equipped for a voyage to India, had been seized and detained in the Thames, at the instance of the English East India Company. The Scots were not in a humour to endure this; and by way of reprisal, they took possession of a large Indian trader called the Worcester, which had been forced into the Frith of Forth by unfavourable weather. There was something suspicious about this vessel. Her men were numerous, and had the air of pirates. She was better provided with guns and ammunition, than is usual for vessels fitted out merely for objects of trade. A cipher was found among her papers, for corresponding with the owners. All this intimated, that the Worcester, as was not uncommon, under the semblance of a trader, had been equipped for the purpose of exercising, when in remote Indian latitudes, the profession of a buccaneer, or pirate.

One of the seamen belonging to this ship, named Haines, having been ashore with some company, and drinking rather freely, fell into a fit of melancholy, an effect which liquor produces on some constitutions, and in that humour told those who were present, that it was a wonder his captain and crew were not lost at sea, considering the wickedness which had been done aboard that ship which was lying in the roadstead. Upon these and similar hints of something doubtful or illegal, the Scottish authorities imprisoned the officers and sailors of the Worcester, and examined them rigorously, in order to discover what the expressions of their shipmate referred to.

Among other persons interrogated, a black slave of the Captain (surely a most suspicious witness), told a story, that the Worcester, during their late voyage, had, upon the Coromandel coast, near Calicut, engaged, and finally boarded and captured, a vessel bearing a red flag, and manned with English, or Scotch, or at least with people speaking the English language; that they had thrown the crew overboard, and disposed of the vessel and the cargo to a native merchant. This account was in some degree countenanced by the surgeon of the Worcester, who, in confirmation of the slave's story, said, that, being on shore in a harbour on the coast of Malabar, he heard great guns at sea; and saw the Worcester, which had been out on a cruize, come in next morning with another vessel under her stern, which he understood was afterwards sold to a native merchant.

Four days afterwards he went on board, and finding her decks lumbered with goods, made some inquiry how they had come by them, but was checked for doing so by themate. Farther, the surgeon stated, that he was called to dress the wounds of several of the men, but the captain and mate forbade him to ask, or the patients to answer, how they came by their hurts.

Another black servant, or slave, had not himself seen the capture of the supposed ship, or the death of the crew, but had been told of it by the first informer, shortly after it happened. Lastly, a witness declared that Green, the captain of the vessel, had shown him a seal bearing the arms of the Scottish African and Indian Company.

This story was greatly too vague to have been admitted to credit upon any occasion when men's minds were cool and their judgments unprejudiced. But the Scottish nation was almost frantic with resentment on the subject of Darien. One of the vessels belonging to that unfortunate Company, called the *Rising Sun*, and commanded by Captain Robert Drummond, had been amissing for some time; and it was received as indisputable truth, that this must have been the vessel taken by the *Worcester*, and that her master and men had been murdered, according to the black slave's declaration.

Under this cloud of prejudice, Green, with his mate and crew, fifteen men in all, were brought to trial for their lives. Three of these unfortunate men, Linstead, the supercargo's mate, Bruckley, the cooper of the *Worcester*, and Haines, whose gloomy hints gave the first suspicion, are said to have uttered declarations before trial, confirming the truth of the charge, and admitting that the vessel so seized upon was the *Rising Sun*, and that Captain Robert Drummond and his crew were the persons murdered in the course of that act of piracy. But Haines seems to have laboured under attacks of hypochondria, which sometimes induce men to suppose themselves spectators and accomplices in crimes which have no real existence. Linstead, like the surgeon May, only spoke to a hearsay story, and that of Bruckley was far from being clear. It will hereafter be shown, that if any ship were actually taken by Green and his crew, it could not be that of Captain Drummond, which met a different fate. This makes it probable, that these confessions were made by the prisoners only in the hope of saving their own lives, endangered by the fury of the Scottish people. And it is certain that none of these declarations were read, or produced as evidence, in court.

The trial of these persons took place before the High Court of Admiralty; and a jury, upon the sole evidence of the black slave,—for the rest was made up of suggestions, insinuations, and reports, taken from hearsay,—brought in a verdict of Guilty against Green and all his crew. The government were disposed to have obtained a reprieve from the crown for the prisoners, whose guilt was so very doubtful; but the mob of Edinburgh, at all times a fierce and intractable multitude, arose in great numbers, and demanded their lives with such an appearance of uncontrollable fury, that the authorities became intimidated, and yielded. Captain Green himself, his principal mate, and another of the condemned persons, were dragged to Leith, loaded by the way with

curses and execrations, and even struck at and pelted by the furious populace; and finally executed in terms of their sentence, denying with their last breath the crime which they were accused of.

The ferment in Scotland was somewhat appeased by this act of vengeance, for it has no title to be called a deed of justice. The remainder of Green's crew were dismissed after a long imprisonment, during the course of which cooler reflection induced doubts of the validity of the sentence. At a much later period it appeared, that, if the *Worcester* had committed an act of piracy upon any vessel, it could not at least have been on the *Rising Sun*, which ship had been cast away on the island of Madagascar, when the crew were cut off by the natives, excepting Captain Drummond himself, whom Drury, an English seaman in similar circumstances, found alive upon the island.*

This unhappy affair, in which the Scotch, by their precipitate and unjust procedure, gave the deepest offence to the English nation, tended greatly to increase the mutual prejudices and animosity of the people of both countries against each other. But the very extremity of their mutual enmity inclined wise men of both countries to be more disposed to submit to a Union, with all the inconveniences and difficulties which must attend the progress of such a measure, rather than that the two divisions of the same island should again engage in intestine war.

The principal obstacle to a Union, so far as England was concerned, lay in a narrow-minded view of the commercial interests of the nation, and a fear of the loss which might accrue by admitting the Scotch to a share of their plantation trade, and other privileges. But it was not difficult to show, even to the persons most interested, that public credit and private property would suffer immeasurably more by a war with Scotland, than by sacrificing to peace and unity some share in the general commerce. It is true, the opulence of England, its command of men, the many victorious troops which she then had in the field, under the best commanders in Europe, seemed to insure final victory, if the two nations should come to open war. But a war with Scotland was always more easily begun than ended; and wise men saw it would be better to secure the friendship of that kingdom by an agreement on the basis of mutual advantage, than to incur the risk of invading, and the final necessity of securing it as a conquered country, by means of forts and garrisons. In the one case, Scotland would become an integral part of the empire; in the other, must long remain a discontented and disaffected province, in which the exiled family of James II, and his allies the French, would always find friends and correspondents. English statesmen were therefore desirous of a Union. But they stipulated that it should be of the most intimate kind; such as should free England from the great inconvenience arising from the Scottish nation possessing a separate legislature and constitution of her own; and demanded that the supreme power of the state should be reposed in a Parliament of the united countries, to which Scotland might send a certain proportion of

* This, however, supposes Drury's *Adventures in Madagascar* to be a genuine production, of which there may be doubts.

members, but which should meet in the English capital, and be of course more immediately under the influence of English councils and interests.

The Scottish nation, on the other hand, which had of late become very sensitive to the benefits of foreign trade, were extremely desirous of a federative union, which should admit them to these advantages. But while they grasped at a share in the English trade, they desired that Scotland should retain her rights as a separate kingdom, making as heretofore her own laws, and adopting her own public measures, uncontrolled by the domination of England. Here, therefore, occurred a point of dispute, which was necessarily to be settled previous to the farther progress of the treaty.

In order to adjust the character of the proposed Union-treaty in this and other particulars, Commissioners for both kingdoms were appointed to make a preliminary inquiry, and report upon the articles which ought to be adopted as the foundation of the measure.

The English and Scottish Commissioners being both chosen by the Queen, that is, by Godolphin and the Queen's ministers, were indeed taken from different parties, but carefully selected so as to preserve a majority of those who could be reckoned upon as friendly to the treaty, and who would be sure to do their utmost to remove such obstacles as might arise in the discussion.

I will briefly tell you the result of these numerous and anxious debates. The Scotch Commissioners, after a vain struggle, were compelled to submit to an incorporating Union, as that which alone would insure the purposes of combining England and Scotland into one single nation, to be governed in its political measures by the same Parliament. It was agreed, that, in contributing to the support of the general expenses of the kingdom, Scotland should pay a certain proportion of taxes, which were adjusted by calculation. But in consideration that the Scotch, whose revenue, though small, was unencumbered, must thereafter become liable for a share of the debt which England had incurred since the Revolution, a large sum of ready money was to be advanced to Scotland as an equivalent for that burden, which sum, however, was to be repaid to England gradually from the Scottish revenue. So far all went on pretty well between the two sets of Commissioners. The English statesmen also consented, with no great scruple, that Scotland should retain her own national Presbyterian Church, her own system of civil and municipal laws, which is totally different from that of England, and her own courts for the administration of justice. The only addition to her judicial establishment, was the erection of the Court of Exchequer, to decide in fiscal matters, and which follows the English forms.

But the treaty was nearly broken off when the English announced, that, in the Parliament of the United Kingdoms, Scotland should only enjoy a representation equal to one thirteenth of the whole number. The proposal was received by the Scottish Commissioners with a burst of surprise and indignation. It was loudly urged that a kingdom resigning her ancient independence, should at least obtain in the great national council a representation bearing the same proportion which the population of Scotland did to

that of England, which was one to six. If this rule, which seems the fairest that could be found, had been adopted, Scotland would have sent sixty-six members to the United Parliament. But the English refused peremptorily to consent to the admission of more than forty-five at the very utmost; and the Scottish Commissioners were informed that they must either acquiesce in this proposal, or declare the treaty at an end. With more prudence, perhaps, than spirit, they chose to yield the point, rather than run the risk of frustrating the Union entirely.

The Scottish Peerage were to preserve all the other privileges of their rank, but their right of sitting in Parliament was to be greatly limited. Only sixteen of their number were to enjoy seats in the British House of Lords, and these were to be chosen by election from the whole body. Such Peers as were amongst the number of Commissioners were induced to consent to this degradation of their order, by the assurance that they themselves should be created British Peers, so as to give to them personally, by charter, the right which the sixteen could only acquire by election.

To smooth over the difficulties, and reconcile the Scottish Commissioners to the conditions which appeared hard to them, and, above all, to afford them some compensation for the odium which they were certain to incur, they were given to understand that a considerable sum out of the equivalent money would be secured for their peculiar gratification. We might have compassionated these statesmen, many of whom were able and eminent men, had they, from the sincere conviction that Scotland was under the necessity of submitting to the Union at all events, accepted the terms which the English Commissioners dictated. But when they united with the degradation of their country, the prospect of obtaining personal wealth and private emoluments, we cannot acquit them of the charge of having sold their own honour and that of Scotland. This point of the treaty was kept strictly secret; nor was it fixed how the rest of the equivalent was to be disposed of. So there remained a disposable fund of about three hundred and sixty thousand pounds, which was to be bestowed on Scotland in indemnification for the losses of Darien, and other gratuities, upon which all those inclined to sell their votes, and whose interest was worth purchasing, might fix their hopes and expectations.

When the articles, agreed upon by the Commissioners as the basis of a Union, were made public in Scotland, it became plain that few suffrages would be obtained in favour of the measure, save by menaces or bribery, unless perhaps from a very few, who, casting their eyes far beyond the present time, considered the uniting of the island of Britain as an object which could not be purchased too dearly. The people in general had awaited, in a state of feverish anxiety, the nature of the propositions on which this great national treaty was to rest; but even those who had expected the most unfavourable terms, were not prepared for the rigour of the conditions which had been adopted, and the promulgation of the articles gave rise to the most general expressions, not only of discontent, but of rage and fury against the proposed Union.

There was indeed no party or body of men in Scot-

land, who saw their hopes or wishes realised in the plan adopted by the Commissioners. I will show you, in a few words, their several causes of dissatisfaction :

The Jacobites saw in the proposed Union, an effectual bar to the restoration of the Stewart family. If the treaty was adopted, the two kingdoms must necessarily be governed by the English act, settling the succession of the crown on the Electress of Hanover. They were therefore resolved to oppose it to the utmost. The Episcopalian clergy could hardly be said to have had a separate interest from the Jacobites, and, like them, dreaded the change of succession which must take place at the death of Queen Anne. The Highland chiefs also, the most zealous and formidable portion of the Jacobite interest, anticipated in the Union a decay of their own patriarchal power. They remembered the times of Cromwell, who bridled the Highlands by garrisons filled with soldiers, and foresaw that when Scotland came to be only a part of the British nation, a large standing army, at the constant command of Government, must gradually suppress the warlike independence of the clans.

The Presbyterians of the Church of Scotland, both clergy and laity, were violently opposed to the Union, from the natural apprehension, that so intimate an incorporation of two nations was likely to end in a uniformity of worship, and that the hierarchy of England would, in that case, be extended to the weaker and poorer country of Scotland, to the destruction of the present establishment. This fear seemed the better founded, as the Bishops or Lords Spiritual formed a considerable portion of what was proposed to be the legislation of both kingdoms; so that Scotland, in the event of the Union taking place, must, to a certain extent, fall under the dominion of prelates. These apprehensions extended to the Cameronians themselves, who, though having so many reasons to dread the restoration of the Stewarts, and to favour the Protestant succession, looked, nevertheless, on the proposed Union as almost a worse evil, and a still further departure from the engagements of the Solemn League and Covenant, which, forgotten by all other parties in the nation, was still their professed rule of action.

The nobility and barons of the kingdom were alarmed, lest they should be deprived, after the example of England, of those territorial jurisdictions and privileges which preserved their feudal influence; while, at the same time, the transference of the seat of government to London, must necessarily be accompanied with the abolition of many posts and places of honour and profit, connected with the administration of Scotland, as a separate kingdom, and which were naturally bestowed on her nobility. The Government, therefore, must have so much less to give away, the men of influence so much less to receive; and those who might have expected to hold situations of power and authority in their own country while independent, were likely to lose by the Union both power and patronage.

The persons who were interested in commerce complained, that Scotland was only tantalized by a treaty, which held out to the kingdom the prospect of a free trade, when, at the same time, it subjected

them to all the English burdens and duties, raising the expenses of commerce to a height which the country afforded no capital to defray; so that the apprehension became general, that they would lose the separate trade which they now possessed, without obtaining any beneficial share in that of England.

Again, the whole body of Scottish tradespeople, artisans, and the like, particularly those of the metropolis, foresaw, that in consequence of the Union, a large proportion of the nobility and gentry would be withdrawn from their native country, some to attend their duties in the British Parliament, others from the various motives of ambition, pleasure, or vanity, which induce persons of comparative wealth to frequent courts, and reside in capitals. The consequences to be apprehended were, that the Scottish metropolis must be deserted by all that were wealthy and noble, and deprived at once of the consideration and advantages of a capital; and that the country must suffer in proportion, by the larger proprietors ceasing to reside on their estates, and going to spend their rents in England.

These were evils apprehended by particular classes of men. But the loss and disgrace to be sustained by the ancient kingdom, which had so long defended her liberty and independence against England, was common to all her children; and should Scotland at this crisis voluntarily surrender her rank among nations, for no immediate advantages that could be anticipated, excepting such as might be obtained by private individuals, who had votes to sell, and consciences that permitted them to traffic in such ware, each inhabitant of Scotland must have his share in the apprehended dishonour. Perhaps, too, those felt it most, who, having no estates or wealth to lose, claimed yet a share, with the greatest and the richest, in the honour of their common country.

The feelings of national pride were inflamed by those of national prejudice and resentment. The Scottish people complained that they were not only required to surrender their public rights, but to yield them up to the very nation who had been most malevolent to them in all respects; who had been their constant enemies during a thousand years of almost continual war; and who, since they were united under the same crown, had shown in the massacre of Glencoe, and the disasters of Darien, at what a slight price they held the lives and rights of their northern neighbours. The hostile measures adopted by the English Parliament,—their declarations against the Scottish trade,—their preparations for war on the Border,—were all circumstances which envenomed the animosity of the people; while the general training which had taken place under the Act of Security, made them confident in their own military strength, and disposed to stand their ground at all hazards.

Moved by anxiety, doubt, and apprehension, an unprecedented confluence of people, of every rank, sex, and age, thronged to Edinburgh from all corners of Scotland, to attend the meeting of the Union Parliament, which met 3d October, 1706.

The Parliament was divided, generally speaking, into three parties. The first were the courtiers or followers of Government, determined at all events to carry through the Union, on the terms proposed by

the Commissioners. This party was led by the Duke of Queensberry, Lord High Commissioner, a person of talents and accomplishments, and great political address, who had filled the highest situations during the last reigns. He was assisted by the Earl of Mar, Secretary of State, who was suspected to be naturally much disposed to favour the exiled family of Stewart, but who, sacrificing his political principles to love of power or of emolument, was deeply concerned in the underhand and private management by which the Union was carrying through. But it was chiefly the Earl of Stair, long left out of administration on account of his scandalous share in the massacre of Glencoe and the affair of Darien, but now trusted and employed, who, by his address, eloquence, and talents, contributed to accomplish the Union, and gained on that account, from a great majority of his displeased countrymen, the popular nickname of the Curse of Scotland.

The party opposing the Union consisted of those who were attached to the Jacobite interest, joined with the country party, who, like Fletcher of Salton, resisted the Union, not on the grounds of the succession to the crown, but as destructive of the national independence of the kingdom. They were headed by the Duke of Hamilton, the premier Peer of Scotland, an excellent speaker, and admirably qualified to act as the head of a party in ordinary times, but possessed of such large estates as rendered him unwilling to take any decisive steps by which his property might be endangered. To this it seems to have been owing, that the more decided and effectual measures, by which alone the Union treaty might have been defeated, though they often gained his approbation for a time, never had his hearty or effectual support in the end.

There was a third party, greatly smaller than either of the others, but which secured to themselves a degree of consequence by keeping together, and affecting to act independently of the rest, from which they were termed the *Squadrone Volante*. They were headed by the Marquis of Tweeddale, and consisted of the members of an administration of which the Marquis had been the head, but which were turned out of office to make way for the Duke of Queensberry and the present ruling party. These politicians were neither favourers of the Court which had dismissed them, nor of the opposition party. To speak plainly, in a case where their country demanded of them a decisive opinion, the *Squadrone* seem to have waited to see what course of conduct would best serve their own interest. We shall presently see that they were at last decided to support the treaty by a reconciliation with the court.

The unpopularity of the proposed measure throughout Scotland in general, was soon made evident by the temper of the people of Edinburgh. The citizens of the better class exclaimed against the favourers of the Union, as willing to surrender the sovereignty of Scotland to her ancient rival, whilst the populace stated the same idea in a manner more obvious to their gross capacities, and cried out that the Scottish crown, sceptre, and sword, were about to be transferred to England, as they had been in the time of the usurper, Edward Longshanks.

On 23d October, the popular fury was at its

height. The people crowded together in the High-street and Parliament Square, and greeted their representatives as friends or enemies to their country, according as they opposed or favoured the Union. The Commissioner was bitterly reviled and hooted at, while, in the evening of the day, several hundred persons escorted the Duke of Hamilton to his lodgings, encouraging him by loud huzzas to stand by the cause of national independence. The rabble next assailed the house of the Lord Provost, destroyed the windows, and broke open the doors, and threatened him with instant death as a favourer of the obnoxious treaty.

Other acts of riot were committed, which were not ultimately for the advantage of the anti-Unionists, since they were pleaded as reasons for introducing strong bodies of troops into the city. These mounted guard in the principal streets; and the Commissioner dared only pass to his coach through a lane of soldiers under arms, and was then driven to his lodgings in the Canongate, amidst repeated volleys of stones and roars of execration. The Duke of Hamilton continued to have his escort of shouting apprentices, who attended him home every evening.

But the posting of the guards overawed opposition both within and without the Parliament; and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the opposition party, that it was an encroachment both on the privileges of the city of Edinburgh and of the Parliament itself, the hall of meeting continued to be surrounded by a military force.

The temper of the kingdom of Scotland at large was equally unfavourable to the treaty of Union with that of the capital. Addresses against the measure were poured into the House of Parliament from the several shires, counties, burghs, towns, and parishes. Men, otherwise the most opposed to each other, Whig and Tory, Jacobite and Williamite, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, and Cameronian, all agreed in expressing their detestation of the treaty, and imploring the Estates of Parliament to support and preserve entire the sovereignty and independence of the Crown and kingdom, with the rights and privileges of Parliament, valiantly maintained through so many ages, so that the succeeding generations might receive them unimpaired; in which good cause the petitioners offered to concur with life and fortune. While addresses of this description loaded the table of the Parliament, the promoters of the Union could only procure from a few persons in the town of Ayr a single address in favour of the measure, which was more than overbalanced by one of an opposite tendency, signed by almost all the inhabitants of the same burgh.

The Unionists, secure in their triumphant majorities, treated these addresses with scorn. The Duke of Argyle said, they were only fit to be made kites of, while the Earl of Marchmont proposed to reject them as seditious, and, as he alleged, got up collusively, and expressing the sense of a party rather than of the nation. To this it was boldly answered by Sir James Foulis of Collinton, that, if the authenticity of the addresses were challenged, he had no doubt that the parties subscribing would attend the right honourable House in person, and enforce their peti-

tions by their presence. This was an alarming suggestion, and ended the debate.

Amongst these addresses against the Union, there was one from the Commission of the General Assembly, which was supposed to speak the sentiments of most of the clergymen of the Church of Scotland, who saw great danger to the Presbyterian Church in the measure under deliberation. But much of the heat of the clergy's opposition was taken off by the Parliament's passing an Act for the Security of the Church of Scotland as by law established at the Revolution, and making this declaration an integral part of the treaty of Union. This cautionary measure seems to have been deemed sufficient; and although some presbyteries sent addresses against the Union, and many ministers continued to preach violently on the subject, yet the great body of the clergy ceased to vex themselves and others with the alarming tendency of the measure, so far as religion and church discipline were concerned.

But the Cameronians remained unsatisfied, and not having forgotten the weight which their arms had produced at the time of the Revolution, they conceived that such a crisis of public affairs had again arrived as required their active interference. Being actually embodied and possessed of arms, they wanted nothing save hardy and daring leaders to have engaged them in actual hostilities. They were indeed so earnest in opposing the Union, that several hundreds of them appeared in formal array marched into Dumfries, and, drawing up in military order around the cross of the town, solemnly burnt the articles of Union, and published a testimony, declaring that the Commissioners who adjusted them must have been either silly, ignorant, or treacherous, and protesting, that if an attempt should be made to impose the treaty on the nation by force, the subscribers were determined that they and their companions would not become tributaries and bond slaves to their neighbours, without acquitting themselves as became men and Christians. After publishing this threatening manifesto the assembly dispersed.

This conduct of the Cameronians led to a formidable conspiracy. One Cunningham of Eckatt, of that sect at the time of the Revolution, afterward a settler at Darien, offered his services to the heads of the opposition party, to lead to Edinburgh such an army of Cameronians as should disperse the Parliament, and break off the treaty of Union. He was excited with money and promises, and encouraged to collect the sense of the country on his proposal.

This agent found the west country ripe for revolt, and ready to join with any others who might take arms against the Government. Cunningham required that a body of the Athole Highlanders should secure the town of Stirling, in order to keep the communication open between the Jacobite chiefs and the army of western insurgents, whom he himself was in the first instance to command. And had this design taken effect, the party which had suffered so much during the late reigns of the Stewarts, and the mountaineers, who had been ready agents in oppressing them, would have been seen united in a common cause, so strongly did the universal hatred to the Union overpower all other party feelings at this time.

A day was named for the proposed insurrection in the west, on which Cunningham affirmed he would be able to assemble at Hamilton, which was assigned as the place of rendezvous, seven or eight thousand men, all having guns and swords, several hundred on horseback; with which army he proposed to march instantly to Edinburgh, and disperse the Parliament. The Highlanders were to rise at the same time; and there can be little doubt that the country in general would have taken arms. Their first efforts would probably have been successful, but the event must have been a bloody renewal of the wars between England and Scotland.

The Scottish Government were aware of the danger, and employed among the Cameronians two or three agents of their own, particularly one Ker of Kersland, who possessed some hereditary influence among them. The persons so employed did not venture to cross the humour of the people, or argue in favour of the Union; but they endeavoured in various ways to turn the suspicion of the Cameronians upon the Jacobite nobility and gentry, to awaken hostile recollections of the persecutions they had undergone, in which the Highlanders had been willing actors, and to start other causes of jealousy amongst people who were more influenced by the humour of the moment than any reasoning which could be addressed to them.

Notwithstanding the underhand practices of Kersland, and although Cunningham himself is said to have been gained by the Government, the scheme of rising went forward, and the day of rendezvous was appointed; when the Duke of Hamilton, either reluctant to awaken the flames of civil war, or doubting the strength of Eckatt's party, and even its leader's fidelity, sent messengers into the west country to countermand and postpone the intended insurrection; in which he so far succeeded, that only four hundred men appeared at the rendezvous, instead of twice as many thousands; and these, finding their purpose frustrated, dispersed peaceably.

Another danger which threatened the Government passed as easily over. An address against the Union had been proposed at Glasgow, where, as in every place of importance in Scotland, the treaty was highly unpopular. The magistrates, acting under the directions of the Lord Advocate, endeavoured to obstruct the proposed petition, or at least to resist its being expressed in the name of the city. At this feverish time there was a national fast appointed to be held, and a popular preacher made choice of a text from Ezra, ch. viii, v. 21, "Then I proclaimed a fast there, at the river of Ahava, that we might afflict ourselves before our God, to seek of him a right way for us and for our little ones, and for all our substance." Addressing himself to the people, who were already sufficiently irritated, the preacher told them that prayers would not do, addresses would not do—prayer was indeed a duty, but it must be seconded by exertions of a very different nature; "wherefore," he concluded, "up, and be valiant for the city of our God."

The populace of the city, taking this as a direct encouragement to insurrection, assembled in a state of uproar, attacked and dispersed the guards, plunder-

ed the houses of the citizens of arms; in short, took possession of the town, and had every body's life and goods at their mercy. No person of any consequence appeared at the head of these rioters; and, after having put themselves under the command of a mechanic named Finlay, who had formerly been a sergeant, they sent small parties to the neighbouring towns to invite them to follow their example. In this they were unsuccessful; the proclamations of Parliament and the adjournment of the rendezvous appointed by the Cameronians, having considerably checked the disposition to insurrection. In short, the Glasgow riot died away, and the insurgents prevented bloodshed by dispersing quietly; Finlay and another of their leaders were seized by a party of dragoons from Edinburgh, conveyed to that city, and lodged in the castle. And thus was extinguished a hasty fire, which might otherwise have occasioned a great conflagration.

To prevent the repetition of such dangerous examples as the rendezvous at Hamilton and the tumults at Glasgow, the Parliament came to the resolution of suspending that clause of the Act of Security which appointed general military musters throughout Scotland; and enacted instead, that in consideration of the tumults which had taken place, all assembling in arms, without the Queen's special order, should be punished as an act of high treason. This being made public by proclamation, put a stop to future attempts at rising.

The project of breaking off the treaty by violence being now wholly at an end, those who opposed the measure determined upon a more safe and moderate attempt to frustrate it. It was resolved that as many of the nobility, barons, and gentry of the realm as were hostile to the Union, should assemble at Edinburgh, and join in a peaceful, but firm and personal remonstrance to the Lord Commissioner, praying that the obnoxious measure might be postponed until the subscribers should receive an answer to a national address which they designed to present to the Queen at this interesting crisis. It was supposed that the intended application to the Commissioner would be so strongly supported, that either the Scottish Government would not venture to favour a Union in the face of such general opposition, or that the English ministers themselves might take the alarm, and become doubtful of the efficacy or durability of a treaty, to which the bulk of Scotland seemed so totally averse. About four hundred nobles and gentlemen of the first distinction assembled at Edinburgh, for the purpose of attending the Commissioner with the proposed remonstrance; and an address was drawn up, praying her Majesty to withdraw her countenance from the treaty, and to call a new Parliament.

When the day was appointed for executing the intended plan, it was interrupted by the Duke of Hamilton, who would on no terms agree to proceed with it, unless a clause was inserted in the address expressive of the willingness of the subscribers to settle the succession on the House of Hanover. This proposal was totally at variance with the sentiments of the Jacobite part of those who supported the address, and occasioned great and animated discussions among them, and considerable delay. In the mean-

while, the Commissioner, observing the city unusually crowded with persons of condition, and obtaining information of the purpose for which so many gentlemen had repaired to the capital, made an application to Parliament, setting forth that a convocation had been held at Edinburgh of various persons, under pretence of requiring personal answers to their addresses to Parliament, which was likely to endanger the public peace; and then obtained a proclamation against any meetings under such pretexts during the sitting of Parliament, which he represented as both inexpedient and contrary to law.

While the Lord Commissioner was thus strengthening his party, the anti-Unionists were at discord among themselves. The Dukes of Hamilton and Athole quarrelled on account of the interruption given by the former to the original plan of remonstrance; and the country gentlemen who had attended on their summons returned home mortified, disappointed, and, as many of them thought, deceived by their leaders.

Time was meanwhile flying fast, and Parliament, in discussing the separate articles of the Union, had reached the twenty-second, being that designed to fix the amount of the representation which Scotland was to possess in the British Parliament, and, on account of the inadequacy of such representation, the most obnoxious of the whole.

The Duke of Hamilton, who still was, or affected to be, firmly opposed to the treaty, now assembled the leaders of the opposition, and entreated them to forget all former errors and mismanagement, and to concur in one common effort for the independence of Scotland. He then proposed that the Marquis of Annandale should open their proceedings, by renewing a motion formerly made for the succession of the crown in the House of Hanover, which was sure to be rejected if coupled with any measure interrupting the treaty of Union. Upon this the Duke proposed, that all the opposers of the Union, after joining in a very strong protest, should publicly secede from the Parliament; in which case it was likely, either that the government party would hesitate to proceed farther in a matter which was to effect such total changes in the constitution of Scotland, or that the English might become of opinion that they could not safely carry on a national treaty of such consequence with a mere faction, or party of the Parliament, when deserted by so many persons of weight and influence.

The Jacobites objected to this course of proceeding, on account of the preliminary motion, which implied a disposition to call the House of Hanover to the succession, provided the Union were departed from by the Government. The Duke of Hamilton replied, that as the proposal was certain to be rejected, it would draw with it no obligation on those by whom it was made. He said, that such an offer would destroy the argument for forcing on the Union, which had so much weight in England, where it was believed that if the treaty did not take place, the kingdoms of England and Scotland would pass to different monarchs. He then declared frankly, that if the English should not discontinue pressing forward the Union after the formal protestation and secession which he proposed, he would join with the Jacobites for calling in the son of James II. and was

willing to venture as far as any one for that measure.

It is difficult to suppose that the Duke of Hamilton was not serious in this proposal; and there seems to be little doubt that if the whole body opposing the Union had withdrawn in the manner proposed, the Commissioner would have given up the treaty, and prorogued the Parliament. But the Duke lost courage, on its being intimated to him, as the report goes, by the Lord High Commissioner, in a private interview, that his Grace would be held personally responsible, if the treaty of Union was interrupted by adoption of the advice which he had given, and that he should be made to suffer for it in his English property. Such at least is the general report; and such an interview could be managed without difficulty, as both these distinguished persons were lodged in the Palace of Holyrood.

Whether acting from natural instability, whether intimidated by the threats of Queensberry, or dreading to encounter the difficulties when at hand, which he had despised when at a distance, it is certain that Hamilton was the first to abandon the course which he had himself recommended. On the morning appointed for the execution of their plan, when the members of opposition had mustered all their forces, and were about to go to Parliament, attended by great numbers of gentlemen and citizens, prepared to assist them if there should be an attempt to arrest any of their number, they learned that the Duke of Hamilton was so much afflicted with the toothache, that he could not attend the House that morning. His friends hastened to his chambers, and remonstrated with him so bitterly on this conduct, that he at length came down to the House; but it was only to astonish them by asking whom they had pitched upon to present their protestation. They answered, with extreme surprise, that they had reckoned on his Grace, as the person of the first rank in Scotland, taking the lead in the measure which he had himself proposed. The Duke persisted, however, in refusing to expose himself to the displeasure of the court by being foremost in breaking their favourite measure, but offered to second any one whom the party might appoint to offer the protest. During this altercation the business of the day was so far advanced, that the vote was put and carried on the disputed article respecting the representation, and the opportunity of carrying the scheme into effect was totally lost.

The members who had hitherto opposed the Union, being thus three times disappointed in their measures by the unexpected conduct of the Duke of Hamilton, now felt themselves deserted and betrayed. Shortly afterwards, most of them retired altogether from their attendance on Parliament; and those who favoured the treaty were suffered to proceed in their own way, little encumbered either by remonstrance or opposition.

Almost the only remarkable change in the articles of the Union, besides that relating to Church government, was made to quiet the minds of the common people, disturbed, as I have already mentioned, by rumours that the Scottish regalia were to be sent into England. A special article was inserted into the treaty, declaring that they should on no occasion be removed from Scotland. At the same time, lest the sight of these symbols of national sovereignty should

irritate the jealous feelings of the Scottish people, they were removed from the public view, and secured in a strong chamber, called the Crown-room, in the Castle of Edinburgh, where they remained so long in obscurity, that their very existence was generally doubted. But his present Majesty having directed that a Commission should be issued to search after these venerable relics, they were found in safety in the place where they had been deposited, and are now made visible to the public under proper precautions.

It had been expected that the treaty of Union would have met with delays or alterations in the English Parliament. But it was approved of there by a large majority; and the exemplification or copy was sent down to be registered by the Scottish Parliament. This was done on the 25th March; and on the 22d April, the Parliament of Scotland adjourned for ever. Seafield, the Chancellor, on an occasion which every Scotchman ought to have considered as a melancholy one, behaved himself with a brutal levity, which in more patriotic times would have cost him his life on the spot, and said that "there was an end of an auld sang."

On the 1st of May, 1707, the Union took place, amid the dejection and despair which attends on the downfall of an ancient state, and under a sullen expression of discontent, which was far from promising the course of prosperity which the treaty finally produced.

And here I must point out to you at some length, that, though there never could be a doubt that the Union in itself was a most desirable event, yet all parties concerned, by the erroneous mode in which it was pushed on and opposed, threw such obstacles in the way of the benefits it was calculated to produce, as to interpose a longer interval of years betwixt the date of the treaty and the national advantages arising out of it, than the term spent by the Jews in the wilderness ere they attained the promised land. In both cases the frowardness and passions of men rejected the blessings which Providence held out to them.

To understand this, you must know, that while the various plans for interrupting the treaty were agitated without doors, the debates in Parliament were of the most violent kind. "It resembled," said an eye-witness, "not the strife of tongues, but the clash of arms; and the hatred, rage, and reproach which we exhausted on each other, seemed to be those of civil war rather than of political discussion." Much talent was displayed on both sides. The promoters of the Union founded their arguments not merely on the advantage, but the absolute necessity, of associating the independence of the two nations for their mutual honour and defence; arguing, that otherwise they must renew the scenes of past ages, rendered dreadful by the recollection of three hundred and fourteen battles fought between two kindred nations, and more than a million of men slain on both sides. The imaginary sacrifice of independent sovereignty, was represented as being in reality an escape from the petty tyranny of their own provincial aristocracy, and a most desirable opportunity of having the ill-defined, and worse administered, government of Scotland, blended with that of a nation, the most

jealous of her rights and liberties which the world ever saw.

While the Unionists pointed out the general utility of the amalgamation of the two nations into one, the opposition dwelt on the immediate disgrace and degradation which the measure must instantly and certainly impose on Scotland, and the distant and doubtful nature of the advantages which she was to derive from it.

Lord Belhaven, in a celebrated speech, which made the strongest impression on the audience, declared that he saw, in prophetic vision, the peers of Scotland, whose ancestors had raised tribute in England, now walking in the Court of Requests like so many English attorneys, laying aside their swords, lest self-defence should be called murder—he saw the Scottish barons with their lips padlocked, to avoid the penalties of unknown laws—he saw the Scottish lawyers struck mute and confounded at being subjected to the intricacies and technical jargon of an unknown jurisprudence—he saw the merchants excluded from trade by the English monopolies—the artisans ruined for want of custom—the gentry reduced to indigence—the lower ranks to starvation and beggary. “But above all, my lord,” continued the orator, “I think I see our ancient mother Caledonia, like Cæsar, sitting in the midst of our Senate, ruefully looking round her, covering herself with her royal mantle, awaiting the fatal blow, and breathing out her last with the exclamation, ‘And thou too, my son!’”

These prophetic sounds made the deepest impression on the House, until the effect was in some degree dispelled by Lord Marchmont, who, rising to reply, said, he too had been much struck by the noble lord’s vision, but that he conceived the exposition of it might be given in a few words, “I awoke, and behold it was a dream.” But though Lord Belhaven’s prophetic harangue might be termed in one sense a vision, it was one which continued to exist for many years; nor was it until half a century had passed away, that the Union began to produce those advantages to Scotland which its promoters had fondly hoped, and the fruits of which the present generation has so fully reaped. We must seek in the temper of the various parties interested in carrying on and concluding this great treaty, the reasons which for so many years prevented the incalculable benefits which it was expected to bestow, and which have been since realized.

The first, and perhaps most fatal error, arose out of the conduct and feelings of the English, who were generally incensed at the conduct of the Scotch respecting the Act of Security, and in the precipitate execution of Green and his companions, whom their countrymen, with some reason, regarded as men murdered on a vague accusation, merely because they were Englishmen. This, indeed, was partly true; but though the Scotch acted cruelly, it should have been considered that they had received much provocation, and were in fact only revenging, though rashly and unjustly, the injuries of Darien and Glencoe. But the times were unfavourable to a temperate view of the subject in either country. The cry was general throughout England, that Scotland should be conquered by force of arms, and secured by garrisons and forts, as in the days of Cromwell. Or, if she

was to be admitted to a Union, there was a general desire on the part of the English to compel her to receive terms as indifferent as could be forced upon an inferior and humbled people.

These were not the sentiments of a profound statesman, and could not be those of Godolphin. He must have known, that the mere fact of accomplishing a treaty could no more produce the cordial and intimate state of unity which was the point he aimed at, than the putting a pair of quarrelsome hounds into the same couples could reconcile the animals to each other. It may, therefore, be supposed, that, left to himself, so great a statesman would have tried, by the most gentle means, to reconcile Scotland to the projected measure; that he would have been studious to efface every thing that appeared humiliating in the surrender of national independence; would have laboured to smooth those difficulties which prevented the Scotch from engaging in the English trade; and have given her a more adequate representation in the national Parliament, which, if arranged according to her proportion of public expenses, would only have made the inconsiderable addition of fifteen members to the House of Commons. In fine, the English minister would probably have endeavoured to arrange the treaty on such terms of advantage for the poorer country, as should, upon its being adopted, immediately prove to the Scotch, by its effects, that it was what they ought for their own sakes to have desired and concurred in. In this manner, the work of many years would have been, to a certain degree, anticipated, and the two nations would have felt themselves united in interest and in affection also, soon after they had become nominally one people. Whatever England might have sacrificed in this way, would have been gained by Great Britain, of which England must necessarily be the predominant part, and as such would receive the greatest share of benefit by whatever promoted the good of the whole.

But though Godolphin’s wisdom might have carried him to such conclusions, the passions and prejudices of the English nation would not have permitted him to act upon them. They saw, or thought they saw, a mode of subjecting entirely a nation, which had been an old enemy and a troublesome friend, and they, very impolitically, were more desirous to subdue Scotland than to reconcile her. In this point the English statesmen committed a gross error, though rendered perhaps inevitable, by the temper and prejudices of the nation.

The Scottish supporters of the Union might, on their part, have made a stand for better terms in behalf of their country. And it can scarcely be supposed that the English would have broken off a treaty of such importance, either for the addition of a few members, or for such advantages of commerce as Scotland might reasonably have demanded. But these Scottish Commissioners, or a large part of them, had, unhappily, negotiated so well for themselves, that they had lost all right of interfering on the part of their country. We have already explained the nature of the equivalent, by which a sum of four hundred thousand pounds, or thereabouts, presently advanced by England, but to be repaid out of the Scottish revenue within fifteen years, was to be distributed, partly to repay the losses sustained by the

Darien Company, partly to pay arrears of public salaries in Scotland, most of which were due to members of the Scottish Parliament; and finally to satisfy such claims of damage arising out of the Union, as might be stated by any one whose support was worth having.

The distribution of this money constituted the charm by which refractory Scottish members were reconciled to the Union. I have already mentioned the sum of thirty thousand pounds, which was apportioned to the Commissioners who originally laid the basis of the treaty. I may add, there was another sum of twenty thousand pounds, employed to secure to the measures of the court the party called the *Squadrone Volante*. The account of the mode in which this last sum was distributed has been published, and it may be doubted whether the descendants of the noble lords and honourable gentlemen who accepted this gratification, would be most shocked at the general fact of their ancestors being corrupted, or scandalized at the paltry amount of the bribe. One noble lord accepted of so low a sum as eleven guineas, and the bargain was the more hard, as he threw his religion into the bargain, and from Catholic turned Protestant, to make his vote a good one.

Other disgraceful gratuities might be mentioned, and there were many more which cannot be traced. The treasure for making good the equivalent was sent down in waggons from England, to be deposited in the Castle of Edinburgh, and never surely was such an importation received with such marks of popular indignation. The dragoons who guarded the wains were loaded with execrations, and the carters, nay, even their poor horses, were nearly pelted to death for being accessory in bringing to Edinburgh the price of the independence of the kingdom.

The statesmen who accepted of these gratuities, under whatever name disguised, were marked by the hatred of the country, and did not escape reproach even in the bosom of their own families.* The advantage of their services was lost by the general contempt which they had incurred. And here I may mention, that while carrying on the intrigues which preceded the passing of the Union, those who favoured that measure were obliged to hold their meetings in secret and remote places of rendezvous, lest they should have been assaulted by the rabble. There is a subterranean apartment in the High-street (No. 177), called the Union-Cellar, from its being one of their haunts; and the pavilion in the garden belonging to the Earl of Murray's hotel in the Cannongate, is distinguished as having been used for this purpose.

Men who had thus been bought and sold, forfeited every right to interfere in the terms which England insisted upon, and Scotland, therefore, lost that support which, had these statesmen been as upright and respectable as some of them were able and intelligent, could not have failed to be efficacious. But, despised

by the English, and detested by their own country, fettered, as Lord Belhaven expressed it, by the golden chain of equivalents, the Unionists had lost all freedom of remonstrance, and had no alternative left, save that of fulfilling the unworthy bargain they had made.

The opposition party also had their share of error on this occasion. If they had employed a part of that zeal with which they vindicated the shadowy rights of Scotland's independence (which, after all, resolved itself into the title of being governed like a province, by a viceroy), in order to obtain some improvement upon the more unfavourable clauses of the treaty; if, in other words, they had tried to make a more advantageous agreement instead of breaking it off entirely, they might perhaps have gained considerable advantages for Scotland. But the greater part of the anti-Unionists were also Jacobites, and therefore, far from desiring to render the treaty more unexceptionable, it was their object that it should be as odious to the people of Scotland as possible, so that the discontent excited by it should turn to the advantage of the exiled family.

Owing to all these adverse circumstances, the interests of Scotland were considerably neglected in the treaty of Union; and the nation, instead of regarding it as an identification of the interests of both kingdoms, considered it as a total surrender of their independence, by their false and corrupted statesmen, into the hand of their proud and powerful rival. The gentry of Scotland looked on themselves as robbed of their natural consequence, and disgraced in the eyes of the country; the merchants and tradesmen lost the direct trade between Scotland and foreign countries, without being for a length of time able to procure a share in that with the English colonies. The populace in the towns, and the peasants throughout the kingdom, conceived the most implacable dislike to the Union; factions, hitherto most bitterly opposed to each other, seemed ready to rise on the first opportunity which might occur for breaking it; and the cause of the Stewart family gained a host of new adherents, more from dislike to the Union than any partiality to the exiled prince. A long train of dangers and difficulties was the consequence, which tore Scotland to pieces with civil discord, and exposed England also to much suffering. Three rebellions, two of which assumed a very alarming character, may, in a great measure, be set down to the unpopularity of this national act; and the words, "Prosperity to Scotland, and No Union," is the favourite inscription to be found on Scottish sword-blades, betwixt 1707 and 1746.

But although the passions and prejudices of mankind could for a time delay and interrupt the advantages to be derived from this great national measure, it was not the gracious will of Providence that, being thus deferred, they should be ultimately lost.

The unfortunate insurrection of 1745-6, destroyed entirely the hopes of the Scottish Jacobites, and occasioned the abolition of the hereditary jurisdictions and military tenures, which had been at once dangerous to the government, and a great source of oppression to the subject. This, though attended with much individual suffering, was the final means of at once removing the badges of feudal tyranny—extinguishing civil war, and assimilated Scotland to the

* The Chancellor, Lord Seafield, objected to his brother, Colonel Patrick Ogilvie, that he derogated from his rank by trafficking in cattle to some extent. "Take your own tale hame, my lord and brother," answered the Colonel, in his Angus-shire dialect. "I only sell *nowt* (nolt), but you sell *naations*."

sister-country. After this period, the advantages of the Union were gradually perceived and fully experienced.

It was not, however, till the accession of his late Majesty, that the beneficial effects of this great national treaty were generally felt. From that period there was awakened a spirit of industry formerly unknown in Scotland; and ever since, the two kingdoms of England and Scotland, incalculably to their mutual benefit, have been gradually forgetting former subjects of discord, and uniting cordially, as one

people, in the improvement and defence of the island which they inhabit.

This happy change from discord to friendship,—from war to peace, and from poverty and distress to national prosperity, was not attained without much peril and hazard; and should I continue these volumes from the period of the Union to that of the Accession of George the Third, I can promise you, the addition will be neither the least interesting, nor the least useful of your Grandfather's labours in your behalf.

Tales of a Grandfather;

BEING

STORIES TAKEN FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY.

THIRD SERIES.

PREFATORY LETTER.

TO HUGH LITTLEJOHN, ESQ.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I HAVE now finished the task I had imposed on myself, of giving you some opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the past events of Scottish History; and a bloody and tragic tale it has been. The generation of which I am an individual, and which, having now seen the second race of their successors, must soon prepare to leave the scene, have been the first Scotsmen who appear likely to quit the stage of life, without witnessing either foreign or domestic war within their country. Our fathers beheld the civil convulsion of 1745-6,—the race who preceded them saw the commotions of 1715, 1718, and the war of the Revolution in 1688-9. A third and earlier generation witnessed the two insurrections of Pentland Hills and Bothwell Bridge, and a fourth lived in the bloody times of the great Civil War; a fifth had in memory the civil contests of James the Sixth's minority; and a sixth race carries us back to the long period when the blessings of peace were totally unknown, and the state of constant hostilities between England and Scotland was only interrupted by insecure and ill-kept truces of a very few years' endurance.

And even in your Grandfather's own time, though this country was fortunate enough to escape becoming the theatre of bloody conflict, yet we had only to look abroad to witness such extensive scenes of war and slaughter, such subversion of established states, and extinction of ancient dynasties, as if the European world was again about to return to the bondage of a universal empire. We have, therefore, had an unexpected, and almost unhopèd-for escape from the evils of war in our own country, at the expense of beholding from our island the general devastation of the Continent, with the frequent alarm that we ourselves were about to be involved in it.

It is with sincere joy that I see a period arrived, in which the rising generation may for a time at least be less likely either to hear of, or to witness the terrors of actual war. Even in the history of this small and barren country of Scotland, men may read enough of its miseries, to make them regret how often they have been occasioned by the explosions of party spirit. I have avoided, particularly in this small publication, every attempt to prejudice your mind in favour of any of those speculative opinions, which have been frequently the cause of unsheathing the sword of civil discord. Some years hence, I hope, you will study with accuracy the history of Scotland, with a view to form your own opinion which of the

contending parties were right or wrong; and I hope you will then possess enough of judgment to perceive, that in political disputes, which, above all others, interest the passions, you are not to expect that either the one party or the other are to be regarded as infallible; and that you will remember that each particular action is to be judged of by its own circumstances, and the motives of the actors,—not approved or condemned in the gross, because it is a measure of any particular faction. The present is not intended to be a controversial work. Indeed, if disputed points should be stated here as subjects of discussion, there is no space to argue them; and all that could be brought forward would be the assertion of the author's own opinion, for which he is not entitled to claim any particular deference from other readers, and certainly is not disposed to require it from you, or to desire that you should take upon his authority what should be the subject of your own investigation.

Like most men of some experience in life, I entertain undoubtedly my own opinions upon the great political questions of the present and of future times; but I have no desire to impress these on my juvenile readers. What I have presumed to offer is a general, and, it is hoped, not an uninteresting selection of facts, which may at a future time form a secure foundation for political sentiments.

I am more anxious that the purpose of this work should be understood, because a friendly and indulgent critic,* whose general judgment has been but too partially pronounced in favour of the author, has in one point misunderstood my intentions. My friendly Aristarchus, for such I must call him, has paid me the great compliment (which I may boast of having to my utmost ability deserved), that my little work contains no fault of commission; that is to say, he admits that I have not either concealed or falsified the truth of history in controverted points, which, in my opinion, would have been, especially in a work designed for the use of youth, a most unpardonable crime. But he charges me with the offence of omission, in leaving out inferences which he himself would have drawn from the same facts, and which he seems to think are too obvious not to be discerned, and too stubborn to be refuted. It is, on the contrary, my opinion, and has been ever since I came to years of understanding, that in many of these points his conclusions are liable to direct challenge, and in others to much modification. I must not, therefore, leave it to be supposed that I have deserted my banners, because I have not at this time and place thought it necessary to unfurl them.

* Westminster Review for April, 1829.

But I could not introduce political discussions into any elementary work designed to inspire a love of study. In more mature years, the juvenile reader will have an opportunity of forming his own judgment upon the points of controversy which have disturbed our history; and I think he will probably find that the spirit of party faction, far from making demi-gods of the one side, and fiends or fools of the other, is itself the blot and stain of our annals—has produced under one shape or other its most tragic events—has blighted the characters of its best and wisest statesmen, and perhaps reserves for Britain, at a future day, a repetition of the evils with which it has already afflicted our fathers.

That you, my dear child, and your contemporaries, may escape so great an infliction, is the sincere hope and prayer

Of your affectionate

GRANDFATHER.

Abbotsford, 1st December, 1829.

CHAPTER I.

Mutual dislike between the Scots and English—Divided Feeling in England in regard to the Union—Universal Discontent with the Union in Scotland—Disposition among all Parties to restore the Stewart Family—Education and Character of the Chevalier de St George—Promise of Louis XIV to support the claims of the Family of James II.—Intrigues of the Jacobite Emissaries perplexing to the French King, who resolves to ascertain the temper of the Country by an Agent of his own.

WE are now, my dear child, approaching a period more resembling our own than those through which I have hitherto conducted you. In England, and in the Lowlands of Scotland, men used the same language, possessed in a considerable degree the same habits of society, and lived under the same forms of government, which have existed in Britain down to the present day. The Highlanders, indeed, retained their ancient manners; and although, from the establishment of forts and garrisons in their country, the laws had much more power over them than formerly, so that they could no longer break out into the same excesses, they still remained, in their dress, customs, manners, and language, much more like the original Scots in the reign of Malcolm Canmore, than the Lowlanders of the same period resembled their ancestors of the seventeenth century.

But though the English and Lowland Scots exhibited little distinction in their manners and habits, excepting that those of the latter people indicated less wealth or refinement of luxury, there was no sympathy of feeling between them, and the recent measure of the Union had only an effect resembling that of putting two quarrelsome dogs into the same couples, or two sullen horses into the same yoke. Habit may in course of time teach them to accommodate themselves to each other; but the first consequence of the compulsory tie which unites them is the feeling of aggravated hostility.

The predominant prejudices of the English represented the Scots, in the language of the celebrated Dean Swift, as a poor, ferocious, and haughty

people, detesting their English neighbours, and looking upon them as a species of Egyptians, whom it was not only lawful but commendable to plunder, whether by open robbery or secret address. The poverty of the North Britons, and the humble and patient labour by which individuals were frequently observed to emerge from it, made them the objects of contempt to the English; while, on the other hand, the irascible and turbulent spirit of the nation, and an habitual use of arms, exposed them to aversion and hatred. This peculiar characteristic was, at the time of the Union, very general in Scotland. The Highlanders, you must remember, always carried weapons, and if thought of at all by their southern neighbours, they must have been considered as absolute and irreclaimable savages. The Lowlanders were also used to arms at this period, for almost the whole Scottish nation had been trained under the Act of Security; the population was distributed into regiments, and kept ready for action; and, in the gloomy and irritated state of mind in which the Scots had been placed by the management of the Union treaty, they spoke of nothing more loudly and willingly than of war with England. The English had their especial reasons for disliking the Union. They did not, in general, feel flattered by the intimate confederacy and identification of their own rich country and civilized inhabitants with the boreal region of the North, and its rude and savage tribes. They were afraid that the craft, and patient endurance of labour of the Scots, would give them more than their share of the colonial trade which they had hitherto monopolized to themselves.

Yet, though such was the opinion held by the English in general, the more enlightened part of the nation, remembering the bloody wars which had so long desolated Britain in its divided state, dated from the Union an era of peace and happiness to both countries; and, looking far into futurity, foresaw a time when the national prejudices, which for the present ran so high, would die out, or be eradicated, like the weeds which deface the labours of the agriculturist, and give place to plenty and to peace. It was owing to the prevalence of such feelings, that the Duke of Queensberry, the principal negotiator of the treaty of Union, when he left Scotland for London after the measure was perfected, was received with the greatest distinction in the English towns through which he passed. And when he approached the neighbourhood of London, many of the members of the two Houses came to meet and congratulate a statesman, who, but for the guards that surrounded him, would, during the progress of the treaty, have been destroyed by his countrymen in the streets of Edinburgh!

In England, therefore, the Union had its friends and partisans. In Scotland it was regarded with an almost universal feeling of discontent and dishonour. The Jacobite party, who had entertained great hopes of eluding the act for settling the kingdom upon the family of Hanover, beheld them entirely blighted; the Whigs, or Presbyterians, found themselves forming part of a nation in which Prelacy was an institution of the state; the Country party, who had nourished a vain but honourable idea of maintaining the independence of Scotland, now saw it, with all

its symbols of ancient sovereignty, sunk and merged under the government of England. All the different professions and classes of men saw each something in the obnoxious treaty, which affected their own interest.

The nobles of an ancient and proud land, which they were wont to manage at their pleasure, were now stripped of their legislative privilege, unless in as far as exercised, like the rights of a petty corporation, by a handful of delegates; the smaller barons and gentry shared their humiliation, their little band of representatives being too few, and their voices too feeble, to produce any weight in the British House of Commons, to which a small portion was admitted.

The clergy's apprehension for their own system of church discipline was sensitively awakened, and their frequent warnings from the pulpit kept the terror of innovation before their congregations.

The Scottish lawyers had equal reason for alarm. They witnessed what they considered as the degradation of their profession, and of the laws, to the exposition of which they had been bred up. They saw their supreme civil court, which had spurned at the idea of having their decrees reviewed even in the Parliament, now subjected to appeal to the British House of Peers; a body who could be expected to know little of law at all, and in which the Chancellor, who presided, was trained in the jurisprudence of another country. Besides, when the sceptre departed from Scotland, and the lawgiver no longer sat at her feet, it was likely that her municipal regulations should be gradually assimilated to those of England, and that her lawyers should by degrees be laid aside and rendered useless, by the introduction of the institutions of a foreign country which were strange to their studies.

The merchants and trading portion of Scotland also found grievances in the Union peculiar to themselves. The privileges which admitted the Scots into the colonial trade of England, only represented the apples of Tantalus, so long as local prejudices, want of stock, and all the difficulties incident to forcing capital into a new channel, or line of business, obstructed their benefiting by them. On the other hand, they lost all the advantage of their foreign trade whenever their traffic became obstructed by the imposition of English duties. They lost, at the same time, a beneficial, though illicit trade, with England itself, which took place in consequence of foreign commodities being so much cheaper in Scotland. Lastly, the establishment of two Boards of Customs and Excise, with the introduction of a shoal of officers, all Englishmen, and, it was said, frequently men of indifferent and loose character, was severely felt by the commercial part of a nation, whose poverty had hitherto kept them tolerably free from taxation.

The tradesmen and citizens were injured in the tenderest point, by the general emigration of families of rank and condition, who naturally went to reside in London, not only to attend their duties in Parliament, but to watch for those opportunities of receiving favours which are only to be obtained by being constantly near the source of preferment; not to mention numerous families of consequence, who

went to the metropolis merely for fashion's sake. This general emigration naturally drained Scotland of the income of the non-residents, who expended their fortunes among strangers, to the prejudice of those of their country folk, who had formerly lived by supplying them with necessities or luxuries.

The agricultural interest was equally affected by the scarcity of money, which the new laws, the money drawn by emigrants from their Scottish estates to meet the unwonted expenses of London, the decay of external commerce, and of internal trade, all contributed to produce.

Besides these peculiar grievances which affected certain classes or professions, the Scots felt generally the degradation, as they conceived it, of their country being rendered the subservient ally of the state, of which, though infinitely more powerful, they had resisted the efforts for the space of two thousand years. The poorest and meanest, as well as the richest and most noble, felt that he shared the national honour; and the former was even more deeply interested in preserving it untarnished than the latter, because he had no dignity or consideration due to him personally or individually, beyond that which belonged to him as a native of Scotland.

There was, therefore, nothing save discontent and lamentation to be heard throughout Scotland, and men of every class vented their complaints against the Union the more loudly, because their sense of personal grievances might be concealed and yet indulged under popular declamations concerning the dishonour done to the country.

To all these subjects of complaint there lay obvious answers, grounded on the future benefits which the Union was calculated to produce, and the prospect of the advantages which have since arisen from it. But at the time immediately succeeding that treaty, these benefits were only the subject of distant and doubtful speculation, while the immediate evils which we have detailed were present, tangible, and certain. There was a want of advocates for the Union, as well as of arguments having immediate and direct cogency. A considerable number of the regular clergy, indeed, who did not share the feverish apprehensions of prelatic innovation, which was a bugbear to the majority of their order, concluded it was the sounder policy to adhere to the Union with England, under the sovereignty of a Protestant Prince, than to bring back, under King James VII, the evils in church and state which had occasioned the downfall of his father. But by such arguments, the ministers who used them only lowered themselves in the eyes of the people, who petulantly replied to their pastors, that none had been more loud than they against the Union until they had got their own manse,* glebes, and stipends† assured to them; although, that being done, they were now contented to yield up the civil rights of the Scottish monarchy, and endanger the stability of the Scottish church. Their hearers abandoned the kirks, and refused to attend the religious ordinances of such clergymen as favoured the Union, and went in crowds to wait upon the doctrines of those who preached against the treaty with the same zeal with which they had formerly

* Anglicè—Parsonages.

† Anglicè—Tithes.

magnified the Covenant. Almost all the dissenting and Cameronian ministers were anti-Unionists, and some of the more enthusiastic were so peculiarly vehement, that long after the controversy had fallen asleep, I have heard my grandfather say (for your grandfather, Mr Hugh Littlejohn, had a grandfather in his time), that he had heard an old clergyman confess he could never bring his sermon, upon whatever subject, to a conclusion, without having what he called a *blaud*, that is a slap, at the Union.

If the mouths of the clergymen who advocated the treaty were stopped by reproaches of personal interest, with far more justice were those reproaches applied to the greater part of the civil statesmen, by whom the measure had been carried through and completed. The people of Scotland would not hear these gentlemen so much as speak upon the great incorporating alliance, for the accomplishment of which they had laboured so effectually. Be the event of the Union what it would, the objection was personal to many of those statesmen by whom it was carried through, that they had pressed the destruction of Scottish independence, which it necessarily involved, for private and selfish reasons, resolving into the gratification of their own ambition or avarice. They were twitted with the meanness of their conduct even in the Parliament of Britain. A tax upon linen cloth, the staple commodity of Scotland, having been proposed in the House of Commons, was resisted by Mr Baillie of Jerviswood, and other Scottish members, favourers of the Union, until Mr Harley, who had been Secretary of State during the treaty, stood up, and cut short the debate, by saying, "Have we not bought the Scots, and did we not acquire a right to tax them? or for what other purpose did we give the equivalent?" Lockhart of Carnwarth arose in reply, and said, he was glad to hear it plainly acknowledged that the Union had been a matter of bargain, and that Scotland had been bought and sold on that memorable occasion; but he was surprised to hear so great a manager in the traffic name the equivalents as the price, since the revenue of Scotland itself being burdened in relief of that sum, no price had been in fact paid, but what must ultimately be discharged by Scotland from her own funds.

The detestation of the treaty being for the present the ruling passion of the times, all other distinctions of party, and even of religious opinions in Scotland, were laid aside, and a singular coalition took place, in which Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Cavaliers, and many friends of the revolution, drowned all former hostility in the predominant aversion to the Union. Even the Cameronians, who now formed a powerful body in the state, retained the same zeal against the Union when established, which had induced them to rise in arms against it while it was in progress.

It was evident, that the treaty of Union could not be abolished without a counter-revolution; and for a time almost all the inhabitants of Scotland were disposed to join unanimously in the Restoration, as it was called, of James the Second's son, to the throne of his fathers; and had his ally, the King of France, been hearty in his cause, or his Scottish partisans more united among themselves, or any leader amongst them possessed of distinguished talent, the Stewart family might have repossessed themselves of their

ancient domain of Scotland, and perhaps of England also. To understand the circumstances by which that hope was disappointed, it is necessary to look back on the history of James II, and to take some notice of the character and situation of his son.

The Chevalier de Saint George, as he was called by a conventional name, which neither gave nor denied his royal pretensions, was that unfortunate child of James II, whose birth, which ought in ordinary cases to have been the support of his father's throne, became by perverse chance the strongest incentive for pressing forward the Revolution. He lost his hopes of a kingdom, therefore, and was exiled from his native country, ere he knew what the words country or kingdom signified, and lived at the court of Saint Germain, where Louis XIV permitted his father to maintain a hollow pageant of royalty. Thus the son of James II was brought up in what is generally admitted to be the very worst way in which a prince can be educated; that is, he was surrounded by all the pomp and external ceremony of imaginary royalty, without learning by experience any part of its real duties or actual business. Idle and discontented men, who formed the mimicry of a council, and played the part of ministers, were as deeply engaged in political intrigues for ideal offices and dignities at the court of Saint Germain, as if actual rank or emolument had attended them,—as reduced gamblers have been known to spend days and nights in play, although too poor to stake any thing on the issue of the game.

It is no doubt true, that the versatility of the statesmen of England, including some great names, offers a certain degree of apology for the cabinet of the dethroned prince, to an extent even to justify the hopes that a counter revolution would soon take place, and realise the expectations of the Saint Germain's courtiers. It is a misfortune necessarily attending the success of any of those momentous changes of government, which, innovating upon the constitution of a country, are termed revolutions, that the new establishment of things cannot for some time attain that degree of respect and veneration which antiquity can alone impress. Evils are felt under the new government as they must under every human institution, and men readily reconcile their minds to correct them, either by adopting further alterations, or by returning to that order of things which they have so lately seen in existence. That which is new itself, may, it is supposed, be subjected to further innovations without inconvenience, and if these are deemed essential and necessary, or even advantageous, there seems to ardent and turbulent spirits little reason to doubt, that the force which has succeeded so lately in destroying the institutions which had the venerable sanction of antiquity, may be equally successful in altering or remodelling that which has been the work of the present generation, perhaps of the very statesmen who are now desirous of innovating upon it. With this disposition to change still further what has been recently the subject of alteration, mingle other passions. There must always be many of those that have been active in a recent revolution, who have not derived the personal advantages which they were entitled, or, which is the same thing, thought themselves entitled, to expect. Such disappointed men are apt, in their

resentment, to think that it depends only upon themselves to pull down what they have assisted to build, and to rebuild the structure in the destruction of which they have been so lately assistants. This was in the utmost extent evinced after the English Revolution. Not only subordinate agents, who had been active in the Revolution, but some men of the highest and most distinguished talents, were induced to enter into plots for the restoration of the Stewarts. Marlborough, Carmarthen, and Lord Russell, were implicated in a correspondence with France in 1692; and indeed, throughout the reigns of William III and Queen Anne, many men of consequence, not willing explicitly to lend themselves to counter-revolutionary plots, were yet not reluctant to receive projects, letters, and promises from the ex-king, and return in exchange vague expressions of good-will for the cause of their old monarch, and respect for his person.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the Jacobite ministers at Saint Germain were by such negotiations rendered confident that a counter-revolution was approaching, or that they intrigued for their share in the honours and power which they conceived would be very soon at their master's disposal. In this they might, indeed, have resembled the hunters in the fable, who sold the bear's hide before they had killed him; but, on the other hand, they were less like simpletons who spend their time in gambling for nothing, than eager gamblers who play for a stake, which, though they do not yet possess, they soon expect to have at their disposal.

Amid such petty and empty feuds, it was not likely that the son of James II should greatly augment the strength of mind of which nature had given him but a small share, especially as his father had laid aside those habits of business with which he was once familiar, and, resigning all hopes of his restoration, had abandoned himself entirely to the severities of ascetic devotion. From his advice and example, therefore, the Chevalier de Saint George could derive no advantage; and Heaven had not granted him the talents which supply the place of instruction.

The heir of this ancient line was not, however, deficient in the external qualities which associate well with such distinguished claims. He was of tall stature, and possessed a nobly formed countenance, and courteous manners. He had made one or two campaigns with applause, and showed no deficiency of courage, if he did not display much energy. He appears to have been good-humoured, kind, and tractable. In short, born on a throne, and with judicious ministers, he might have been a popular prince; but he had not the qualities necessary either to win or to regain a kingdom.

Immediately before the death of his unfortunate father, the Chevalier de St George was consigned to the protection of Louis XIV in an affecting manner. The French monarch came for the last time, to bid adieu to his unfortunate ally when stretched on his death-bed. Affected by the pathos of the scene, and possessing in reality a portion of that royal magnanimity by which he was so ambitious of being distinguished, Louis declared publicly his purpose to recognise the title of his friend's son, as heir to the throne of Britain, and take his family under his pro-

VOL. VII.

tection. The dying prince half raised himself from his bed, and endeavoured to speak his gratitude; but his failing accents were drowned in a murmur of mingled grief and joy, which broke from his faithful followers. They were melted into tears, in which Louis himself joined. And thus was given, in a moment of enthusiasm, a promise of support which the French king had afterwards reason to repent of, as he could not gracefully shake off an engagement contracted under such circumstances of affecting solemnity; although in after periods of his reign, he was little able to supply the Chevalier de St George with such succours as his promise had entitled that prince to expect.

Louis was particularly embarrassed by the numerous plans and schemes for the invasion of Scotland and England, proposed either by real Jacobites eager to distinguish themselves by their zeal, or by adventurers, who, like the noted Captain Simon Fraser, assumed that character, so as to be enabled either to forward the Chevalier de Saint George's interest, or betray his purpose to the English ministry, whichever might best advance the interest of the emissary. This Captain Fraser (afterwards the celebrated Lord Lovat), was looked upon with coldness by the Chevalier and Lord Middleton his secretary, but he gained the confidence of Mary of Este, the widow of James II. Being at length, through her influence, dispatched to Scotland, Fraser trafficked openly with both parties; and although, whilst travelling through the Highlands, he held the character and language of a highflying Jacobite, and privately betrayed whatever he could worm out of them to the Duke of Queensberry, then the Royal Commissioner and Representative of Queen Anne, he had nevertheless the audacity to return to France, and use the language of an injured and innocent man, till he was thrown into the Bastille for his double-dealing. It is probable that this interlude of Captain Fraser, which happened in 1703, contributed to give Louis a distrust of Scottish Jacobite agents, and inclined him, notwithstanding the general reports of disaffection to Queen Anne's government, to try the temper of the country by an agent of his own, before resolving to give any considerable assistance towards an invasion, which his wars in Flanders, and the victories of Marlborough, rendered him ill able to undertake.

CHAPTER II.

The Spirit of Jacobitism kept alive by the improper manner in which the Treaty of Union was concluded—Mission of Lieut.-Col. Hooke from France to promote a Rebellion in Scotland—State of the Jacobite Party under the Dukes of Athole and Hamilton—Negotiations of Hooke—Preparations of the French King for an Expedition in behalf of the Chevalier de St George, and Arrival of the Chevalier at Dunkirk to join it—General alarm in England—Sailing of the French Fleet—Their arrival in the Frith of Forth, and Return to Dunkirk, without Landing—Vacillating Conduct of the Duke of Hamilton—Trial and Acquittal of the Stirlingshire Jacobites—Introduction of Commissions of Oyer and Terminer into Scotland—Abolition of Examinations by Torture—Penalties formerly annexed to Cases of High Treason.

THERE are two reflections which arise from what we have stated in the former chapter, too natural to escape observation.

In the first place, we are led to conclude that all leagues or treaties between nations, which are designed to be permanent, should be grounded not only on equitable, but on liberal principles. Whatever advantages are assumed from the superior strength, or more insidiously attained by the superior cunning, of one party or the other, operate as so many principles of decay, by which the security of the league is greatly endangered, if not actually destroyed. There can be no doubt that the open corruption and precipitate violence with which the Union was forced on, retarded for two generations the benefits which would otherwise have arisen from it; and that resentment, not so much against the measure itself, as against the disadvantageous terms granted to Scotland, gave rise to two, or, taking into account the battle of Glen-sheal, to three civil wars, with all the peculiar miseries which attended them. The personal adherence of many individuals to the Stewart family might have preserved Jacobite sentiments for a generation, but would scarce have had intensity sufficient to kindle a general flame in the country, had not the sense of the unjust and illiberal manner in which the Union was concluded come in aid of the zeal of the Jacobites, to create a general or formidable attack on the existing government. As the case actually stood, we shall presently see how narrowly the Union itself escaped destruction, and the nation a counter-revolution.

This conducts us to the second remark, which I wish you to attend to, namely, how that, with all the facilities of intercourse afforded by the manners of modern nations, it nevertheless is extremely difficult for one government to obtain what they may consider as trust-worthy information concerning the internal affairs and actual condition of another, either from the statements of partisans, who profess themselves in league with the state which makes the inquiry, or from agents of their own, sent on purpose to pursue the investigation. The first class of informants deceive their correspondents and themselves, by the warm and sanguine view which they take of the strength and importance of their own party; the last are incapable of forming a correct judgment of what they see and hear, for want of that habitual and familiar knowledge of the manners of a country which is necessary to enable them to judge what peculiar allowances ought to be made, and what special restrictions may be necessary, in interpreting the language of those with whom they communicate on the subject of their mission.

This was exemplified in the inquiries instituted by Louis XIV, for ascertaining the exact disposition of the people of Scotland towards the Chevalier de St George. The agent employed by the French monarch was Lieutenant-Colonel Hooke, an Englishman of good family. This gentleman followed King James II to France, and was there received into the service of Louis XIV, to which he seems to have become so much attached as to have been comparatively indifferent to that of the son of his former master. His instructions from the French King were, to engage the Scots who might be disposed for an insurrection as deeply as possible to France, but to avoid precise promises, by which he might compromise France in any corresponding obligation respecting assistance or

supplies. In a word, the Jacobite or anti-Unionist party were to have leave from Louis to attempt a rebellion against Queen Anne, at their own proper risk, providing the Grand Monarque, as he was generally termed, should be no further bound to aid them in the enterprise, or protect them in case of its failure, than he should think consistent with his magnanimity, and convenient for his affairs. This was no doubt a bargain by which nothing could be lost by France, but it had been made with too great anxiety to avoid hazard, to be attended with much chance of gaining by it.

With these instructions Colonel Hooke departed for Scotland in the end of February or beginning of March, 1707, where he found, as had been described by the correspondence kept up with the Scots, different classes of people eager to join in an insurrection, with the purpose of breaking the Union, and restoring the Stewart family to the throne. We must first mention the state in which he found the Jacobite party, with whom principally he came to communicate.

This party, which, as it now included the Country faction, and all others who favoured the dissolution of the Union, was much more universally extended than at any other period in Scottish history, either before or afterwards, was divided into two parties, having for their heads the Dukes of Hamilton and Athole, noblemen who stood in opposition to each other in claiming the title of the leader of the Jacobite interests. If these two great men were to be estimated according to their fidelity to the cause which they had espoused, their pretensions were tolerably equal, for neither of them could lay much claim to the honour due to political consistency. The conduct of Athole during the Revolution had been totally adverse to the royal interest; and that of the Duke of Hamilton, on his part, though affecting to act as head of the opposition to the Union, was such as to induce some suspicion that he was in league with the government; since, whenever a decisive stand was to be made, Hamilton was sure to find some reason, better or worse, to avoid coming to extremities with the opposite party. Notwithstanding such repeated acts of defection on the part of these great dukes, their rank, talents, and the reliance on their general sincerity in the Jacobite cause, occasioned men of that party to attach themselves as partisans to one or other of them. It was natural that, generally speaking, men should chuse for their leader the most influential person in whose neighbourhood they themselves resided, or had their property; and thus the Highland Jacobites beyond the Tay rallied under the Duke of Athole; those of the south and west, under the Duke of Hamilton. From this it also followed, that the two divisions of the same faction, being of different provinces, and in different circumstances, held separate opinions as to the course to be pursued in the intended restoration.

The northern Jacobites, who had more power of raising men, and less of levying money, than those of the south, were for rushing at once into war without any delay, or stipulation of foreign assistance; and, without further aid than their own good hearts and, ready swords, expressed themselves determined to place on the throne him whom they termed the lawful heir.

When Hooke entered into correspondence with this class of the Jacobite party, he found it easy to induce them to dispense with any special or precise stipulations concerning the amount of the succours to be furnished by France, whether in the shape of arms, money, or auxiliaries, so soon as he represented to them that any specific negotiation of this kind would be indelicate and unhandsome to the King of France, and probably diminish his inclination to serve the Chevalier de St George. On this point of pretended delicacy were these poor gentlemen induced to pledge themselves to risks likely to prove fatal to themselves, their rank, and their posterity, without any of the reasonable precautions which were absolutely necessary to save them from destruction.

But when the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Kilsythe, Lockhart of Carnwath, Cochrane of Kilmarnock, and other leaders among the Jacobites of the west, had a conference with Colonel Hooke, their answers were of a different tenor. They thought that, to render the plan of insurrection at all feasible, there should be a distinct engagement on the part of the King of France, to send over the Chevalier de St George to Scotland, with an auxiliary army of ten, or, at the very least, of eight thousand men. Colonel Hooke used very haughty language in answer to this demand, which he termed a "presuming to give advice to Louis XIV how to manage his own affairs;" as if it had not been the business of the Jacobites themselves to learn to what extent they were to expect support, before staking their lands and lives in so dangerous an enterprise.

The extent of Colonel Hooke's success was obtaining a memorial, signed by ten lords and chiefs, acting in the name, as they state, of the bulk of the nation, but particularly of thirty persons of distinction, from whom they had special mandates, in which paper they agreed that upon the arrival of the Chevalier de St George, they would make him master of Scotland, which was entirely in his interest, and immediately thereafter proceed to raise an army of twenty-five thousand foot, and five thousand horse. With this force they proposed to march into England, seize upon Newcastle, and distress the city of London by interrupting the coal trade. They stated their hope that the King would send with the Chevalier an auxiliary army of at least five thousand men, some officers, and a general of high rank, such as the Scottish nobles would not scruple to obey. The Duke of Berwick, a natural son of the late king, and a general of first-rate talent, was particularly fixed upon. They also complained of a want of field-pieces, battering cannon, and arms of every kind, and stated their desire of a supply. And lastly, they dwelt upon the need they had of a subsidy of six hundred thousand livres, to enable them to begin the war. But they stated these in the shape of humble requests, rather than demands or conditions, and submitted themselves in the same memorial to any modification or alteration of the terms, which might render them more acceptable to King Louis. Thus Hooke made good the important point in his instructions, which enjoined him to take the Scottish Jacobites bound as far as possible to the King of France, while he should on no account enter into any negotiations which might bind his Majesty to any counter stipulations. Louis

showed considerable address in playing this game, as it is vulgarly called, of Fast and Loose, giving every reason to conclude that his ministers, if not the sovereign himself, looked less upon the invasion of Scotland as the means of effecting a counter-revolution, than in the light of a diversion, which would oblige the British to withdraw a large proportion of the troops which they employed in Flanders, and thus obtain a superiority for France on the general theatre of war. With this purpose, and to take the chance, doubtless, of fortunate events, and the generally discontented state of Scotland, the French court received and discussed at their leisure the prodigal offer of the Scottish Jacobites.

At length, after many delays, the French monarch actually determined upon making an effort. It was resolved to send to Scotland the heir of the ancient kings of that country, with a body of about five or six thousand men, being the force thought necessary by the faction of Athole—that of Hamilton having demanded eight thousand men at the very least. It was agreed, that the Chevalier de St George should embark at Dunkirk with this little army, and that the fleet should be placed under the command of the Comte de Forbin, who had distinguished himself by several naval exploits.

When the plan was communicated by Monsieur de Pontchartrain, then minister for naval affairs, the commodore stated numerous objections to throwing so large a force ashore on the naked beach, without being assured of possessing a single harbour, or fortified place, which might serve them for a defence against the troops which the English government would presently dispatch against them. "If," pursued Forbin, "you have five thousand troops to throw away on a desperate expedition, give me the command of them; I will embark them in shallops and light vessels, and I will surprise Amsterdam, and, by destroying the commerce of the Dutch capital, take away all means and desire on the part of the United Provinces to continue the war"—"Let us have no more of this," replied the minister; "you are called upon to execute the king's commands, not to discuss them. His majesty has promised to the King and Queen Dowager of England (the Chevalier de St George and Mary d'Este), that he is to give them the stipulated assistance, and you are honoured with the task of fulfilling his royal word." To hear was to obey, and the Comte de Forbin set himself about the execution of the design intrusted to him; but with a secret reluctance, which boded ill for the expedition, since, in bold undertakings, success is chiefly insured by the zeal, confidence, and hearty co-operation of those to whom the execution is committed. Forbin was so far from being satisfied with the commission assigned him, that he started a thousand difficulties and obstacles, all of which he was about to repeat to the monarch himself in a private interview, when Louis, observing the turn of his conversation, cut his restive admiral short by telling him, that he was busy at that moment, and wished him a good voyage.

The commander of the land forces was the Comte de Gace, who afterwards bore the title of Marechal de Matignon. Twelve battalions were embarked on board of eight ships of the line and twenty-four frigates, besides transports and shallops for disem-

barkation. The King of France displayed his magnificence, by supplying the Chevalier de St George with a royal wardrobe, services of gold and silver plate, rich liveries for his attendants, splendid uniforms for his guards, and all external appurtenances befitting the rank of a sovereign prince. At parting, Louis bestowed on his guest a sword, having its hilt set with diamonds, and, with that felicity of compliment which was natural to him above all other princes, expressed, as the best wish he could bestow upon his departing friend, his hope that they might never meet again. It was ominous that Louis used the same turn of courtesy in bidding adieu to the Chevalier's father, previous to the battle of La Hogue.

The Chevalier departed for Dunkirk, and embarked the troops; and thus far all had been conducted with such perfect secrecy, that England was totally unaware of the attempt which was meditated. But an accident at the same time retarded the enterprise, and made it public. This was the illness of the Chevalier de St George, who was seized with the measles. It could then no longer remain a secret that he was lying sick in Dunkirk, with the purpose of heading an expedition, for which the troops were already embarked.

It was scarcely possible to imagine a country more unprepared for such an attack than England, unless it were Scotland. The great majority of the English army were then in Flanders. There only remained within the kingdom five thousand men, and these chiefly new levies. The situation of Scotland was still more defenceless. Edinburgh castle was alike unfurnished with garrison, artillery, ammunition, and stores. There were not in the country above two thousand regular soldiers, and these were Scottish regiments, whose fidelity was very little to be reckoned upon, if there should, as was probable, be a general insurrection of their countrymen. The panic in London was great, at court, in camp, and in city; there was also an unprecedented run on the Bank, which, unless that great national institution had been supported by an association of wealthy British and foreign merchants, must have given a severe shock to public credit. The consternation was the more overwhelming, that the great men in England were jealous of each other, and, not believing that the Chevalier would have ventured over upon the encouragement of the Scottish nation only, suspected the existence of some general conspiracy, the explosion of which would take place in England.

Amid the wide-spreading alarm, active measures were taken to avert the danger. The few regiments which were in South Britain were directed to march for Scotland in all haste. Advices were sent to Flanders, to recall some of the British troops there for the more pressing service at home. General Cadogan, with twelve battalions, took shipping in Holland, and actually sailed for Tynemouth. But even amongst these there were troops which could not be trusted. The Earl of Orkney's Highland regiment, and that which is called the Scotch Fusileers, are said to have declared they would never use their swords against their country in an English quarrel. It must be added, that the arrival of this succour was remote and precarious. But England had a readier and more certain resource in the superiority of her navy.

With the most active exertions a fleet of forty sail of the line was assembled and put to sea, and, ere the French squadron commanded by Forbin had sailed, they beheld this mighty fleet before Dunkirk, on the 28th of February, 1708. The Comte de Forbin, upon this formidable apparition, dispatched letters to Paris for instructions, having no doubt of receiving orders, in consequence, to disembark the troops, and postpone the expedition. Such an answer arrived accordingly; but while Forbin was preparing, on the 14th March, to carry it into execution, the English fleet was driven off the blockade by stress of weather; which news having soon reached the court, positive orders came, that at all risks the invading squadron should proceed to sea.

They sailed accordingly on 17th March from the road of Dunkirk; and now not a little depended on the accidental circumstance of wind and tide, as these should be favourable to the French or English fleets. The elements were adverse to the French. They had no sooner left Dunkirk road than the wind became contrary, and the squadron was driven into the roadstead called Newport-pits, from which place they could not stir for the space of two days, when, the wind again changing, they set sail for Scotland with a favourable breeze. The Comte de Forbin and his squadron arrived in the entrance of the Frith of Forth, sailed as high up as the point of Crail, on the coast of Fife, and dropped anchor there, with the purpose of running up the Frith as far as the vicinity of Edinburgh on the next day, and there disembarking the Chevalier de St George, Marechal Matignon, and his troops. In the meantime, they showed signals, fired guns, and endeavoured to call the attention of their friends, whom they expected to welcome them ashore.

None of these signals were returned from the land; but they were answered from the sea in a manner as unexpected as it was unpleasing. The report of five cannon, heard in the direction of the mouth of the Frith, gave notice of the approach of Sir John Byng and the English fleet, which had sailed the instant their admiral learned that the Comte de Forbin had put to sea; and though the French had considerably the start of them, the British admiral contrived to enter the Frith immediately after the French squadron.

The dawn of morning showed the far superior force of the English fleet advancing up the Frith, and threatening to intercept the French squadron in the narrow inlet of the sea into which they had ventured. The Chevalier de St George and his attendants demanded to be put on board a smaller vessel than that commanded by Mons. de Forbin, with the purpose of disembarking at the ancient castle of Wemyss, on the Fife coast, belonging to the earl of the same name, a constant adherent of the Stewart family. This was at once the wisest and most manly course which he could have followed. But the son of James II was doomed to learn, how little free-will can be exercised by the prince who has placed himself under the protection of a powerful auxiliary. Mons. de Forbin, after evading his request for some time, at length decidedly said to him,—“Sire, by the orders of my royal master, I am directed to take the same precautions for the safety of your august person as for

his Majesty's own. This must be my chief care. You are at present in safety, and I will never consent to your being exposed in a ruinous chateau, in an open country, where a few hours might put you in the hands of your enemies. I am intrusted with your person; I am answerable for your safety with my head; I beseech you, therefore, to repose your confidence in me entirely, and to listen to no one else. All those who dare give you advice different from mine, are either traitors or cowards." Having thus settled the Chevalier's doubts in a manner savouring something of the roughness of his profession, the Comte de Forbin bore down on the English admiral, as if determined to fight his way through the fleet. But as Sir George Byng made signal for collecting his ships to meet the enemy, the Frenchman went off on another tack, and, taking advantage of the manœuvre to avoid the English admiral, steered for the mouth of the Frith. The English ships having been long at sea, were rather heavy sailors, while those of Forbin had been carefully selected and careened for this particular service. The pursuit of Byng was therefore in vain, excepting that the Elizabeth, a slow-sailing vessel of the French fleet, fell into his hands.

Admiral Byng, when the French escaped him, proceeded to Edinburgh to assist in the defence of the capital, in case of any movement of the Jacobites which might have endangered it. The Comte de Forbin, with his expedition, had, on the other hand, the power of choosing among all the ports on the north-east coast of Scotland, from Dundee to Inverness, the one which circumstances might render most eligible for the purpose of disembarking the Chevalier de St George and the French troops. But whether from his own want of cordiality in the object of the expedition, or whether, as was generally suspected by the Scottish Jacobites at the time, he had secret orders from his court which regulated his conduct, Forbin positively refused to put the disinherited Prince, or the soldiers destined for his service, on shore at any part of the north of Scotland, although the Chevalier repeatedly required him to do so. The expedition returned to Dunkirk, from which it had been three weeks absent; the troops were put ashore and distributed in garrison, and the commanders hastened to court, each to excuse himself, and throw the blame of the failure upon the other.

On the miscarriage of this intended invasion, the malcontents of Scotland felt that an opportunity was lost, which never might, and in fact never did, again present itself. The unanimity with which almost all the numerous sects and parties in Scotland were disposed to unite in any measure which could rid them of the Union, was so unusual, that it could not be expected to be of long duration in so factious a nation. Neither was it likely that the kingdom of Scotland would, after such a lesson, be again left by the English government so ill provided for defence. Above all, it seemed probable that the vengeance of the ministry would descend so heavily on the heads of those who had been foremost in expressing their good wishes to the cause of the Chevalier de St George, as might induce others to beware of following their example on future occasions.

During the brief period when the French fleet was

known to be at sea, and the landing of the army on some part of the coast of Scotland was expected almost hourly, the depression of the few who adhered to the existing government was extreme. The Earl of Leven, commander-in-chief of the Scottish forces, hurried down from England to take the command of two or three regiments, which were all that could be mustered for the defence of the capital; and, on his arrival, wrote to the Secretary of State that the Jacobites were in such numbers and showed themselves so elated, that he scarce dared look them in the face as he walked the streets. On the approach of a fleet, the Earl drew up his army in hostile array on Leith sands, as if he meant to withstand any attempt to land. But great was his relief, when the approaching vessels of war showed the flag of England, instead of France, and proved to be those of Sir George Byng, instead of the Comte de Forbin's.

When this important intelligence was publicly known, it was for the Jacobites in their turn to abate the haughty looks before which their enemies had quailed, and reassume those which they wore as a suffering but submissive faction. The Jacobite gentlemen of Stirlingshire, in particular, had almost gone the length of rising in arms, or, to speak more properly, they had actually done so, though no opportunity had occurred of coming to blows. They had now, therefore, reason to expect the utmost vengeance of government.

This little band consisted of several men of wealth, influence, and property. Stirling of Keir, Seaton of Touch, Edmondstoun of Newton, Stirling of Carden, and others, assembled a gallant body of horse, and advanced towards Edinburgh, to be the first who should offer themselves for the service of the Chevalier de St George. Learning by the way the failure of the expedition, they dispersed themselves, and returned to their own homes. They were seized, however, thrown into prison, and threatened to be tried for high-treason.

The Duke of Hamilton, with that want of decision which gave his conduct an air of mysterious inconsistency, had left his seat of Kinniel to visit his estates in Lancashire, while the treaty concerning the French invasion was in dependence. He was overtaken on his journey by a friend, who came to apprise him, that all obstructions to the expedition being overcome, it might be with certainty expected on the coast in the middle of March. The Duke seemed much embarrassed, and declared to Lockhart of Carnwath, that he would joyfully return, were it not that he foresaw that his giving such a mark of the interest he took in the arrival of the Chevalier, as that which stopping short on a journey, and returning to Scotland on the first news that he was expected, must necessarily imply, would certainly determine the government to arrest him on suspicion. But his Grace pledged himself, that when he should learn by express that the French were actually arrived, he would return to Scotland in spite of all opposition, and rendezvous at Dumfries, where Mr Lockhart should meet him with the insurgents of Lanarkshire, the district in which both their interests lay.

The Duke had scarcely arrived at his house of Ashton in Lancashire, when he was arrested as a

suspicious person, and was still in the custody of the messenger when he received the intelligence that the French armament had actually set sail. Even this he did not conceive a fit time to declare himself, but solemnly protested, that so soon as he should learn that the Chevalier had actually landed, he would rid himself of the officer in whose custody he was, and set off for Scotland at the head of forty horse, to live or die in his service. As the Chevalier never set foot ashore, we have no means of knowing whether the Duke of Hamilton would have fulfilled his promise, which Mr Lockhart seems to have considered as candidly and sincerely given, or have had recourse to some evasion, as upon other critical occasions.

The government, as is usual in such cases, were strict in investigating the cause of the conspiracy, and menacing those who had encouraged it, in a proportion corresponding to the alarm into which they had been thrown. A great many of the Scottish nobility and gentry were arrested on suspicion, secured in prisons and strong fortresses in Scotland, or sent to London in a kind of triumph, on account of the encouragement they were supposed to have given to the invasion.

The Stirlingshire gentlemen, who had actually taken arms and embodied themselves, were marked out as the first victims, and were accordingly sent back to Scotland, to be tried in the country where they had committed the crime. They met more favourable judges than was perhaps to have been expected.

Being brought to trial before the High Court of Justiciary, several witnesses were examined, who had seen the gentlemen assembled together in a body, but no one had remarked any circumstance which gave them the character of a military force. They had arms, indeed, but few gentlemen of that day stirred abroad without sword and pistol. No one had heard any treasonable conversation, or avowal of a treasonable purpose. The jury, therefore, found the crime was *Not Proved* against them—a verdict which, by the Scottish law, is equivalent in its effects to one of Not Guilty, but which is applied to those cases in which the accused persons are clouded with such a shade of suspicion as renders their guilt probable in the eyes of the jury, though the accuser has failed to make it good by proof. Their trial took place on the 22d November, 1708.

A short traditional story will serve to explain the cause of their acquittal. It is said, the Laird of Keir was riding joyfully home, with his butler in attendance, who had been one of the evidence produced against him on the trial, but who had, upon examination, forgot every word concerning the matter which could possibly prejudice his master. Keir could not help expressing some surprise to the man at the extraordinary shortness of memory which he had shown on particular questions being put to him. "I understand what your honour means very well," said the domestic, coolly, "but my mind was made up rather to trust my own soul to the mercy of Heaven than your honour's body to the tender compassion of the Whigs." This tale carries its own commentary.

Having failed to convict conspirators who had acted so openly, the government found it would be

hopeless to proceed against those who had been arrested on suspicion only. This body included many noblemen and gentry of the first rank, believed to entertain Jacobite sentiments. The Duke of Gordon, the Marquis of Huntly, the Earls Seaforth, Errol, Nithsdale, Marischal, and Murray; Lords Stormont, Kilsythe, Drummond, Nairne, Belhaven, and Sinclair, besides many gentlemen of fortune and influence, were all confined in the Tower, or other state prisons. The Duke of Hamilton is supposed to have been successful in making interest with the Whigs for their release, his Grace proposing, in return, to give the ministers the advantage of his interest, and that of his friends, upon future elections. The prisoners were accordingly dismissed on finding bail.

The government, however, conceived that the failure to convict the Stirlingshire gentlemen accused of high-treason (of which they were certainly guilty), arose less from the reluctance of witnesses to bear testimony against them, than in advantages afforded to them by the uncertain and general provisions of the Scottish statutes in cases of treason. They proposed to remedy this by abrogating the Scottish law, and introducing that of England in its stead, and ordaining that treasons committed in Scotland should be tried and decided in what is technically called a Commission of *Oyer and Terminer*, i. e. a Court of Commissioners appointed for hearing and deciding a particular cause, or set of causes. This, it must be noticed, contained an important advantage to the government, since the case was taken from under the cognisance of the ordinary courts of justice, and intrusted to commissioners named for the special occasion, who must, of course, be chosen from men friendly to government, awake to the alarm arising from any attack upon it, and, consequently, likely to be somewhat prejudiced against the parties brought before them, as accomplices in such an enterprise. On the other hand, the new law, with the precision required by the English system, was decided and distinct in settling certain forms of procedure, which, in Scotland, being left to the arbitrary pleasure of the judges, gave them an opportunity of favouring or distressing the parties brought before them. This was a dangerous latitude upon political trials, where every man, whatever might be his rank, or general character for impartiality, was led to take a strong part on one side or other of the question out of which the criminal interest had arisen.

Another part of the proposed act was, however, a noble boon to Scotland. It freed the country for ever from the atrocious powers of examination under torture. This, as we have seen, was currently practised during the reigns of Charles II and his brother James; and it had been put in force, though unfrequently, after the Revolution. A greater injustice cannot be imagined, than the practice of torture to extort confession, although it once made a part of judicial procedure in every country of Europe, and is still resorted to in some continental nations. It is easy to conceive, that a timid man, or one peculiarly sensible to pain, will confess crimes of which he is innocent, to avoid or escape from the infliction of extreme torture; while a villain, of a hardy disposition of mind and body, will endure the worst tor-

ment that can be imposed on him, rather than avow offences of which he is actually guilty.

The laws of both countries conformed but too well in adding to the punishment of high-treason certain aggravations, which, while they must disgust and terrify the humane and civilised, tend only to brutalize the vulgar and unthinking part of the spectators, and to familiarize them with acts of cruelty. On this the laws of England were painfully minute. They enjoined that the traitor should be cut down from the gibbet before life and sensibility to pain were extinguished—that while half-strangled, his heart should be torn from his breast, and thrown into the fire—his body opened and embowelled, and,—omitting other more shamefully savage injunctions,—that his corpse should be quartered, and exposed upon bridges and city towers, and abandoned to the carrion crow and the eagle. Admitting that high-treason, as it implies the destruction of the government under which we live, is the highest of all possible crimes, still the forfeiture of life, which it does, and ought to infer, is the highest punishment which our mortal state affords. All the butchery, therefore, which the former laws of England prescribed, only disgusts or hardens the heart of the spectator; while the apparatus of terror seldom affects the criminal, who has been generally led to commit the crime by some strong enthusiastic feeling, either implanted in him by education, or caught up from sympathy with others; and which, as it leads him to hazard life itself, is not subdued or daunted by the additional or protracted tortures, which can be added to the manner in which death is inflicted.

Another penalty annexed to the crime of high-treason, was the forfeiture of the estates of the criminal to the crown, to the disinheriting of his children, or natural heirs. There is something in this difficult to reconcile to moral feeling, since it may, in some degree, be termed visiting the crimes of the parents upon the children. It may be also alleged, that it is hard to forfeit and take away from the lawful line of succession property which may have been acquired by the talents and industry of the criminal's forefathers, or, perhaps, by their meritorious services to the state. But, on the other hand, it must be considered, that there is something not inappropriate in the punishment of reducing to poverty the family of him, who, by his attack on the state, might have wrought the ruin of thousands of families. Nor is it less to be admitted, that this branch of the punishment has a quality always desirable—namely, a strong tendency to deter men from the crime. High-treason is usually the offence of men of rank and wealth; at least such, being the leaders in civil war, are usually selected for punishment. It is natural that such persons, however willingly they may venture their own persons, should be apt to hesitate when the enterprise involves all the fortunes of their house, name, rank, and other advantages, which, having received perhaps from a long train of ancestors, they are naturally and laudably desirous to transmit to their posterity.

The proposal for extending the treason law of England into North Britain, was introduced under the title of a bill for further completing and perfecting the Union. Many of the Scottish members alleged, on

the contrary, that the proposed enactments were rather a violation of the national treaty, since the bill was directly calculated to encroach on the powers of the Court of Justiciary, which had been guaranteed by the Union. This objection was lessened at least by an amendment on the bill, which declared, that three of the Judges of Justiciary (so the Criminal Court of Scotland is termed) should be always included in any Commission of Oyer and Terminer.—The bill passed into a statute, and has been ever since the law of the land.

Thus was the Union completed. We shall next endeavour to show, in the phrase of mechanics, how this new machine worked; or, in other words, how this great alteration on the internal Constitution of Great Britain answered the expectations of those by whom the changes were introduced.

CHAPTER III.

Characters of the Leading Men in Scotland—the Dukes of Hamilton and Argyle, and the Earl of Mar—Reception of the Scottish Members in Parliament—Differences between the Scottish Peers and Commoners—Reconciliation between them in consequence of the Discussion of the Question, whether Scottish Peers, on being created Peers of Great Britain, had a right to sit in the House of Lords—Debate on the Question, whether the Malt Tax ought to be extended to Scotland—Motion for the Abolition of the Union—negated by a Majority of only Four—Ferment occasioned by the Publication of Swift's Pamphlet on "The Public Spirit of the Whigs."

IN order to give you a distinct idea of the situation in which Great Britain was placed at this eventful period, I shall first sketch the character of three or four of the principal persons of Scotland, whose influence had most effect in producing the course of events which followed. I shall then explain the course pursued by the Scottish representatives in the national Parliament; and these preliminaries being discussed, I shall, thirdly, endeavour to trace the general measures of Britain respecting her foreign relations, and to explain the effect which these produced upon the public tranquillity of the United Kingdom.

The Duke of Hamilton you are already somewhat acquainted with, as a distinguished character during the last Parliament of Scotland, when he headed the opposition to the treaty of Union; and also during the plot for invading Scotland and restoring the Stewart family, when he seems to have been regarded as the leader of the Lowland Jacobites, those of the Highlands rather inclining to the Duke of Athole. He was the peer of the highest rank in Scotland, and nearly connected with the royal family; which made some accuse him of looking towards the crown, a folly of which his acknowledged good sense might be allowed to acquit him. He was handsome in person, courtly and amiable in manners, generally popular with all classes, and the natural head of the gentry of Lanarkshire, many of whom are descended from his own family. Through the influence of his mother, the Duchess, he had always preserved a strong interest among the Hillmen, or Cameronians, who had since the Revolution shown themselves in arms more than once; and, in case of a civil war or invasion, must have been of material avail. With all these advantages of birth, character and influence, the

Duke of Hamilton had a defect which prevented his attaining eminence as a political leader. He possessed personal valour, as he showed in his last and tragic scene, but he was destitute of political courage and decision. Dangers which he had braved at a distance, appalled him when they approached near; he was apt to disappoint his friends, as the horse who baulks the leap to which he has come gallantly up, endangers, or perhaps altogether unseats, his rider. Even with this defect, Hamilton was beloved and esteemed by Lockhart, and other leaders of the Tory party, who appear rather to have regretted his unsteadiness as a weakness, than condemned it as a fault.

The next Scottish nobleman, whose talents made him pre-eminent on the scene during this eventful period, was John, Duke of Argyle, a person whose greatness did not consist in the accidents of rank, influence, and fortune, though possessed of all these in the highest order which his country permitted, since his talents were such as must have forced him into distinction and eminence, in what humble state soever he might have been born. This great man was heir of the ancient house of Argyle, which makes so distinguished a figure in Scottish history, and whose name occurs so often in the former volumes of these Tales. The Duke of whom we now speak was the great-grandson of the Marquis of Argyle who was beheaded after the Restoration, and grandson of the earl who suffered the same fate under James II. The family had been reduced to very narrow circumstances, by those repeated acts of persecution.

The house of Argyle was indemnified at the Revolution, when the father of Duke John was restored to his paternal property, and in compensation for the injuries and injustice sustained by his father and grandfather, was raised to the rank of Duke. A remarkable circumstance which befell Duke John in his infancy, would, by the pagans, have been supposed to augur, that he was under the special care of Providence, and reserved for some great purposes. About the time (tradition says on the very day, 30th June, 1685) that his grandfather, the Earl Archibald, was about to be executed, the heir of the family, then about seven years old, fell from a window of the ancient tower of Lethington, near Haddington, the residence at that time of his grandmother, the Duchess of Lauderdale. The height is so great, that the child escaping unhurt, might be accounted a kind of miracle.

Having entered early on a military life, to which his family had been long partial, he distinguished himself at the siege of Keyzerswart, under the eye of King William. Showing a rare capacity for business, he was appointed Lord High Commissioner to the Scottish Parliament in 1705, on which occasion he managed so well, as to set on foot the treaty of Union, by carrying through the Act for the appointment of Commissioners, to adjust that great national measure. The Duke, therefore, laid the first stone of an edifice, which, though carried on upon an erroneous and narrow system, was, nevertheless, ultimately calculated to be, and did in fact prove, the basis of universal prosperity to the United Kingdoms. In the last Scottish Parliament, his powerful

eloquence was a principal means of supporting that great treaty. Argyle's name does not appear in any list of the sharers of the equivalent money; and his countrymen, amid the unpopularity which attached to the measure, distinguished him as having favoured it from real principle. Indeed, it is an honourable part of this great man's character, that, though bent on the restoration of the fortunes of his family, sorely abridged by the mischances of his grandfather and great-grandfather, and by the extravagances of his father, he had too much sense and too much honour ever to stoop to any indirect mode of gaining personal advantage, and was able, in a venal age, to set all imputations of corruption at defiance; whereas the statesman who is once detected bartering his opinions for lucre, is like a woman who has lost her reputation, and can never afterwards regain the public trust and good opinion which he has forfeited. Argyle was rewarded, however, by being created an English Peer, by the title of Earl of Greenwich, and Baron Chatham.

Argyle, after the Union was carried, returned to the army, and served under Marlborough with distinguished reputation, of which it was thought that great general even condescended to be jealous. At least it is certain that there was no cordiality between them, it being understood that when there was a rumour that the Whig administration of Godolphin would make a push to have the Duke created general for life, in spite of the Queen's pleasure to the contrary, Argyle offered, if such an attempt should be made, to make Marlborough prisoner even in the midst of the victorious army which he commanded. At this time, therefore, he was a steady and zealous friend of Harley and Bolingbroke, who were then beginning their Tory administration. To recompense his valuable support, he was named by the Tory ministry commander-in-chief in Spain, and assured of all the supplies in troops and money which might enable him to carry on the war with success in that kingdom, where the Tories had all along insisted it should be maintained. With this pledge, Argyle accepted the appointment, in the ambitious hope of acquiring that military renown which he principally coveted.

But the Duke's mortification was extreme in finding, on his arrival in Spain, the British army in a state too wretched to undertake any enterprise of moment, and indeed unfit even to defend its positions. The British ministers broke the word they had pledged for his support, and sent him neither money, supplies, nor reinforcements; so that instead of rivalling Marlborough, as had been his ambition, in conquering territories and gaining battles, Argyle saw himself reduced to the melancholy necessity of retiring to Minorca to save the wreck of the army. The reason given by the ministers for this breach of faith was, that having determined on that accommodation with France which was afterwards termed the peace of Utrecht, they did not desire to prosecute the war with vigour either in Spain or any other quarter. Argyle fell sick with mortified pride and resentment. He struggled for life in a violent fever, and returned to Britain with vindictive intentions towards the ministers, who had, he thought, disappointed him, by their breach of promise, of an ample harvest of glory.

On his return to England, the ministers, Harley, now Earl of Oxford, and the Lord Bolingbroke, endeavoured to soothe the Duke's resentment by appointing him commander in-chief in Scotland, and governor of the Castle of Edinburgh; but, notwithstanding, he remained a bitter and dangerous opponent of their administration, formidable by his high talents, both civil and military, his ready eloquence, and the fearless energy with which he spoke and acted. Such was the distinguished John Duke of Argyle, whom we shall often have to mention in these pages.

John, eleventh earl of Mar, of the name of Erskine, was also a remarkable person at this period. He was a man of quick parts and prompt eloquence, an adept in state intrigues, and a successful courtier. His paternal estate had been greatly embarrassed by the mismanagement of his father, but in a great measure redeemed by his own prudent economy. He obtained the command of a regiment of foot, but though we are about to see him at the head of an army, it does not appear that Mar had given his mind to military affairs, or acquired experience by going on actual service. His father had been a Whig, and professed Revolution principles, and the present Earl entered life bearing the same colours. He brought forward in the Parliament of Scotland the proposal for the treaty of Union, and was one of the Scottish commissioners for settling the preliminary articles. Being secretary of state for Scotland during the last Scottish Parliament, he supported the treaty both with eloquence and address. Mar does not appear amongst those who received any portion of the equivalents; but as he lost his secretaryship by the Union, he was created keeper of the signet, with a pension, and was admitted into the English Privy Council. Upon the celebrated change of the administration in 1710, the Earl of Mar, then one of the fifteen peers who represented the nobility of Scotland, passed over to the new ministers, and was created one of the British secretaries of state. In this capacity he was much employed in the affairs of Scotland, and in managing such matters as they had to do in the Highlands. His large estate upon the river Dee in Aberdeenshire, called the forest of Braemar, placed him at the head of a considerable Highland following of his own, which rendered it more easy for him, as dispenser of the bounties of government, to establish an interest among the chiefs, which ultimately had fatal consequences to them and to himself.

Such were the three principal Scottish nobles on whom the affairs of Scotland, at that uncertain period, very much depended. We are next to give some account of the manner in which the forty-five members, whom the Union had settled to be the proportion indulged to Scotland as her share of the legislature, were received in the English senate.

And here it must be noticed, that although individually the Scottish members were cordially received in London, and in society saw or felt no prejudice whatever existing against them on account of their birth-place, and though there was no dislike exhibited against them individually, yet they were soon made sensible that their presence in the senate was as unacceptable to the English members, as the arrival of a body of strange rams in a pasture, where

a flock of the same animals have been feeding for some time. The contentions between those who are in possession and the new comers, are in that case carried to a great height, and occasion much noise and many encounters; and for a long time the smaller band of strangers are observed to herd together, and to avoid intermingling with the original possessors, nor, if they attempt to do so, are they cordially received.

This same species of discord was visible between the great body of the English House of Commons and the handful of Scottish members introduced among them by the Union. It was so much the case, that the national prejudices of English and Scots pitted against each other, even interfered with and overcame the political differences, by which the conduct and votes of the representatives of both nations would have been otherwise regulated. The Scottish members, for example, found themselves neglected, thwarted, and overborne by numbers, on many occasions where they conceived the immediate interests of their country were concerned, and where they thought that, in courtesy and common fairness, they, as the peculiar representatives of Scotland, ought to have been allowed something more than their small proportion of five and-forty votes. The opinion even of a single member of parliament is listened to with some deference, when the matter discussed intimately concerns the shire or burgh which he represents, because he obtains credit for having made himself more master of the case than others who are less interested. And it was surely natural for the Scots to claim similar deference when speaking in behalf of a whole kingdom, whose wants and whose advantages could be known to none in the house so thoroughly as to themselves. But they were far from experiencing the courtesy which they expected. It was expressly refused to them in the following instances.

1. The alteration of the law of high-treason, already mentioned, was a subject of discord. The Scottish members were sufficiently desirous that their law, in this particular, should be modelled anew, by selecting the best parts of the system of both countries, and this would certainly have been the most equitable course. But the English law, in this particular, was imposed on Scotland with little exception or modification.

2. Another struggle for national advantage occurred respecting the drawbacks of duty allowed upon fish cured in Scotland. This advantage the Scottish merchants had a right to by the letter of the treaty, which expressly declared, that there should be a free communication of trade and commercial privileges between the kingdoms, so that the Scottish as well as the English merchant was entitled to these drawbacks. To this the English answered, that the salt with which the Scottish fish were cured before the Union, had not paid the high English duty, and that to grant drawbacks upon goods so prepared, would be to return to the Scottish trader sums which he had never advanced. There was some reason, no doubt, in the objection; but in so great a transaction as the Union of two kingdoms, there must have occurred circumstances which, for one cause or another, must necessarily create an advantage to individuals of the one

country or the other; and it seemed ungracious in the wealthy kingdom of England to grudge to the poorer people of Scotland so trifling a benefit attendant on so important a measure. The English Parliament did accordingly at last agree to this drawback; but the action lost its grace from the obvious unwillingness with which the advantage was conceded, and, as frequently happens, the giving up the point in question did not consign to oblivion the acrimony of the discussions which it had occasioned. The debates on the several questions we have just noticed, all occurred in the session of the British Parliament during which the Union was completed.

In 1710, Queen Anne, becoming weary of her Whig ministers, as I will tell you more at length, took an opportunity to dismiss them, upon finding the voice of the country unfavourable to them, in the foolish affair of Sacheverel; and, as is the usual course in such cases, she dissolved the Parliament in which the administration had a majority, and assembled a new one.

The Tory ministry, like all ministers entering on office, endeavoured, by civility or promises, to gain the support of every description of men; and the Scottish members, who, after all, made up forty-five votes, were not altogether neglected. The new ministry boasted to the representatives of North Britain, that the present parliament consisted chiefly of independent country gentlemen, who would do impartial justice to all parts of Britain, and that Scotland should have nothing to complain of.

An opportunity speedily occurred of proving the sincerity of these promises. It must first be remarked, that the opposition made to the measures of government had hitherto been almost entirely on the side of the Scottish members in the Lower House, who had pursued the policy of threatening to leave the administration in a minority in trying questions, by passing in a body to the opposition; a line of political tactics which will always give to a small but united band a certain weight in the House of Commons, where nicely-balanced questions frequently occur, and forty-five votes may turn the scale one way or other. By this policy the Scottish commoners had sometimes produced a favourable issue on points in which their country was concerned. But such was not the practice of the representatives of the peerage, who, having some of them high rank, with but small fortunes to sustain it, were for a time tolerably tractable, voting regularly along with the ministers in power. A question, however, arose of which we shall speak presently, concerning the privileges of their own order, which disturbed this interested and self-seeking course of policy.

Another reason for the lukewarmness of the Scottish Peers was that the commoners of Scotland had been active on two occasions, in which they had interposed barriers against the exorbitant power of the aristocracy. The first was, an enactment passed rendering the eldest sons of Scottish peers incapable of sitting as members in the House of Commons. This incapacity was imposed, because, being of the same rank or status as the nobility, it was considered that the eldest sons of the nobles were, like their fathers, virtually represented by the sixteen Scottish Peers sent to the Upper House. The second regu-

lation displeasing to the Peerage was that which rendered illegal the votes of such electors in Scotland, as, not being possessed in their own right of the qualification necessary by law, had obtained a temporary conveyance of a freehold qualification of the necessary amount, which they bound themselves to restore to the person by whom it was lent, for the purpose of voting at elections. The effect of this law was to destroy an indirect mode by which the peers had attempted to interfere in the election of the commoners. For before this provision, although a peer could not himself appear or vote for the election of a commoner, he might, by cutting his crown-holding into qualifications of the necessary amount, and distributing them among confidential persons, place so many fictitious voters on the roll, as might outvote those real proprietors, in whom the constitution vested the right of election. These two laws show that the Scottish members of the House of Commons were alive to the value of their constitutional rights, and the danger to their freedom from the interference of the peers in elections to the Lower House. These differences occasioned some coldness between the Sixteen Peers and the Scottish Members of Parliament, and prevented for a time a co-operation between them in cases where the interests of their common country seemed to require it. The following incident, to which I have already alluded, put an end to this coldness.

Queen Anne, in the course of her administration, had begun to withdraw her favours from the Whigs, and confer them upon the Tories, even upon such as were supposed to have embraced the Jacobite interest. Among these, the Duke of Hamilton being conspicuous, he was, in addition to his other titles, created a peer of Great Britain, by the title of the Duke of Brandon. A similar exertion of the Queen's prerogative had already been made in the case of the Duke of Queensberry, who had been called to the British peerage, by the title of Duke of Dover. But notwithstanding this precedent, there was violent opposition to the Duke of Hamilton taking his seat as a British peer. It was said no Scottish noble could sit in that House by any other title than as one of the sixteen Peers, to which number the peerage of that kingdom had been restricted as an adequate representation; and the opposition pretended to see great danger in opening any other way to their getting into the Upper House, even through the grant of the Sovereign, than the election of their own number. The fallacy of this reasoning is obvious, seeing it was allowed on all hands that the Queen could have made any Scotsman a British peer, providing he was not a peer in his own country. Thus the Scottish peerage were likely to be placed in a very awkward situation. They were peers already, as far as the question of all personal privileges went; but because they were such, it was argued that they were not capable of holding the additional privilege of sitting as legislators, which it was admitted the Queen could confer, with all other immunities, upon any Scottish commoner. Their case was that of the bat in the fable, who was rejected both by birds and mice, because she had some alliance with each of them. A Scottish peer, not being one of the elected fifteen, could not be a legislator in his own country, for the Scottish

Parliament was abolished; and according to this doctrine, he had become, for no reason that can be conjectured, incapable of being called to the British House of Peers, to which the King could summon by his will any one save himself and his co-peers of Scotland. Nevertheless, the House of Peers, after a long debate, and by a narrow majority, decided, that no Scottish peer being created a peer of Great Britain since the Union, had a right to sit in that house. The Scottish peers, highly offended at the decision, drew up a remonstrance to the Queen, in which they complained of it as an infringement of the Union, and a mark of disgrace put upon the whole peerage of Scotland. The resolution of the House of Peers was afterwards altered, and many of the Scottish nobility have, at various periods, been created peers of Great Britain.

But during the time while it remained binding, it produced a considerable change in the temper of the Scottish peers, and brought them to form a closer union among themselves and with the commons. Influenced by these feelings of resentment, and by the energy of the Duke of Argyle, they bestirred themselves to resist the extension of the malt-tax to Scotland.

This tax, which the Scots dreaded peculiarly, because it imposed upon their malt a duty equal to that levied in England, had been specially canvassed in the course of the treaty of Union; and it had finally been agreed that Scotland should not pay the tax during the continuance of the war. In point of strict right, the Scots had little to say, excepting that the peace with Spain was not yet proclaimed, which might have enabled them to claim a delay, but not an exemption from the imposition. In point of equity, there was more to be pleaded. The barley grown in Scotland, being raised on an inferior soil, is not, at least was not at the time of the Union, worth more than one-third or one-half of the intrinsic value of that raised on the fertile soil, and under the fine climate, of England. If, therefore, the same duty was to be laid on the same quantity as in South Britain, the poorer country would be taxed in a double or triple proportion to that which was better able to bear the burden. Two Scottish peers, the Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Mar, and two commoners, Cochburn, younger, of Ormiston, and Lockhart of Carnwath, a Whig and Tory of each house, were deputed to wait upon Queen Anne, and represent the dangerous discontents which the imposition of a tax so unequal as that upon malt was likely to occasion in so poor a country as Scotland. This was stated to her Majesty personally, who returned the answer ministers had put into her mouth—"She was sorry," she said, "that her people of Scotland thought they had reason to complain; but she thought they drove their resentment too far, and wished they would not repeat it."

The war, however, being ended by the peace of Utrecht, the English proposed to extend the obnoxious tax to Scotland. The debates in both Houses became very animated. The English testified some contempt for the poverty of Scotland, while the Scottish members, on the other hand, retorted fiercely, that the English took advantage of their great majority of numbers and privilege of place, to say more than, man to man, they would dare to answer. The Scottish peers in the Upper House maintained the

cause of the country with equal vehemence. But the issue was, the duty was imposed, with a secret assurance on the part of ministers that it was not to be exacted. This last indulgence was what Scotland, strictly speaking, was not entitled to look for, since her own Estates had previously conceded the question; and they had no right to expect from the British Parliament a boon, which their own, while making the bargain, had neglected to stipulate. But they felt they had been treated with haughtiness and want of courtesy in the course of the debate; and so great was their resentment, that in a general meeting of the forty-five Scottish members, they came to the resolution to move for the dissolution of the Union, as an experiment which had failed in the good effects it was expected to produce—which resolution was also adopted by the Scottish peers. It was supported by Scottish members of all parties, Whigs and Revolutionists, as well as Tories and Jacobites; and as all the English Whigs who, being in office, were so eager for the establishment of the Union, were now, when in opposition, as eager for its dissolution, its defence rested with the English Tories, by whom it had been originally opposed at every stage of its progress. This important treaty, which involved so much of national happiness, stood in danger of sharing the fate of a young fruit-tree, cut down by an ignorant gardener, because it bears no fruit in the season after it has been planted.

The motion for the dissolution of the Union was brought forward in the House of Lords by Lord Findlater and Seafield, that very Lord Findlater and Seafield who, being Chancellor of the Scottish Parliament by which the treaty was adjusted, signed the last adjournment of his country's representatives with the jeering observation, that "there was an end of an old song." His lordship with a considerable degree of embarrassment, arising from the recollection of his own inconsistency, had the assurance to move that this "old song" should be resumed, and the Union abolished, on account of the four following alleged grievances:—1. The abolition of the Privy Council of Scotland; 2. The introduction of the English law of high-treason; 3. The incapacity of Scottish peers to be called to Parliament as peers of Britain; 4. The imposition of the malt-tax. None of these reasons of complaint vindicated Lord Findlater's proposition. 1. The abolition of the Privy Council was a boon rather than a grievance to Scotland, which that oppressive body had ruled with a rod of iron. 2. The English treason law was probably more severe in some particulars than that of Scotland, but it had the undeniable advantage of superior certainty and precision. 3. The incapacity of the Scottish peers was indeed an encroachment upon their privileges, but it was capable of being reversed, and has been reversed accordingly, without the necessity of destroying the Union. 4. If the malt-tax was a grievance, it was one which the Scottish commissioners, and his lordship amongst others, had under their view during the progress of the treaty, and to which they had formerly subjected their country, and were not, therefore, entitled to complain, as if something new or unexpected had happened, when the English availed themselves of a stipulation to which they themselves had consented.

The Duke of Argyle supported the motion for abrogating the Union, with far more energy than had been displayed by Lord Findlater. He declared, that when he advocated the treaty of Union, it was for the sole reason that he saw no other mode of securing the Protestant succession to the throne; he had changed his mind on that subject, and thought other remedies as capable of securing that great point. On the insults and injuries which had been unsparingly flung upon Scotland and Scotsmen, he spoke like a high-minded and high-spirited man; and to those who had hinted reproaches against him, as having deserted his party, he replied, that he scorned the imputations they threw out, as much as he despised their understanding.

This bold orator came nearest to speaking out the real cause of the universal discontent of the Scottish members, which was less the pressure of any actual grievance, than the sense of the habitually insulting and injurious manner in which they were treated by the English members, as if the representatives of some inferior and subjugated province. But personal resentment, or offended national pride, however powerful, ought not to have been admitted as reasons for altering a national enactment, which had been deliberately and seriously entered into; for the welfare of posterity is not to be sacrificed to the vindictive feelings of the present generation.

The debate on Lord Findlater's motion was very animated, and it was wonderful to see the energy with which the Tories defended that Union which they had opposed in every stage; while the Whigs, equally inconsistent, attempted to pull down the fabric which their own hands had been so active in rearing. The former, indeed, could plead, that, though they had not desired to have a treaty of Union, yet, such having been once made, and the ancient constitutions of both countries altered and accommodated to it, there was no inconsistency in their being more willing it should remain, than that the principles of the constitution should be rendered the subject of such frequent changes and tamperings. The inconsistency of the Whigs hardly admits of equal apology.

The division upon the question was so close, that it was rejected by a majority of *four* only; so nearly had that important treaty received its death-blow within six years after it was entered into.

Shortly after this hair-breadth escape, for such we may surely term it, another circumstance occurred, tending strongly to show with what sensitive jealousy the Scots of that day regarded any reflections on their country. The two great parties of Whig and Tory, the former forming the Opposition, and the latter the Ministerial party, besides their regular war in the House of Commons, had maintained a skirmishing warfare of pamphlets and lampoons, many of them written by persons of distinguished talent.

Of these, the celebrated Sir Richard Steele wrote a tract, called the *Crisis*, which was widely circulated by the Whigs. The still more able Jonathan Swift, the intimate friend and advocate of the existing ministers, published (but anonymously) a reply, entitled "The Public Spirit of the Whigs set forth,

in their encouragement of the author of the *Crisis*." It was a sarcastic political lampoon against the Whigs and their champion, interspersed with bitter reflections upon the Duke of Argyle and his country.

In this composition, the author gives rein to his prejudices against the Scottish nation. He grudged that Scotland should have been admitted into commercial privileges, by means of this Union, from which Ireland was excluded. The natural mode of redressing this inequality, was certainly to put all three nations on a similar footing. But as nothing of this kind seemed at that time practicable, Swift accused the Scots of affectation, in pretending to quarrel with the terms of a treaty which was so much in their favour, and supposes, that while carrying on a debate, under pretence of abrogating the Union, they were all the while in agony lest they should prove successful. Acute observer of men and motives as he was, Swift was in this instance mistaken. Less sharp-sighted than this celebrated author, and blinded by their own exasperated pride, the Scots were desirous of wreaking their revenge at the expense of a treaty which contained so many latent advantages, in the same manner as an intoxicated man vents his rage at the expense of valuable furniture or important papers. In the pamphlet which gave so much offence, Swift denounced the Union "as a project for which there could not possibly be assigned the least reason;" and he defied "any mortal to name one single advantage that England could ever expect from such a Union." The necessity, he justly, but offensively, imputes to the Scots refusing to settle the Crown on the line of Hanover, when, according to the satirist, it was thought "highly dangerous to leave that part of the island, inhabited by a poor, fierce, northern people, at liberty to put themselves under a different king." He censures Godolphin highly for suffering the Act of Security to pass, by which the Scots assumed the privilege of universally arming themselves. "The Union," he allows, "became necessary, because it might have cost England a year or two of war to reduce the Scots." In this admission, Swift pronounces the highest panegyric on the treaty, since the one or two years of hostilities might have only been the recommencement of that war, which had blazed inextinguishably for more than a thousand years.

The Duke of Argyle had been a friend, even a patron, of the satirist, but that was when he acted with Oxford and Bolingbroke, in the earlier part of the administration, at which time he gratified at once their party spirit and his own animosity, by attacking the Duke of Marlborough, and declining to join in the vote of thanks to that great general. While Argyle was in Spain, Swift had addressed a letter to him in that delicate style of flattery, of which he was as great a master as of every power of satirical sarcasm. But when the Duke returned to Britain, embittered against ministers by their breach of promise to supply him with money and reinforcements, and declared himself the unrelenting opponent of them, their party, and their measures, Swift, their intimate confidant and partisan, espoused their new quarrel, and exchanged the panegyrics of which the Duke

had been the object, for poignant satire. Of the number of the Scottish nobility, he talks as one of the great evils of the Union, and asks if it were ever reckoned as an advantage to a man who was about to marry a woman much his inferior, and without a groat to her fortune, that she brought in her train a numerous retinue of retainers and dependents. He is supposed to have aimed particularly at the Duke of Argyle, and his brother, Lord Islay, in these words:—"I could point out some with great titles, who affected to appear very vigorous for dissolving the Union, although their whole revenue, before that period, would have ill maintained a Welsh justice of peace, and have since gathered more money than ever any Scotsman who had not travelled could form an idea of."

These shafts of satire against a body of men so sensitive and vindictive as the Scots had lately shown themselves, and directed also against a person of the Duke of Argyle's talents and consequence, were not likely, as the ministers well knew, to be passed over lightly, either by those who felt aggrieved, or the numerous opposition party, who were sure to avail themselves of such an opportunity for pressing home a charge against Swift, whom all men believed to be the author of the tract, and under whose shafts they had suffered both as a party and as individuals. The ministry therefore formed a plan to elude an attack, which might have been attended with evil consequences to so valued and valuable a partisan.

They were in the right to have premeditated a scheme of defence, or rather of evasion, for the accusation was taken up in the House of Lords by the Earl of Wharton, a nobleman of high talent, and not less eager in the task, that the satirist had published a character of the Earl himself, drawn when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in which he was painted in the most detestable colours. Wharton made a motion, concluding that the honour of the House was concerned in discovering the villanous author of so false and scandalous a libel, that justice might be done to the Scottish nation. The Lord Treasurer Oxford disclaimed all knowledge of the author, and readily concurred in an order for taking into custody the publisher and printer of the pamphlet complained of. On the next day, the Earl of Mar informed the House, that he, as Secretary of State, had raised a prosecution in his Majesty's name against John Barber. This course was intended, and had the effect, to screen Swift; for, when the printer was himself made the object of a prosecution, he could not be used as an evidence against the author, whom, and not the printer or publisher, it was the purpose of the Whigs to prosecute. Enraged at being deprived of their prey, the House of Peers addressed the Queen, stating the atrocity of the libel, and beseeching her Majesty to issue a proclamation offering a reward for the discovery of the author. The Duke of Argyle and the Scottish Lords, who would have perhaps acted with a truer sense of dignity, had they passed over such calumnies with contempt, pressed their address on the Queen by personal remonstrance, and a reward of three hundred pounds was offered for the discovery of the writer.

Every one knew Swift to be the person aimed at

as the author of the offensive tract. But he remained, nevertheless, safe from legal detection.

Thus I have given you an account of some, though not of the whole debates, which the Union was, in its operation, the means of exciting in the first British Parliament. The narrative affords a melancholy proof of the errors into which the wisest and best statesmen are hurried, when, instead of considering important public measures calmly and dispassionately, they regard them in the erroneous light in which they are presented by personal feeling and party prejudices. Men do not in the latter case ask, whether the public will be benefited or injured by the enactment under consideration, but whether their own party will reap most advantage by defending or opposing it.

CHAPTER IV.

Influence of the Duchess of Marlborough over Queen Anne—Trial of Doctor Sacheverel—Unpopularity of the Whigs—Their Dismissal from the Ministry—Accession of Harley and the Tory Party to Power—Peace of Utrecht—Plan of the Queen for bringing in her Brother, the Chevalier de St George, as Successor to the Throne—Intrigues of Viscount Bolingbroke for the same end—Duel between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun—Mission of Bolingbroke to Paris.

IN my last chapter, I detailed to you the consequences of the Union, and told you how the unfair, unkind, and disparaging reception which the English afforded to the Scottish members in the House of Lords and Commons, although treating them in their private capacities with every species of kindness, had very nearly occasioned the breach of the treaty. I must now retrace the same ground, to give you a more distinct idea how Britain stood in general politics, independent of the frequent and fretful bickerings between England and Scotland in the British Parliament.

King William, as I have already told you, died in 1701, little lamented by his subjects, for, though a man of great ability, he was too cold and phlegmatic to inspire affection, and besides he was a foreigner. In Scotland his memory was little revered by any party. The Highlanders remembered Glencoe, the Lowlanders could not forget Darien; the Episcopalians resented the destruction of their hierarchy, the Presbyterians discovered in his measures something of Erastianism, that is, a purpose of subjecting the Church to the State.

Queen Anne, therefore, succeeded to her brother-in-law, to the general satisfaction of her subjects. Her qualities, too, were such as gained for her attachment and esteem. She was a good wife, a most affectionate mother, a kind mistress, and, to add to her domestic virtues, a most confiding and faithful friend.

The object of her attachment in this latter capacity was Lady Churchill, who had been about her person from a very early period. This woman was so high-spirited, haughty, and assuming, that even her husband (afterwards the celebrated Duke of Marlborough), the conqueror in so many battles, frequently came off less than victorious in any domestic dispute with her. To this lady, Anne, for several years before her succession to the crown, had been accustomed in

a great measure to yield up her own opinions. She left the house of her father James II, and mingled in the Revolution, at the instance of Lady Churchill. At her accession Queen Anne was rather partial to the Tories, both from regarding their principles as more favourable to monarchy, and because, though the love of power, superior to most other feelings, might induce her to take possession of the throne, which by hereditary descent ought to have been that of her father or brother, yet she still felt the ties of family affection, and was attached to that class of politicians who regarded the exiled family with compassion, at least, if not with favour. All these, Queen Anne's own natural wishes and predilections, were overborne by her deference to her favourite's desires and interest. Their intimacy had assumed so close and confidential a character, that she insisted that her friend should lay aside all the distinctions of royalty in addressing her, and they corresponded together in terms of the utmost equality, the sovereign assuming the name of Morley, the servant that of Freeman, which Lady Churchill, now Countess of Marlborough, chose as expressive of the frankness of her own temper. Sunderland and Godolphin were ministers of unquestionable talent, who carried on with perseverance and skill the scheme formed by King William for defending the liberties of Europe against the encroachments of France. But Queen Anne reposed her confidence in them chiefly because they were closely connected with Mrs Freeman and her husband. Now this species of arrangement, my dear boy, was just such a childish whim as when you and your little brother get into a basket, and play at sailing down to A——, to see grand-papa. A sovereign cannot enjoy the sort of friendship which subsists between equals, for he cannot have equals with whom to form such a union; and every attempt to play at make-believe intimacy commonly ends in the royal person's being secretly guided and influenced by the flattery and assentation of an artful and smooth-tongued parasite, or tyrannized over by the ascendancy of a haughtier and higher mind than his own. The husband of Queen Anne, Prince George of Denmark, might have broken off this extreme familiarity between his wife and her haughty favourite; but he was a quiet, good, humane man, meddling with nothing, and apparently considering himself as unfit for public affairs, which agreed with the opinion entertained of him by others.

The death of Queen Anne's son and heir, the Duke of Gloucester, the sole survivor of a numerous family, by depriving her of the last object of domestic affection, seemed to render the Queen's extreme attachment to her friend more direct, and Lady Marlborough's influence became universal. The war which was continued against the French, had the most brilliant success, and the general was loaded with honours; but the Queen favoured Marlborough less because he was the most accomplished and successful general at that time in the world, than as the husband of her affectionate Mrs Freeman. In short, the affairs of England, at all times so influential in Europe, turned altogether upon the private friendship between Mrs Freeman and Mrs Morley.

At the moment when it seemed most completely secure, this intimacy was overthrown by the influence

of a petty intrigue in the Queen's family. The Duchess of Marlborough, otherwise Mrs Freeman, had used the power with which her mistress's partiality had invested her, far too roughly. She was avaricious and imperious in her demands, careless and even insolent in her conduct towards the Queen herself. For some time this was endured as an exercise of that frank privilege of equality with which her Majesty's friendship had invested her. For a much longer space it may be supposed, the Queen tolerated her caprice and insolence, partly because she was afraid of her violent temper, partly because she was ashamed to break off the romantic engagement which she had herself formed. She was not, however, the less impatient of the Duchess of Marlborough's yoke, or less watchful of an opportunity to cast it off.

The Duchess had introduced among the Queen's attendants, in the capacity of what was called a dresser, a young lady of good birth, named Abigail Hill, a kinswoman of her own. She was the reverse of the Duchess in her temper, being good-humoured, lively, and, from disposition and policy, willing to please her mistress in every manner possible. She attracted by degrees first the Queen's favour, and at length her confidence; so that Anne sought in the solicitous attentions and counsels of her new friend, consolation from the rudeness with which the Duchess treated her both in private and public life. The progress of this intimacy was closely watched by Harley, a statesman of talents, and hitherto professing the principles of the Whigs. He had been repeatedly Speaker of the House of Commons, and was Secretary of State in the existing Whig administration. But he was ambitious of higher rank in the cabinet, being conscious of superior talents, and he caballed against the Duchess of Marlborough, in consequence of her having repulsed his civilities towards her with her usual insolence of manner. The partner of Harley's counsels was Mr Henry St John (afterwards Lord Bolingbroke), a young man of the most distinguished abilities, and who afterwards made a great figure both in politics and in literature.

Harley lost no time in making advances to intimacy with the new favourite; and as he claimed some kindred with Miss Hill's family, this was easily accomplished. This lady's interest with the Queen was now so great, that she was able to procure her cousin private audiences with the Queen, who, accustomed to the harshness of the Duchess of Marlborough, whose tone of authority had been adopted by the Whig ministers of the higher class, was soothed by the more respectful deportment of these new counsellors. Harley was more submissive and deferential in his manners, and conducted himself with an attention to the Queen's wishes and opinions, to which she had been hitherto little accustomed. It was undoubtedly his purpose to use the influence thus acquired, to the destruction of Godolphin's authority, and to accomplish his own rise to the office of first Minister. But his attempt did not succeed in the first instance. His secret intrigues and private interviews with the Sovereign were prematurely discovered, and Harley and his friends were compelled to resign their offices; so that the Whig administration seemed more deeply rooted than ever.

About the same time, Miss Hill was secretly married to Mr Masham; a match which gave great offence to the Duchess of Marlborough, who was beginning to feel that her relation had superseded her in her mistress's affections. As this high-tempered lady found the Queen's confidence was transferred from her, she endeavoured to maintain her ascendancy by threats and intimidation, and was for a time successful in ruling the mind of her late friend by means of fear, as she did formerly by affection. But a false step of the Whig administration enabled Queen Anne at last to shake off this intolerable bondage.

A silly and hot-headed clergyman, named Sacheverel, had preached and printed a political sermon, in which he maintained high Tory principles, and railed at Godolphin, the Lord High Treasurer, and head of Queen Anne's administration, whom he termed Volpone, after an odious character so named in one of Ben Jonson's Plays. The great majority of the landed gentlemen of England were then addicted to Tory principles, and those of the High Church. So bold and daring a sermon, though it had no merit but its audacity to recommend it, procured immense popularity amongst them. The ministers were incensed beyond becoming moderation. The House of Commons impeached the preacher before the tribunal of the House of Lords, and his trial came before the Peers on 27th February, 1710. The utmost degree of publicity was given to it, by the efforts of the Whigs to obtain Doctor Sacheverel's conviction and a severe sentence, and by the corresponding exertions of the Tories to screen him from punishment. The multitude took up the cry of High Church and Sacheverel, with which they beset the different members of both Houses as they went down to Parliament. The trial excited public attention, in a degree hitherto almost unknown. The Queen herself attended almost every day, and her sedan chair was surrounded by crowds, shouting, "God bless the Queen and Doctor Sacheverel! we hope your Majesty is for High Church and Sacheverel." The mob arose, and exhibited their furious zeal for the church by destroying the chapels and meeting-houses of dissenters, and committing similar acts of violence.

The consequence was, that the Doctor was found guilty indeed by the House of Peers, but escaped with being suspended from preaching for three years; a sentence so slight, that it was regarded by the accused and his friends as an acquittal, and they triumphed accordingly.

As these manifestations of the public sentiment were not confined to the capital, but extended over all England, they made evident the unpopularity of the Whig government, and encouraged the Queen to put in execution the plan she had long proposed to herself, of changing her ministry, and endeavouring to negotiate a peace, and terminate the war, which seemed to be protracted without end. Anne, by this change of government and system, desired also to secure the church, which her old prejudices taught her to believe was in danger—and, above all, to get rid of the tyranny of her former friend, Mrs Freeman. A new administration, therefore, was formed under Harley and St John, who, being supported by the

Tory interest, were chiefly, if not exclusively, governed by Tory principles. At the same time, the Duchess of Marlborough was deprived of all her offices about the Queen's person, and disgraced, as it is termed, at court, that is, dismissed from favour and employment. Her husband's service could not be dispensed with so easily; for while the British army were employed, no general could supply the place of Marlborough, who had so often led them to victory. But the Tory ministers endeavoured to lower him in the eyes of the public, by an investigation into certain indirect emoluments taken in his character as general in chief, and to get rid of the indispensable necessity of his military services, by entering into negotiations for peace.

The French government saw and availed themselves of the situation in which that of Britain was placed. They perceived that peace was absolutely necessary to Oxford and Bolingbroke's existence as ministers, and even more so than it was to France as a nation,—though her frontiers had been invaded, her armies repeatedly defeated, and even her capital, to a certain degree, exposed to insult. The consequence was, that the French rose in their terms; and the peace of Utrecht, after much negotiation, was at length concluded on conditions which, as they respected the allies, and the British nation in particular, were very much disproportioned to the brilliant successes of the war.

That article of the treaty which was supposed by all friends of Revolution principles to be most essential to the independence and internal peace of Great Britain, seemed indeed to have been adjusted with some care. The King of France acknowledged, with all formality, the right of Queen Anne to the throne—guaranteed the Act of Succession settling it upon the House of Hanover, and agreed to expel from his territories the unfortunate son of James II. This was done accordingly. Yet, notwithstanding that the Chevalier de Saint George was compelled to remove from the territories of his father's ally, who, on James's death, had formally proclaimed him King of England, the unhappy Prince had, perhaps, at the moment of his expulsion, more solid hopes of being restored to his father's throne, than any which the favour of Louis could have afforded him. This will appear from the following considerations.

Queen Anne, as we have already stated, was attached to the High Church establishment and clergy; and the principles with which these were imbued, if not universally Jacobitical, were at least strongly tinged with a respect for hereditary right. These doctrines could not be supposed to be very displeasing to the Queen herself, as a woman or as a sovereign,—and there were circumstances in her life which made her more ready to admit them. We have already said that the part which Anne had taken at the Revolution, by withdrawing from her father's house, had been determined by the influence of Lady Churchill, who was now, as Duchess of Marlborough, the object of the Queen's hatred, as much as ever she had been that of her affection in the character of Mrs Freeman, and her opinions, and the steps which they had led to, were not probably recollected with much complacency. The desertion of a father, also, however coloured over with political argument, is

likely to become, towards the close of life, a subject of anxious reflection. There is little doubt that the Queen entertained remorse on account of her filial disobedience; more especially, when the early death of her children, and finally that of a hopeful young prince, the Duke of Gloucester, deprived her of all chance of leaving the kingdom to an heir of her own. These deprivations seemed an appropriate punishment to the disobedient daughter, who had been permitted to assume for a time her father's crown, but not to transmit it to her heirs. As the Queen's health became broken and infirm, it was natural that these compunctious thoughts should become still more engrossing, and that she should feel no pleasure in contemplating the prospect which called the Prince of Hanover, a distant relation, to reign over England at her decease; or that she should regard with aversion, almost approaching to horror, a proposal of the Whig party, to invite the Electoral Prince to visit Britain, the crown of which was to devolve upon him after the decease of its present possessor. On the other hand, the condition of the Chevalier de St George, the Queen's brother, the only surviving male of her family, a person whose restoration to the crown of his fathers might be the work of her own hand, was likely to affect the Queen with compassionate interest, and seemed to afford her at the same time an opportunity of redressing such wrongs as she might conceive were done to her father, by making a large though a late amends to his son.

Actuated by motives so natural, there is little doubt that Queen Anne, so soon as she had freed herself from the control of the Duchess of Marlborough, began to turn her mind towards fixing the succession of the crown on her brother, the Chevalier de St George, after her own death, to the prejudice of the act which settled it on the Electoral Prince of Hanover. And she might be the more encouraged to nourish some hopes of success, since a great portion of her subjects of the Three Kingdoms were Jacobites upon principle, and others had but a short step to make from the extremity of Tory sentiments to those which were directly favourable to the House of Stewart. Ireland, the last portion of the British dominions which adhered to King James the Second, could not be supposed indifferent to the restoration of his son. In England, a very great proportion of the High Church clergy, the Universities, and the Tory interest, which prevailed among the country gentlemen, entertained the same bias, and were at little pains to conceal it. In Scotland men were still bolder in avowing their opinions, of which there occurred the following instance.

The Faculty of Advocates in Scotland,—that is to say, the incorporated society of lawyers entitled to practise at the bar, are a body even of more weight and consequence than is attached to them in most countries from the nature of their profession. In the beginning of the 18th century, especially, the Faculty comprehended almost all the sons of good family who did not embrace the army as their choice; for the sword or gown, according to the ideas of that time, were the only occupations which could be adopted by a gentleman. The Advocates are possessed of a noble library, and a valuable collection of medals.

To this learned body, Elizabeth, Duchess of Gordon (by birth, a daughter of the noble house of Howard, and a keen Jacobite), sent the present of a medal for their cabinet. It bore on the one side the head of the Chevalier de St George, with the motto, *Cujus est?* (Whom does it represent?) and on the reverse the British Isles, with the legend, *Reddite* (Restore them). The Dean of Faculty having presented this very intelligible emblem to his brethren, a debate arose, whether or not it should be received into their collection, which was carried on in very warm language, and terminated in a vote which, by a majority of sixty-three to twelve, resolved on the acceptance of the medal. Two advocates were deputed to express, in the name of the learned body, their thanks to the Duchess; and they failed not to do it in a manner expressing pointedly their full comprehension of the import of her Grace's compliment. They concluded by stating their hope, that her Grace would soon have a farther opportunity to oblige the Faculty, by presenting them with a second medal on the subject of a restoration. But when the proceeding became public, the Advocates seem to have been alarmed for the consequences; and, at a general meeting of the Faculty (27th July, 1711), the medal was formally refused, and placed in the hands of the Lord Advocate, to be restored to the Duchess of Gordon. The retractation, however, could not efface the evidence, that this learned and important public body, the commentators on the laws of Scotland, from whom the guardians of her jurisprudence are selected, had shown such boldness as to give a public mark of adherence to the Chevalier de St George.—It was also remarked, that the Jacobite interest predominated in many of the Scottish elections.

While the Queen saw a large party among her subjects in each kingdom well disposed to her brother's succession, one at least of her ministers was found audacious enough to contemplate the same measure, though, in doing so, he might be construed into impeaching his mistress's own right to the sovereign authority. This was Henry St John, created Lord Viscount Bolingbroke. He was a person of lively genius and brilliant parts—a scholar, an orator, and a philosopher. There was a reverse to the fair side of the picture. Bolingbroke was dissipated in private life, daringly sceptical in theological speculation, and when his quick perception showed him a chance of rising, he does not appear to have been extremely scrupulous concerning the path which he trode, so that it led to power. In the beginning of his career as a public man he attached himself to Harley; and when that statesman retired from the Whig administration, in 1708, St John shared his disgrace, and lost the situation of Secretary at War. On the triumph of the Tories, in 1710, when Harley was made Prime Minister, St John was named Secretary of State. Prosperity, however, dissolved the friendship which had withstood the attacks of adversity; and it was soon observed that there was a difference of opinion as well as character between the Premier and his colleague.

Harley, afterwards created Earl of Oxford, was a man of a dark and reserved character—slow, timid, and doubtful, both in counsel and action, and apparently one of those statesmen who affect to govern by

balancing the scales betwixt two contending factions, until at length they finally become the objects of suspicion and animosity to both. He had been bred a Whig, and although circumstances had disposed him to join, and even to head, the Tories, he was reluctantly induced to take any of the violent party measures which they expected at his hand, and seems, in return, never to have possessed their full confidence or unhesitating support. However far Oxford adopted the principles of Toryism, he stopped short of their utmost extent, and was one of the political sect then called *Whimsicals*, who were supposed not to know their own minds, because they avowed principles of hereditary right, and at the same time desired the succession of the line of Hanover. In evidence of his belonging to this class of politicians, it was remarked that he sent his brother, Mr Harley, to the court of Hanover, and through him affected to maintain a close intercourse with the Elector, and expressed much zeal for the Protestant line of succession.

All this mystery and indecision was contrary to the rapid and fiery genius of St John, who felt that he was not admitted into the private and ultimate views of the colleague with whom he had suffered adversity. He was disgusted, too, that Harley should be advanced to the rank of an earl, while he himself was only created a viscount. His former friendship and respect for Oxford was gradually changed to coldness, enmity, and hatred; and he began, with much art, and a temporary degree of success, to prepare a revolution in the state, which he designed should end in Oxford's disgrace, and his own elevation to the supreme authority. He entered with zeal into the ulterior designs of the most extravagant Tories, and, in order to recommend himself to the Queen, did not, it is believed, spare to mingle in intrigues for the benefit of her exiled brother.

It was remarked, that the Chevalier de St George, when obliged to leave France, found refuge in the territories of the Duke of Lorraine; and that petty German prince had the boldness to refuse an application of the British Government, for the removal of his guest from his dominions. It was believed that the Duke dared not have acted thus, unless he had had some private assurance that the application was only made for an ostensible purpose, and that the Queen did not, in reality, desire to deprive her brother of this place of refuge. Other circumstances led to the same conclusion, that Anne and her new ministers favoured the Jacobite interest.

It is more than probable that the Duke of Hamilton, whom we have so often mentioned, was to have been deeply engaged in some transactions with the French court of the most delicate nature, when, in 1713, he was named ambassador extraordinary to Paris; and there can be little doubt that they regarded the restoration of the line of Stewart. The unfortunate nobleman hinted this to his friend, Lockhart of Carnwath, when, parting with him for the last time, he turned back to embrace him again and again, as one who was impressed with the consciousness of some weighty trust, perhaps with a prescient sense of approaching calamity. Misfortune, indeed, was hovering over him, and of a strange and bloody character. Having a lawsuit with Lord Mohun, a

VOL. VII.

nobleman of debauched and profligate manners, whose greatest achievement was having, a few years before, stabbed a poor play-actor in a drunken frolic, the Duke of Hamilton held a meeting with his adversary, in the hope of adjusting their dispute. In this conference, the Duke, speaking of an agent in the case, said the person in question had neither truth nor honour, to which Lord Mohun replied he had as much of both qualities as his Grace. They parted on the exchange of these words, and one would have thought that the offence received lay on the Duke's side, and that it was he who was called upon to resent what had passed, in case he should think it worth his while. Lord Mohun, however, who gave the affront, contrary to the practice in such cases, also gave the challenge. They met at the Ring in Hyde Park, where they fought with swords, and in a few minutes Lord Mohun was killed on the spot; and the Duke of Hamilton, mortally wounded, did not survive him for a longer space. Mohun, who was an odious and contemptible libertine, was regretted by no one; but it was far different with the Duke of Hamilton, who, notwithstanding a degree of irresolution which he displayed in politics, his understanding, perhaps, not approving the lengths to which his feelings might have carried him, had many amiable, and even noble qualities, which made him generally lamented. The Tories considered the death of the Duke of Hamilton as so peculiar, and the period when it happened as so critical, that they did not hesitate to avow a confident belief that Lord Mohun had been pushed to sending the challenge by some zealots of the Whig party; and even to add, that the Duke fell, not by the sword of his antagonist, but by that of General Macartney, Lord Mohun's second. The evidence of Colonel Hamilton, second to the Duke, went far to establish the last proposition; and General Macartney, seeing, perhaps, that the public prejudice was extreme against him, absconded, and a reward was offered for his discovery. In the subsequent reign he was brought to trial, and acquitted, on evidence which leaves the case far from a clear one.

The death of the Duke of Hamilton, however, whether caused by political resentment or private hatred, did not interrupt the schemes formed for the restoration of the Stewart family. Lord Bolingbroke himself went on a mission to Paris, and it appears highly probable he then settled secret articles explanatory of those points of the Utrecht treaty, which had relation to the expulsion of the Pretender from the dominions of France, and the disclamation of his right of succession to the Crown of Britain. It is probable, also, that these remained concealed from the Premier Oxford, to whose views in favour of the Hanover succession they were distinctly opposed.

Such being the temper of the Government of England, divided, as it was, betwixt the dubious conduct of Lord Oxford, and the more secret, but bolder and decided intrigues of Bolingbroke, the general measures which were adopted with respect to Scotland indicated a decided bias to the Jacobite interest, and those by whom it was supported,

CHAPTER V.

Persecution of the Scottish Episcopalians by the Presbyterians—Act of Toleration—Abjuration Oath—Law of Patronage—Pensions given to the Highland Chiefs to preserve their attachment to the Jacobite interest—Preparations of the Whigs to secure the succession of the House of Hanover—Quarrel between Oxford and Bolingbroke—Death of Queen Anne.

THE Presbyterians of Scotland had been placed by the Revolution in exclusive possession of the Church government of that kingdom. But a considerable proportion of the country, particularly in the more northern shires, remained attached to the Episcopal establishment and its forms of worship. These, however, were objects of enmity and fear to the Church of Scotland, whose representatives and adherents exerted themselves to suppress, by every means in their power, the exercise of the Episcopal mode of worship, forgetful of the complaints which they themselves had so justly made concerning the violation of the liberty of conscience during the reigns of Charles II and James II. We must here remark, that the Episcopal Church of Scotland had, in its ancient and triumphant state, retained some very slight and formal differences, which distinguished their Book of Common Prayer from that which is used in the Church of England. But in their present distressed and desolate condition, many of them had become content to resign these points of distinction, and, by conforming exactly to the English ritual, endeavoured to obtain a freedom of worship as Episcopalians in Scotland, similar to the indulgence which was granted to those professing Presbyterian principles, and other Protestant dissenters in England. The Presbyterian Church Courts, however, summoned such Episcopal preachers before them, and prohibited them from exercising their ministry, under the penalty of fine and imprisonment, which, in the case of one person (the Rev. Mr Greenshields), was inflicted with no sparing hand. Others were insulted and ill-used by the multitude, in any attempt which they made to exercise their form of worship. This was the more indefensible, as some of these reverend persons joined in prayer for the Revolution establishment; and whatever conjecture might be formed concerning the probability of their attachment to the exiled family, they had laid aside every peculiarity on which their present mode of worship could be objected to as inferring Jacobitism.

An Act of Toleration was therefore most justly and rightfully passed (February, 1712) by Parliament, for the toleration of all such Episcopal clergymen using the Church of England service, as should be disposed to take the Oath of Abjuration, renouncing all adherence to the cause of James II or his descendant, the existing Pretender. This toleration gave great offence to the Presbyterian clergy, since it was taking out of their hands a means, as they alleged, of enforcing uniformity of worship, which, they pretended, had been insured to them at the Revolution. Every allowance is justly to be made for jealousies and apprehensions, which severe persecution had taught the ministers of the Scottish Church to entertain; but impartial history shows us how dangerous a matter it is to intrust the judicatories of any church with the

power of tyrannizing over the consciences of those who have adopted different forms of worship, and how wise, as well as just, it is to restrict their authority to the regulation of their own establishment.

The Presbyterian Church was still more offended by the introduction of a clause into this Act of Toleration, obliging the members of their own church, as well as dissenters from their mode of worship, to take the Oath of Abjuration. This clause had been inserted into the Act, as it passed the House of Commons, on the motion of the Tories, who alleged that the Ministers of the Kirk of Scotland ought to give the same security for their fidelity to the Queen and Protestant succession, which was to be exacted from the Episcopalians. The Scottish Presbyterians complained bitterly of this application of the Oath of Abjuration to themselves. They contended that it was unnecessary, as no one could suspect the Church of Scotland of the least tendency towards Jacobitism, and that it was a usurpation of the State over the Church, to impose by statute law an oath on the ministers of the Church, whom, in religious matters, they considered as bound only by the Acts of their General Assembly. Notwithstanding their angry remonstrances, the Oath of Abjuration was imposed on them by the same act which decreed the tolerance of the Episcopal form of worship on a similar condition.

The greater number of the Presbyterian ministers did at length take the oath, but many continued to be recusants, and suffered nothing in consequence, as the government overlooked their non-compliance. There can be little doubt that this clause, which seems otherwise a useless tampering with the rooted opinions of the Presbyterians, was intended for a double purpose. First, it was likely to create a schism in the Scottish Church, between those who might take, and those who might refuse the oath, which, as dividing the opinions, was likely to diminish the authority, and affect the respectability, of a body zealous for the Protestant succession. Secondly, it was foreseen that the great majority of the Episcopal clergy in Scotland avowedly attached to the exiled family, would not take the Oath of Abjuration, and were likely on that account to be interrupted by the Presbyterians of the country where they exercised their functions. But if a number of the Presbyterian clergy themselves were rendered liable to the same charge for the same omission, and only indebted for their impunity to the connivance of the government, it was not likely they would disturb others upon grounds which might be objected to themselves. The expedient was successful; for though it was said, that only one Episcopal minister in Scotland, Mr Cockburn of Glasgow, took the Oath of Abjuration, yet no prosecutions followed their recusancy, because a large portion of the ministers of the Kirk would have been liable to vexation on the same account.

Another act of the same session of Parliament, which restored to patrons, as they were called, the right of presenting clergymen to vacant churches in Scotland, seemed calculated, and was probably designed, to render the churchmen more dependent on the aristocracy, and to separate them in some degree from their congregations, who could not be supposed

to be equally attached to, or influenced by a minister who held his living by the gift of a great man, as by one who was chosen by their own free voice. Each mode of election is subject to its own particular disadvantages. The necessity imposed on the clergyman who is desirous of preferment, of suiting his style of preaching to the popular taste, together with the indecent heats, and intrigues which attend popular elections, are serious objections to permitting the flock to have the choice of their shepherd. At the same time, the right of patronage is apt to be abused in particular instances, where persons of loose morals, slender abilities, or depraved doctrine, may be imposed, by the fiat of an unconscientious individual, upon a congregation who are unwilling to receive him. But as the Presbyterian clergy possess the power of examination and rejection, subject to an appeal to the superior Church Courts, whatever may be thought of the law of patronage in theory, it has not, during the lapse of more than a century, had any effect in practice detrimental to the respectability of the Church of Scotland. There is no doubt, however, that the restoration of the right of lay patrons in Queen Anne's time was designed to separate the ministers of the Kirk from the people, and to render them more dependent on the nobility and gentry, amongst whom, much more than the common people, the sentiments of Jacobitism predominated.

These measures, though all of them indirectly tending to favour the Tory party, which might, in Scotland, be generally termed that of the Stewart family, had yet other motives which might be plausibly alleged for their adoption.

Whatever might be the number and importance of the Lowland gentry in Scotland, who were attached to the cause of the Chevalier de St George, and that number was certainly very considerable, the altered circumstances of the country had so much restricted their authority over the inferior classes, that they could no longer reckon upon raising any considerable number of men by their own influence, nor had they, since the repeal of the Act of Security, the power of mustering or disciplining their followers, so as to render them fit for military service. It was not to be expected that, with the aid of such members of their family, domestics, or dependents, as might join them in any insurrection, they could do more than equip a few squadrons of horse; and even if they could have found men, they were generally deficient in arms, horses, and the means of taking the field.

The Highland clans were in a different state; they were as much under the command of their superior chiefs and chieftains as ever they had been during the earlier part of their history; and, separated from civilization by the wildernesses in which they lived, they spoke the language, wore the dress, submitted to the government, and wielded the arms of their fathers. It is true, that clan wars were not now practised on the former great scale, and that two or three small garrisons of soldiers quartered amongst them put some stop to their predatory incursions. The superior chieftains and tacksmen, more especially the *duinhé-wassals*, or dependent gentlemen of the tribe, were in no degree superior in knowledge to the common clansmen. The high chiefs, or heads of the considerable clans, were in a very different situa-

tion. They were almost all men of good education, and polite manners, and when in Lowland dress and Lowland society, were scarce to be distinguished from other gentlemen, excepting by an assumption of consequence, the natural companion of conscious authority. They often travelled abroad, and sometimes entered the military service, looking always forward to the time when their swords should be required in the cause of the Stewarts, to whom they were in general extremely attached; though in the West Highlands the great influence of the Duke of Argyle, and in the North that of the Earl of Sutherland and Lord Reay, together with the chiefs of Grant, Ross, Munro, and other northern tribes, fixed their clans in the Whig interest.

These chiefs were poor; for the produce of their extensive but barren domains was entirely consumed in supporting the military force of the clan, from whom no industry was to be expected, as it would have degraded them in their own eyes, and in those of their leaders, and rendered them unfit for the discharge of their warlike duties. The chiefs, at the same time, when out of the Highlands, were expensive as well as needy. The sense of self-importance, which we have already noticed, induced them to imitate the expenses of a richer country, and many, by this inconsistent conduct, exposed themselves to pecuniary distress. To such men money was particularly acceptable, and it was distributed among them annually by Queen Anne's government, during the latter years of her reign, to the amount of betwixt three and four thousand pounds. The particular sum allotted to each chief was about £360 sterling, for which a receipt was taken, as for a complete year's payment of the bounty-money, which her Majesty had been pleased to bestow on the receiver.

These supplies were received the more willingly, because the Highland chiefs had no hesitation in regarding the money as the earnest of pay to be issued for their exertions in the cause of the House of Stewart, to which they conceived themselves to be attached by duty, and certainly were so by inclination. And there can be no doubt, as the pensions were sure to be expended in maintaining and increasing their patriarchal followers, and keeping them in readiness for action, it seems to have been considered by the chiefs, that the largesses were designed by government for that, and no other purpose. The money was placed at the disposal of the Earl of Mar, Secretary of State, and his being the agent of this bounty, gave him the opportunity of improving and extending his influence among the Highland chiefs, afterwards so fatally employed for them and for himself.

The construction which the chiefs put upon the bounty bestowed on them was clearly shown by their joining in a supplication to the Queen, about the end of the year 1713, which got the name of the *Sword-in-hand Address*. In one paragraph, they applauded the measures taken for repressing the licence of the press, and trust that they should no longer be scandalized by hearing the Deity blasphemed, and the sacred race of Stewart traduced, with equal malice and impunity. In another, they expressed their hopes, that, after her Majesty's demise, "the hereditary and parliamentary sanction might possibly

meet in the person of a lineal successor." These intimations are sufficiently plain, to testify the sense in which they understood the Queen's bounty-money.

The Duke of Argyle, whose own influence in the Highlands was cramped and interfered with by the encouragement given to the Jacobite clans, brought the system of their pensions before Parliament, as a severe charge against the ministers, whom he denounced as rendering the Highlands a seminary for rebellion. The charge led to a debate of importance.

The Duke of Argyle represented that "the Scots Highlanders, being for the most part either rank Papists, or declared Jacobites, the giving them pecuniary assistance was, in fact, keeping up Popish seminaries and fomenting rebellion." In answer to this the Treasurer Oxford alleged, "That in this particular he had but followed the example of King William, who after he had reduced the Highlanders, thought fit to allow yearly pensions to the heads of clans, in order to keep them quiet; and if the present ministry could be charged with any mismanagement on that head, it was only for retrenching part of these gratuities." This reference to the example of King William, seemed to shut the door against all cavil on the subject, and the escape from censure was regarded as a triumph by the ministers. Yet as it was well understood, that the pensions were made under the guise of military pay, it might have been safely doubted, whether encouraging the Chiefs to increase the numbers and military strength of their clans was likely to render them more orderly or peaceable subjects; and the scheme of ministers seemed, on the whole, to resemble greatly the expedient of the child's keeper, who should give her squalling charge a knife in order to keep it quiet.

These various indications manifested that the Ministry, at least a strong party of them, were favourable to the Pretender, and meant to call him to the throne on the Queen's decease. This event could not now be far distant, since, with every symptom of declining health, Anne was harassed at once with factions among her subjects and divisions in her councils, and, always of a timid temper, had now become, from finding her confidence betrayed, as jealous and suspicious as she had been originally docile in suffering herself to be guided without doubt or hesitation. She had many subjects of apprehension pressing upon a mind which, never of peculiar strength, was now enfeebled by disease. She desired, probably, the succession of her brother, but she was jealous lest the hour of that succession might be anticipated by the zeal of his followers; nor did she less dread, lest the effects of that enthusiasm for the house of Hanover, which animated the Whigs, might bring the Electoral Prince over to England, which she compared to digging her grave while she was yet alive. The disputes betwixt Oxford and Bolingbroke divided her councils, and filled them with mutual upbraidings, which sometimes took place before the Queen; who, naturally very sensitive to the neglect of the personal etiquette due to her rank, was at once alarmed by their violence, and offended by the loose which they gave to their passions in her very presence.

The Whigs, alarmed at the near prospect of a crisis, which the death of the Queen could not fail to

bring on, made the most energetic and simultaneous preparations to support the Hanoverian succession to the crown, by arms, if necessary. They took special care to represent, at the court of Hanover, their dangers and sufferings on account of their attachment to the Protestant line; and such of them as lost places of honour or profit, were, it may be believed, neither moderate in their complaints, nor sparing in the odious portraits which they drew of their Tory opponents. The Duke of Argyle, and Generals Stanhope and Cadogan, were actively engaged in preparing such officers of the British army as they dared trust, to induce the soldiers, in case of need, to declare themselves against the party who had disgraced Marlborough, their victorious general—had undervalued the achievements which they had performed under his command, and put a stop to the career of British conquest by so doing. The Elector of Hanover was induced to negotiate with Holland and other powers, to supply him with troops and shipping, in case it should be necessary to use force in supporting his title to the succession of Great Britain. A scheme was laid for taking possession of the Tower on the first appearance of danger; and the great men of the party entered into an association, binding themselves to stand by each other in defence of the Protestant succession.

While the Whigs were united in these energetic and daring measures, the Tory ministers were, by their total disunion, rendered incapable of availing themselves of the high ground which they occupied, as heads of the administration, or by the time allowed them by the flitting sands of the Queen's life, which were now rapidly ebbing. The discord between Oxford and Bolingbroke had now risen so high, that the latter frankly said, that if the question were betwixt the total ruin of their party, and reconciliation with Oxford and safety, he would not hesitate to chuse the first alternative. Their views of public affairs were totally different. The Earl of Oxford advised moderate measures, and even some compromise or reconciliation with the Whigs. Bolingbroke conceived he should best meet the Queen's opinions by affecting the most zealous high church principles, giving hopes of the succession of her brother after her death, and by assiduously cultivating the good graces of Mrs Hill (now created Lady Masham), the royal favourite; in which, by the superior grace of his manners, and similarity of opinions, he had entirely superseded the Lord Treasurer Oxford.

This dissension betwixt the political rivals, which had smouldered so long, broke out into open hostility in the month of July, 1714, when an extremely bitter dialogue, abounding in mutual recriminations, passed in the Queen's presence betwixt Lord Treasurer Oxford on the one part, and Bolingbroke and Lady Masham on the other. It ended in the Lord Treasurer's being deprived of his office.

The road was now open to the full career of Bolingbroke's ambition. The hour he had wished and lived for was arrived; and neither he himself, nor any other person, entertained a doubt that he would be raised to the rank of lord treasurer and first minister. But vain are human hopes and expectations! The unfortunate Queen had suffered so much from the fatigue and agitation which she had undergone during

the scene of discord which she had witnessed, that she declared she could not survive it. Her apprehensions proved prophetic. The stormy consultation, or rather debate, to which we have alluded, was held on the 27th July, 1714. On the 28th, the Queen was seized with a lethargic disorder. On the 30th, her life was despaired of.

Upon that day, the Dukes of Somerset and Argyle, both hostile to the present, or, as it might rather now be called, the late, administration, took the determined step of repairing to the Council board, where the other members, humbled, perplexed, and terrified, were well contented to accept their assistance. On their suggestion, the treasurer's staff was conferred on the Duke of Shrewsbury, a step with which the dying Queen declared her satisfaction; and thus fell the towering hopes of Bolingbroke.

On the 1st of August Queen Anne expired, the last of the lineal Stewart race who sat on the throne of Britain. She was only fifty years old, having reigned for twelve years; and her death took place at the most critical period which the empire had experienced since the Revolution.

CHAPTER VI.

Proclamation of King George I—The Earl of Stair's Embassy to France—his influence in preventing opposition on the part of Louis XIV to the Accession of the Elector of Hanover—State of Parties on the arrival of George I—Imprisonment of Oxford, and Impeachment of Bolingbroke and Ormond—Insurrection planned by the Jacobites—The Earl of Mar is repulsed in his advances to the new Monarch, and retires to Scotland—The Scottish Cavaliers—Hunting of Braemar, and resolution of the Jacobite Leaders to take up arms—Attempt to surprise Edinburgh Castle—Preparations of Government to oppose the Insurgent Jacobites.

THE period of Queen Anne's demise found the Jacobites, for a party who were both numerous and zealous, uncommonly ill prepared and irresolute. They had nursed themselves in the hope that the dark and mysterious conduct of Oxford was designed to favour his purpose of a counter-revolution; and the more open professions of Bolingbroke, which reached the Jacobites of Scotland through the medium of the Earl of Mar, were considered as pointing more explicitly to the same important end.

But they were mistaken in Oxford's purpose, who only acted towards them as it was in his nature to do towards all mankind; and so regulated his conduct as to cause the Jacobites to believe he was upon their side, while, in fact, his only purpose was to keep factions from breaking into extremities, and to rule all parties, by affording hopes to each in their turn, which were all to be ultimately found delusive.

Bolingbroke, on the other hand, was more sanguine and decided, both in opinion and action; and he would probably have been sufficiently active in his measures in behalf of King James, had he possessed the power of maturing them. But being thus mocked by the cross fate which showed him the place of his ambition at one moment empty, and in the next all access to it closed against him, he was taken totally unprepared; and the Duke of Ormond, Sir William Windham, and other leaders of the Jacobite party, shared the same disadvantage. They might, indeed, have proclaimed King James the Third in the person of the Chevalier de St George, and trusted to their

influence with the Tory landed gentlemen, and with the populace, to effect a universal insurrection. Some of them even inclined to this desperate measure; and the celebrated Dr Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, offered to go to Westminster in his rochet and lawn sleeves, and himself to perform the ceremony. This, however, would have been commencing a civil war, in which, the succession of the house of Hanover being determined by the existing law, the insurrectionists must have begun by incurring the guilt of high-treason, without being assured of any force by which they might be protected. Upon the whole, therefore, the Jacobites, and those who wished them well, remained, after the Queen's death, dejected, confused, and anxiously watchful of circumstances, which they did not pretend to regulate or control.

On the contrary, the Whigs, acting with uncommon firmness and unanimity, took hold of the power which had so lately been possessed by their opponents, like troops who seize in action the artillery of their enemy, and turn it instantly against them. The privy councillors who were of that party, imitating the determined conduct of the Dukes of Somerset and Argyle, repaired to the Council, without waiting for a summons, and issued instant orders for the proclamation of King George, which were generally obeyed without resistance. The assembled Parliament recognized King George I as the sovereign entitled to succeed, in terms of the act regulating the destination of the crown. The same proclamation took place in Ireland and Scotland without opposition; and thus the King took legal and peaceable possession of his kingdom. It appeared, also, that England's most powerful, and, it might seem, most hostile neighbour, Louis XIV, was nowise disposed to encourage any machinations which could disturb the Elector of Hanover's accession to the crown. The Chevalier de St George had made a hasty journey to Paris, upon learning the tidings of Queen Anne's death; but far from experiencing a reception favourable to his views on the British crown, he was obliged to return to Lorraine, with the sad assurance that the monarch of France was determined to adhere to the Treaty of Utrecht, by an important article of which he had recognized the succession of the House of Hanover to the Crown of Great Britain. It is more than probable, as before hinted, that there had been, during the dependence of the treaty, some private understanding, or perhaps secret agreement with Bolingbroke, which might disarm the rigour of this article. But it was evident that the power of the minister with whom such an engagement had been made, if indeed it existed in any formal shape, was now utterly fallen; and the affairs of Britain were, soon after King George's accession, entrusted to a ministry, who had the sagacity to keep the French King firm to his engagement, by sending to Paris an ambassador equally distinguished for talents in war and in diplomacy, and for warm adherence to the Protestant line.

This eminent person was John Dalrymple, the second Earl of Stair, whose character demands particular notice amongst the celebrated Scotsmen of this period. He was eldest surviving son of the first Earl, distinguished more for his talents than his

principles, in the reigns of King William and Queen Anne, infamous for his accession to the massacre of Glencoe, and unpopular from the skill and political talent which he displayed in favour of the Union, in carrying which through the Scottish Parliament he was a most useful agent. According to the prejudiced observations of the common people, ill fortune seemed to attend his house. He died suddenly during the dependence of the Union treaty, and vulgar report attributed his death to suicide, for which, however, there is no evidence but that of common fame.

A previous calamity of a cruel nature had occurred, in which John, his second son, was the unfortunate agent. While yet a mere boy, and while playing with fire-arms, he had the great misfortune to shoot his elder brother, and kill him on the spot. The unhappy agent in this melancholy affair was sent off by the ill-fated parents, who could not bear to look upon him, to reside with a clergyman in Ayrshire, as one who was for ever banished from his family. The person to whose care he was committed was fortunately a man of sound sense, and a keen discriminator of character. The idea he formed of the young exile's powers of mind induced him, by a succession of favourable reports, mixed with intercession, warmly to solicit his pupil's restoration to the family, of which he afterwards became the principal ornament. It was long before he could effect a reconciliation; and the youth, when this was accomplished, entered into the army with the advantages of his rank, and those arising out of early misfortune, which had compelled him to severe study. He was repeatedly distinguished in the wars of Marlborough, and particularly at Ramilies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. Lord Stair rose in rank in proportion to his military reputation, but was deprived of his command when the Tory ministers, in the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, new-modelled the army, to the exclusion of the Whig officers. Upon the accession of George I, he was appointed a Lord of the Bed-Chamber, a Privy Councillor, and commander of the Scottish forces in the absence of the Duke of Argyle. Shortly after that great event, the Earl of Stair was, as we have already mentioned, sent to Paris, where he held for several years the situation of ambassador extraordinary, and where his almost miraculous power of acquiring information enabled him to detect the most secret intrigues of the Jacobites, and to watch, and even overawe, the conduct of the court of France, who, well disposed as they were to encourage privately the undertakings of the Chevalier de St George, which public faith prevented them from countenancing openly, found themselves under the eye of the most active and acute of statesmen, from whom nothing seemed to remain concealed; while his character for courage, talent, and integrity, made it equally impossible to intimidate, deceive, or influence him. It may be added, that his perfect knowledge of good breeding, in a nation where manners are reduced almost to a science, enabled Lord Stair to preserve the good-will and favour of those with whom he treated, even while he insisted upon topics the most unpalatable to the French monarch and his ministers, and that in a manner the most courteous in style, though most unyielding in purpose.

It may be believed that large sums in secret service money were lavished in this species of diplomacy. Lord Stair was always able, by his superior information, to counteract the plots of the Jacobites, and, satisfied with doing so, was often desirous of screening from the vengeance of his own court the misguided individuals who had rashly engaged in them. It was owing to the activity of this vigilant diplomatist that George I owed, in a great measure, the neutrality of France, which was a very important addition to the security of his new throne.

To return to our history:—George I, thus quietly installed in his British dominions, landed at Greenwich, on the 17th of September, six weeks after the death of his predecessor, Queen Anne. The two great parties of the kingdom seemed in appearance equally disposed to receive him as their rightful monarch; and both submitted to his sway, though with very different hopes and feelings.

The triumphant Whigs were naturally assured of King George's favour towards those who had always shown themselves friendly to his title to the throne; and, confident of the merit they might claim, were desirous of exerting their influence, to the utter disgrace, discomfiture, and total suppression of their political opponents.

The Tories, on the other hand, thought it still possible, while renouncing every plan of opposing the accession of King George, to present themselves before him in such a manner as might command regard; for the number, quality, and importance of a party, which comprised a great majority of the established clergy, the greater part of both the universities, many, if not the largest portion of the lawyers, and the bulk of the proprietors of the soil, or what is called the landed interest, rendered their appearance imposing. Though dejected and humbled, therefore, by their fall from power, they consoled themselves with the idea, that they were too numerous and too important to be ill received by a Sovereign whose accession they had not opposed, and whom, on the contrary, they had shown themselves willing to acknowledge in the capacity of their monarch, disproving, as they might be disposed to think, by their dutiful demonstrations, any rumours which might have reached his Majesty of the disaffection of many among them to his person.

It would certainly have been the best policy of the newly enthroned monarch, to have received and rewarded the services of the Whigs, without lending himself to the gratification of their political enmities. There was little policy in taking measures which were likely to drive into despair, and probably into rebellion, a large party among his subjects; and there might have been more wisdom, perhaps, as well as magnanimity, in overlooking circumstances which had occurred before his accession—in receiving the allegiance and dutiful professions of the Tories, without attaching any visible doubts to their sincerity—in becoming thus the King of Great Britain, instead of the chief of a party—and by stifling the remembrance of old feuds, and showing himself indifferently the paternal ruler of all his subjects, to have convinced any who remained disaffected, that if they desired to have another prince, they had at least no personal reason for doing so.

We cannot, however, be surprised that George I, a foreign prince, totally unacquainted with the character of the British nation, their peculiar constitution, and the spirit of their parties,—which usually appear, when in the act of collision, much more violent and extravagant than they prove to be when a cessation of hostilities takes place,—should have been disposed to throw himself into the arms of the Whigs, who could plead their sufferings for having steadily adhered to his interest; or that those who had been his steady adherents should have found him willingly inclined to aid them in measures of vindictive retaliation upon their opponents, whom he had some reason to regard as his personal enemies. It was a case, in which to forgive would have been politic as well as magnanimous; but to resent injuries, and revenge them, was a course natural to human feeling.

The late ministers seemed for a time disposed to abide the shock of the enmity of their political rivals. Lord Oxford waited on the King at his landing, and, though coldly received, remained in London till impeached of high-treason by the House of Commons, and committed to the Tower. Lord Bolingbroke continued to exercise his office of Secretary of State until he was almost forcibly deprived of it. An impeachment was also brought against him. His conscience probably pleaded guilty, for he retired to France, and soon after became Secretary to the Chevalier de St George. The Duke of Ormond, a nobleman of popular qualities, brave, generous, and liberal, was in like manner impeached, and in like manner made his escape to France. His fate was peculiarly regretted, for the general voice exculpated him from taking any step with a view to selfish aggrandisement. Several of the Whigs themselves, who were disposed to prosecute to the uttermost the mysterious Oxford and the intriguing Bolingbroke, were inclined to sympathise with the gallant and generous cavalier, who had always professed openly the principles on which he acted. Many other distinguished persons of the Tory party were threatened with prosecutions, or actually subjected to them; which filled the whole body with fear and alarm, and inclined some of the leaders amongst them to listen to the desperate counsels of the more zealous Jacobites, who exhorted them to try their strength with an enemy who showed himself implacable, and not to submit to their ruin without an effort to defend themselves. A large party of the populace all through the country, and in London itself, renewed the cry of "High Church for ever," with which were mingled the names of Ormond and Oxford, the principal persons under prosecution. Among the clergy, there were found many who, out of zeal for their order, encouraged the lower classes in their disorderly proceedings; in which they burnt and destroyed the meeting-houses of dissenters, pillaged the houses of their ministers, and committed all those irregularities by which an English mob is distinguished, but whose vehemence of sentiment generally evaporates in such acts of clamour and violence.

There were, however, deeper symptoms of disaffection than those displayed in the empty roar and senseless ravage of the populace. Bolingbroke and Ormond, who had both found refuge at the court of

the Pretender to the crown, and acknowledged his title, carried on a secret correspondence with the Tories of influence and rank in England, and encouraged them to seek, in a general insurrection for the cause of James III, a remedy for the evils with which they were threatened, both personally and as a political party. But England had been long a peaceful country. The gentry were opulent, and little disposed to risk, in the event of war, their fortunes and the comforts which they procured them. Strong assistance from France might have rendered the proposal of an insurrection more acceptable; but the successful diplomacy of Lord Stair at the Court of Louis destroyed all hopes of this, unless on a pitifully small scale. Another resource occurred to the Jacobite leaders, which might be attained by instigating Scotland to set the example of insurrection. The gentry in that country were ready for war, which had been familiar to them on many occasions during the lives of their fathers and their own. They might be easily induced to take arms—the Highlanders, to whom war was a state preferable to peace, were sure to take the field with them—the Border counties of England were most likely to catch the flame, from the disposition of many of the gentry there—and the conflagration, it was expected, might, in the present humour of the nation, be extended all over England. To effect a rising, therefore, in Scotland, with a view to a general insurrection throughout Great Britain, became the principal object of those who were affected by, or who resented, the prosecutions directed with so much rigour against the members of Queen Anne's last ministry.

The Earl of Mar, whom we have repeatedly mentioned as Secretary of State during the last years of Queen Anne, and as the person to whom the distribution of money among the Highland clans, and the general management of Scottish affairs, was intrusted by her ministry, was naturally considered as the person best qualified to bring his countrymen to the desired point. Mar had not felt any difficulty in changing from the Whig principles which he professed at the time of the Union,—on which occasion he was one of the Scottish Secretaries of State,—to the Tory principles of Bolingbroke, which he now professed. We do him, therefore, no wrong in supposing, that he would not have sturdily rejected any proposal from the court of George I to return to the party of Whig and Low Church. At least it is certain, that when the heads of the Tory party had determined to submit themselves to George I, Lord Mar, in following the general example, endeavoured to distinguish himself by a display of influence and consequence, which might mark him as a man whose adherence was worth securing, and who was, at the same time, willing to attach himself to the new sovereign. In a letter addressed to King George while in Holland, and dated 30th August, 1714, the Earl expresses great apprehension that his loyalty or zeal for the King's interests may have been misrepresented to his Majesty, because he found himself the only one of Queen Anne's servants whom the Hanoverian ministers at the court of London did not visit. His lordship then pleads the loyalty of his ancestors, his own services at the Union, and in passing the Act of Succession; and, assuring the King that he will

find him as faithful a subject and servant as ever any of his family had been to the preceding royal race, or as he himself had been to the late Queen, he conjures him not to believe any misrepresentations of his conduct, and concludes with a devout prayer for the quiet and peaceful reign of the monarch, in disturbing which he himself was destined to be the prime instrument.

But it was not only on his individual application that the Earl of Mar expected indemnity, and perhaps favour, at the court of George I. He desired also to display his influence over the Highlanders, and for that purpose procured a letter, subscribed by a number of the most influential Chiefs of the clans, addressed to himself, as having an estate and interest in the Highlands, conjuring him to assure the government of their loyalty to his Sacred Majesty, King George, and to protect them, and the heads of other clans who, from distance, could not attend at the signing of the letter, against the misrepresentations to which they might be exposed; protesting, that as they had been ready to follow Lord Mar's directions in obeying Queen Anne, so they would be equally forward to concur with him in faithfully serving King George. At the same time, a loyal address of the clans to the same effect, drawn up by Lord Grange, brother to Mar, was forwarded to and placed in the hands of the Earl, to be delivered to the King at his landing. Lord Mar attended at Greenwich accordingly, and doubtless expected a favourable reception, when delivering to the new Monarch a recognition of his authority on the part of a class of his subjects who were supposed to be inimical to his accession, and were certainly best prepared to disturb his new reign. Lord Mar was, however, informed that the King would not receive the address of the clans, alleging it had been concocted at the court of the Pretender; and he was at the same time commanded to deliver up the seals, and informed that the King had no farther occasion for his services.

On the policy of this repulse it is almost unnecessary to make observations. Although it might be very true, that the address was made up with the sanction of the Chevalier de St George and his advisers, it was not less the interest of George I to have received, with the usual civility, the expressions of homage and allegiance which it contained. In a similar situation, King William did not hesitate to receive, with apparent confidence, the submission of the Highland clans, though it was well understood that it was made under the express authority of King James II. A monarch whose claim to obedience is yet young, ought in policy to avoid an immediate quarrel with any part of his subjects who are ready to profess allegiance as such. His authority is, like a transplanted tree, subject to injury from each sudden blast, and ought, therefore, to be secured from such, until it is gradually connected by the ramification of its roots incorporating themselves with the soil in which it is planted. A sudden gust may in the one case overturn, what in the other can defy the rage of a continued tempest. It seems at least certain, that in bluntly, and in a disparaging manner, refusing an address expressing allegiance and loyalty, and affronting the haughty courtier by whom it was pre-

sented, King George exposed his government to the desperate alternative of civil war, and the melancholy expedient of closing it by bringing many noble victims to the scaffold, which during the reign of his predecessor had never been stained with British blood, shed for political causes. The impolicy, however, cannot justly be imputed to a foreign prince, who, looking at the list of Celtic names, and barbarously unpronounceable designations which were attached to the address, could not be supposed to infer from thence, that the subscribers were collectively capable of bringing into the field, on the shortest notice, ten thousand men, who, if not regular soldiers, were accustomed to a sort of discipline which rendered them equal to such. There were many around the King who could have informed him on this subject; and, to their failing to do so, the bloodshed, and concomitant misfortunes of the future civil war, must justly be attributed.

The Earl of Mar, thus repulsed in his advances to the new monarch, necessarily concluded that his ruin was determined on; and, with the desire of revenge, which was natural at least, if not justifiable, he resolved to place himself at the head of the disaffected party in Scotland, encouraging them to instant insurrection, and paying back the contumely with which his offer of service had been rejected, by endangering the government of the prince at whose hands he had experienced such an insult.

It was early in August, 1715, that the Earl of Mar embarked at Gravesend, in the strictest incognito, having for his companions Major-general Hamilton and Colonel Hay, men of some military experience. They sailed in a coal-sloop, working, it was said, their passage, the better to maintain their disguise, till they landed at the small port of Elie, on the eastern shore of Fife, a county which then abounded with friends to the Jacobite cause. The state of this province in other respects offered facilities to Mar. It is a peninsula, separated from Lothian by the Frith of Forth, and from the shire of Angus by that of Tay; and as it did not, until a very late period, hold much intercourse with the metropolis, though so near it in point of distance, it seemed like a district separated from the rest of Scotland, and was sometimes jocosely termed the "Kingdom of Fife." The commonalty were, in the beginning of the 18th century, almost exclusively attached to the Presbyterian persuasion; but it was otherwise with the gentry, who were numerous in this province to a degree little known in other parts of Scotland. Its security, during the long wars of former centuries, had made it early acquainted with civilization. The value of the soil, on the sea-coasts at least, had admitted of great subdivision of property; and there is no county of Scotland which displays so many country-seats within so short a distance of each other. These gentlemen were, as we have said, chiefly of the Tory persuasion, or, in other words, Jacobites; for the subdivision of politicians termed *Whimsicals*, or Tories attached to the house of Hanover, could hardly be said to exist in Scotland, though well known in South Britain. Besides their tenets, the Fife lairds were most of them men who had not much to lose in civil broils, having to support an establishment considerably above the actual rents of

their estates, which were, of course, impaired by increasing debts: they were, therefore, the less unwilling to engage in dangerous enterprises. As a party affecting the manners of the ancient Cavaliers, they were jovial in their habits, and cautious to omit no opportunity of drinking the King's health; a point of loyalty which, like virtue of other kinds, had its own immediate reward. Loud and bold talkers, the Jacobites had accustomed themselves to think they were the prevailing party; an idea which those of any particular faction, who converse exclusively with each other, are usually found to entertain. Their want of knowledge of the world, and the total absence of newspapers, save those of a strong party leaning, whose doctrines or facts they took care never to correct by consulting any of an opposite tendency, rendered them at once curious and credulous. This slight sketch of the Fife lairds may be applied, with equal justice, to the Jacobite country gentlemen of that period in most counties of Scotland. They had virtues to balance their faults and follies. The political principles they followed had been handed down to them from their fathers; they were connected, in their ideas, with the honour of their country; and they were prepared to defend them with a degree of zeal, which valued not the personal risks in which the doing so might place life and property. There were also individuals among them who had natural talents improved by education. But, in general, the persons whom the Earl of Mar was now desirous to stir up to some sudden act of mutiny, were of that frank and fearless class who are not guilty of seeing far before them. They had already partaken in the general excitation caused by Queen Anne's death, and the approaching crisis which was expected to follow that important event. They had struggled with the Whig gentry, inferior in number, but generally more alert and sagacious in counsel and action, concerning the addresses of head-courts and the seats on the bench of justices. Many of them had commissioned swords, carabines, and pistols from abroad. They had bought up horses fit for military service; and some had taken into their service additional domestics, selecting in preference men who had served in some of the dragoon regiments, which had been reduced in consequence of the peace of Utrecht. Still, notwithstanding these preparations for a rising, some of the leading men in Fife, as elsewhere, were disposed to hesitate before engaging in the irretrievable step of rebellion against the established government. Their reluctance was overcome by the impatience of the majority, excited by the flattering though premature rumours which were actively circulated by a set of men, who might be termed the Intelligencers of the faction.

It is well known, that in every great political body there are persons, usually neither the wisest, the most important, or most estimable, who endeavour to gain personal consequence by pretending peculiar access to information concerning its most intimate concerns, and who are equally credulous in believing, and indefatigable in communicating, whatever rumours are afloat concerning the affairs of the party, whom they encumber by adhering to. With several of these Lord Mar communicated, and exalted their hopes to the highest pitch, by the advantageous light

in which he placed the political matters which he wished them to support, trusting to the exaggerations and amplifications with which they were sure to retail what he had said.

Such agents, changing what had been stated as probabilities into certainties, furnished an answer to every objection which could be offered by the more prudent of their party. If any cautious person objected to stir before the English Jacobites had shown themselves serious—some one of these active vouchers was ready to affirm, that every thing was on the point of a general rising in England, and only waited the appearance of a French fleet with ten thousand men, headed by the Duke of Ormond. Did the listener prefer an invasion of Scotland,—the same number of men, with the Duke of Berwick at their head, were as readily promised. Supplies of every kind were measured out, according to the desire of the auditors; and if any was moderate enough to restrain his wish to a pair of pistols for his own use, he was assured of twenty brace to accommodate his friends and neighbours. This kind of mutual delusion was every day increasing; for as those who engaged in the conspiracy were interested in obtaining as many proselytes as possible, they became active circulators of the sanguine hopes and expectations by which they, perhaps, began already to suspect that they had been themselves deceived.

It is true, that, looking abroad at the condition of Europe, these unfortunate gentlemen ought to have seen, that the state of France at that time was far from being such, as to authorize any expectations of the prodigal supplies which she was represented as being ready to furnish, or, rather, as being in the act of furnishing. Nothing was less likely, than that that kingdom, just extricated from a war in which it had been nearly ruined, by a peace so much more advantageous than they had reason to expect, should have been disposed to afford a pretext for breaking the treaty which had pacified Europe, and for renewing against France the confederacy under whose pressure she had nearly sunk. This was more especially the case, when, by the death of Louis XIV,* whose ambition and senseless vanity had cost so much blood, the government devolved on the Regent Duke of Orleans. Had Louis survived, it is probable that, although he neither did nor dared to have publicly adopted the cause of the Chevalier de St George, as was indeed evident by his refusing to receive him at his court; yet, the recollection of his promise to the dying James II, as well as the wish to embarrass England, might have induced him to advance money, or give some underhand assistance to the unhappy exile. But, upon Louis's death, the policy of the Duke of Orleans, who had no personal ties whatever with the Chevalier de St George, induced him to keep entire good faith with Britain—to comply with the requisitions of the Earl of Stair—and to put a stop to all such preparations in the French ports, as the vigilance of that minister had detected, and denounced as being made for the purpose of favouring the Jacobite insurrection. Thus, while the Chevalier de St George was represented as obtaining succours in arms, money, and troops, from France, to an amount

* 1st August, 1715.

which that kingdom could hardly have supplied, and, from her inferiority in naval force, certainly must have found it difficult to have transported into Britain, even in Louis's most palmy days, the ports of that country were even closed against such exertions as the Chevalier might make upon a small scale by means of his private resources.

But the death of Louis XIV was represented in Scotland as rather favourable, than otherwise, to the cause of James the Pretender. The power of France was now wielded, it was said, by a courageous and active young prince, to whose character enterprise was more natural than to that of an aged and heartbroken old man, and who would, of course, be ready to hazard as much, or more, in the cause of the Jacobites, than the late monarch had so often promised. In short, the death of Louis the Great, long the hope and prop of the Jacobite cause, was boldly represented as a favourable event during the present crisis.

Although a little dispassionate inquiry would have dispelled the fantastic hopes, founded on the baseless rumour of foreign assistance, yet such fictions as I have here alluded to, tending to exalt the zeal and spirits of the party, were circulated because they were believed, and believed because they were circulated; and the gentlemen of Stirlingshire, Perth, Angus, and Fifeshire, began to leave their homes, and assemble in arms, though in small parties, at the foot of the Grampian hills, expecting the issue of Lord Mar's negotiations in the Highlands.

Upon leaving Fifeshire, having communicated with such gentlemen as were most likely to serve his purpose, Mar proceeded instantly to his own estates of Braemar, lying along the side of the river Dee, and took up his residence with Farquharson of Invercauld. This gentleman was chief of the clan Farquharson, and could command a very considerable body of men. But he was vassal to Lord Mar for a small part of his estate, which gave the Earl considerable influence with him; not, however, sufficient to induce him to place himself and followers in such hazard as would have been occasioned by an instant rising. He went to Aberdeen, to avoid importunity on the subject, having previously declared to Mar, that he would not take arms until the Chevalier de St George had actually landed. At a later period he joined the insurgents.

Disappointed in this instance, Mar conceived, that as desperate resolutions are usually most readily adopted in large assemblies, where men are hurried forward by example, and prevented from retreating, or dissenting, by shame, he should best attain his purpose in a large convocation of the chiefs and men of rank, who professed attachment to the exiled family. The assembly was made under pretext of a grand hunting-match, which, as maintained in the Highlands, was an occasion of general rendezvous of a peculiar nature. The lords attended at the head of their vassals, all, even Lowland guests, attired in the Highland garb, and the sport was carried on upon a scale of rude magnificence. A circuit of many miles was formed around the wild desolate forests and wildernesses which are inhabited by the red deer, and is called the *tinchel*. Upon a signal given, the hunters who compose the *tinchel* begin to move in-

wards, closing the circle, and driving the terrified deer before them, with whatever else the forest contains of wild animals who cannot elude the surrounding sportsmen. Being in this manner concentrated and crowded together, they are driven down a defile, where the principal hunters lie in wait for them, and show their dexterity, by marking out and shooting those bucks which are in season. As it required many men to form the *tinchel*, the attendance of vassals on these occasions was strictly insisted upon. Indeed, it was one of the feudal services required by the law, attendance on the superior at *hunting* being as regularly required as at *hosting*, that is, joining his banner in war; or *watching* and *warding*, garrisoning, namely, his castle in times of danger.

An occasion such as this was highly favourable; and the general love of sport, and well-known fame of the forest of Braemar for game of every kind, assembled many of the men of rank and influence who resided within reach of the rendezvous, and a great number of persons besides, who, though of less consequence, served to give the meeting the appearance of numbers. This great council was held about the 26th of August, and, it may be supposed, they did not amuse themselves much with hunting, though it was the pretence and watchword of their meeting.

Among the noblemen of distinction, there appeared in person, or by representation, the Marquis of Huntly, eldest son of the Duke of Gordon; the Marquis of Tulliebardine, eldest son of the Duke of Athole; the Earls of Nithsdale, Marischal, Traquair, Errol, Southesk, Carnwath, and Linlithgow; the Viscounts of Kilsyth, Kenmuir, Kingston, and Stormount; the Lords Rollo, Duffus, Drummond, Strathallan, Ogilvy, and Nairne. Of the chiefs of clans, there attended Glengarry, Campbell of Glendarule, on the part of the powerful Earl of Breadalbane, with others of various degrees of importance in the Highlands.

When this council was assembled, the Earl of Mar addressed them in a species of eloquence which was his principal accomplishment, and which was particularly qualified to succeed with the high-spirited and zealous men by whom he was surrounded. He confessed, with tears in his eyes, that he had himself been but too instrumental in forwarding the Union between England and Scotland, which had given the English the power, as they had the disposition, to enslave the latter kingdom. He urged that the Prince of Hanover was a usurping intruder, governing by means of an encroaching and innovating faction; and that the only mode to escape his tyranny was to rise boldly in defence of their lives and property, and to establish on the throne the lawful heir of these realms. He declared that he himself was determined to set up the standard of James III, and summon around it all those over whom he had influence, and to hazard his fortune and life in the cause. He invited all who heard him to unite in the same generous resolution. He was large in his promises of assistance from France in troops and money, and persisted in the story that two descents were to take place, one in England, under the command of Ormond, the other in Scotland, under that of the Duke of Berwick. He also strongly assured his hearers of the certainty of a general insurrection in England, but alleged the absolute necessity of showing

them an example in the north, for which the present time was most appropriate, as there were few regular troops in Scotland to restrain their operations, and as they might look for assistance to Sweden as well as to France.

It has been said that Mar, on this memorable occasion, showed letters from the Chevalier de St George, with a commission nominating the Earl his lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief of his armies in Scotland. Other accounts say, more probably, that Mar did not produce any other credentials than a picture of the Chevalier, which he repeatedly kissed, in testimony of zeal for the cause of the original, and that he did not at the time pretend to the supreme command of the enterprise. This is also the account given in the statement of the transaction drawn up by Mar himself, or under his eye, where it is plainly said, that it was nearly a month after the standard was set up ere the Earl of Mar could procure a commission.

The number of persons of rank who were assembled, the eloquence with which topics were publicly urged which had been long the secret inmates of every bosom, had their effect on the assembled guests; and every one felt, that to oppose the current of the Earl's discourse by remonstrance or objection, would be to expose himself to the charge of cowardice, or of disaffection to the common cause. It was agreed that all of them should return home, and raise, under various pretexts, whatever forces they could individually command, against a day, fixed for the 3d of September, on which they were to hold a second meeting at Aboyne, in Aberdeenshire, in order to settle how they were to take the field. The Marquis of Huntly alone declined to be bound to any limited time; and in consequence of his high rank and importance, he was allowed to regulate his own motions at his own pleasure.

Thus ended that celebrated hunting in Braemar, which, as the old bard says of that of Chevy Chase, might, from its consequences, be wept by a generation which was yet unborn. There was a circumstance mentioned at the time, which tended to show that all men had not forgotten that the Earl of Mar, on whose warrant this rash enterprise was undertaken, was considered by some as rather too versatile to be fully trusted. As the castle of Braemar was overflowing with guests, it chanced that, as was not unusual on such occasions, many of the gentlemen of the secondary class could not obtain beds, but were obliged to spend the night around the kitchen fire, which was then accounted no great grievance. An English footman, a domestic of the Earl, was of a very different opinion. Accustomed to the accommodations of the south, he came bustling in among the gentlemen, and complained bitterly of being obliged to sit up all night, notwithstanding he shared the hardship with his betters, saying, that rather than again expose himself to such a strait, he would return to his own country and turn Whig. However, he soon after comforted himself by resolving to trust to his master's dexterity for escaping every great danger. "Let my Lord alone," he said; "if he finds it necessary, he can turn cat-in-pan with any man in England."

While the Lowland gentlemen were assembling

their squadrons, and the Highland chiefs levying their men, an incident took place in the metropolis of Scotland, which showed that the spirit of enterprise which animated the Jacobites had extended to the capital itself.

James Lord Drummond, son of that unfortunate Earl of Perth, who, having served James VII as Chancellor of Scotland, shared the exile of his still more unfortunate master, and been rewarded with the barren title of Duke of Perth, was at present in Edinburgh; and by means of one Mr Arthur, who had been formerly an ensign in the Scots Guards, and quartered in the Castle, had formed a plan of surprising that inaccessible fortress, which resembled an exploit of Thomas Randolph, or the Black Lord James of Douglas, rather than a feat of modern war. This ensign Arthur found means of seducing, by money and promises, a sergeant named Ainslie, and two privates, who engaged, that, when it was their duty to watch on the walls which rise from the precipice looking northward, near the Sally-port, they would be prepared to pull up from the bottom certain rope-ladders prepared for the purpose, and furnished with iron grapplings to make them fast to the battlements. By means of these, it was concluded that a select party of Jacobites might easily scale the walls, and make themselves masters of the place. By a beacon placed on a particular part of the Castle, three rounds of artillery, and a succession of fires made from hill to hill through Fife and Angus shires, the signal of success was to be communicated to the Earl of Mar, who was to hasten forward with such forces as he had collected, and take possession of the capital city and chief strength of Scotland.

There was no difficulty in finding agents in this perilous and important enterprise. Fifty Highlanders, picked men, were summoned up from Lord Drummond's estates in Perthshire, and fifty more were selected among the Jacobites of the metropolis. These last were disbanded officers, writers' clerks and apprentices, and other youths of a class considerably above the mere vulgar. Drummond, otherwise called MacGregor of Bahaldie, a Highland gentleman of great courage, was named to command the enterprise. If successful, this achievement must have given the Earl of Mar and his forces the command of the greater part of Scotland, and afforded them a safe and ready means of communication with the English malcontents, the want of which was afterwards so severely felt. He would also have obtained a large supply of money, arms, and ammunition, deposited in the fortress, all of which were most needful for his enterprise. And the apathy of Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, then Deputy-governor of the Castle, was so great that, in spite of numerous blunders on the part of the conspirators, and an absolute revelation on the subject made to Government, the surprise had very nearly taken place.

The younger conspirators who were to go on this forlorn hope, had not discretion in proportion to their courage. Eighteen of them, on the night appointed, were engaged drinking in a tippling-house, and were so careless in their communications, that the hostess was able to tell some person who inquired what the meeting was about, that it consisted of young gentlemen who were in the act of having their hair pow-

dered, in order to go to the attack of the Castle. At last the full secret was intrusted to a woman. Arthur, their guide, had communicated the plot to his brother, a medical man, and engaged him in the enterprise. But when the time for executing it drew nigh, the doctor's extreme melancholy was observed by his wife, who, like a second Belvidera or Portia, suffered him not to rest until she extorted the secret from him, which she communicated in an anonymous letter to Sir Adam Cockburn of Ormiston, then Lord Justice Clerk, who instantly dispatched the intelligence to the Castle. The news arrived so critically, that it was with difficulty the messenger obtained entrance to the Castle; and even then the deputy-governor, disbelieving the intelligence, or secretly well affected to the cause of the Pretender, contented himself with directing the rounds and patrols to be made with peculiar care, and retired to rest.

In the meantime, the Jacobite storming party had rendezvoused at the church-yard of the West Kirk, and proceeded to post themselves beneath the Castle wall. They had a part of their rope ladders in readiness, but the artificer, one Charles Forbes, a merchant in Edinburgh, who ought to have been there with the remainder, which had been made under his direction, was nowhere to be seen. Nothing could be done during his absence; but, actuated by their impatience, the party scrambled up the rock, and stationed themselves beneath the wall, at the point where their accomplice kept sentry. Here they found him ready to perform his stipulated part of the bargain, by pulling up the ladder of ropes which was designed to give them admittance. He exhorted them, however, to be speedy, telling them he was to be relieved by the patrol at twelve o'clock, and if the affair were not completed before that hour, that he could give them no further assistance. The time was fast flying, when Bahaldie, the commander of the storming party, persuaded the sentinel to pull up the grapnel, and make it fast to the battlements, that it might appear whether or not they had length of ladder sufficient to make the attempt. But it proved, as indeed they had expected, more than a fathom too short. At half past eleven o'clock, the steps of the patrol, who had been sent their rounds earlier than usual, owing to the message of the Lord Justice Clerk, were heard approaching, on which the sentinel exclaimed, with an oath, "Here come the rounds I have been telling you of this half-hour; you have ruined both yourself and me; I can serve you no longer." With that he threw down the grappling-iron and ladders, and in the hope of covering his own guilt, fired his musket, and cried "Enemy!" Every man was then compelled to shift for himself, the patrol firing on them from the wall. Twelve soldiers of the burgher guard, who had been directed by the Lord Justice Clerk to make the round of the Castle on the outside, took prisoners three youths, who insisted that they were found there by mere accident, and an old man, Captain MacLean, an officer of James VII, who was much bruised by a fall from the rocks. The rest of the party escaped amongst the north bank of the North Loch, through the fields called Barefoord's Parks, on which the New Town of Edinburgh now stands. In their retreat they met their tardy engineer, Charles Forbes,

loaded with the ladders which were so much wanted a quarter of an hour before. Had it not been for his want of punctuality, the information and precautions of the Lord Justice Clerk would have been insufficient for the safety of the place. It does not appear that any of the conspirators were punished, nor would it have been easy to obtain proof of their guilt. The treacherous sergeant was hanged by sentence of a court-martial, and the deputy-governor (whose name of Stewart might perhaps aggravate the suspicion that attached to him), was deprived of his office, and imprisoned for some time.

It needed not this open attack on the Castle of Edinburgh, or the general news of Lord Mar's Highland armament, and the rising of the disaffected gentlemen in arms throughout most of the counties of Scotland, to call the attention of King George's Government to the disturbed state of that part of his dominions. Measures for defence were hastily adopted. The small number of regular troops who were then in Scotland were concentrated, for the purpose of forming a camp at Stirling, in order to prevent the rebels from seizing the bridge over the Forth, and thereby forcing their way into the Low country. But four regiments, on the peace establishment, only mustered two hundred and fifty-seven men each; four regiments of dragoons were considerably under two hundred to a regiment—a total of only fifteen hundred men at the utmost.

To increase these slender forces, two regiments of dragoons, belonging to the Earl of Stair, with two regiments of foot quartered in the north of England, were ordered to join the camp at Stirling with all possible dispatch. The foot regiments of Clayton and Wightman, with the dragoons of Evans, were recalled from Ireland. The six thousand auxiliary forces with whom the Dutch had engaged, in case of need, to guarantee the succession of the House of Hanover, were required of the States, who accordingly ordered the Scotch regiments in their service to march for the coast, but excused themselves from actually embarking them, in consequence of the French ambassador having disowned, in the strongest manner, any intent on the part of his court to aid the factions in England by sending over the Pretender to Britain, or to assist those who were in arms in his behalf. The Dutch alleged this as a sufficient reason for suspending the shipment of these auxiliaries.

Besides these military measures, the Ministers of George I were not remiss in taking such others as might check the prime cause of rebellions in Scotland, namely, that feudal influence possessed by the aristocracy over their vassals, tenants, and dependents, by which the great men, when disgraced or disappointed, had the power of calling to arms, at their pleasure, a number of individuals, who, however unwilling they might be to rise against the Government, durst not, and could not, without great loss and risk of oppression, oppose themselves to their superior's pleasure.

On the 30th of August, therefore, an act was passed for the purpose of encouraging loyalty in Scotland, a plant which of late years had not been found to agree with the climate of that cold and northern country, or at least, where found to luxuriate, it was of a nature different from that known by the same name at Westminster.

This statute, commonly called the Clan Act, enacted, That if a feudal superior went into rebellion, and became liable to the pains of high-treason, all such vassals holding lands under him as should continue in their allegiance, should in future hold these lands of the Crown. 2. If a tenant should have remained at the King's peace while his landlord had been engaged in rebellion, and convicted of treason, the space of two years' gratuitous possession should be added to that tenant's lease. 3. If the superior should remain loyal and peaceful while the vassal should engage in rebellion, and incur conviction of high-treason, then the fief, or lands held by such vassal, shall revert to the superior as if they had never been separated from his estate. 4. Another clause declared void such settlements of estates and deeds of entail as might be made on the 1st day of August, 1714, or at any time thereafter, declaring that they should be no bar to the forfeiture of the estates for high-treason, seeing that such settlements had been frequently resorted to for the sole purpose of evading the punishment of the law.

This remarkable act was the first considerable step towards unloosing the feudal fetters, by which the command of the superior became in some measure the law of the vassal. The clause concerning settlements and entails was also important, and rendered nugatory the attempts which had been frequently made to evade the punishment of forfeiture, by settlements made previous to the time when those who granted the deeds engaged in rebellion. Such deeds as were executed for onerous causes, that is, for value of some kind received, were justly excepted from the operation of this law.

There was, moreover, another clause, empowering the Crown to call upon any suspected person or persons in Scotland to appear at Edinburgh, or where it should be judged expedient, for the purpose of finding bail, with certification that their failure to appear should subject them to be put to the horn as rebels, and that they should incur the forfeiture of the life-rent escheat. Immediately afterwards, summonses were issued to all the noblemen and gentlemen either actually in arms, or suspected of favouring the Jacobite interest, from the Earl of Mar and his co-peers, down to Rob Roy MacGregor, the celebrated outlaw. The list amounted to about fifty men of note, of which only two, Sir Patrick Murray, and Sir Alexander Erskine, thought proper to surrender themselves.

Besides these general measures, military resistance to the expected rebellion was prepared in a great many places, and particularly in borough-towns and sea-ports. It is here to be remarked, that a great change had taken place among the bulk of the people of Scotland, from the ill humour into which they had been put by the conclusion of the Union treaty. At that time, such were the effects of mortified pride, popular apprehension, and national antipathy, that the populace in every town and county would have arisen to place the Pretender on the throne, notwithstanding his professing the Catholic religion, and being the grandson of James VII, of whose persecutions, as well as those in the time of his predecessor, Charles II, the Presbyterians of the west nourished such horrible recollections. Accordingly, we have

seen that it was only by bribing their chiefs, and deceiving them by means of adroit spies, that the Cameronians, the most zealous of Presbyterians, who disowned the authority of all magistrates who had not taken the Solemn League and Covenant, were prevented from taking arms to dissolve the Union Parliament, and to declare for the cause of James III. But it happened with the Union, as with other political measures, against which strong prejudices have been excited during their progress:—the complication of predicted evils were so far from being realized, that the opponents of the treaty began to be ashamed of having entertained such apprehensions. None of the violent changes which had been foretold, none of the universal disgrace and desolation which had been anticipated in consequence, had arisen from that great measure. The enforcing of the Malt Tax was the most unpopular, and that impost had been for the time politically suspended. The shopkeepers of Edinburgh, who had supplied the peers of Scotland with luxuries, had found other customers, now that the aristocracy were resident in London, or they had turned their stock into other lines of commerce. The ideal consequence of a legislature of their own holding its sittings in the metropolis of Scotland, was forgotten when it became no longer visible, and the abolition of the Scottish Privy Council might, on calm reflection, be considered as a national benefit rather than a privation. In short, the general resentment excited by the treaty of Union, once keen enough to suspend all other motives, was a paroxysm too violent to last—men recovered from it by slow degrees, and though it was still predominant in the minds of some classes, yet the opinions of the lower orders in general had in a great measure returned to their usual channel, and men entertained in the south and west, as well as in many of the boroughs, their usual wholesome horror for the Devil, the Pope, and the Pretender, which, for a certain time, had been overpowered and lost in their apprehensions for the independence of Scotland.

In 1715, also, the merchants and better class of citizens, who began to entertain some distant views of enriching themselves by engaging in the commerce of the plantations, and other lucrative branches of trade, opened up by the Union, were no longer disposed to see any thing tempting in the proposal of Mar and his insurgents, to destroy the treaty by force; and were, together with the lower classes, much better disposed to listen to the expostulations of the presbyterian clergy, who, sensible of what they had to expect from a counter-revolution, exerted their influence, generally speaking with great effect, in support of the present government of King George. The fruits of this change in the temper and feelings of the middling and lower classes, were soon evident in the metropolis and throughout Scotland. In Edinburgh, men of wealth and substance subscribed a bond of association, in order to raise subscriptions for purchasing arms and maintaining troops; and a body of the subscribers themselves formed a regiment, under the name of the Associate Volunteers of Edinburgh. They were four hundred strong. Glasgow, with a prescient consciousness of the commercial eminence which she was to attain by means of the treaty of Union, contributed liberally in money to

defend the cause of King George, and raised a good regiment of volunteers. The western counties of Renfrew and Ayrshire offered four thousand men, and the Earl of Glasgow a regiment of a thousand at his own charge. Along the Border, the Whig party were no less active. Dumfries distinguished itself, by raising among the inhabitants seven volunteer companies of sixty men each. This was the more necessary, as an attack was apprehended from the many Catholics and disaffected gentlemen who resided in the neighbourhood. The eastern part of Teviotdale supplied the Duke of Roxburgh, Sir William Bennet of Grubet, and Sir John Pringle of Stitchel, with as many men as they could find arms for, being about four companies. The upper part of the county, and the neighbouring shire of Selkirk, were less willing to take arms. The hatred of the Union still prevailed amongst them more than elsewhere, inflamed, probably, by the very circumstance of their vicinity to England, and the recollection of the long wars betwixt the kingdoms. The Cameronian preachers, also, had possessed many speculative shepherds with their whimsical and chimerical doubts concerning the right of uncovenanted magistrates to exercise an authority even in the most urgent case of national emergency. This doctrine was as rational as if the same scrupulous persons had discovered that it was unlawful to use the assistance of firemen during a conflagration, because they had not taken the Solemn League and Covenant. These scruples were not universal, and assumed as many different hues and shades as there were popular preachers to urge them; they tended greatly to retard and embarrass the exertions of government to prepare for defence in these districts. Even the popularity of the Reverend Thomas Boston, an eminent divine of the period, could not raise a man for the service of government out of his parish of Ettrick.

Notwithstanding, however, partial exceptions, the common people of Scotland, who were not overawed by Jacobite landlords, remained generally faithful to the Protestant line of succession, and showed readiness to arm in its behalf.

Having thus described the preparations for war, on both sides, we will, in the next Chapter, relate the commencement of the campaign.

CHAPTER VII.

Raising of the Standard for the Chevalier de St George, and Proclamation of him as James VIII of Scotland, and III of England and Ireland—Capture of Perth by the Jacobites—Character of Mar's Army—Incapacity of Mar as a General—Plan of an Expedition into the Low Country.

ON the 6th September, 1715, the noblemen, chiefs of clans, gentlemen, and others, with such followers as they could immediately get in readiness, assembled at Aboyne; and the Earl of Mar, acting as general on the occasion, displayed the royal standard, at Castleton, in Braemar; and proclaimed, with such solemnity as the time and place admitted, James King of Scotland, by the title of James VIII, and King of England, Ireland, and their dependencies, by that of James III. The day was stormy; and the gilded ball which was on the top of the standard spear was

blown down,—a circumstance which the superstitious Highlanders regarded as ominous of ill fortune; while others called to mind, that by a strange coincidence, something of the same kind happened in the evil hour when King Charles set up his standard at Nottingham.

After this decisive measure, the leaders of the insurgents separated to proclaim King James in the towns where they had influence, and to raise as many followers as each could possibly command, in order to support the daring defiance which they had given to the established government.

It was not by the mildest of all possible means that a Highland following, as it is called, was brought into the field at that period. Many vassals were, indeed, prompt and ready for service, for which their education and habits prepared them. But there were others who were brought to their chief's standard by much the same enticing mode of solicitation used in our own day for recruiting the navy, and there were many who conceived it prudent not to stir without such a degree of compulsion as might, in case of need, serve as some sort of apology for having been in arms at all. On this raising the clans in the year 1715, the fiery cross was sent through the districts or countries, as they are termed, inhabited by the different tribes. This emblem consisted of two branches of wood, in the form of a cross, one end singed with fire, and the other stained with blood. The inhabitants transmitted the signal from house to house with all possible speed, and the symbol implied, that those who should not appear at a rendezvous which was named when the cross was presented, should suffer the extremities of fire and sword. There is an intercepted letter of Mar himself, to John Forbes of Invererau, bailie of his lordship of Kildrummie, which throws considerable light on the nature of a feudal levy:—

"You were right, Jackie," said the lord to his official, "not to come with the hundred men you sent up last night, when I expected four times their numbers. It is a pretty thing my own people should be refractory, when all the Highlands are rising, and all the Lowlands are expecting us to join them. I send you enclosed an order for the Lordship of Kildrummie, which you will immediately intimate to all my vassals. If they give ready obedience, it will make some amends, and if not, ye may tell them from me, that it will not be in my power to save them (were I willing) from being treated as enemies by those that are soon to join me; and they may depend upon it that I will be the first to propose and order their being so. Particularly, let my own tenants in Kildrummie know, that if they come not forth with their best arms, I will send a party immediately to burn what they shall miss taking from them. And they may believe this only a threat,—but, by all that's sacred, I'll put it in execution, let my loss be what it will, that it may be an example to others. You are to tell the gentlemen that I expect them in their best accoutrements on horseback, and no excuse to be accepted of."

This remarkable letter is dated three days after the displaying of the standard. The system of social life in the Highlands, has, when viewed through the vista of years, much in it that is interesting and poetical; but few modern readers will desire to exchange conditions with a resident within the romantic

bounds of Mar's lordship of Kildrummie, where such were liable to a peremptory summons to arms, thus rudely enforced.

Proceeding towards the Lowlands by short marches, Mar paused at the small town of Kirkmichael, and afterwards at Mouline in Perthshire, moving slowly, that his friends might have leisure to assemble for his support. In the meantime, King James was proclaimed at Aberdeen by the Earl Marischal, at Dunkeld by the Marquis of Tullibardine, contrary to the wishes of his father, the Duke of Athole, at Castle Gordon by the Marquis of Huntly, at Brechin by the Earl of Panmure, a rich and powerful nobleman, who had acceded to the cause since the rendezvous at the Braemar hunting. The same ceremony was performed at Montrose by the Earl of Southesk, at Dundee by Graham of Duntroon, of the family of the celebrated Claverhouse, and to whom King James had given that memorable person's title of Viscount of Dundee, and at Inverness by the Laird of Borlum, commonly called Brigadier MacIntosh, from his having held that rank in the service of France. This officer made a considerable figure during the Rebellion, in which he had influence to involve his chief and clan, rather contrary to the political sentiments of the former; he judged that Inverness was a station of importance, and therefore left a garrison to secure it from any attack on the part of the Grants, Monroes, or other Whig clans in the vicinity.

The possession of the town of Perth now became a point of great importance, as forming the communication between the Highlands and the Lowlands, and being the natural capital of the fertile countries on the margin of the Tay. The citizens were divided into two parties, but the magistrates, who, at the head of one part of the inhabitants, had declared for King George, took arms and applied to the Duke of Athole, who remained in allegiance to the ruling monarch, for a party to support them. The Duke sent them three or four hundred Athole Highlanders, and the inhabitants conceived themselves secure, especially as the Earl of Rothes, having assembled about four hundred militiamen, was advancing from Fife to their support. The honourable Colonel John Hay, brother to the Earl of Kinnoul, took, however, an opportunity to collect together some fifty or a hundred horse from the gentlemen of Stirling, Perthshire, and Fife, and marched towards the town. The Tory burghers, who were not inferior in numbers, began to assume courage as these succours appeared, and the garrison of Highlanders knowing that although the Duke of Athole remained attached to the government, his eldest son was in the Earl of Mar's army, gave way to their own inclinations, which were decidedly Jacobitical, and joined Colonel Hay, for the purpose of disarming the Whig burghers, to whose assistance they had been sent. Thus Perth, by a concurrence of accidents, fell into the hands of the insurgent Jacobites, and gave them the command of all the Lowlands in the east part of Scotland. Still, as the town was but slightly fortified, it might have been recovered by a sudden attack, if a detachment had been made for that purpose, from the regular camp at Stirling. But General Whetham, who as yet commanded there, was not an officer of activity. He was indeed superseded in his command by the

Duke of Argyle, commander-in-chief in Scotland, who came to Stirling on the 14th September; but the opportunity of regaining Perth no longer existed. The town had been speedily reinforced, and secured for the Jacobite interest, by about two hundred men, whom the Earl of Strathmore had raised to join the Earl of Mar, and a body of Fifeshire cavalry who had arrayed themselves for the same service under the Master of Sinclair. Both these noblemen were remarkable characters.

The Earl of Strathmore, doomed to lose his life in this fatal broil, was only about eighteen years old, but at that early age he exhibited every symptom of a brave, generous, and modest disposition, and his premature death disappointed the most flourishing hopes. He engaged in the Rebellion with all the zeal of sincerity, raised a strong regiment of Lowland infantry, and distinguished himself by his attention to the duties of a military life.

The Master of Sinclair, so called because the eldest son of Henry seventh Lord Sinclair, had served in Marlborough's army with good reputation; but he was especially remarkable for having, in the prosecution of an affair of honour, slain two gentlemen of the name of Shaw, brothers to Sir John Shaw of Greenock, and persons of rank and consequence. He was tried by a court-martial, and condemned to death, but escaped from prison, not without the connivance of the Duke of Marlborough himself. As the Master of Sinclair's family were Tories, he obtained his pardon on the accession of their party to power in 1712. In 1715, he seems to have taken arms with great reluctance, deeming the cause desperate, and having no confidence in the probity or parts of the Earl of Mar, who assumed the supreme authority. He was a man of a caustic and severe turn of mind, suspicious and satirical, but acute and sensible. He has left Memoirs behind him, curiously illustrative of the ill-fated enterprise in which he was engaged, and of which he seems totally to have despaired long before its final termination.

That part of the Earl of Mar's forces which lay in the eastern and north-eastern parts of Scotland, were now assembled at Perth, the most central place under his authority. They amounted to four or five thousand men, and although formidable for courage and numbers, they had few other qualities necessary to constitute an army. They wanted a competent general, money, arms, and ammunition, regulation and discipline; above all, a settled purpose and object of the campaign. On each of these deficiencies, and on the manner and degree in which they were severally supplied, I will say a few words, so as to give you some idea of this tumultuary army, before proceeding to detail what they did, and what they left undone.

There can be no doubt, that from the time he embarked in this dangerous enterprise, Mar had secretly determined to put himself at the head of it, and gratify at once his ambition and his revenge. But it does not appear that at first he made any pretensions to the chief command. On the contrary, he seemed willing to defer to any person of higher rank than his own. The Duke of Gordon would have been a natural choice, from his elevated rank and great power. But, besides that he had not come out in person, thought it was not doubted that he ap-

proved of his son's doing so, the Duke was a Catholic, and it was not considered politic that Papists should hold any considerable rank in the enterprise, as it would have given rise to doubts among their own party, and reproaches from their opponents. Finally, the Duke, being one of the suspected persons summoned by government to surrender himself, obeyed the call, and was appointed to reside at Edinburgh on his parole. The Duke of Athole had been a leader of the Jacobites during the disputes concerning the Union, and had agreed to rise had the French descent taken place in 1707. Upon him, it is said, the Earl of Mar offered to devolve the command of the forces he had levied. But the Duke refused the offer at his hands. He said, that if the Chevalier de St George had chosen to impose such a responsible charge upon him, he would have opened a direct communication with him personally; and he complained that Mar, before making this proposal to him, had intrigued in his family; having instigated his two sons, the Marquis of Tullibardine and Lord Charles Murray, as well as his uncle Lord Nairne, to take arms without his consent, and made use of them to seduce the Athole men from their allegiance to their rightful lord. He therefore declined the offer which was made to him of commanding the forces now in rebellion, and Mar retained, as if by occupancy, the chief command of the army. As he was brave, high-born, and possessed of very considerable talent, and as his late connexion with the chiefs of Highland clans, while distributor of Queen Anne's bounty, rendered him highly acceptable to them, his authority was generally submitted to, especially as it was at first supposed that he acted only as a *locum tenens* for the Duke of Berwick, whose speedy arrival had been announced. Time passed on, however, the Duke came not, and the Earl of Mar continued to act as commander-in-chief, until confirmed in it, as we shall learn, by an express commission from the Chevalier de St George. As the Earl was unacquainted with military affairs, he used the experience of Lieutenant-General Hamilton and Clephane of Carslogie, who had served during the late war, to supply his deficiencies in that department. But though these gentlemen had both courage, zeal, and warlike skill, they could not assist their principal in what his own capacity could not attain to — the power of forming and acting upon a decided plan of tactics.

Money was also much wanted, and was but poorly supplied by such sums as the wealthier adherents of the party could raise among themselves. Some of the gentlemen had indeed means of their own, but as their funds became exhausted, they were under the necessity of returning home for more; which was with some the apology for absence from their corps much longer and more frequently than was consistent with discipline. But the Highlanders and Lowlanders of inferior rank, could not subsist, or be kept within the bounds of discipline, without regular pay of some kind. Lord Southesk gave five hundred pounds, and the Earl of Panmure the same sum, to meet the exigencies of the moment. Aid was also solicited and obtained from various individuals, friendly to the cause, but unequal, from age or infirmity, to take the field in person; and there were many prudent persons, no doubt, who thought it the wisest course to sacrifice

a sum of money, which, if the insurrection were successful, would give them the merit of having aided it, while, if it failed, their lives and estates were secured from the reach of the law against treason. Above all, the insurgents took especial care to secure all the public money that was in the hands of collectors of taxes, and other public officers, and to levy eight months' cess wherever their presence gave them the authority. At length, considerable supplies of money were received from France, which in a great measure relieved their wants in that particular. Lord Drummond was appointed to be treasurer to the army.

Arms and ammunition were scarce amongst the insurgents. The Highland clans were, indeed, tolerably armed with their national weapons; but the guns of the Lowlanders were in wretched order, and in a great measure unfit for service. The success of an expedition in some degree remedied this important deficiency.

Among other northern chiefs who remained faithful to George I, amidst the general defection, was the powerful Earl of Sutherland, who, on the news of the insurrection, had immediately proceeded by sea to his Castle of Dunrobin, to collect his vassals. In order that they might be supplied with arms, a vessel at Leith was loaded with firelocks, and other weapons, and sailed for the Earl's country. The wind, however, proving contrary, the master of the ship dropped anchor at Burntisland, on the Fife shore of the Frith of Forth, of which he was a native, that he might have an opportunity to see his wife and children before his departure.

The Master of Sinclair, formerly mentioned, whose family estate and interest lay on the shores of the Frith, got information of this circumstance, and suggested a scheme of seizing on these arms, which argued talent and activity, and was the first symptom which the insurgents had given of either one or other. The Master of Sinclair, with about fourscore troopers, and carrying with him a number of baggage horses, left Perth about night-fall, and, to baffle observation, took a circuitous road to Burntisland. He arrived in the little sea-port with all the effect of a complete surprise; and, though the bark had hauled out of the harbour into the roadstead, he boarded her by means of boats, possessing himself of all the arms, which amounted to three hundred. Mar, as had been agreed upon, protected the return of the detachment by advancing a body of five hundred Highlanders as far as Auchtertoole, half-way between Perth and Burntisland. On this occasion, the Master of Sinclair, an old officer, and acquainted with the usual discipline of war, was greatly annoyed by the disorderly conduct of the volunteer forces whom he commanded. He could not prevail on the gentlemen of his squadron to keep watch with any vigilance, nor prevent them from crowding into alehouses to drink. In returning homeward, several of them broke off without leave, either to visit their own houses which were near the road, or to indulge themselves in the pleasure of teasing the Presbyterian ministers who lay in their way. When he came to Auchtertoole, the disorder was yet greater. The Highland detachment, many of them Mar's own men from Dee-side, had broken their ranks, and were dispersed over the country, pillaging the farm-houses; when Sinclair

got a Highland officer to command them to desist and return, they refused to obey, nor was there any means of bringing them off, save by spreading a report that the enemy's dragoons were approaching, on which they drew together with wonderful celerity, and submitted to be led back to Perth with the arms that had been seized, which went some length to remedy the scarcity of that most important article in the insurgent army.

A greater deficiency even than that of arms, was the want of a general capable to form the plan of a campaign, suitable to his situation and the character of his troops, and then to carry it into effect with firmness, celerity, and decision. Generals Hamilton and Gordon, both in Mar's army, were men of some military experience, but totally void of that comprehensive genius which combines and executes the manœuvres of a campaign; and Mar himself, as already intimated, seems to have been unacquainted even with the mere mechanical part of the profession. He appears to have thought, that the principal part of his work was done when the insurrection was set on foot, and that being once effected, that it would carry itself on, and the rebels would increase in such numbers, that resistance to them must become impossible. The greater part of the Jacobites in East Lothian were, he knew, ready to take horse; so were those of the counties of Dumfries and Lanark; but they were separated from his army by the Frith of Forth, and were likely to require assistance from him, in order to secure protection when they assembled their followers. Montrose, or Dundee, with half the men whom Mar had already under him, would have marched without hesitation towards Stirling, and compelled the Duke of Argyle, who had not as yet quite two thousand men, either to fight or retreat,—which must have opened the Lowlands and the Borders to the operations of the insurgents. But such was the reputation of the Duke, that Mar resolved not to encounter him until he should have received all the reinforcements from the north and west which he could possibly expect, in the hope, by assembling an immense superiority of force, to counterbalance the acknowledged military skill of his distinguished opponent.

As, however, it was essential to the Earl of Mar's purpose, to spread the flame of insurrection into the Lowlands, he determined not to allow the check which Argyle's forces and position placed on his movements, to prevent his attempting a diversion by passing at all hazards a considerable detachment of his army into Lothian, to support and encourage his Jacobite friends on the opposite side. His proposal was to collect small vessels and boats on the Fife side of the Frith, and dispatch them across with a division of his army, who were to land on such part of the coast of East Lothian as the wind should render most convenient, and unite themselves with the malcontents wherever they might find them in strength. But ere noticing the fate of this expedition, we must leave Mar and his army, to trace the progress of the insurrection in the south of Scotland and the north of England, where it had already broken out.

CHAPTER VIII.

Progress of Insurrection in the South of Scotland—Catastrophe in the Family of Hepburn of Keith—Rising of the Jacobites of the Western Frontier, under Kenmure, and of those of the North of England, under Forster—Junction of Kenmure's party with that of Forster—Reinforcements join Mar at Perth, his head quarters—Delay in the Rising of the Western Clans—Procrastination of Mar—Descent of MacIntosh upon Lothian—Junction of MacIntosh with Kenmure and Forster at Kelso—They hold a Council, to decide on their plan of Operations.

THE reports of invasion from France—of King James's landing with a foreign force, abundance of arms, ammunition, and treasure, and the full purpose to reward his friends and chastise his enemies—the same exaggerated intelligence from England, concerning general discontent and local insurrection, which had raised the north of Scotland in arms—had their effect also on the gentlemen of Jacobite principles in the south of that country, and in the contiguous frontiers of England, where a number of Catholic families, and others devoted to the exiled family, were still to be found. Ere the hopes inspired by such favourable rumours had passed away, came the more veracious intelligence, that the Earl of Mar had set up James's standard in the Highlands, and presently after, that he had taken possession of Perth—that many noblemen of distinguished rank and interest had joined his camp, and that his numbers were still increasing.

These reports gave a natural impulse to the zeal of men, who, having long professed themselves the liege subjects of the Stewart family, were ashamed to sit still when a gallant effort was made to effect their restoration, by what was reported to be, and in very truth was, a very strong party, and an army much larger than those commanded by Montrose or Dundee, and composed chiefly of the same description of troops, at the head of whom they had gained their victories. The country, therefore, through most of its districts, was heaving with the convulsive throes which precede civil war, like those which announce an earthquake. Events hurried on to decide the doubtful and embolden the timorous. The active measures resolved on by government, in arresting suspected persons throughout England and the southern parts of Scotland, obliged the professed Jacobites to bring their minds to a resolution, and either expose their persons to the dangers of civil war, or their characters to the shame of being judged wanting in the hour of action, to all the protestations which they had made in those of safety and peace.

These considerations decided men according to their characters, some to submit themselves to imprisonment, for the safety of their lives and fortunes—others to draw the sword, and venture their all in support of their avowed principles. Those gentlemen who embraced the latter course, more honourable, or more imprudent perhaps, began to leave their homes, and drew together in such bodies as might enable them to resist the efforts of the magistrates or troops sent to arrest them. The civil war began by a very tragical rencounter in a family, with the descendants of which your grandfather has long enjoyed peculiar intimacy, and of which I give the particulars after the account preserved by them, though it is also mentioned in most histories of the times.

Among other families of distinction in East Lothian, that of Mr Hepburn of Keith was devotedly attached to the interests of the House of Stewart, and he determined to exert himself to the utmost in the approaching conflict. He had several sons, with whom, and his servants, he had determined to join a troop to be raised in East Lothian, and commanded by the Earl of Winton. This gentleman being much respected in the county, it was deemed of importance to prevent his showing an example which was likely to be generally followed. For this purpose, Mr Hepburn of Humble and Dr Sinclair of Hermandston resolved to lay the Laird of Keith under arrest, and proceeded towards his house with a party of the horse-militia, on the morning of the 8th of October, 1715, which happened to be the very morning that Keith had appointed to set forth on his campaign, having made all preparations on the preceding evening. The family had assembled for the last time at the breakfast table, when it was observed that one of the young ladies looked more sad and disconsolate, than even the departure of her father and brothers upon a distant and precarious expedition seemed to warrant at that period, when the fair sex were as enthusiastic in politics as the men.

Miss Hepburn was easily induced to tell the cause of her fears. She had dreamed she saw her youngest brother, a youth of great hopes, and generally esteemed, shot by a man whose features were impressed on her recollection, and stretched dead on the floor of the room in which they were now assembled. The females of the family listened and argued—the men laughed, and turned the visionary into ridicule. The horses were saddled, and led out into the court-yard, when a mounted party was discovered advancing along the flat ground, in front of the mansion-house, called the Plain of Keith. The gate was shut; and when Dr Sinclair, who was most active in the matter, had announced his purpose, and was asked for his warrant, he handed in at a window the commission of the Marquis of Tweeddale, Lord Lieutenant of the county. This Keith returned with contempt, and announced that he would stand on his defence. The party within mounted their horses, and sallied out, determined to make their way; and Keith, discharging a pistol in the air, charged the Doctor sword in hand; the militia then fired, and the youngest of the Hepburns was killed on the spot. The sister beheld the catastrophe from the windows, and to the end of her life persisted that the homicide had the features of the person whom she saw in her dream. The corpse was carried into the room where they had so lately breakfasted, and Keith, after having paid this heavy tax to the demon of civil war, rode off with the rest of his party to join the insurgents. Dr Sinclair was censured very generally, for letting his party zeal hurry him into a personal encounter with so near a neighbour and familiar friend; he vindicated himself, by asserting that his intentions were to save Keith from the consequences into which his rash zeal for the Stewart family was about to precipitate that gentleman and his family. But Dr Sinclair ought to have been prepared to expect, that a high-spirited man, with arms in his hands, was certain to resist this violent mode of opening his eyes to the rashness

of his conduct; and he who attempts to make either religious or political converts by compulsion, must be charged with the consequences of such violence as is most likely to ensue.

Mr Hepburn and his remaining sons joined the Jacobite gentry of the neighbourhood, to the number of fifty or sixty men, and directed their course westward towards the Borders, where a considerable party were in arms for the same cause. The leader of the East Lothian troop was the Earl of Winton, a young nobleman twenty-five years old, said to be afflicted by a vicissitude of spirits approaching to lunacy. His life had been marked by some strange singularities, as that of his living a long time as bellows-blower and assistant to a blacksmith in France, without holding any communication with his country or family. But, if we judge from his conduct in the rebellion, Lord Winton appears to have displayed more sense and prudence than most of those engaged in that unfortunate affair.

This Lothian insurrection soon merged in the two principal southern risings, which took place in Dumfries-shire and Galloway in Scotland, and in Northumberland and Cumberland in England.

On the western frontier of Scotland, there were many families not only Jacobites in politics, but Roman Catholics in religion; and therefore bound by a double tie to the heir of James II, who, for the sake of that form of faith, may be justly thought to have forfeited his kingdoms. Among the rest, the Earl of Nithsdale, combining in his person the representation of two noble families, those of the Lord Herries and the Lord Maxwell, might be considered as the natural leader of the party. But William, Viscount Kenmure, in Galloway, a Protestant, was preferred as chief of the enterprise, as it was not thought prudent to bring Catholics too much forward in the affair, on account of the scandal to which their promotion might give rise. Many neighbouring gentlemen were willing to throw themselves and their fortunes into the same adventure in which Nithsdale and Kenmure stood committed. The latter was a man of good sense and resolution, well acquainted with civil affairs, but a total stranger to the military art.

In the beginning of October, the plan of insurrection was so far ripened, that the gentlemen of Galloway, Nithsdale, and Annandale, proposed by a sudden effort to possess themselves of the county town of Dumfries. The town was protected on the one side by the river Nith; on the others it might be considered as open. But the zeal of the inhabitants, and of the Whig gentlemen of the neighbourhood, baffled the enterprise, which must otherwise have been attended with credit to the arms of the insurgents. The Lord Lieutenant and his deputies collected the fencible men of the county, and brought several large parties into Dumfries, to support, if necessary, the defence of the place. The provost, Robert Corbett, Esq., mustered the citizens, and putting himself at their head, harangued them in a style peculiarly calculated to inspire confidence. He reminded them that their laws and religion were at stake, and that their cause resembled that of the Israelites, when led by Joshua against the unbelieving inhabitants of the land of Canaan.

"Nevertheless," said the considerate Provost of Dumfries; "as I, who am your unworthy leader, cannot pretend to any divine commission like that of the son of Nun, I do not take upon me to recommend the extermination of your enemies, as the judge of Israel was commanded to do by a special revelation. On the contrary, I earnestly entreat you to use your assured victory with clemency, and remember, that the misguided persons opposed to you are still your countrymen and brethren." This oration, which, instead of fixing the minds of his followers on a doubtful contest, instructed them only how to make use of a certain victory, had a great effect in encouraging the bands of the sagacious provost, who, with their auxiliaries from the country, drew out and took a position to cover the town of Dumfries.

Lord Kenmure marched from Moffat, with about a hundred and fifty horse, on Wednesday the 13th of October, with the purpose of occupying Dumfries. But finding the friends of government in such a state of preparation, he became speedily aware that he could not with a handful of cavalry propose to storm a town, the citizens of which were determined on resistance. The Jacobite gentlemen, therefore, retreated to Moffat, and thence to Langholm and Hawick. From thence they took their departure for the eastward, to join the Northumberland gentlemen who were in arms in the same cause, and towards whom we must now direct our attention.

In England, a very dangerous and extensive purpose of insurrection certainly existed shortly after the Queen's death; but the exertions of government had been so great in all quarters, that it was every where disconcerted or suppressed. The University of Oxford was supposed to be highly dissatisfied at the accession of the House of Hanover; and there, as well as at Bath, and elsewhere in the west, horses, arms, and ammunition, were seized in considerable quantities, and most of the Tory gentlemen who were suspected of harbouring dangerous intentions, were either arrested, or delivered themselves up on the summons of government. Amongst these was Sir William Wyndham, one of the principal leaders of the High Church party.

In Northumberland and Cumberland, the Tories, at a greater distance from the power of the government, were easily inclined to action; they were, besides, greatly influenced by the news of the Earl of Mar's army, which, though large enough to have done more than it ever attempted, was still much magnified by common fame. The unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater, who acted so prominent a part in this short-lived struggle, was by birth connected with the exiled royal family; his lady also was a bigot in their cause; and the Catholic religion, which he professed, made it almost a crime in this nobleman to remain peaceful on the present occasion. Thomas Forster of Bamborough, member of Parliament for the county of Northumberland, was equally attached to the Jacobite cause; being a Church-of-England man, he was adopted as the commander-in-chief of the insurrection, for the same reason that the Lord Kenmure was preferred to the Earl of Nithsdale in the command of the Scottish levies. Warrants being issued against the Earl of Derwentwater and Mr Forster, they absconded, and lurked for a few days among

their friends in Northumberland, till a general consultation could be held of the principal northern Tories, at the house of Mr Fenwick of Bywell; when, as they foresaw that, if they should be arrested, and separately examined, they could scarce frame such a defence as might save them from the charge of high-treason, they resolved to unite in a body, and try the chance that fortune might send them. With this purpose they held a meeting at a place called Greenrig, where Forster arrived with about twenty horse. They went from this to the top of a hill, called the Waterfalls, where they were joined by Lord Derwentwater. This reinforcement made them near sixty horse, with which they proceeded to the small town of Rothbury, and from thence to Warkworth, where they proclaimed King James III. On the 10th of October they marched to Morpeth, where they received further reinforcements, which raised them to three hundred horse, the highest number which they ever attained. Some of these gentlemen remained undecided till the last fatal moment, and amongst these was John Hall of Otterburn. He attended a meeting of the quarter sessions, which was held at Alnwick, for the purpose of taking measures for quelling the rebellion, but left it with such precipitation that he forgot his hat upon the bench, and joined the fatal meeting at the Waterfalls.

The insurgents could levy no foot-soldiers, though many men offered to join them; for they had neither arms to equip them, nor money to pay them. This want of infantry was the principal cause why they did not make an immediate attack on Newcastle, which had formed part of their original plan. But the town, though not regularly fortified, was surrounded with a high stone wall, with old-fashioned gates. The magistrates, who were zealous on the side of government, caused the gates to be walled up with masonry, and raised a body of seven hundred volunteers for the defence of the town, to which the keelmen, or bargemen employed in the coal-trade upon the Tyne, made offer of seven hundred more; and, in the course of a day or two, General Carpenter arrived with part of those forces with whom he afterwards attacked the insurgents. After this last reinforcement, the *gentlemen*, as Forster's cavalry were called, lost all hopes of surprising Newcastle. About the same time, however, a beam of success which attended their arms, might be said just to glimmer and disappear. This was the exploit of a gentleman named Lancelot Errington, who, by a dexterous stratagem, contrived to surprise the small castle, or fort, upon Holy Island, which might have been useful to the insurgents in maintaining their foreign communication. But before Errington could receive the necessary supplies of men and provisions, the governor of Berwick detached a party of thirty soldiers, and about fifty volunteers, who, crossing the sands at low water, attacked the little fort, and carried it sword in hand. Errington was wounded and taken prisoner, but afterwards made his escape.

This disappointment, with the news that troops were advancing to succour Newcastle, decided Forster and his followers to unite themselves with the Viscount Kenmure and the Scottish gentlemen engaged in the same cause. The English express found

Kenmure near Hawick, at a moment when his little band of about two hundred men had almost determined to give up the enterprise. Upon receiving Forster's communication, however, they resolved to join him at Rothbury.

On the 19th of October, the two bodies of insurgents met at Rothbury, and inspected each other's military state and equipments, with the anxiety of mingled hope and apprehension. The general character of the troops was the same, but the Scots seemed the best prepared for action, being mounted on strong hardy horses, fit for the charge, and, though but poorly disciplined, were well armed with the basket-hilted broadswords, then common throughout Scotland. The English gentlemen, on the other hand, were mounted on fleet blood horses, better adapted for the race-course and hunting-field than for action; there was among them a great want of war-saddles, curb-bridles, and, above all, of swords and pistols;—so that the Scots were inclined to doubt whether men so well equipped for flight, and so imperfectly prepared for combat, might not, in case of an encounter, take the safer course, and leave them in the lurch. Their want of swords in particular, at least of cutting swords fit for the cavalry service, is proved by an anecdote. It is said that, as they entered the town of Wooler, their commanding-officer gave the word, "Gentlemen, you that have got swords, draw them;" to which a fellow among the crowd answered, not irrelevantly, "And what shall they do who have none?"—When Forster, by means of one of his captains named Douglas, had opened a direct communication with Mar's army, the messenger stated that the English were willing to have given horses worth £25, then a considerable price, for such swords as are generally worn by Highlanders.

It may be also here noticed, that out of the four troops commanded by Forster, the two raised by Lord Derwentwater and Lord Widrington were, like those of the Scots, composed of gentlemen, and their relations and dependents. But the third and fourth troops differed considerably from the others in their composition. The one was commanded by John Hunter, who united the character of a Border farmer with that of a contraband trader; the other by the same Douglas whom we have just mentioned, who was remarkable for his dexterity and success in searching for arms and horses,—a trade which he is said not to have limited to the time of the rebellion. Into the troops of these last-named officers, many persons of slender reputation were introduced, who had either lived by smuggling, or by the ancient Border practice of horse-lifting, as it was called. These light and suspicious characters, however, fought with determined courage at the barricades of Preston.

The motions of Kenmure and Forster were now decided by the news, that a detachment from Mar's army had been sent across the Frith of Forth to join them; and this requires us to return to the Northern insurrection, which was now endeavouring to extend and connect itself with that which had broke out on the Border. The Earl of Mar, it must be observed, had, from the first moment of his arrival at Perth, or at least as soon as he was joined by a disposable

force, designed to send a party over the Frith into Lothian, who should encourage the Jacobites in that country to rise; and he proposed to confer this command upon the Master of Sinclair. As, however, this separation of his forces must have considerably weakened his own army, and perhaps exposed him to an unwelcome visit from the Duke of Argyle, Mar postponed his purpose until he should be joined by reinforcements. These were now pouring fast into Perth.

From the North, the Marquis of Huntly, one of the most powerful of the confederacy, joined the army at Perth with foot and horse, Lowlanders and Highlanders, to the amount of nearly four thousand men. The Earl Marischal had the day before brought up his own power, consisting of about eighty horse. The arrival of these noblemen brought some seeds of dissension into the camp. Marischal, so unlike the wisdom of his riper years, with the indiscretion of a very young man, gave just offence to Huntly, by endeavouring to deprive him of a part of his following.

The occasion was this. The MacPhersons, a very stout, hardy clan, who are called in Gaelic, Mac-Vourigh, and headed by Cluny MacPherson, held some possessions of the Gordon family, and therefore naturally placed themselves under the Marquis of Huntly's banner on the present occasion, although it might be truly said that, in general, they were by no means the most tractable vassals. Marischal endeavoured to prevail on this Clan-Vourigh to place themselves under his command instead of that of Huntly,—alleging, that as the MacPhersons always piqued themselves on being a distinguished branch of the great confederacy called Clan-Chattan, so was he, by his name of Keith, the natural chief of the confederacy aforesaid. Mar is said to have yielded some countenance to the claim,—the singularity of which affords a curious picture of the matters with which these insurgents were occupied. The cause of Mar's taking part in such a debate was alleged to be, the desire which he had to lower the estimation of Huntly's power and numbers. The MacPhersons, however, considered the broad lands which they held of the Gordon as better reason for rendering him their allegiance, than the etymological arguments urged by the Earl Marischal, and refused to desert the banner under which they had come to the field.

Another circumstance early disgusted Huntly with an enterprise in which he could not hope to gain any thing, and which placed in peril a princely estate, and a ducal title. Besides about three squadrons of gentlemen, chiefly of his own name, well mounted and well armed, he had brought into the field a squadron of some fifty men strong, whom he termed *Light Horse*, though totally unfit for the service of *petite guerre* which that name implies. A satirist describes them as consisting of great lubberly fellows, in bonnets, without boots, and mounted on long-tailed little ponies, with snaffle bridles,—the riders being much the bigger animals of the two; and instead of pistols, these horsemen were armed with great rusty muskets, tied on their backs with ropes. These uncouth cavaliers excited a degree of mirth and ridicule among the more civilized Southern gentry;—which is not surprising, any more than that both the men, and Huntly, their commander, felt and resented such un-

civil treatment—a feeling which was gradually increased into a disinclination to the cause in which they had received the indignity.

Besides these Northern forces, Mar also expected many powerful succours from the north-west, which comprehended the tribes termed, during that insurrection, by way of excellence, The Clans. The chiefs of these families had readily agreed to hold the rendezvous which had been settled at the hunting-match of Braemar; but none of them, save Glengarry, were very hasty in recollecting their promise. Of this high chief a contemporary says, it would be hard to say whether he had more of the lion, the fox, or the bear, in his disposition; for he was at least as crafty and rough as he was courageous and gallant. At any rate, both his faults and virtues were consistent with his character, which attracted more admiration than that of any other engaged in Mar's insurrection. He levied his men, and marched to the braes of Glenorchy, where, after remaining eight days, he was joined by the Captain of Clanranald, and Sir John MacLean; who came, the one with the MacDonalds of Moidard and Arisaig; the other with a regiment of his own name, from the Isle of Mull. A detachment of these clans commenced the war by an attempt to surprise the garrison at Inverlochy. They succeeded in taking some outworks, and made the defenders prisoners, but failed in their attack upon the place, the soldiers being on their guard.

Still, though hostilities were in a manner begun, these western levies were far from complete. Stewart of Appin, and Cameron of Lochiel, would neither of them move; and the Breadalbane men, whose assistance had been promised by the singular Earl of that name, were equally tardy. There was probably little inclination, on the part of those clans who were near neighbours to the Duke of Argyle, and some of them Campbells, to displease that powerful and much-respected nobleman. Another mighty limb of the conspiracy, lying also in the north-western extremity of Scotland, was the Earl of Seaforth, chief of the MacKenzies, who could bring into the field from two to three thousand men of his own name, and that of MacRae, and other clans dependent upon him. But he also was prevented from taking the field and joining Mar, by the operations of the Earl of Sutherland, who, taking the chief command of some of the Northern clans who were disposed to favour government—as, the Monroes, under their chief, Monro of Foulis; the MacKays, under Lord Rae; the numerous and powerful clan of Grant, along with his own following—had assembled a little army, with which he made a demonstration towards the Bridge of Alness. Thus, at the head of a body of about twelve or fifteen hundred men, Sutherland was so stationed on the verge of Seaforth's country, that the latter chief could not collect his men, and move southward to join Mar, without leaving his estates exposed to ravage. Seaforth prepared to move, however, so soon as circumstances would admit, for while he faced the Earl of Sutherland with about eighteen hundred men, he sent Sir John MacKenzie of Coull to possess himself of Inverness, Brigadier MacIntosh, by whom it was occupied for James VIII., having moved southward to Perth.

Thus from one circumstance or another, the

raising of the western clans was greatly delayed; and Mar, whose plan it was not to attempt any thing till he should have collected the whole force together which he could possibly expect, was, or thought himself, obliged to remain at Perth, long after he had assembled an army sufficient to attack the Duke of Argyle, and force his way into the southern part of Scotland, where the news of his success, and the Duke's defeat or retreat, together with the hope of plunder, would have decided those tardy western chieftains, who were yet hesitating whether they should join him or not. Mar, however, tried to influence them by arguments of a different nature, such as he had the power of offering; and dispatched General Gordon to expedite these levies, with particular instructions to seize on the Duke of Argyle's castle at Inverary, and the arms understood to be deposited there. There was afterwards supposed to be some personal spleen, in the Earl's thus beginning direct hostilities against his great opponent; but it must be said, to the honour of the rebel General, that he resolved not to set the example of beginning with fire and sword; and therefore directed, that though General Gordon might threaten to burn the castle at Inverary, he was on no account to proceed to such extremity without farther orders. His object probably was, besides a desire to possess the arms said to be in the place, to effect a complete breach between the Duke of Argyle and the clans in his vicinity, which must have necessarily been attended with great diminution of the Duke's influence. We shall see presently how far this line of policy appears to have succeeded.

During the currency of these events, Mar received information of the partial rising which had taken place in Northumberland, and the disposition to similar movements which showed itself in various parts of Scotland. It might have been thought, that these tidings would have induced him at length to burst from the sort of confinement, in which the small body commanded by Argyle retained so superior an army. If Mar judged that the troops under his command, assembled at Perth, were too few to attack a force which they more than doubled, there remained a plan of manœuvring by which he might encounter Argyle at a yet greater advantage. He might have commanded General Gordon, when he had collected the western clans, who could not amount to fewer than four thousand men, instead of amusing himself at Inverary, to direct their course to the Fords of Frew, by which the river Forth may be crossed above Stirling, and near to its source. Such a movement would have menaced the Duke from the westward, while Mar himself might have advanced against him from the north, and endeavoured to possess himself of Stirling bridge, which was not very strongly guarded. The insurgent cavalry of Lord Kenmure could also have co-operated in such a plan of operations, by advancing from Dumfries towards Glasgow, and threatening the west of Scotland. It is plain that the Duke of Argyle saw the danger of being thus cut off from the western counties, where government had many zealous adherents; for he ordered up five hundred men from Glasgow to join his camp at Stirling; and on the 24th of September, commanded all the regiments of fencibles and volunteers in the west of Scot-

land to repair to Glasgow, as the most advantageous central point from which to protect the country, and cover his own encampment; and established garrisons at the village of Drymen, and also in several gentlemen's houses adjacent to the Fords of Frew, to prevent or retard any descent of the Highlanders into the Low Country by that pass. But the warlike habits of the Highlanders were greatly superior to those of the raw Lowland levies, whom they would probably have treated with little ceremony.

Nevertheless, the Earl of Mar, far from adopting a plan so decisive, resolved to afford support to Kenmure and Forster, by his original plan of marching a detachment to their assistance, instead of moving his whole force towards the Lowlands. This, he conceived, might be sufficient to give them the aid and protection of a strong body of infantry, and enable them to strengthen and increase their numbers, whilst the measure allowed him to remain undisturbed at Perth, to await the final result of his intrigues in the Highlands, and those which he had commenced at the court of the Chevalier de St George. There were many and obvious dangers in making the proposed movement. A great inlet of the sea was to be crossed; and if the passage was to be attempted about Dunfermline or Inverkeithing, where the Forth was less broad, it was to be feared that the bustle of collecting boats, and the march of the troops which were to form the detachment, might give warning to the Duke of Argyle of what was intended, who was likely to send a body of his dragoons to surprise and cut the detachment off, on their arrival at the southern side of the Forth. On the other hand, to attempt the passage over the lower part of the Frith, where vessels were more numerous, and could be assembled with less observation, was to expose the detachment to the uncertainties of a passage of fifteen or eighteen miles across, which was guarded by men-of-war, with their boats and launches, to which the officers of the customs at every seaport had the most strict orders to transmit intelligence of whatever movement might be attempted by the rebels. Upon a choice of difficulties, however, the crossing of the Frith from Pittenweem, Crail, and other towns situated to the eastward on the Fife coast, was determined on.

The troops destined for the adventure, were Mar's own regiment, as it was called, consisting of the Farquharsons, and others from the banks of the Dee—that of the MacIntoshes—those of Lords Strathmore, Nairne, and Lord Charles Murray, all Highlanders, excepting Lord Strathmore's Lowland regiment. They made up in all about two thousand five hundred men; for in the rebel army the regiments were weak in numbers, Mar having gratified the chiefs, by giving each the commission of colonel, and allowing him the satisfaction to form a battalion out of his own followers, however few in number.

The intended expedition was arranged with some address. Considerable parties of horse traversed Fife-shire in various directions, proclaiming James VIII, and levying the cess of the country, though in very different proportions on those whom they accounted friends or enemies to their cause, their demands upon the latter being both larger, and more rigorously enforced. These movements were contrived to distract the attention of the Whigs, and that of the Duke

of Argyle, by various rumours, tending to conceal Mar's real purpose of sending a detachment across the Frith. For the same purpose, when their intention could be no longer concealed, the English men-of-war were deceived concerning the place where the attempt was to be made. Mar threw troops into the castle of Burntisland, and seemed busy in collecting vessels in that little port. The armed ships were induced by these appearances to slip their cables, and, standing over to Burntisland, commenced a cannonade, which was returned by the rebels from a battery which they had constructed on the outer port of the harbour, with little damage on either side.

By these feints Mar was enabled to get the troops, designed to form the expedition, moved in secrecy down to Pittenweem, Ely, Crail, and other small ports so numerous on that coast. They were placed under the command of MacIntosh of Borlum, already mentioned, commonly called Brigadier MacIntosh, a Highland gentleman, who was trained to regular war in the French service. He was a bold, rough soldier, but is stated to have degraded the character by a love of plunder which would have better become a lower rank in the army. But this may have been a false or exaggerated charge.

The English vessels of war received notice of the design, or observed the embarkation from their top-masts, but too late to offer effectual interruption. They weighed anchor, however, at flood-tide, and sailed to intercept the flotilla of the insurgents. Nevertheless, they only captured a single boat, with about forty Highlanders. Some of the vessels were, however, forced back to the Fife coast, from which they came; and the boats which bore Lord Strathmore's Lowland regiment, and others filled with Highlanders, were forced into the island of May, in the mouth of the Forth, where they were blockaded by the men-of-war. The gallant young Earl intrenched himself on the island, and harangued his followers on the fidelity which they owed to the cause; and undertook to make his own faith evident, by exposing his person wherever the peril should prove greatest, and accounting it an honour to die in the service of the Prince for whom he had taken arms. Blockaded in an almost desert island, this young nobleman had the additional difficulty of subduing quarrels and jealousies betwixt the Highlanders and his own followers from Angus. These dissensions ran so high, that the Lowlanders resolved to embrace an opportunity to escape from the island with their small craft, and leave the Highlanders to their fate. The proposal was rejected by Strathmore with ineffable disdain, nor would he leave his very unpleasant situation, till the change of winds and waves afforded him a fair opportunity of leading all who had been sharers in his misfortune in safety back to the coast they sailed from.

Meantime, the greater part of the detachment designed for the descent upon Lothian, being about sixteen hundred men, succeeded in their desperate attempt, and had landed at North Berwick, Aberlady, Gulan, and other places on the southern shores of the Frith, from whence they marched upon Haddington, where they again formed a junction, and refreshed themselves for a night, till they should learn

the fate of their friends who had not yet appeared. We have not the means of knowing whether MacIntosh had any precise orders for his conduct when he should find himself in Lothian. The dispatches of Mar would lead us to infer that he had instructions, which ought to have directed his march instantly to the Borders, to unite himself with Kenmure and Forster. But he must have had considerable latitude in his orders, since it was almost impossible to frame them in such a manner as to meet, with any degree of precision, the circumstances in which he might be placed, and much must have, of course, been intrusted to his own discretion. The surprise, however, was great, even in the Brigadier's own little army, when, instead of marching southward, as they had expected, they were ordered to face about and advance rapidly on the capital.

This movement Mar afterwards termed a mistake on the Brigadier's part. But it was probably occasioned by the information which MacIntosh received from friends in Edinburgh, that the capital might be occupied by a rapid march, before it could be relieved by the Duke of Argyle, who was lying thirty miles off. The success of such a surprise must necessarily have given great eclat to the arms of the insurgents, with the more solid advantages of obtaining large supplies both of arms and money, and of intercepting the communication between the Duke of Argyle and the south. It is also probable, that MacIntosh might have some expectation of an insurrection taking place in Edinburgh, on the news of his approach. But, whatever were his hopes and motives, he marched with his small force on the metropolis, 14th October, 1715, and the movement excited the most universal alarm.

The Lord Provost, a gentleman named Campbell, was a man of sense and activity. The instant that he heard of the Highlanders having arrived at Haddington, he sent information to the Duke of Argyle, and, arming the city guard, trained bands, and volunteers, took such precautions as he could to defend the city, which, though surrounded by a high wall, was far from being tenable even against a coup-de-main. The Duke of Argyle, foreseeing all the advantages which the insurgents would gain even from the temporary possession of the capital, resolved on this, as on other occasions, to make activity supply the want of numbers. He mounted two hundred infantry soldiers on country horses, and uniting them with three hundred chosen dragoons, placed himself at their head, and made a forced march from Stirling to relieve Edinburgh. This he accomplished with such rapidity, that he entered the West Port of Edinburgh about ten o'clock at night, just about the same moment that MacIntosh had reached the place where Piershill barracks are now situated, within a mile of the eastern gate of the city. Thus the metropolis, which seemed to be a prey for the first occupant, was saved by the promptitude of the Duke of Argyle. His arrival spread universal joy among the friends of government, who, from something resembling despair, passed to the opposite extremity of hope and triumph. The town had been reinforced during the day by various parties of horse militia from Berwickshire and Mid-Lothian, and many volunteers, whom the news of the Duke of Argyle's arrival

greatly augmented, not so much on account of the number which attended him, as of the general confidence reposed in his talents and character.

The advancing enemy also felt the charm communicated by the Duke's arrival; but to them it conveyed apprehension and dismay, and changed their leader's hopes of success into a desire to provide for the safety of his small detachment, respecting which he was probably the more anxious that the number of the Duke's forces were in all likelihood exaggerated, and besides consisted chiefly of cavalry, respecting whom the Highlanders entertained at that time a superstitious terror. Moved by such considerations, and turning off the road to Edinburgh, at the place called Jock's Lodge, Brigadier MacIntosh directed his march upon Leith, which he entered without opposition. In the prison of that place he found the forty men belonging to his own detachment who had been taken during the passage, and who were now set at liberty. The Highlanders next took possession of such money and provisions as they found in the Custom House. After these preliminaries, they marched across the drawbridge, and occupied the remains of a citadel, built by Oliver Cromwell during the period of his usurpation. It was a square fort, with five demi-bastions and a ditch; the gates were indeed demolished, but the ramparts were tolerably entire, and the Brigadier lost no time in barricading all accessible places with beams, planks, carts, and barrels, filled with stones and other similar materials. The vessels in the harbour supplied them with cannon, which they planted on the ramparts, and prepared themselves as well as circumstances admitted for a desperate defence.

Early next morning the Duke of Argyle presented himself before the fortified post of the Highlanders, with his three hundred dragoons, two hundred infantry, and about six hundred new-levied men, militia and volunteers; among the latter class were seen several clergymen, who, in a war of this nature, did not consider their sacred character inconsistent with assuming arms. The Duke summoned the troops who occupied the citadel to surrender, under the penalty of high-treason, and declared, that if they placed him under the necessity of bringing up cannon, or killed any of his men in attempting a defence, he would give them no quarter. A Highland gentleman, named Kinackin, answered resolutely from the ramparts, "That they laughed at his summons of surrender—that they were ready to abide his assault; as for quarter, they would neither give nor receive it—and if he thought he could force their position, he was welcome to try the experiment."

The Duke having received this defiance, carefully reconnoitred the citadel, and found the most important difficulties in the way of the proposed assault. The troops must have advanced two hundred yards before arriving at the defences, and during all that time would have been exposed to a fire from an enemy under cover. Many of those who must have been assailants were unacquainted with discipline, and had never seen action; the Highlanders, though little accustomed to exchange the fire of musketry in the open field, were excellent marksmen from behind walls, and their swords and daggers were likely to be formidable in the defence of a breach or a

barricade, where the attack must be in some degree tumultuary. To this was to be added the Duke's total want of cannon and mortars, or artillery-men by whom they could be managed. All these reasons induced Argyle to postpone an attack, of which the result was so uncertain, until he should be better provided. The volunteers were very anxious for an attack; but we are merely told, by the reverend historian of the rebellion, that when they were given to understand that the post of honour, viz. the right of leading the attack, was their just right as volunteers, it made them heartily approve of the Duke's measure in deferring the enterprise. Argyle therefore retreated to Edinburgh, to make better preparations for an attack with artillery next day.

But as MacIntosh's intention of seizing on the capital had failed, it did not suit his purpose to abide in the vicinity. He left the citadel of Leith at nine o'clock, and conducted his men in the most profound silence along the sands to Seaton House, about ten miles from Edinburgh, a strong castle belonging to the Earl of Winton, surrounded by a high wall. Here they made a show of fortifying themselves, and collecting provisions, as if they intended to abide for some time. The Duke of Argyle, with his wonted celerity, made preparations to attack MacIntosh in his new quarters. He sent to the camp at Stirling for artillery-men, and began to get ready some guns in Edinburgh Castle, with which he proposed to advance to Seaton, and dislodge its new occupants. But his purpose was again interrupted by express upon express, dispatched from Stirling by General Whetham, who commanded in the Duke's absence, acquainting his superior with the displeasing information that Mar, with his whole army, was advancing towards Stirling, trusting to have an opportunity of destroying the few troops who were left there, and which did not exceed a thousand men.

Upon these tidings the Duke, leaving two hundred and fifty men of his small command under the order of General Wightman, to prosecute the plan of dislodging the Highlanders from their stronghold of Seaton, returned in all haste, with the small remainder of his forces, to Stirling, where his presence was much called for. But before advertent to events which took place in that quarter, we shall conduct MacIntosh and his detachment some days' journey farther on their progress.

On Saturday, the 15th of October, the environs of Seaton House were reconnoitred by a body of dragoons and volunteers. But as the Highlanders boldly marched out to skirmish, the party from Edinburgh thought themselves too weak to hazard an action, and retired towards the city, as did the rebels to their garrison. On Monday, the 17th of October, the demonstration upon Seaton was renewed in a more serious manner, Lord Rothes Lord Torphichen, and other officers, marching against the house with three hundred volunteers, and the troops which had been left by the Duke of Argyle, to dislodge MacIntosh. But neither in this third attempt was it found prudent to attack the pertinacious mountaineers, as indeed a repulse in the neighbourhood of the capital, must necessarily have been attended with consequences not to be rashly risked. The troops of the government therefore, returned a third

time to Edinburgh, without having further engaged with the enemy than by a few exchanges of shot.

MacIntosh did not consider it prudent to give his opponent an opportunity of attacking him again in his present position. He had sent a letter to General Forster, which, reaching the gentlemen engaged in that unadvised expedition, while they were deliberating whether they should not abandon it, determined them to remain in arms, and unite themselves with those Highlanders, who had crossed the Frith at such great risk, in order to join them. Forster and Kenmure, therefore, returned an answer to MacIntosh's communication, proposing to meet his forces at Kelso or Coldstream, as should be most convenient for him.—Such letters as the Brigadier had received from Mar, since passing the Forth, as well as the tenor of his former and original instructions, directed him to form a junction with the gentlemen engaged on the Borders; and he accepted accordingly of their invitation, and assigned Kelso as the place of meeting. His first march was to the village of Longformachus, which he reached on the evening of the 19th of October. It may be mentioned, that, in the course of their march, they passed Hermandston, the seat of Dr Sinclair, which MacIntosh, with some of the old vindictive Highland spirit, was extremely desirous to have burned, in revenge of the death of young Hepburn of Keith. He was dissuaded from this extreme course, but the house was plundered by Lord Nairne's Highlanders, who were active agents in this species of punishment. Sir William Bennet of Grubet, who had occupied Kelso for the government, with some few militia and volunteers, learning that fifteen hundred Highlanders were advancing against him from the eastward, while five or six hundred horse, to which number the united forces of Kenmure and Forster might amount, were marching downwards from the Cheviot mountains, relinquished his purpose of defending Kelso; and, abandoning the barricades, which he had made for that purpose, retired to Edinburgh with his followers, carrying with him the greater part of the arms which he had provided.

The cavalry of Forster and Kenmure, marching from Wooler, arrived at Kelso a few hours before the Highlanders, who set out on the same morning from Dunse. The Scottish part of the horse marched through Kelso without halting, to meet with MacIntosh at Ednambridge, a compliment which they conceived due to the gallantry with which, through many hazards, the Brigadier and his Highlanders had advanced to their succour. The united forces, when mustered at Kelso, were found to amount to about six hundred horse and fourteen hundred foot, for MacIntosh had lost some men by desertion. They then entered the town in triumph, and possessed themselves of such arms as Sir William Bennet had left behind him. They proclaimed James VIII in the market-place of this beautiful town, and attended service (the officers at least) in the Old Abbey Church, where a non-juring clergyman preached a sermon on hereditary right, the text being, Deut. xxi, 17, *The right of the first-born is his*. The chiefs then held a general council on the best mode of following out the purposes of their insurrection.

There were two lines of conduct to chuse betwixt, one of which was advocated by the Scottish gentlemen, the other by the insurgents from the north of England.

According to the first plan of operations, it was proposed that their united forces should move westward along the Border, occupying in their way the towns of Dumfries, Ayr, and Glasgow itself. They expected no resistance on either of these points, which their union with MacIntosh's troops might not enable them to overcome. Arrived in the west of Scotland, they proposed to open the passes, which were defended chiefly by militia and volunteers, to the very considerable force of the Argyleshire clans, which were already assembled under General Gordon. With the Earl of Mar's far superior army in front, and with the force of MacIntosh, Kenmure, and Forster upon his left flank and in his rear, it was conceived impossible that, with all his abilities, the Duke of Argyle could persevere in maintaining his important post at Stirling; there was every chance of his being driven entirely out of the "ancient kingdom," as Scotland was fondly called.

This plan of the campaign had two recommendations. In the first place, it tended to a concentration of the rebel forces, which, separated as they were, and divided through the kingdom, had hitherto been either checked and neutralized like that of Mar by the Duke of Argyle, or fairly obliged to retreat and shift for safety from the forces of the government, as had been the fate of Forster and Kenmure. Secondly, the basis on which the scheme rested was fixed and steady. Mar's army, on the one hand, and Gordon with the clans, on the other, were bodies of troops existing and in arms, nor was there any party in the field for the Government, of strength adequate to prevent their forming the proposed junction.

Notwithstanding these advantages, the English insurgents expressed the strongest wish to follow an opposite course, and carry the war again into England, from which they had been so lately obliged to retreat. Their proposal had at first a bold and spirited appearance, and might, had it been acted upon with heart and unanimity, have had a considerable chance of success. The dragoons and horse which had assembled at Newcastle under General Carpenter, were only a thousand strong, and much fatigued with forced marches. Reinforced as the insurgents were with MacIntosh and his infantry, they might have succeeded by a sudden march in attacking Carpenter in his quarters, or fighting him in the field; at all events, their great superiority of numbers would have compelled the English general either to hazard an action at very great disadvantage, or to retreat. In either case, the Northumbrian gentlemen would have remained masters of their native province, and might have made themselves masters of Newcastle, and interrupted the coal trade; and, finally, the great possessions and influence of Lord Derwentwater and others would have enabled them to add to their force as many infantry as they might find means of arming, without which, the gentry who were in arms could only be considered as a soul without a body, or a hilt without a blade. But Forster and his friends

would not agree to a measure which had so much to recommend it, but lost time in empty debates, remaining at Kelso from the 22d to the 27th of October, until it became impossible to put the plan in execution. For they learned, that while they were deliberating, General Carpenter was acting; and his little army, being reinforced and refreshed, was now advanced to Wooler, to seek them out and give them battle.

Forster and the English officers then insisted on another scheme, which should still make England the scene of the campaign. They proposed that, eluding the battle which General Carpenter seemed willing to offer, they should march westward along the middle and west Borders of Scotland, till they could turn southward into Lancashire, where they assured their Scottish confederates that their friends were ready to rise in numbers, to the amount of twenty thousand men at least, which would be sufficient to enable them to march to London in defiance of all opposition.

Upon this important occasion the insurgents gave a decided proof of that species of credulity which disposes men to receive, upon very slight evidence, such tidings as flatter their hopes and feelings, and which induced Addison to term the Jacobites of that period a race of men who live in a dream, daily nourished by fiction and delusion, and whom he compares to the obstinate old knight in Rabelais, who every morning swallowed a chimera for breakfast.

The Scottish gentlemen, and Lord Winton in particular, were not convinced by the reasoning of their Southern friends, nor do they appear to have been participant of their sanguine hopes of a general rising in Lancashire; accordingly, they strongly opposed the movement in that direction. All, therefore, which the rebels, in their divided counsels, were able to decide upon with certainty, was to move westward along the Border, a course which might advance them equally on their road, whether they should finally determine to take the route to the west of Scotland or to Lancashire. We must refer to a future part of this history for the progress and ultimate fate of this ill starred expedition.

CHAPTER IX.

The Earl of Mar remains inactive at Perth—his Resolution to march upon Stirling—his Advance, Abandonment of the Plan, and Return to Perth—Surprisal of a Jacobite Detachment at Dunfermline—Argyle joined by Reinforcements—Mar also joined by Seaforth, General Gordon, with the Clans of the West, and Breadalbane—Both Armies, being now fully reinforced, have no further pretext for postponing Active Operations.

WE must now return to the Earl of Mar's army, which must be considered as the centre and focus of the insurrection. Since his occupation of Perth, Lord Mar had undertaken little which had the appearance of military enterprise. His possession even of Fife-shire and Kinross had been in some degree contested by the supporters of government. The Earl of Rothes, with a few dragoons and volunteers, had garrisoned his own house of Lesly, near Falkland, and was active in harassing those parties of horse which Mar sent into the country to proclaim James VIII, and levy the cess and public taxes. Upon one of

these occasions (28th September) he surprised Sir Thomas Bruce, while in the act of making the proclamation in the town of Kinross, and carried him off a prisoner. The Earl of Rothes retained possession of his garrison till Mar's army became very strong, when he was obliged to withdraw it. But Mar continued to experience occasional checks, even in the military promenades in which he employed the gentlemen who composed his cavalry. It is true, these generally arose from nothing worse than the loose discipline observed by troops of this condition, their carelessness in mounting guards, or in other similar duties, to which their rank and habits of life had not accustomed them.

The only important manœuvre attempted by the Earl of Mar, was the expedition across the Frith under Brigadier MacIntosh, of which the details are given in the last chapter. Its consequences were such as to force the General himself into measures of immediate activity, by which he had not hitherto seemed much disposed to distinguish himself, but which became now inevitable.

It happened that, on the second day after MacIntosh's departure from Fife, a general review of the troops in Perth was held in the vicinity of that town, and the Earl Marischal's brother, James (afterwards the celebrated Field-Marshal Keith), galloped along the line, disseminating some of those favourable reports which were the growth of the day, and, as one succeeded as fast as another dropped, might be termed the fuel which supplied the fire of the insurrection, or rather, perhaps, the bellows which kept it in excitation. The apocryphal tidings of this day were, that Sir William Wyndham had surprised Bristol for King James III, and that Sir William Blacket had taken both Berwick and Newcastle—intelligence received by the hearers with acclamations, which, if it had been true, were no less than it deserved.

But from these visions the principal persons in the insurrection were soon recalled to sad realities. A meeting of the noblemen, chiefs of clans, and commanders of corps was summoned, and particular care taken to exclude all intruders of inferior rank. To this species of council of war Mar announced, with a dejected countenance, that Brigadier MacIntosh, having, contrary to his orders, thrown himself into the citadel of Leith, was invested there by the Duke of Argyle. He laid before them the letter he had received from the Brigadier, which stated that a few hours would determine his fate, but that he was determined to do his duty to the last. The writer expressed his apprehension that cannons and mortars were about to be brought against him. The Earl of Mar said that he gave the detachment up for lost, but suggested it might be possible to operate a diversion in its favour, by making a feint towards Stirling. The proposal was seconded by General Hamilton, who said that such a movement might possibly do good, and could produce no harm.

The movement being determined upon, Mar marched with a large body of foot to Auchterarder, and pushed two squadrons of horse as far forward as Dunblane, which had the appearance of a meditated attack upon Stirling. It is said to have been the opinion of General Hamilton, that the foot should

have taken possession of a defile which continues the road from the northern end of Stirling bridge through some low and marshy ground, and is called the Long Causeway. The rebels being in possession of this long and narrow pass, it would have been as difficult for the Duke of Argyle to have got at them as it was for them to reach him. And the necessity of guarding the bridge itself with the small force he possessed, must have added to Argyle's difficulties, and afforded General Gordon, and the western clans who were by this time expected to be at Dunbarton, full opportunity to have advanced on Stirling by Drymen and the Loch of Monteith, keeping possession, during their whole march, of high and hilly grounds fit for the operations of Highlanders. In this manner the Duke of Argyle would have been placed between two fires, and must have run the greatest risk of being cut off from the reinforcements which he anxiously expected from Ireland, as well as from the west of Scotland.

Against this very simple and effective plan of the campaign, Mar had nothing to object but the want of provisions; in itself a disgrace to a General who had been quartered so long in the neighbourhood of the Carse of Gowrie, and at the end of autumn, when the farm-yards are full, without having secured a quantity of meal adequate to the maintenance of his army for a few days. General Hamilton combated this objection, and even demonstrated that provisions were to be had; and Mar apparently acquiesced in his reasoning. But having come with the infantry of his army as far as Ardoch, the Earl stopped short, and refused to permit the movement on the Long Causeway to be made, alleging that Marischal and Linlithgow had decided against the design. It seems probable, that, as the affair drew to a crisis, Mar, the more that military science was wanted, felt his own ignorance the more deeply, and, afraid to attempt any course by which he might have controlled circumstances, adopted every mode of postponing a decision, in the hope they might, of themselves, become favourable in the long run.

In the meantime, the news of Mar's march to Auchterarder and Dunblane had, as we have elsewhere noticed, recalled the Duke of Argyle to his camp at Stirling, leaving a few of his cavalry, with the militia and volunteers, to deal with MacIntosh and his nimble Highlanders; who escaped out of their hands, first by their defence of Seaton, and then by their march to Kelso. Argyle instantly took additional defensive measures against Mar, by barricading the bridge of Stirling, and breaking down that which crosses the Teith at the village of Doune. But his presence so near his antagonist was sufficient to induce the Earl of Mar to retreat with his whole force to his former quarters at Perth, and wait the progress of events.

These were now approaching to a crisis. With MacIntosh's detachment Mar had now no concern; they were to pursue their good or evil destiny apart. The Earl of Mar had also received a disagreeable hint, that the excursions by which he used to supply himself with funds as well as to keep up the terror of his arms, were not without inconvenience. A detachment of about fourscore horse and three hundred Highland foot, chiefly followers of the Marquis of

Huntly, was sent to Dunfermline to raise the cess. The direct road from Perth to Dunfermline is considerably shorter, but the troops had orders to take the route by Castle-Campbell, which prolonged the journey considerably, for no apparent purpose save to insult the Duke of Argyle's garrison there, by marching in their view. When the detachment arrived at Dunfermline, Gordon of Glenbucket, who commanded the Highlanders, conducted them into the old Abbey, which is strongly situated, and there placed a sentinel. He took up his own quarters in the town, and placed a sentinel there also. The commander of the horse, Major Graham, took the ineffectual precaution of doing the same at the bridge, but used no farther means to avoid surprise. The gentlemen of the squadron sought each his personal accommodation, with their usual neglect of discipline, neither knowing with accuracy where they were to find their horses, nor fixing on any alarm-post where they were to rendezvous. Their officers sat down to a bottle of wine. During all this scene of confusion, the Honourable Colonel (afterwards Lord) Cathcart, was lying without the town, with a strong party of cavalry, and obtaining regular information from his spies within it.

About five in the morning of the 24th of October, he entered the town with two parties of his dragoons, one mounted and the other on foot. The surprisal was complete, and the Jacobite cavaliers suffered in proportion; several were killed and wounded, and about twenty made prisoners, whose loss was the more felt, as they were all gentlemen, and some of them considerable proprietors. The assailants lost no time in their enterprise, and retreated as speedily as they entered. The neighbourhood of the Highland infantry in the Abbey was a strong reason for dispatch. This slight affair seemed considerable in a war which had been as yet so little marked by military incident. The appearance of the prisoners at Stirling, and the list of their names, gave eclat to the Duke of Argyle's tactics, and threw disparagement on those of Mar. On the other side, stories were circulated at Perth of the loss which Cathcart had sustained in the action, with rumours of men buried in the night, and horses returned to Stirling without their riders. This account, however fabulous, was received with credit even by those who were engaged at Dunfermline; for the confusion having been general, no one knew what was the fate of his comrade. But, in very deed, the whole return of casualties on Colonel Cathcart's side amounted to a dragoon hurt in the cheek, and a horse wounded. This little affair was made the subject of songs and pasquils in the army at Perth, which increased the Marquis of Huntly's disgust at the enterprise.

By this time three regiments of infantry, and Evans's dragoons, had joined the Duke of Argyle, who now felt himself strong enough to make detachments, without the fear of weakening his own position. A battalion of foot was sent to Kilsythe, along with a detachment of dragoons, who were to watch the motions of the troops of Foster and Kenmure, in case the whole, or any part of them, should resolve to penetrate into the west of Scotland.

The Earl of Mar was also on the point of being joined by the last reinforcements which he could

expect, the non-arrival of which had hitherto been the cause, or at least the apology, for his inactivity. The various causes of delay had been at length removed in the following manner. Seaforth, it must be remembered, was confronted by Lord Sutherland with his own following, and the Whig clans of Grant, Monro, Ross, and others. But about the same time the Earl of Seaforth was joined by Sir Donald MacDonald of Skye, with seven hundred of his own clan, and as many MacKinnons, Chisholms, and others, as raised the total number to about four thousand men. The Earl of Sutherland, finding this force so much stronger than what he was able to bring against it, retreated to the Bonar, a strait of the sea dividing Ross-shire from Sutherland, and there passed to his own side of the ferry. Seaforth, now unopposed, advanced to Inverness, and after leaving a garrison there, marched to Perth, to join the Earl of Mar, to whose insurrectionary army his troops made a formidable addition.

The clans of the West were the only reinforcements which Mar had now to expect; but these were not only considerable from their numbers, but claimed a peculiar fame in arms even over the other Highlanders, both from their zeal for the Jacobite cause, and their distinguished bravery. But Mar had clogged General Gordon, who was to bring up this part of his forces, with a commission which would detain him some time in Argyleshire. His instructions directed him especially to take and garrison the Castle of Inverary, the principal seat of the Duke of Argyle. The clans, particularly those of Stewart of Appin and Cameron of Lochiel, though opposed to the Duke in political principles, respected his talents, and had a high regard for his person as an individual, and therefore felt reluctance at entering upon a personal quarrel with him by attacking his castle. These chiefs hung back accordingly, and delayed joining. When Glengarry and Clanronald had raised their clans, they had fewer scruples. During this time, Campbell of Finnab was intrusted with the difficult task of keeping the assailants in play until the Duke of Argyle should receive his expected reinforcements from Ireland. He was soon joined by the Earl of Islay, the Duke's younger brother. By the assistance of Sir James Campbell of Auchinbreck, about a thousand men were assembled to defend Inverary, when four or five thousand appeared in arms before it. A sort of treaty was entered into, by which the insurgent clans agreed to withdraw from the country of Argyle; with which purpose, descending Strathfillan, they marched towards Castle-Drummond, which is in the vicinity of Perth, and within an easy march of Mar's head-quarters.

One important member of the insurrection must also be mentioned. This was the Earl of Breadalbane, the same unrelenting statesman who was the author of the Massacre of Glencoe. He had been employed by King William in 1689 to achieve, by dint of money, the settlement and pacification of the Highlands; and now, in his old age, he imagined his interest lay in contributing to disturb them. When cited to appear at Edinburgh as a suspected person, he procured a pathetic attestation under the hand of a physician and clergyman, in which the Earl was described as an infirm man, overwhelmed with all the

evils that wait on old age. None of his infirmities, however, prevented him from attending the Earl of Mar's summons, on the very day after the certificate is dated. Breadalbane is supposed to have received considerable sums of money from the Earl of Mar, who knew the only terms on which he could hope for his favour. But for a long time the wily Earl did nothing decisive, and it was believed that he entertained a purpose of going to Stirling, and reconciling himself with the Duke of Argyle, the head of the elder branch of his house. This, however, Breadalbane did not do; but, on the contrary, appeared in the town of Perth, where the singular garb and peculiar manners of this extraordinary old chief, attracted general attention. He possessed powers of satirical observation in no common degree; and seemed to laugh internally at whatever he saw, which he considered as ridiculous, but without suffering his countenance to betray his sentiments, except to very close observers. Amidst the various difficulties of the insurgents, his only advice to them was, to procure a printing press, and lose no time in issuing gazettes.

Mar took the hint, whether given in jest or earnest. He sent to Aberdeen for a printing press, in order to lose no time in diffusing intelligence more widely by that comprehensive organ of information. It was placed under the management of Robert Freebairn, one of the printers for the late Queen Anne, whose principles had led him to join the insurgent army. He was chiefly employed in extending by his art the delusions through means of which the insurrection had been originally excited, and was in a great measure kept afloat. It is a strong example of this, that while Mar actually knew nothing of the fate of Forster and Kenmure, with the auxiliary party of Highlanders under MacIntosh; yet it was boldly published that they were masters of Newcastle, and carried all before them, and that the Jacobites around London had taken arms in such numbers, that King George had found it necessary to retire from the metropolis.

It does not appear that the Earl of Breadalbane was so frank in affording the rebels his military support, which was very extensive and powerful, as in imparting his advice how to make an impression on the public mind by means of the press. His own age excused him from taking the field; and it is probable, his experience and sagacious observation discovered little in their counsels which promised a favourable result to their enterprise, though supported certainly by a very considerable force in arms. A body of his clan, about four or five hundred strong, commanded by the Earl's kinsman, Campbell of Glendarule, joined the force under General Gordon; but about four hundred, who had apparently engaged in the enterprise against Inverary, and were embodied for that purpose, dispersed and returned to their own homes afterwards without joining Mar.

The whole force being now collected on both sides, it seemed inevitable, that the clouds of civil war which had been so long lowering on the horizon, should now burst in storm and tempest, on the devoted realm of Scotland.

CHAPTER X

Motives of the Earl of Mar for undertaking the Insurrection—Causes which devolved the Command of the Army upon him—Interception of Supplies of Arms and Ammunition destined for the Jacobite Army—Addresses to the Chevalier de St George and the Duke of Orleans sent from the Army at Perth—Dissatisfaction among some of the Principal Men in Mar's Army—Plans of Mar—March of Mar from Perth, and of Argyle from Stirling—the Armies come in sight of each other near Dunblane—Mar's Council of War—Battle of Sheriffmuir.

I HAVE delayed till this point in the Scottish history some attempt to investigate the causes and conduct of the Rebellion, and to explain, if possible, the supineness of the Insurgent General and Chiefs, who, having engaged in an attempt so desperate, and raised forces so considerable, should yet, after the lapse of two months, have advanced little farther in their enterprise than they had done in the first week after its commencement.

If we review the Earl of Mar's conduct from beginning to end, we are led to the conclusion, that the insurrection of 1715 was as hastily as rashly undertaken. It does not appear that Mar was in communication on the subject with the court of the Chevalier de St George previous to Queen Anne's death. That event found him at liberty to recommend himself to the favour of King George, and show his influence with the Highland chiefs by procuring an address of adhesion from them, of a tenor as loyal as his own. These offers of service being rejected, as we have already said, in a harsh and affronting manner, made the fallen minister conclude that his ruin was determined on; and his private resentment, which, in other circumstances, would have fallen to the ground ineffectual, and harmless, lighted unhappily amongst those combustibles, which the general adherence to the exiled family had prepared in Scotland.

When Mar arrived in Fife from London, it was reported that he was possessed of £100,000 in money,—instructions from the Pretender, under his own hand, and a commission appointing him Lieutenant-General, and Commander-in-Chief of his Forces in Scotland. But though these rumours were scattered in the public ear, better accounts allege, that in the commencement of the undertaking, Mar did not pretend to assume any authority over the other noblemen of his own rank, or produce any other token from the Chevalier de St George, than his portrait. A good deal of pains were taken to parade a strong-box, said to enclose a considerable sum of money, belonging to the Earl of Mar; but it was not believed to contain treasure to the amount of more than £3000, if, indeed, it held so much. As to the important point of a General to command in chief, the scheme, when originally contemplated at the Court of St Germain, turned upon the Duke of Ormond's landing in England, and the Duke of Berwick in Scotland, whose well-known talents were to direct the whole affair. After commencing his insurrection, there can be little doubt that Mar did the utmost, by his agents in Lorraine, to engage the favourable opinion of the Chevalier; and the unexpected success of his enterprise, so far as it had gone, and the great power he had been able to assemble, were well cal-

culated to recommend him to confidence. In the meantime, it was necessary there should be a General to execute the duties of the office *ad interim*. Mar offered, as I have told you, the command to the Duke of Athole, who refused to be connected with the affair. Huntly, from his power and rank in possession and expectation, might have claimed the supreme authority, but his religion was an obstacle. Seaforth lay distant, and was late in coming up. The claims of these great nobles being set aside, there was nothing so natural as that Mar himself should assume the command of an insurrection, which would never have existed without his instigation. He was acceptable to the Highlanders, as having been the channel through which the bounty of the late Queen Anne had been transmitted to them; and had also partisans, from his liberality to certain of the Lowland nobles who had joined him, whose estates and revenues were not adequate to their rank, a circumstance which might be no small cause for their rushing into so ruinous an undertaking. Thus Mar assumed the general's truncheon which chance offered to his hand, because there was no other who could pretend to it.

Like most persons in his situation, he was not inclined to distrust his own capacity for using to advantage the power which he had almost fortuitously become possessed of; or, if he nourished any doubt upon this subject, he might consider his military charge to be but temporary, since, from the whole tenor of his conduct, it appears he expected from France some person whose trade had been war, and to whom he might with honour resign his office. Such an expectation may account for the care with which the Jacobite commander abstained from offensive operations, and for his anxious desire to augment his army to the highest point, rather than to adventure it upon the most promising enterprise.

It is probable Mar was encouraged to persevere in his military authority, in which he must have met with some embarrassment, when he found himself confirmed in it by Ogilvie of Boyne, an especial messenger from the Chevalier de St George, who, greatly flattered by the favourable state of affairs in Scotland, conferred upon the Earl of Mar in form, that command which he had so long exercised in point of fact, and, it was said, brought a patent, raising him to the dignity of Duke of Mar. Of the last honour, little was known, but the commission of Mar as General was read at the head of every corps engaged in the insurrection.

It might be matter of wonder that the vessel which brought over Mr Ogilvie, the bearer of this commission, had not been freighted with men, money, or provisions. The reason appears to have been, that the Chevalier de St George had previously expended all the funds he could himself command, or which he could borrow from foreign courts favourable to his title, in equipping a considerable number of vessels designed to sail from Havre-de-Grace and Dieppe, with large quantities of arms and ammunition. But the Earl of Stair, having speedily discovered the destination of these supplies, remonstrated with the Court of France upon proceedings so inconsistent with the treaty of Utrecht; and Sir George Byng, with a squadron of men-of-war, blockaded the ports of France, with the purpose of attacking the vessels

if they should put to sea. The Regent Duke of Orleans immediately gave orders to the inspectors of naval affairs to prevent the arming and sailing of the vessels intended for the service of the Chevalier de St George. Thus the supplies designed for the insurgents were intercepted, and the whole expense which had been laid out upon the projected expedition was entirely lost. This affords a satisfactory reason why the exiled Prince could send little to his partisans in Scotland, unless in the shape of fair words and commissions.

In the meantime, the Earl of Mar, and the nobles and gentlemen embarked in his enterprise, although disappointed in the sanguine expectations under which it had been undertaken, and in finding that the death of Louis XIV, and the prudence of his successor in power, would deprive them of all hopes of foreign assistance, were yet desirous to receive that species of encouragement which might be derived from seeing the Chevalier de St George himself at the head of the army, which they had drawn together in his name and quarrel. An address, therefore, was made to King James VIII, as he was termed, praying him to repair to Scotland, and to encourage, by his personal presence, the flame of loyalty, which was represented as breaking out in every part of that kingdom, pledging the lives and honour of the subscribers for his personal security, and insisting on the favourable effect likely to be produced upon their undertaking, by his placing himself at its head. Another address was drawn up to the Regent Duke of Orleans, praying him, if he was not pleased to aid the heir of the house of Stewart at this crisis of his fate, that he would at least permit him to return to his own country, to share the fate of his trusty adherents who were in arms in his behalf. This paper had rather an extraordinary turn, sounding as if the Chevalier de St George had been in prison, and the Regent of France the keeper of the key. The addresses, however, were subscribed by all the men of quality at Perth, though great was the resentment of these proud hidalgos, to find that the king's printer, Mr Robert Freebairn, was permitted to sign along with them. The papers were, after having been signed, intrusted to the care of the Honourable Major Hay, having as his secretary the historian Dr Abercromby, with charge to wait upon the Chevalier at the Court of Lorraine, or where he might happen to be, and urge the desire of the subscribers. The choice of the ambassador, and the secrecy which was observed on the subject of his commission, were regarded as deserving censure by those in the army who conceived that, the general welfare being concerned in the measures to be adopted, they had some right to be acquainted with the mode in which the negotiation was to proceed. Mar afterwards dispatched two additional envoys on the same errand; the first was Sir Alexander Erskine of Alva, who was wrecked on his return; the second, an agent of considerable acuteness, named Charles Forbes.

The Earl of Mar had not ascended to the pitch of power which he now enjoyed, without experiencing the usual share of ill-will and unfavourable construction. The Master of Sinclair, a man of a temper equally shrewd and severe, had from the beginning shown himself dissatisfied with the management of

the insurrection, and appears, like many men of the same disposition, to have been much more ready to remark and censure errors than to assist in retrieving them. The Earl of Huntly seems also to have been disobliged by Mar, and to have looked on him with dislike, or suspicion; nor were the Highlanders entirely disposed to trust him as their General. When Glengarry, one of their ablest chiefs, joined the army at Perth, he was anxious that the western clans should keep separate from those first assembled at Perth, and act in conjunction with the forces of the Earl of Huntly; and it was proposed to Sinclair to join in this sort of association, by which the army would in fact have been effectually separated into two parts. Glengarry, however, was dissuaded from this secession; and although it is intimated, that in order to induce him to abandon his design, the arguments arising from good cheer and good fellowship were freely resorted to, it is not the less true, that his returning to the duty of a soldier was an act of sober reason.

The Earl of Mar, amidst his other duties, having a wish to prepare a place of arms for the residence of the Chevalier de St George on his expected arrival, made an attempt to cover Perth by fortifications, so as to place it out of danger from a *coup-de-main*. General Hamilton attended to this duty for a short time; but afterwards it was almost entirely given up to the direction of a Frenchman, who had been a dancing and fencing-master, and whose lines of defence furnished much amusement to the English engineers, who afterwards became possessed of them.

Before resuming the narrative, I may tell you, that in this same eventful month of October, when there were so many military movements in Scotland, the Duke of Ormond was dispatched by the Chevalier de St George, with arms and ammunition, and directions to land on the coast of England. Three cannon were fired as a signal to the Jacobites, who were expected to flock in numbers to the shore, the name of Ormond being then most popular among them. But the signals not being answered, the vessel bore off, and returned to France. Had the Duke landed, the Jacobite party would have been in the singular predicament of having a General in England without an army, and an army in Scotland without an effective General.

We now approach the catastrophe of these intestine commotions; for the Earl of Mar had by the beginning of November received all the reinforcements which he had to expect, though it may be doubted whether he had rendered his task of forcing or turning the Duke of Argyle's position more easy, or his own army much stronger, by the time he had spent in inactivity. His numbers were indeed augmented, but so were those of the Duke; so that the armies bore the same proportion to each other as before. This was a disadvantage to the Highlanders; for where a contest is to take place betwixt undisciplined energy and the steadiness of regular troops, the latter must always attain superiority in proportion as their numbers in the field increase, and render the day likely to be decided by manœuvres. Besides this, the army of Mar sustained a very great loss by desertion during the time he lay at Perth. The Highlanders, with the impatience and indolence

of a half-civilized people, grew weary alike of remaining idle, and of being employed in the labour of fortification, or the dull details of ordinary parade exercise. Many also went home for the purpose of placing in safety their accumulation of pay, and what booty they had been able to find in the Lowlands. Such desertions were deemed by the clans to be perfectly in rule, and even the authority of the chiefs was inadequate to prevent them.

Neither do the plans of the Earl of Mar seem to have been more distinctly settled, when he finally determined on the important step of making a movement in advance. It seems to have been given out, that he was to make three feigned attacks upon the Duke's army at one and the same time—namely, one upon the Long Causeway and Stirling Bridge; another at the Abbey Ford, a mile below Stirling; and a third at the Drip-coble, a ford a mile and a half above that town. By appearing on so many points at once, Mar might hope to occupy the Duke's attention so effectually, as to cross the river with his main body at the fords of Forth. But, as the Duke of Argyle did not give his opponent time to make these movements, it cannot be known whether Mar actually contemplated them.

It is, however, certain that the Earl of Mar entertained the general purpose of reaching, if possible, the fords of Forth, where that river issues out of Loch Hard, and thus passing over to the southern side. To reach this part of the river, required a march of two days through a hilly and barren country. Nor were Mar and his advisers well acquainted with the road, and they had no other guide but the celebrated freebooter, Rob Roy MacGregor, who they themselves said was not to be trusted, and who, in point of fact, was in constant communication with his patron, the Duke of Argyle, to whom he sent intelligence of Mar's motions. It was said, too, that this outlaw only knew the fords from having passed them with Highland cattle—a different thing, certainly, from being acquainted with them in a military point of view. It was probably, however, with a view to the information which Rob Roy could give on this point, that Mar, in a letter of the 4th of November, complains of that celebrated outlaw for not having come to Perth, where he wished much to have a meeting with him.

But if Mar and his military council had known the fords of Forth accurately, still it was doubtful in what situation they might find the passes when they arrived there. They might have been fortified and defended by the Duke of Argyle, or a detachment of his army; or they might be impassable at this advanced season of the year, for they are at all times of a deep and impracticable character. Last of all, before they could reach the heads of the Forth, Mar and his army must have found the means of crossing the Teith, a river almost as large and deep as the Forth itself, on which Argyle had destroyed the bridge of Doune, which afforded the usual means of passage.

Such were the difficulties in the way of the insurgents; and they are of a kind which argues a great want of intelligence in a camp which must have contained many persons from Menteith and Lennox, well acquainted with the country through which the

Highland army were to pass, and who might have reconnoitred it effectually, notwithstanding the small garrisons of west-country militia and volunteers, which the Duke had placed in Gartartan, and other houses of strength in the neighbourhood of Aberfoil. But it was not the will of Heaven that the insurgents should ever march far enough on their expedition to experience inconveniences from the difficulties we have pointed out; for the Duke of Argyle, though far inferior in force, adopted the soldier-like resolution of drawing out such strength as he had, and interrupting the march of the insurgents by fighting them, before they should have an opportunity of descending upon the Forth. For this purpose, he called in all his garrisons and outposts, and having mustered a main body of not quite four thousand men, he marched from Stirling towards Dunblane on the morning of Saturday, the 12th of November.

On the 10th of November, the Earl of Mar had broken up from his quarters at Perth, and advanced to Auchterarder, where the infantry were quartered, while the cavalry found accommodation in the vicinity.

But, during that night, the Highland army suffered in its nominal strength by two considerable desertions. The one was that of the whole clan of Fraser, amounting to four hundred men. They had joined Mar's army very recently, under Fraser of Fraserdale, who had married the heiress of their late chieftain. Just at this crisis, however, the heir-male of the family, the celebrated Fraser of Lovat, arrived in the north, and recalled by his mandate the clan of Fraser from the standards of King James VIII, to transfer them to those of George I. The Frasers, deeming their duty to their chief paramount to that which they owed to either monarch, and recognising the right of the male-heir to command them in preference to that of the husband of the heir-female, unanimously obeyed the summons of the former, and left the camp, army, and cause in which they were engaged. There will be occasion to mention more of the Frasers hereafter.

The other desertion was that of two hundred of the Earl of Huntly's Highland followers, who complained of having been unjustly overburthened with what is called fatigue-duty. Thus diminished, the army, after having been reviewed by their General, marched off their ground in the following order. The Master of Sinclair with the Fifeshire squadron, and two squadrons of Huntly's cavalry, formed the advance of the whole. The western clans followed, being, first, the MacDonalds, under their different chiefs of Clan Ranald, Glengarry, Sir Donald MacDonald, Keppoch, and Glencoe. The next were Breadalbane's men, with five regiments, consisting of the following clans: the MacLeans, under Sir John MacLean, their chief; the Camerons, under Lochiel; the Stewarts, commanded by Appin; and those who remained of Huntly's followers from Strathdon and Glenlivet, under Gordon of Glenbucket. This chosen body of Highlanders were in high spirits, and so confident of success, that they boasted that their division of Mar's army only would be more than enough to deal with the Duke of Argyle, and all the force he commanded. General Gordon was commander of the whole Highland vanguard.

The rest of the army, commanded by Mar in person, with the assistance of General Hamilton, followed the advanced division; and it was settled that the rear-guard should march only as far as Ardoch, while the vanguard should push forward as far as the town of Dunblane, where they had quartered on their former march from Perth, eight miles to the west of Ardoch, where the rear was to halt.

The horse, at the head of the first column, were advancing according to their orders, when a lame boy, running as fast as his infirmity would permit him, stated to the Master of Sinclair, who commanded the advance, that he was sent by the wife of the Laird of Kippendavie, whose husband was in the Jacobite army, to tell the Earl of Mar that the Duke of Argyle was in the act of marching through Dunblane. The news, though the appearance of the messenger excited some doubt, was entitled to be treated with respect. A reconnoitring party was sent forward, an express was dispatched to Mar, who was six or seven miles in the rear, and General Gordon anxiously looked around him to find some strong ground on which to post the men. The river Allan lay in their front, and the Master of Sinclair proposed pushing across, and taking possession of some farm-houses, visible on the opposite side, where the gentlemen might find refreshment, and the horses forage. But General Gordon justly thought that the passing a river at nightfall was a bad preparation for a body of infantry, who were to lie out till morning in the open air, in a hard frost in the middle of November. At length the dispute was terminated, on two farm-houses being discovered on the left side of the river, where the horse obtained some accommodation, though in a situation in which they might have been destroyed by a sudden attack, before they could have got out of the enclosures, among which they were penned up like cattle, rather than quartered like soldiers. To guard against such a catastrophe, General Gordon posted advanced guards and videttes, and sent out patrols with the usual military precautions. Soon after they had taken their quarters for the night, Lord Southesk and the Angus-shire cavalry came up, with the intelligence that Mar and the whole main body were following, and the Earl accordingly appeared at the bivouac of the vanguard about nine o'clock at night.

Fresh intelligence came to them from Lady Kippendavie, who seems to have been as correct in her intelligence, and accurate in communicating with the insurgent army, as she was singular in her choice of messengers, this last being an old woman, who confirmed the tidings of the enemy's approach. The reconnoitring parties, sent forward by Sinclair, came in with news to the same purpose.

The whole of Mar's army being now collected together within a very narrow circumference, slept on their arms, and wrapped in their plaids; feeling less inconvenience from the weather, which was a severe frost, than would probably have been experienced by any other forces in Europe.

By day-break, on Sunday, 13th November, the insurgent army drew up in two lines of battle, on the plain above the place where they had spent the night. They had not long assumed this posture, when they perceived a strong squadron of horse

upon an eminence to the south of their lines. This was the Duke of Argyle, who, with some general officers, had taken this post in advance, for the purpose of reconnoitring the enemy's position and proceedings. In this he succeeded but imperfectly, on account of the swells and hollows which lay between him and Mar's army.

In the meantime, Mar, after satisfying himself that he was in presence of the enemy, called a council of his nobles, general officers, chiefs of clans, and commanders of corps. He is allowed on this occasion to have made them a most animating speech. It sunk, in part, upon unwilling ears, for there were already several persons of consequence, among whom Huntly and Sinclair seem to have been the leaders, who, despairing of the cause in which they were engaged, were desirous to open a communication with the Duke of Argyle, in order to learn whether he had power to receive their submission, and admit them to pardon on their former footing of living quietly under government. This, however, was only whispered among themselves; for even those who entertained such opinions, were at the same time conscious that the crisis was come, in which they must fight for peace sword-in-hand, and that, by gaining a victory, they might dictate honourable terms; while, if they attempted a retreat, they would be no longer able to keep their Highland levies together, or to open a negotiation with the air of strength absolutely necessary to command a tolerable capitulation.

When, therefore, the Earl of Mar reminded his military auditors of the injustice done to the royal family, and the oppression of Scotland under the English yoke, and conjured them not to let slip the opportunity which they had so long languished for, but instantly attack the enemy, with that spirit which their cause and their wrongs were calculated to inspire, his words awakened a corresponding energy in the hearers. The Earl of Huntly only asked, whether a battle won would, in their present circumstances, place their rights, and those of their country, within their reach? or whether there was any hope of foreign aid, to enable them to withstand the arms of England and her allies? "All this," he said, "my Lord of Mar could doubtless inform them of, since he had lately received a letter from Lord Bolingbroke, which he desired might be laid before the council."

The critical circumstances of the moment, and the enthusiasm which had been excited in the assembly, enabled Mar to dispense with attending to questions which he might have found it difficult to answer. Gliding over the interruption given by Huntly, he stated to the council the question, in the words, "Fight, or not?" The chiefs, nobles, and officers, answered, with a universal shout of "Fight;" and their resolution reaching the two lines, as they stood drawn up in order of battle, was welcomed with loud huzzas, tossing up of hats and bonnets, and a cheerfulness, which seemed, even to those who had been before uncertain and doubtful of the issue, a sure presage of speedy victory.

In this state of excited feeling, the army of Mar advanced towards the enemy. The two lines in which they stood upon the moor were broken up each into two columns, so that it was in four columns that

they pursued the order of their march, descending the hill which they had first occupied, crossing a morass, which the hard frost of the night before had rendered passable for cavalry as well as infantry, and ascending the opposite height, from which the Duke of Argyle was observing their movements. The Duke, on his part, as soon as he saw the extremity of Mar's wing wheel to the right, in order to make the movement we have described, immediately comprehended that their purpose was to avail themselves of their superiority of numbers, and attack his small force at once on the left flank, and in front. He rode hastily down the eminence, at the foot of which his force was drawn up, in order at once to get them into such a disposition as might disappoint the object of the enemy, and to lead his troops up the hill. He drew up his little army of about four thousand men, extending his disposition considerably to the right, placing three squadrons of horse on that wing, and as many on the left of his front line; the centre being composed of six battalions of foot. Each wing of horse was supported by a squadron of dragoons. The second line was composed of two battalions in the centre, with a squadron of dragoons on either wing. In this order, and having his right considerably advanced against the enemy's left, so as to admit of his withdrawing his own left wing from a flank attack, the Duke ascended the hill, seeing nothing of the enemy, who had left the high grounds, and were advancing to meet him on the other side of the same height, which he was in the act of mounting. The Highlanders, as has been already stated, advanced in four columns, marching by their right.

Each column of infantry, four in number, was closed by a body of cavalry, which, when the column should deploy into line, were to take up their ground on the flank. The Highlanders marched, or rather ran, with such eagerness towards the enemy, that the horse were kept at the gallop in the rear. Both armies were thus ascending the hill in column, and met, as it were unexpectedly, upon the top, being in some points within pistol-shot before they were aware of each other's presence. Both, therefore, endeavoured at the same time to form line-of-battle, and some confusion occurred on either side. In particular, two squadrons of the insurgent cavalry were placed in the centre of the right wing, instead of being stationed on the flank, as had been intended, and as the rules of war required. This discovery, however, was of much less consequence to the Highlanders, whose terrors consisted in the headlong fury of the onset, whilst the strength of the regulars depended on the steadiness of their discipline.

It was at this moment that an old chief, impatient for the command to charge, and seeing the English soldiers getting into order, became enraged at seeing the favourable minute pass away, and made the memorable exclamation, "Oh, for one hour of Dundee!"

The Duke's left wing was commanded by General Whitham, who does not appear to have been distinguished either for courage or conduct. The right of Mar's line was hastily formed, consisting of the western clans, MacDonalds, MacLeans, and the followers of Breadalbane, when old Captain Livingstone

rode up, a veteran soldier, who had served in King James's army before the Revolution, and with several oaths called to General Gordon, who commanded the right wing, instantly to attack. The General hesitated, but the chiefs and clans caught the enthusiasm of the moment. A gentleman, named MacLean, who lived to a great age, thus described the attack of his own tribe; and there can be no doubt that the general onset was made under similar circumstances. When his clan was drawn up in deep order, the best born, bravest, and best armed of the warriors in front,* Sir John MacLean placed himself at their head, and said, with a loud voice, "Gentlemen, this is a day we have long wished to see. Yonder stands MacCallanmore for King George—Here stands MacLean for King James.—God bless MacLean and King James!—Charge, gentlemen!"

The clan then muttered a very brief prayer, fixed the bonnet firm on the head, stripped off their plaids, which then comprehended the philabeg also,† and rushed on the enemy, firing their fusees irregularly, then dropping them, and drawing their swords, and uniting in one wild yell, when they mingled among the bayonets. The regular troops on the left received this fierce onset of the mountaineers with a heavy fire, which did considerable execution. Among others who dropped, was the gallant young chief of Clan Ranald, mortally wounded. His fall checked for an instant the impetuosity of his followers, when Glengarry, so often mentioned, started from the ranks, waved his bonnet around his head, exclaiming, "Revenge, revenge! to-day for revenge, and to-morrow for mourning!" The Highlanders, resuming the fury of their attack, mingled with the regulars, forced their line in every direction, broke through them and dispersed them, making great slaughter among men less active than themselves, and loaded with an unwieldy musket, which, in individual or irregular strife, has scarce ever been found a match for the broadsword. The extreme left of Argyle's army was thus routed with considerable slaughter, for the Highlanders gave no quarter; but the troops of the centre, under General Wightman, remained unbroken; and it would seem to have been the business of the rebel cavalry to have charged them in the flank or rear, exposed as they must have been by the flight of Whitham and the left wing. Of their cavalry, however, two squadrons, commanded by Drummond and Marischal, went off in pursuit of those whom the Highlanders had scattered; while Lord Huntly's, and that of Fife, under the Master of Sinclair, remained inactive on the field of battle, without engaging at all. It would seem that they were kept in check by the dragoons of Argyle's second line, who did not fly like the first, but made an orderly retreat in face of the enemy.

On the right wing and centre, the event of the

* The very existence of this regiment was an instance of the tenacity of clan attachment. The lands on which they lived in the Isle of Mull were become the property of the Duke of Argyle, and their Chief resided for the most part in France, on an allowance which Queen Anne had assigned him; yet he found no difficulty in raising seven or eight hundred men, in opposition to their actual landlord, so inferior was the feudal claim to the patriarchal.

† The Highlanders wore long shirts, which were disposed in a particular manner on such occasions.

battle was very different. The attack of the Highlanders was as furious as on their right. But their opponents, though a little staggered, stood their ground with admirable resolution, and the Duke of Argyle detached Colonel Cathcart, with a body of horse, to cross a morass, which the frost had rendered passable, and attack the Highlanders on the flank as they advanced to the charge. In this manner their rapid assault was checked and baffled; and although the Camerons, Stewarts, and other clans of high reputation, formed the left wing of Mar's army, yet that, and his whole second line, were put to flight by the masterly movement of the Duke of Argyle, and the steadiness of the troops he commanded. But his situation was very perilous; for as the fugitives consisted of five thousand men, there was every prospect of their rallying and destroying the Duke's small body, consisting only of five squadrons of horse, supported by Wightman, with three battalions of infantry, who had lately composed the centre of the army. Argyle took the bold determination to press on the fugitives with his utmost vigour, and succeeded in driving them back to the river Allan, where they had quartered the night before. The fugitives made frequent halts, and were as often again attacked and broken. This was particularly remarked of the body of horse who carried James's standard, and was called the Restoration Squadron. The gentlemen composing it made repeated and vigorous attacks, in which they were only broken and borne down by the superior weight of the English cavalry. It was in one of these reiterated charges that the gallant young Earl of Strathmore lost his life, while in vain attempting to rally his Angus-shire regiment. He was slain by a private dragoon, after having had quarter given to him. The Earl of Panmure was also wounded and made prisoner by the royalists, but was rescued by his brother, Mr Henry Maule.

The field of battle now presented a singular appearance, for the left of both armies were broken and flying, the right of both victorious and in pursuit. But the events of war are of less consequence than the use which is made of them. It does not appear that any attempt was made on the part of Mar to avail himself of his success on the right. General Whitham had indeed resigned the field of battle to his opponents, and from thence fled almost to Stirling bridge. The victorious Highlanders did not take the trouble to pursue him, but having marched across the scene of action, drew up on an eminence, called the Stony Hill of Kippendavie, where they stood in groups with their drawn swords in their hands. One cause of their inactivity at this critical moment may be attributed to having dropped their fire-arms, according to their fashion when about to charge; another, certainly, was the want of active aides-de-camp to transmit orders; and a third, the character of the Highlanders, who are not always disposed to obedience. This much is certain, that had their victorious right wing pursued in the Duke of Argyle's rear when he advanced towards the river Allan, they must have placed him in the greatest danger, since his utmost exertion was scarce equal to keep the multitude before him in full retreat. It is also stated, that some of the Highlanders showed an unwillingness to fight. This is alleged to have been particularly

the case with the celebrated Rob Roy, a dependent, it will be observed, of the Duke of Argyle's, and in the habit, during the whole insurrection, of furnishing him with intelligence from the enemy's camp. A strong party of MacGregors and MacPhersons were under the command of this outlaw, who, when ordered to charge, answered coolly, "If they cannot do it without me, they cannot do it with me." It is said, that a bold man of the Clan-Vourigh, called Alister MacPherson, who followed Rob Roy's original profession of a drover, impatient at the inactivity in which they were detained, drew his sword, and called on the MacPhersons to follow. "Hold, Sandie," said Rob Roy; "were the question about a drove of sheep, you might know something; but as it concerns the leading of men, it is for me to decide."—"Were the question about a drove of Glen-Angus wethers," retorted the MacPherson, "the question with you, Rob, would not be who should be last, but who should be first." This had almost produced a battle betwixt the two champions; but in the meantime, the opportunity of advancing was lost.

The Duke of Argyle having returned back from his pursuit of the enemy's left wing, came in contact with their right, which, victorious as we have intimated, was drawn up on the hill of Kippendavie. Mutual menaces of attack took place, but the combat was renewed on neither side. Both armies showed a disposition to retreat, and Mar, abandoning a part of his artillery, drew back to Auchterarder, and from thence retired to Perth. Both generals claimed the victory, but as Mar abandoned from that day all thoughts of a movement to the westward, his object must be considered as having been completely defeated; while Argyle attained the fruits of victory in retaining the position by which he defended the Lowlands, and barred against the insurgents every avenue by which they could enter them.

The numbers slain in the battle of Sheriffmuir were considerable. Seven or eight hundred were killed on the side of the rebels, and the royalists must have lost five or six hundred. Much noble and gentle blood was mixed with that of the vulgar. A troop of volunteers, about sixty in number, comprehending the Dukes of Douglas and Roxburghe, the Earls of Haddington, Lauderdale, Loudon, Belhaven, and Rothes, fought bravely, though the policy of risking such a *troupe dorée* might be questionable. At all events, it marked a great change of times, when the Duke of Douglas, whose ancestors could have raised an army as numerous as those of both sides in the field of Sheriffmuir, fought as a private trooper, assisted only by two or three servants. This body of volunteers behaved in a manner becoming their rank. Many of them were wounded, and the Earl of Forfar was slain.

The loss of the Earl of Strathmore and of the young Clan Ranald was a severe blow to the Insurrection. The last was a complete soldier, trained in the French Guards, and full of zeal for the cause of James. "My family," he replied to Mar's summons to join him, "have been on such occasions ever wont to be the first on the field, and the last to leave it." When he fell out of the ranks, mortally wounded, Mar met him, and, ignorant of what had happened, demanded why he was not in the front. "I have

had my share," said the dying chief, and fell dead before his commander. Many of his men retired from the army in consequence of his death.

Thus began and thus ended a confused affray, of which a contemporary ballad-maker truly says, "there is nothing certain, except that there was actually a battle, which he witnessed."

CHAPTER XI.

Mar's Retreat to Perth, leaving Argyle Master of the Field—Dissensions among the Troops under Forster and Kenmure—Forster returns to England, and is recognised as General of the Chevalier's Forces there—He marches, with the design of attacking Liverpool, to Preston, where his army is blockaded by General Willis, and, after some opposition, surrenders at discretion—The Prisoners of Rank sent to London—Escape of Forster, MacIntosh, and Hepburn of Keith—Execution of Derwentwater and Kenmure—Escape of Nithisdale—The other Noblemen pardoned, after a long Imprisonment.

THE confused battle of Sheriffmuir being ended by the approach of night, both parties had time to count what they had lost and won in the course of the day. That of the insurgents was easily summed up. The Highlanders, on their right, had behaved with their usual courage, and maintained the reputation which they had acquired of old times under Montrose, and more lately when commanded by Dundee. But in every other particular, the events of the battle were unfavourable to the insurgents. A great many of their best men had retired without leave, as was their invariable practice, to see their families, or to secure their small stock of booty, which some of them had augmented by plundering the baggage of their own army. This desertion thinned the ranks even of those clans who had been victorious, and the Highlanders of the vanquished division of the army had much better reasons for following the example thus set. Their numbers that morning had been from eight to ten thousand men; and at the close of the day, about four thousand of them were missing. Some leaders, too, of high rank and quality, had graced the retreat by their example; and it was said of Huntly and Seaforth in particular, that they were the first fugitives of any rank or condition who reached Perth, and discouraged their numerous followers, by their retreat from the field of action. It was therefore in vain for the insurgents, under this state of diminution and discouragement, to abide a second battle, or endeavour to renew the attempt to pass the Forth, which they had not been able to accomplish with double their now reduced numbers.

But besides the effects of desertion, the insurgent army had other difficulties to contend with. The improvidence of their leaders had been so unparadoxically great, that they had set out from one of the most fertile to a comparatively barren district of Scotland, with provisions for two or three days only, and their ammunition was proportionally scanty. It was therefore evident, that they were in no condition to renew the attempt in which they had that morning miscarried; nor had Mar any alternative, save that of leading back his army to their old quarters at Perth, to wait until some unexpected event should

give them spirits for a fresh effort. Accordingly, as already mentioned, having passed the night after the action among the enclosures of Auchterarder, he returned towards Perth the next morning. The Duke of Argyle, on the other hand, having fallen back on Dunblane, with the troops he himself commanded, and, rejoined by such of the fugitives of the left wing as could be collected, he lay on his arms all night, expecting to renew the action on the succeeding day.

On approaching the field of battle on Monday, the 14th of November, at break of day, the Duke of Argyle found it abandoned by the enemy, who had left their dead and wounded at his disposal, together with the honours of the field, amongst which the principal trophies were fourteen* colours, or standards, and six pieces of field-cannon, which Mar had brought to the field in a useless bravado, since he had neither ammunition nor men to serve them, and which he had found himself unable to remove. Amongst the gentlemen who fell on this occasion, were several on both sides alike eminent for birth and character. The body of the gallant young Earl of Strathmore was found on the field, watched by a faithful old domestic, who, being asked the name of the person whose body he waited upon with so much care, made this striking reply, "He was a man yesterday."

The Earl of Mar had endeavoured to pave the way for a triumphant return to Perth, by a species of Gazette, in which he claimed the victory on the right and centre, and affirmed, that had the left wing and the second line behaved as his right and the rest of the first line did, the victory had been complete. But he could not again excite the enthusiasm of his followers, many of whom began now in earnest to despair of their situation, the large odds of numbers which they possessed in the field of Sheriffmuir having been unable to secure them a decided victory.

Many rumours were in the meantime spread among the insurgents, concerning successes which were reported to have been obtained by Forster and his troops over General Carpenter in England, and bonfires and rejoicings were made for these supposed victories, at a time when, in fact, Forster and Kenmure were totally defeated, their soldiers dispersed, and themselves prisoners.

You must not forget that the force of General Forster consisted of the troops of horse levied on the Northumberland frontier by the Earl of Derwentwater and others, joined with the gentlemen of Galloway and Dumfries-shire, under Lord Kenmure, and the Lothian Jacobites, under the Earl of Winton, composing altogether a body of five or six hundred horse; to whom must be added about fourteen hundred Highlanders, being those sent across the Frith by the Earl of Mar, under command of MacIntosh of Borlum. You must also recollect, that in this little army there were great differences of opinion as to the route which they were to pursue. The English gentlemen persisted in the delusion, that they had only to show themselves in the west of England, in order to draw the whole country to their standard, while the Scots, both the Lowland gentlemen and Highlanders, desired to march upon Dumfries, and, after

taking possession of that town, proceed to the west of Scotland, and force open a communication betwixt their force and the main army, under Mar, by which they reasonably hoped to dislodge Argyle from his post at Stirling.

Unfixed which course to pursue, and threatened by General Carpenter, who moved against them from Newcastle towards Kelso, at the head of a thousand horse, the insurgents left the latter town, where they had been joined by the Brigadier MacIntosh, and marched to Jedburgh, not without one or two false alarms. They had, however, the advantage of outstripping General Carpenter, and the English gentlemen became still more impatient to return into their own country, and raise the Jacobites of the west. The Highlanders, learning that such a plan was at last adopted, separated themselves from the horse as soon as the march began, and drawing up on a moor above the town of Hawick, declared, that if the insurgents proposed to march against the enemy, they would fight it out to the last, but that they would not go into England to be kidnapped and made slaves of, as their ancestors were in Cromwell's time. And when the horse drew up, as if for the purpose of attack, the Highlanders cocked their pieces, and prepared for action, saying, that if they must needs be made a sacrifice, they would prefer their own country as the scene of their death. The discontented mountaineers would listen to no one save the Earl of Winton, who joined them in desiring to march westward to the assistance of the Earl of Mar; to whom, indeed, by preventing Argyle from concentrating his forces, they might have done excellent service, for the Duke could never have recalled a regiment of horse which he had at Kilsythe, had the southern insurgents threatened that post. The Highlanders were at length put in motion, under a declaration that they would abide with the army while they remained in Scotland, but should they enter England they would return back.

In the meantime the citizens of the town of Dumfries saw themselves again threatened by the rebel forces, and assuming an attitude of resistance, marched out to occupy a position in front of the place, on which they threw up some hasty fortifications. At the same time they received intelligence from General Carpenter, who had now reached Jedburgh, that if they could but defend themselves for six hours, he would within that time attack the rear of the enemy.

The news, that the Dumfries citizens intended to defend their town, which lay in front, while Carpenter was prepared to operate in the rear of the rebels, induced Mr Forster and his friends to renew with great urgency their proposal of entering England, affirming to their northern associates that they were possessed of letters of advice, assuring them of a general insurrection. The Scots, worn out with the perseverance of their English associates, and unable to believe that men would have deceived themselves or others by illusory hopes, when engaged in such a momentous undertaking, at length yielded to their remonstrances. Accordingly, having reached Ecclefechan on their way to Dumfries, the English counsels prevailed, and the insurgents halted at the former village, turned south, and directed their march on Langholm, with the design of making for the west of England.

The Earl of Winton dissented so widely from the general resolution, that he left the army with a considerable part of his troop, and it seemed for a time as if he had renounced the undertaking entirely. Ashamed, however, to break off abruptly from a cause which he had embraced from motives of duty and conscience, he changed his purpose, and again joined the main body. But though this unfortunate young nobleman returned to the fatal standard, it was remarked that from this time he ceased to take any interest in the debates or deliberations of his party, but seized with a kind of reckless levity upon such idle opportunities of amusement as chance threw in his way, in a manner scarce resembling one engaged in an important and perilous enterprise.

The Highlanders were again divided from their confederates in their opinion respecting the alteration of the line of march, and the object of their expedition. Many agreed to march into England. Others, to the number of four hundred, broke away entirely from their companions, with the purpose of returning to their mountains through the western districts and by the heads of the Forth. They might have accomplished this but for the difficulty of finding provisions, which obliged them to separate into small parties, several of which were made prisoners by the peasantry, who in that country were chiefly Cameronians, and accustomed to the use of arms.

The rest of the army, diminished by this desertion, proceeded to Brampton, near Carlisle, where Mr Forster, producing his commission to that effect, was recognised as General of King James's forces in England. It is possible, that the desire to obtain the supreme command of the army might have made this gentleman the more anxious for having the march directed on his native country; and his first exploit in his new capacity seemed to give a lustre to his undertaking, although the success was more owing to the fears of the opposite party, than to any particular display of courage on the part of the Jacobite General and his little army.

It must be observed, that the horse-militia of Westmoreland, and of the northern parts of Lancashire, had been drawn out to oppose the rebels; and now the *posse comitalis* of Cumberland, amounting to twelve thousand men, were assembled along with them at Penrith, by summons from Lord Lonsdale, sheriff of the county. But being a mere undisciplined mob, ill-armed, and worse arrayed, they did not wait for an attack either from the cavalry or the Highlanders, but dispersed in every direction, leaving to the victors the field of battle, covered with arms and a considerable number of horses. Lonsdale, deserted by every one save about twenty of his own servants, was obliged to make his escape, and found shelter in the old castle of Appleby.

In marching through Cumberland and Westmoreland, there was little seen of that enthusiasm in the Jacobite cause which the English officers had taught their associates to expect. Manchester was on this, as upon a later occasion, the first town where the inhabitants seemed disposed to embark in the insurrection, and form a company for that purpose. Intimation of their friendly disposition reached the insurgents at Lancaster, and encouraged them to advance. It was, indeed, time that their friends should join them, for

they had daily news of troops marching to oppose and surround them. On their side they resolved to extend themselves, the more easily to gather fresh forces; and having moved from Lancaster to Preston, they resolved to possess themselves of Warrington bridge, with a view to securing Liverpool.

While they were scheming an attack on this celebrated sea-port, which its citizens were preparing to defend with much vigour, the government forces, which had assembled around them, were advancing towards them on several quarters.

It seems strange, that while possessing a strong party of friends in the country, being a very large proportion of the landed gentry, with a considerable proportion of the populace, the insurgents should nevertheless have suffered themselves to be so completely surprised. But the spirit of delusion which possessed the whole party, and pervaded all their proceedings, was as remarkable here as on other occasions. While Forster and his companions were thinking of extending the fire of insurrection to Manchester and Liverpool, General Willis, who commanded in Cheshire for King George, had taken measures for extinguishing it entirely. This active general issued orders to several regiments, chiefly of horse and dragoons quartered in the neighbouring counties, appointing them to rendezvous at Warrington-bridge on the 10th of November, on which day he proposed to place himself at their head, and dispute with the rebels their approach to Manchester. At the same time, Willis entered into communication with General Carpenter, whose unwearied exertions had dogged the insurgents from Northumberland, and was now advancing upon them.

These tidings came like a thunderbolt on Forster's army. Forster had but a choice of difficulties, namely, either to march out and dispute with Major-General Willis the passage of the river Ribble, by which Preston is covered, or abide within an open town, and defend it by such assistance from fortifications, barricades, and batteries, as could be erected within a few hours.

The first of these courses had its advantages. The bridge across the Ribble was long, narrow, and might have been easily defended, especially as there was a party of one hundred chosen Highlanders stationed there, under the command of John Farquharson of Invercauld, a chief of great character for courage and judgment; and who, though General Willis was approaching very near to the bridge, might have been relied on as secure of maintaining his ground till succours were dispatched from the town. Beyond the bridge there extended a long and deep lane, bordered with hedges, well situated for defence, especially against cavalry. All this was in favour of the defence of the bridge; but, on the other hand, if Forster had drawn his squadrons of gentlemen out of Preston, he must have exposed them to the rough shock of ordinary troopers, which they were neither mounted nor armed so as to sustain. It was probably this which determined the Jacobite leader to maintain his defence in the town of Preston itself, rather than in front of it. The insurgents took judicious measures for this purpose, and pursued them with zeal and spirit. Four barricades were hastily erected. The Earl of Derwentwater, stripping to the waistcoat, encouraged

the men to labour, as well by his own example as his liberality, and the works were speedily completed.

One of these barriers was situated a little below the church, and was supported by the gentlemen volunteers, who mustered in the churchyard. The defence was commanded by Brigadier MacIntosh. The second was formed at the end of a lane, which was defended by Lord Charles Murray; the third was called the windmill barricade—it was held out by the Laird of MacIntosh, chief of the name; the fourth barricade was drawn across the street leading towards Liverpool, and was stoutly manned by Hunter, the Northumbrian freebooter, and his moss-troopers. Each barricade was protected by two pieces of cannon; and the houses on both sides of the street were occupied by defenders, so as to pour a destructive flanking fire on any assailant. General Willis having accurately surveyed the defences, resolved upon attacking them.

On Saturday, the 12th of November, being the day previous to that on which the battle of Sheriffmuir was fought, General Willis commenced his operations upon the town of Preston by a double attack. The barricade on the street below the church was assaulted with great fury; but so insupportable a fire was opened from the defences and the houses adjacent, that the assailants were beat off with considerable loss. It would seem, that to aid him in the defence of his post, Brigadier MacIntosh had called in some soldiers who had been posted in the street leading to Wigan. Preston's regiment (well known as the old Cameronian, and forming part of Willis's attacking force) were therefore enabled to penetrate through that avenue, and seizing two houses which overlooked the town, did the defendants more injury than they sustained from any other attack. The barricade, commanded by Lord Charles Murray, was in like manner, stoutly attacked, and fiercely defended; but the Jacobite officer receiving a reinforcement of fifty volunteers, his resistance was ultimately successful. Captains Hunter and Douglas likewise made a desperate defence at the barrier intrusted to them, and the assault upon the post defended by the Chief of MacIntosh was equally fatal to the assailants.

When the soldiers of Willis retired from their various points of attack, they set fire, according to their orders, to the houses betwixt them and the barricades. By the light afforded by this conflagration, the skirmish was carried on during the night; and had not the weather been uncommonly still, Preston, which was the scene of the contest, must have been burned to the ground.

Although the insurgents had preserved the advantage in every attack, it was evident, that, cut off from all assistance, and cooped up in the streets of a burning town, where they had but few men to maintain an extended circle of defence, nothing short of a miracle could relieve them. General Willis, whilst directing the attack on the barricades, had, at the same time, guarded every pass by which the devoted band could escape. Of those who desperately attempted to sally, several were cut to pieces; and it was but very few who escaped by hewing their way through the enemy.

On the morning of the 13th, being the day after the attack, the situation of Forster and his army

became yet more desperate. General Carpenter, so long their pursuer, now came up with so many additional forces, chiefly cavalry, as completed the blockade of the place, and left the besieged no hope of escape, or relief. Willis, as inferior in rank, offered to resign, of course, the charge of the siege to his superior officer; but General Carpenter generously refused to take the command, observing, that Willis deserved the honour of finishing the affair which he had begun so auspiciously. The dispositions of the latter general were therefore so actively followed up, that the blockade of the town was effectually completed, and the fate of the rebels became inevitable.

The scene of unavoidable destruction had different effects upon the different characters of the unfortunate insurgents in Preston, in like manner as the approach of imminent peril has upon domesticated and savage animals when they are brought to extremity,—the former are cowed into submission, while the latter, brought to bay, become more desperately ferocious in their resistance. The English gentlemen began to think upon the possibility of saving their lives, and entertained the hope of returning once more to the domestic enjoyments of their homes and their estates; while the Highlanders, and most of the Scottish insurgents, even of the higher classes, declared for sallying out and dying like men of honour, with sword in hand, rather than holding their lives on the base tenure of submission.

Such being their different views of the measures to be adopted, the English determined to accomplish a capitulation at all events, and Oxburgh, an Irish Catholic, who had been Forster's tutor in military matters, went out to propose a surrender to the English generals. The mission was coldly received, and he was distinctly given to understand, that no terms would be granted excepting those of unconditional surrender, with the sole provision that they should be secured from immediate execution. He returned to the town, and the errand on which he had visited the enemy's position being understood, General Forster was nearly pistolled by a Scottish gentleman, named Murray, and his life only saved by a friendly hand, which struck the weapon upwards in the act of its being discharged.

Captain Dalzell, brother of the Earl of Carnwath, then went out in the name of the Scots, but could obtain no more favourable terms. Some time, however, was gained, in which the principal leaders had time to consider that Government might be satisfied with a few examples, while the greater part of the insurgents, in which every one's confidence in his individual good-luck led him to hope he would be included, would escape at least the extremity of punishment. After the Scots, and especially the Highlanders, had persisted for some time in their determination of resistance, they at length found themselves obliged to surrender on no better terms than the English, which amounted only to this, that they should not be instantly put to the sword. Their leaders were surrendered as hostages; and at length, after manifesting the greatest unwillingness to give up their arms, they accepted the capitulation, if such it could be called. It certainly appears, that by surrendering at discretion, the greater part of them expected at least to save their lives.

On laying down their arms, the unhappy garrison were enclosed in one of the churches, and treated with considerable rigour, being stripped and ill-used by the soldiery.* About fourteen hundred men, of all sorts, were included in the surrender; amongst whom there were about two hundred domestic servants, followers of the gentlemen who had assumed arms, about three hundred gentlemen volunteers, the rest consisting of Brigadier MacIntosh's command of Highlanders. Six of the prisoners were condemned to be shot by martial law, as holding commissions under the government against which they had borne arms. Lord Charles Murray obtained a reprieve with difficulty, through the interest of his friends. Little mercy was shown to the misguided private men, whose sole offence was having complied with what was in their eyes a paramount duty, the obedience to their chiefs. Very many underwent the fate which made them so unwilling to enter England, namely, that of banishment to the plantations in America.

The prisoners of most note were sent up to London, into which they were introduced in a kind of procession, which did less dishonour to the sufferers than to the mean minds who planned and enjoyed such an ignoble triumph. By way of balancing the influence of the Tory mob, whose violences in burning chapels, &c., had been of a formidable and highly criminal character, plans had been adopted by government to excite and maintain a rival spirit of tumult among such of the vulgar as were called, or called themselves, the Low Church party. Party factions often turn upon the most frivolous badges of distinction. As the Tories had affected a particular passion for ale, as a national and truly English potation, their parliamentary associations taking the title of the October and the March Clubs; so in the spirit of opposition, the Whigs of the lower rank patronised beer (distinguished, according to Dr Johnson, from ale, by being either older or smaller), and mug-houses were established, held by landlords of orthodox Whig principles, where this protestant and revolutionary liquor was distributed in liberal quantities, and they speedily were thronged by a set of customers, whose fists and sticks were as prompt to assault the admirers of High Church and Ormond, as the Tories were ready to defend them. It was for the gratification of the frequenters of these

* The laced clothes of the gentlemen was the temptation to this outrage. The prisoners were obliged to strip the pews of their baize linings, in order to apply the cloth to the purpose of decent covering. A family tradition runs thus:—A gentleman, who fought as a trooper in one of the Scottish squadrons, was shot through the body at the barricade. He was conceived to be mortally wounded, and lay stretched in a pew in the church, an affectionate comrade supporting his head, and expecting every moment to receive his last sigh. After much sickness, the wounded man's stomach is said to have relieved itself by discharging a piece of his scarlet waistcoat, which the ball had carried into his body. The assistant, much amazed at such a phenomenon, being also one of that class of men who cannot forbear a jest, even in the most melancholy circumstances, observed, "Heh, Walter, I am fain to see you have a stock of braid cloth in your bowels; and since it is sae, I wish you would exert yourself again, and bring up as much as would make a pair of breeks, for I am in mickle need o' them." The wounded man afterwards recovered

mug-houses, as they were called, that the entrance of the Preston prisoners into London was graced with the mock honours of a triumphal procession.

The prisoners, most of them men of birth and education, were, on approaching the capital, all pinioned with cords like the vilest criminals. This ceremony they underwent at Barnet. At Highgate they were met by a large detachment of horse grenadiers and foot guards, preceded by a body of citizens decently dressed, who shouted to give example to the mob. Halters were put upon the horses ridden by the prisoners, and each man's horse was led by a private soldier. Forster, a man of high family, and still Member of Parliament for Northumberland, was exposed in the same manner as the rest. A large mob of the patrons of the mug-houses attended on the occasion, beating upon warming-pans (in allusion to the vulgar account of the birth of the Chevalier de St George), and the prisoners, with all sort of scurrilous abuse and insult, were led through the streets of the city in this species of unworthy triumph, and deposited in the jails of Newgate, the Marshalsea, and other prisons in the metropolis.

In consequence of this sudden increase of tenants, a most extraordinary change took place in the discipline of these melancholy abodes. When the High Church party in London began to recover the astonishment with which they had witnessed the suppression of the insurrection, they could not look back with much satisfaction on their own passive behaviour during the contest, if it could be called one, and now endeavoured to make up for it by liberally supplying the prisoners, whom they regarded as martyrs in their cause, with money and provisions, in which wine was not forgotten. The fair sex are always disposed to be compassionate, and certainly were not least so in this case, where the objects of pity were many of them gallant young cavaliers, sufferers in a cause which they had been taught to consider as sacred. The consequence was, that the prisons overflowed with wine and good cheer, and the younger and more thoughtless part of the inmates turned to revelling and drowning in liquor all more serious thoughts of their situation; so that even Lord Derwentwater himself said of his followers, that they were fitter inhabitants for bridewell than a state prison. Money, it is said, circulated so plentifully among them, that when it was difficult to obtain silver for a guinea in the streets, nothing was so easy as to find change, whether of gold or silver, in the jail. A handsome, high-spirited young Highland gentleman, whom the pamphlets of the day call Bottair (one of the family of Butter in Athole), made such an impression on the fair visitors who came to minister to the wants of the Jacobite captives, that some reputations were put in peril by the excess of their attentions to this favourite object of compassion.

When such a golden shower descends on a prison, the jailor generally secures to himself the largest share of it; and those prisoners who desired separate beds, or the slightest accommodation in point of lodging, had to purchase them at a rate which would have paid for many years the rent of the best houses

in St James's Square or Piccadilly. Dungeons, the names of which indicate their gloomy character, as the Lion's Den, the Middle Dark, and the like, were rented at the same extravagant prices, and were not only filled with prisoners, but abounded with good cheer.

These riotous scenes went on the more gaily that almost all had nursed a hope, that their having surrendered at discretion would be admitted as a protection for their lives. But when numerous bills of high-treason were found against them, escape from prison began to be thought of, which the command of money, and the countenance of friends without doors, as well as the general structure of the jails, rendered more easy than could have been expected. Thus, on the 10th of April, 1716, Thomas Forster escaped from Newgate, by means of false keys, and, having all things prepared, got safely to France. On the 10th of May, Brigadier MacIntosh, whom we have so often mentioned, with fourteen other gentlemen, chiefly Scottish, took an opportunity to escape in the following manner. The brigadier having found means to rid himself of his irons, and coming down stairs about eleven at night, he placed himself close by the door of the jail; and as it was opened to admit a servant at that time of night (no favourable example of prison discipline), he knocked down the jailor, and made his escape with his companions, some of whom were retaken in the streets, from not knowing whither to fly.

Among the fugitives who broke prison with MacIntosh, was Robert Hepburn of Keith, the same person in whose family befell the lamentable occurrence mentioned at page 754.

This gentleman had pinioned the arms of the turnkey by an effort of strength, and effected his escape into the open street without pursuit. But he was at a loss whither to fly, or where to find a friendly place of refuge. His wife and family were, he knew, in London; but how, in that great city, was he to discover them, especially as they most probably were residing there under feigned names? While he was agitated by this uncertainty, and fearful of making the least inquiry, even had he known in what words to express it, he saw at a window in the street an ancient piece of plate, called the Keith Tankard, which had long belonged to his family. He immediately conceived that his wife and children must be inhabitants of the lodgings, and entering, without asking questions, was received in their arms. They knew of his purpose of escape, and took lodgings as near the jail as they could, that they might afford him immediate refuge; but dared not give him any hint where they were, otherwise than by setting the well-known flagon where it might by good fortune catch his eye. He escaped to France.

The noblemen who had placed themselves at the head of the rebellion were now called to answer for their guilt; and articles of impeachment of high-treason were exhibited by the House of Commons against the Earl of Derwentwater, and the Lord Widdrington, in England; and the Earls of Nithisdale, Winton, and Carnwath, Lord Viscount Kenmure, and Lord Nairne, in Scotland. They severally pleaded Guilty to the articles, excepting the Earl of Winton, who pleaded Not Guilty.

Lord Derwentwater and Lord Kenmure suffered death on the 24th February, 1715-16. The Earl of Derwentwater, who was an amiable private character, hospitable and generous, brave and humane, revoked on the scaffold his plea of Guilty, and died firmly avowing the political creed for which he suffered. Lord Kenmure, a quiet, modest gentleman, shared Derwentwater's fate; and he showed the same firmness. There is a tradition that the body of Lord Derwentwater was carried down to Westmoreland in great pomp, the procession, however, moving only by night, and resting by day in chapels dedicated to the exercise of the Catholic religion, where the funeral services of that church were performed over the body during the day, until the approach of night permitted them to resume their progress northward; and that the remains of this unfortunate nobleman were finally deposited in his ancestors' burial-place at Dilstone Hall. His large estates were confiscated to the crown, and now form the valuable property of Greenwich Hospital.

Charles Ratcliff, brother of the Earl of Derwentwater, and doomed to share his fate after a long interval of years, saved himself for the time by breaking prison.

But what chiefly attracted the attention of the public, was the escape of the Earl of Nithisdale, who was destined to have shared the fate of Derwentwater and Kenmure.

The utmost intercession had been made, in every possible shape, to save the lives of these unfortunate noblemen, and their companions in misfortune, but it had been found unavailing. Lady Nithisdale, the bold and affectionate wife of the condemned Earl, having in vain thrown herself at the feet of the reigning monarch to implore mercy for her husband, devised a plan for his escape of the same kind with that since practised by Madame Lavalette. She was admitted to see her husband in the Tower upon the last day which, according to his sentence, he had to live. She had with her two female confidants. One brought on her person a double suit of female clothes. This individual was instantly dismissed, when relieved of her second dress. The other person gave her own clothes to the Earl, attiring herself in those which had been provided. Muffled in a riding-hood and cloak, the Earl, in the character of lady's-maid, holding a handkerchief to his eyes, as one overwhelmed with deep affliction, passed the sentinels, and being safely conveyed out of the Tower, made his escape to France. We are startled to find, that according to the rigour of the law, the life of the heroic Countess was considered as responsible for that of the husband whom she had saved; but she contrived to conceal herself.

Lord Winton received sentence of death after trial, but also made his escape from the Tower. As Charles Ratcliff had already broke prison about the same time, we may conclude either that the jailors and marshals did not exhibit much vigilance on this occasion, or that the prisoners found means of lulling it to sleep. The Earl of Carnwath, Lords Widdrington and Nairne, were, after a long imprisonment, pardoned as far as their lives were concerned, in consequence of a general bill of indemnity.

Of inferior persons, about twenty of the most resolute of the Preston prisoners were executed at that place and at Manchester, and four or five suffered at Tyburn. Amongst these the execution of William Paul, a clergyman, a true friend, as he boasted himself, of the anti-revolutionary church of England, made a strong impression on those of his party.

Thus closed the Rebellion and its consequences, so far as England was concerned. We must now take a view of its last scenes as exhibited in Scotland.

CHAPTER XII.

The arrival of Dutch Troops to the Assistance of Government, the news of the Surrender at Preston, and the Desertion of the Clan Fraser to the Whig Interest, all tend to discourage the Jacobite Army—A General Council of the Jacobite Leaders breaks up without coming to any Conclusion, one Party desiring to capitulate, while Mar wishes to keep the Army together till the Arrival of the Chevalier—An Offer of Submission, upon Terms, made to Argyle, and rejected—Arrival of the Chevalier, which fails to restore the Courage of his Adherents—Exertions of Argyle to put an end to the Rebellion—His March towards Perth—Exultation of the Jacobite Highlanders in the Prospect of another Battle—Their Fury and Despair in its being hinted that it was intended to Retreat—A Retreat resolved on.

WE left the insurgents when the melancholy news of the termination of the campaign of Forster, with his Highland auxiliaries, at the barricades of Preston, had not yet reached them; the moment it did, all hopes of a general insurrection in England, or any advantage being obtained there, were for ever ended.

The regular troops which had been detained in England to suppress the northern insurgents, were now set at liberty, and Mar could no longer rely upon Argyle's remaining inactive for want of men. Besides, the Estates of the United Provinces had now, upon the remonstrances of General Cadogan, dispatched for Britain the auxiliary forces which they were bound by treaty to furnish in case of invasion; and three thousand of them had landed at Deptford. The other three thousand Dutch troops, designed for ports in the north, had been dispersed by a storm, and driven into Harwich, Yarmouth, and elsewhere, which induced the government to order those at Deptford, as the most disposable part of this auxiliary force, to move instantly down to Scotland.

Events equally unfavourable to the rebels were taking place in the North of Scotland; and, in order to ascertain the progress of these, it is necessary to trace some passages of the life of Simon Fraser, one of the most remarkable characters of his time.

He was by birth the nearest male heir to the estate of Lovat, and to the dignity of Chief of the Frasers—no empty honour, since the clan contained a following of from seven hundred to a thousand men. The chief last deceased, however, had left a daughter, and Simon was desirous, by marriage with this young lady, to unite her pretensions to the chieftainship and estate with his own. As his character was bad, and his circumstances accounted desperate, the widowed mother of the young heiress, a lady of the house of Athole, was averse to this match, and her powerful family countenanced her repugnance. Being a man of a daring character,

deep powers of dissimulation, and master of the tempers of the lower class of Highlanders, Simon found it no difficult matter to obtain the assistance of a strong party of Frasers, chiefly desperate men, to assist in a scheme of seizing on the person of the young heiress. She escaped his grasp, but her mother, the widow of the late Lord Lovat, fell into his power. Equally short-sighted as unprincipled, Fraser imagined that by marrying this lady instead of her daughter, he would secure, through her large jointure, some legal interest in the estate. With this view he accomplished a forced marriage betwixt the Dowager Lady Lovat and himself, and enforced his rights, as her pretended husband, with the most brutal violence. For this abominable and atrocious outrage against a matron, widow of his own near connexion, and a sister of the powerful Marquis of Athole, letters of fire and sword were granted against Fraser and his adherents, and, being outlawed by the High Court of Justiciary, he was forced to fly to France. Here he endeavoured to recommend himself at the court of St Germain, by affecting much zeal for the Jacobite cause, and pretending to great interest with the Highland chiefs, and the power of rendering effectual service amongst them. The Chevalier de St George and the French King were aware of the infamy of the man's character, and distrusted the proposal which he laid before them, for raising an insurrection in the Highlands. Mary of Este, more credulous, was disposed to trust him; and he was detached on a Jacobite mission, which he instantly betrayed to the Duke of Queensberry, and which created much disturbance in the year 1703, as we have noticed in its place.* His double treachery being discovered, Simon Fraser was, on his return to France, thrown into the Bastille, where he remained for a considerable time. Dismissed from this imprisonment, he waited for an opportunity where he might serve his own interest, and advance his claims upon the chieftainship of the clan Fraser and the estate of Lovat, by adopting the political side betwixt the contending parties which should bid fairest to serve his purpose.

The time seemed now arrived, when, by the insurrection of Mar, open war was declared betwixt the parties. His cousin, the heiress of Lovat, had been married to MacKenzie of Fraserdale, who, acting as chief of his wife's clan, had summoned the Frasers to arms, and led a body of five hundred clansmen to join the standard of the Chevalier de St George. They marched to Perth accordingly. In the meantime, Simon Fraser arrived in Scotland, and made his appearance, like one of those portentous sea-monsters whose gambols announce the storm. He was first seen at Dumfries, where he offered his personal services to join the citizens, who were in arms to repel an attack from Kenmure, Nithisdale, and their followers. The Dumfriesians, however, trusted him not, nay, were disposed to detain him a prisoner; and only permitted him to pass northward, on the assurance of the Marquis of Annapdale, that his presence there would be favourable to King George and his cause. It proved so accordingly.

Simon Fraser arrived in Inverness-shire, and hastened to form an intimate alliance with Duncan

* See page 721.

Forbes, brother of John Forbes of Culloden, and a determined friend to government. Forbes was an excellent lawyer, and a just and religious man. At another time, he would probably have despised associating himself with a desperate outlaw to his country, black with the charges of rape, murder, and double treachery. But the case was an extreme one, in which no assistance that promised to be available was to be rejected. Simon Fraser obtained pardon and favour, and the influence of the patriarchal system was never more remarkably illustrated than in his person. His character was, as we have seen, completely infamous, and his state and condition that of an adventurer of the very worst description. But by far the greater number of the clan were disposed to think, that the chiefship descended to the male heir, and therefore preferred Simon's title to that of Fraserdale, who only commanded them as husband of the heiress. The mandates of Fraser, now terming himself Lovat, reached the clan in the town of Perth. They were respected as those of the rightful chief; and the Frasers did not hesitate to withdraw from the cause of the Chevalier de St George, and march northwards, to place themselves under the command of their restored patriarch by male descent, who had embraced the other side. This change of sides was the more remarkable, as most of the Frasers were in personal opinion Jacobites. We have already noticed, that the desertion of the Frasers took place the very morning when Mar broke up to march on Dunblane; and, as a bold and warlike clan, their absence, on the 12th November, was of no small disadvantage to the party from whom they had retired.

Shortly after this, the operations of this clan, under their new leader, became directly hostile to the Jacobite cause. Sir John MacKenzie of Coul had, at the period of the Earl of Scaforth's march to Perth, been left with four hundred MacKenzies, to garrison Inverness, which may be termed the capital of the North Highlands. Hitherto his task had been an easy one, but it was now likely to become more difficult. Acting upon a plan concerted betwixt him and Duncan Forbes, Lovat assembled his clan, and with those of the Monroes, Rosses and Grants, who had always maintained the Whig interest, attacked Inverness, with such success, that they made themselves masters of the place, which Sir John MacKenzie found himself compelled to evacuate without serious resistance. The Earl of Sutherland also, who was still in arms, now advanced across the Murray Frith, and a considerable force was collecting in the rear of the rebels, and in a position which threatened the territories of Huntly, Seaforth, and several other chief leaders in Mar's army.

These various events tended more and more to depress the spirits of the noblemen and heads of clans who were in the Jacobite army. The indefinite, or rather unfavourable, issue of the affair of Sheriffmuir, had discouraged those who expected, by a decisive victory, if not to carry their principal and original purpose, at least to render themselves a foe to whom the Government might think it worth while to grant honourable terms of accommodation.

Most men of reflection, therefore, now foresaw the inevitable ruin of the undertaking; but the General, Mar, having formally invited the Chevalier de St George to come over and put himself at the head of

the insurrectionary army, was under the necessity, for his own honour, and to secure the chance which such an impulse might have given to his affairs, of keeping his troops together to protect the person of the Prince, in case of his accepting this perilous invitation, which, given before the battle of Sheriffmuir, was likely to be complied with. In this dilemma he became desirous, by every species of engagement, to bind those who had enrolled themselves under the fatal standard, not to quit it.

For this purpose, a military oath was proposed, in name of King James VIII; an engagement, which, however solemn, has been seldom found stronger than the severe compulsion of necessity operating against it. Many of the gentlemen engaged, not willing to preclude themselves from endeavouring to procure terms, in case of need, refused to come under this additional obligation. The expedient of an association was next resorted to, and Mar summoned a general council of the principal persons in the army. This was the fourth time such a meeting had been convoked since the commencement of the affair; the first had taken place when MacIntosh's detachment was in peril; the second for the purpose of subscribing an invitation to the Chevalier de St George to join them, and the third on the field of battle at Sheriffmuir.

The Marquis of Huntly, who had already well-nigh determined on taking separate measures, refused to attend the meeting, but sent a draught of an association to which he was willing to subscribe, and seemed to admit that the insurgents might make their peace separately. Mar flung it scornfully aside, and said it might be a very proper form, providing it had either sense or grammar. He then recommended his own draught, by which the subscribers agreed to continue in arms, and accept no conditions unless under the royal authority, and by the consent of the majority of the gentlemen then in arms. The proposed measure was opposed by the Master of Sinclair and many of the Lowland gentlemen. They complained, that by using the phrase "Royal authority," they might be considered as throwing the free power of deciding for themselves into the hands of Mar, as the royal General, with whose management hitherto they had little reason to be satisfied. The Master of Sinclair demanded to know what persons were to vote, as constituting the majority of gentlemen in arms, and whether voices must be allowed to all who went by that general name, or whether the decision was to be remitted to those whom the General might select. Sir John MacLean haughtily answered, that unless some such power of selection were lodged in the commander-in-chief, all his regiment of eight hundred men must be admitted to vote, since every MacLean was a gentleman. Mar endeavoured to soothe the disaffected. He admitted the king's affairs were not in such a state as he could have desired; but contended that they were far from desperate, intimated that he still entertained hopes, and in the same breath deprecated answering the questions put to him on the nature of his expectations. He was, however, borne down with queries, and being reminded that he could not propose remaining at Perth, when the Duke of Argyle, reinforced by six thousand Dutch, should move against him on one side, and Sutherland, with all the

northern clans in the government interest, should advance on the other, it was demanded, where he proposed to make a stand. Inverness was named; and the shire of Murray was pointed out as sufficient to find subsistence for a considerable army. But Inverness, if not already fallen, was in imminent danger; Murray, though a fertile country, was a narrow district, which would be soon exhausted; and it seemed to be the general opinion, that if pressed by the Government forces, there would be no resource save falling back into the barren regions of the Highlands. The Master of Sinclair asked, at what season of the year forage and other necessities for cavalry were to be found in the hills? Glengarry made a bizarre but very intelligible reply, "that such accommodations were to be found in the Highlands at every season—by those who were provident enough to bring them with them."

The main argument of Mar was, to press upon the dissentients the dishonour of deserting the King, when he was on the point of throwing himself on their loyalty. They replied, he alone knew the king's motions; of which they had no such assurances as could induce them to refuse any opportunity of saving themselves, their families, and estates from perdition, merely to preserve some punctilious scruples of loyalty, by which the King could gain no real advantage. They complained that they had been lured into the field, by promises of troops, arms, ammunition, treasure, and a general of military talent—all to be sent by France; and that, these reports proving totally false, they did not incline to be detained there upon rumours of the King's motions, which might be equally fallacious, as they came from the same quarter. In a word, the council of war broke up without coming to a resolution; and there was, from that time, established in the army a party who were opposed to Mar's conduct of affairs, who declared for opening a negotiation with the Duke of Argyle, and were distinguished at head-quarters as grumblers and mutineers.

These gentlemen held a meeting at the Master of Sinclair's quarters, and opened a communication with Mar, in which they urged the total inadequacy of any resistance which they could now offer—the exhaustion of their supplies of ammunition, provision, and money—the impossibility of their making a stand until they reached the Highland mountains—and the equal impossibility of subsisting their cavalry if they plunged into these wildernesses. They declared, that they did not desire to separate themselves from the army; all they wished to know was, whether an honourable capitulation could be obtained for all who were engaged; and if dishonourable terms were offered, they expressed themselves determined to fight to the death rather than accept them.

While such were the sentiments of the Low-country gentlemen, dejected at their total want of success, and the prospect of misery and ruin which they saw fast approaching, the Highland chiefs and clans were totally disinclined to any terms of accommodation. Their warlike disposition made the campaign an enjoyment to them; the pay, which Mar dispensed liberally, was, while it lasted, an object with people so poor; and, finally, they entertained the general opinion, founded upon the convention made with their

ancestors after the war of 1688-9, that they might at worst retreat into their hills, where, rather than incur the loss of men and charges necessary for suppressing them, the Government would be glad to grant them peace upon their own terms, and, perhaps, not averse to pay them for accepting it. Another class of men having influence in such a singular camp, were the nobility, or men of quality, who had joined the cause. Most of these were men of high titles but broken fortunes, whose patrimony was overburdened with debt. They had been early treated by Mar with distinction and preference, for their rank gave credit to the cause which their personal influence could not greatly have advanced. They enjoyed posts of nominal rank in the insurrectionary army; and the pay conforming to these was not less acceptable to them than to the Highlanders. It may be also supposed, that they were more particularly acquainted than others with the reasons Mar had for actually expecting the King; and might, with spirit worthy of their birth, be willing to incur the worst extremities of war, rather than desert their monarch at the moment when, by their own invitation, he came to throw himself on their fidelity. These noblemen, therefore, supported the measures and authority of the commander, and discountenanced any proposals to treat.

Notwithstanding the aid of the nobles and the Highland chiefs, Mar found himself compelled so far to listen to the representations of the discontented party, as to consent that application should be made to the Duke of Argyle to learn whether any capitulation could be allowed. There was so little faith betwixt the officers and their general, that the former insisted on naming one of the delegates who were to be sent to Stirling about the proposed negotiation. The offer of submission upon terms was finally intrusted to Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence, the officer of highest rank who had been made prisoner at Sheriffmuir. The Colonel, agreeably to a previous engagement, returned with an answer to the proposal of submission, that the Duke of Argyle had no commission from court to treat with the insurgents as a body, but only with such individuals as might submit themselves; but his Grace promised that he would send the Duke of Roxburghe to court, for the purpose of soliciting such powers for a general pacification. A more private negotiation, instituted by the Countess of Murray, whose second son, Francis Stewart, was engaged in the rebellion, received the same answer, with this addition, that the Duke of Argyle would not hear her pronounce the name of Mar, in whose favour she had attempted to make some intercession.

Upon this unfavourable reception of the proposal of submission, it was not difficult to excite the resentment of those who had declared for war, against that smaller party which advocated peace. The Highlanders, whose fierce temper was easily awakened to fury, were encouraged to insult and misuse several of the Low-country gentry, particularly the followers of Huntly, tearing the cockades out of their hats, and upbraiding them as cowards and traitors. The Master of Sinclair was publicly threatened by Farquharson of Inverey, a Highland vassal of the Earl of Mar; but his well-known ferocity of temper,

with his habit of going continually armed, seem to have protected him.

About this time, there were others among Mar's principal associates who became desirous of leaving his camp at Perth. Huntly, much disgusted with the insults offered to his vassals, and the desperate state of things at Perth, was now preparing to withdraw to his own country, alleging that his presence was necessary to defend it against the Earl of Sutherland, whose march southward must be destructive to the estates of his family. The movements of the same Earl with the clans of Rosses, MacKays, Frasers, Grants, and others, alarmed Seaforth also for the security of his dominions in Kintail; and he left Perth, to march northward, for the defence of his property, and the wives, families, and houses of his vassals in arms. Thus were two great limbs lopped off from Mar's army, at the time when it was about to be assailed by government with collected strength. Individuals also became dispirited, and deserted the enterprise. There was at least one man of consideration who went home from the field of battle at Sheriffmuir—sat down by his own hearth, and trusting to the clemency of the government, renounced the trade of king-making. Others, in parties or separately, had already adopted the same course; and, those who, better known, or more active, dared not remain at home, were seeking passages to foreign parts from the eastern ports of Scotland. The Master of Sinclair, after exchanging mutual threats and defiance with Mar and his friends, left the camp at Perth, went north and visited the Marquis of Huntly. He afterwards escaped abroad from the Orkney Islands.

Amidst this gradual but increasing defection, Mar, by the course of his policy, saw himself at all rates obliged to keep his ground at Perth, since he knew, what others refused to take upon his authority, that the Chevalier de St George was very shortly to be expected in his camp.

This Prince, unfortunate from his very infancy, found himself, at the time of this struggle in his behalf, altogether unable to assist his partisans. He had been expelled from France by the Regent Duke of Orleans, and even the provision of arms and ammunition, which he was able to collect from his own slender funds, and those of his followers, or by the munificence of his allies, was intercepted in the ports of France. Having, therefore, no more effectual mode of rendering them assistance, he generously, or desperately, resolved to put his own person in the hazard, and live and die along with them. As a soldier, the Chevalier de St George had shown courage upon several other occasions; that is, he had approached the verge of battle as near as persons of his importance are usually suffered to do. He was handsome in person, and courteous and pleasing in his manners; but his talents were not otherwise conspicuous, nor did he differ from the ordinary class of great persons, whose wishes, hopes, and feelings, are uniformly under the influence and management of some favourite minister, who relieves his master of the inconvenient trouble of thinking for himself upon subjects of importance. The arrival of a chief, graced with such showy qualities as James possessed, might have given general enthusiasm to the insurrec-

tion at its commencement, but could not redeem it when it was gone to ruin; any more than the unexpected presence of the captain on board a half-wrecked vessel can, of itself, restore the torn rigging which cannot resist the storm, or mend the shattered planks which are yawning to admit the waves.

The Chevalier thus performed his romantic adventure:—Having traversed Normandy disguised in a mariner's habit, he embarked at Dunkirk aboard a small vessel, formerly a privateer, as well armed and manned as time would admit, and laden with a cargo of brandy. On the 22d December, 1715, he landed at Peterhead, having with him a retinue of only six gentlemen; the rest of his train and equipage being to follow him in two other small vessels. Of these, one reached Scotland, but the other was shipwrecked. The Earl of Mar, with the Earl Marischal, and a chosen train of persons of quality, to the number of thirty, went from Perth to kiss the hands of the Prince for whose cause they were in arms. They found him at Fetteresso, discomposed with the ague,—a bad disorder to bring to a field of battle. The deputation was received with the courtesy and marks of favour which could not be refused, although their news scarce deserved a welcome. While the episcopal clergy of the diocese of Aberdeen congratulated themselves and James on the arrival of a Prince, trained like Moses, Joseph, and David, in the school of adversity, his General had to apprise his Sovereign of the cold tidings, that his education in that severe academy had not yet ended. The Chevalier de St George now for the first time received the melancholy intelligence, that for a month before his arrival it had been determined to abandon Perth, which had hitherto been their head-quarters, and that, as soon as the enemy began to advance, they would be under the necessity of retreating into the wild Highlands.

This was a reception very different from what the Prince anticipated. Some hopes were still entertained, that the news of the Chevalier's actual arrival might put new life into their sinking cause, bring back the friends who had left their standard, and encourage new ones to repair thither, and the experiment was judged worth trying. For giving the greater effect to his presence, he appeared in royal state as he passed through Brechin and Dundee, and entered Perth itself with an affectation of majesty.

James proceeded to name a Privy Council, to whom he made a speech, which had little in it that was encouraging to his followers. In spite of a forced air of hope and confidence, it was too obvious that the language of the Prince was rather that of despair. There was no rational expectation of assistance in men, money, or arms, from abroad, nor did his speech hold out any such. He was come to Scotland, he said, merely that those who did not chuse to discharge their own duty, might not have it in their power to make his absence an apology; and the ominous words escaped him, "that for him it was no new thing to be unfortunate, since his whole life, from his cradle, had been a constant series of misfortune, and he was prepared, if it so pleased God, to suffer the extent of the threats which his enemies threw out against him." These were not encouraging words, but they were the real sentiments of a spirit broken with disappointment. The Grand Council, to whom

this royal speech was addressed, answered it by a declaration of their purpose of fighting the Duke of Argyle; and it is incredible how popular this determination was in the army, though reduced to one-fourth of their original numbers. The intelligence of the arrival of the Chevalier de St George was communicated to Seaforth, Lord Huntly, and other persons of consequence who had formerly joined his standard, but they took no notice of his summons to return thither. He continued, notwithstanding, to act the Sovereign. Six proclamations were issued in the name of James the Eighth of Scotland and Third of England: the first appointed a general thanksgiving for his safe arrival in the British kingdoms—a second commanded prayers to be offered up for him in all churches—a third, enjoined the currency of foreign coins—a fourth, directed the summoning together the Scottish Convention of Estates—a fifth, commanded all the fencible men to join his standard—and a sixth, appointed the 23d of January for the ceremony of his coronation. A letter from the Earl of Mar was also published respecting the King, as he is called, in which, with no happy selection of phrase, he is termed the *finest* gentleman in person and manners, with the *finest* parts and capacity for business, and the *finest* writer whom Lord Mar ever saw; in a word, every way fitted to make the Scots a happy people, were his subjects worthy of him.

But with these flattering annunciations came forth one of a different character. The village of Auchterarder, and other hamlets lying between Stirling and Perth, with the houses, corn, and forage, were ordered by James's edict to be destroyed, lest they should afford quarters to the enemy in their advance. In consequence of this, the town above-named and several villages were burned to the ground, while their inhabitants, with old men and women, children and infirm persons, were driven from their houses in the extremity of one of the hardest winters which had for a long time been experienced even in these cold regions. There is every reason to believe, that the alarm attending this violent measure greatly overbalanced any hopes of better times, excited by the flourishing proclamations of the newly-arrived candidate for royalty.

While the insurgents at Perth were trying the effect of adulatory proclamations, active measures of a very different kind were in progress. The Duke of Argyle had been in Stirling since the battle of 12th November, collecting gradually the means of totally extinguishing the rebellion. His secret wish probably was, that it might be ended without farther bloodshed of his misguided countrymen, by dissolving of itself. But the want of a battering train, and the extreme severity of the weather, served as excuses for refraining from active operations. The Duke, however, seems to have been suspected by government of being tardy in his operations; and perhaps of having entertained some idea of extending his own power and interest in Scotland, by treating the rebels with clemency, and allowing them time for submission. This was the rather believed, as Argyle had been the ardent opponent of Marlborough, now Captain-General, and could not hope that his measures would be favourably judged by a political and personal enemy. The intercession of a part of the English ministry, who de-

clared against the impeachment of the rebel lords had been punished with the loss of their places; and, notwithstanding the services he had performed, in arresting with three thousand men the progress of four times that number, Argyle's slow and temporising measures subjected him to a shade of malevolent suspicion, which his message to government, through the Duke of Roxburghe, recommending an amnesty, perhaps tended to increase.

Yet he had not neglected any opportunity to narrow the occupation of the country by the rebels, or to prepare for their final suppression. The English ships of war in the Frith, acting under the Duke's orders, had driven Mar's forces from the castle of Burntisland, and the royal troops had established themselves throughout a great part of Fifeshire, formerly held exclusively by the rebel army.

The Dutch auxiliaries now, however, began to join the camp at Stirling; and as the artillery designed for the siege of Perth lay wind-bound in the Thames, a field-train was sent from Berwick to Stirling, that no farther time might be lost. General Cadogan also, the intimate friend of Marlborough, was dispatched from London to press the most active operations; and Argyle, if he had hitherto used any delay, in pity to the insurgents, was now forced on the most energetic measures.

On the 24th of January, the advance from Stirling and the march on Perth were commenced, though the late hard frost, followed by a great fall of snow, rendered the operations of the army slow and difficult. On the last day of January, the troops of Argyle crossed the Earne without opposition, and advanced to Tullibardine, within eight miles of Perth.

On the other hand, all was confusion at the headquarters of the rebels. The Chevalier de St George had expressed the greatest desire to see the little kings, as he called the Highland chiefs, and their clans; but, though professing to admire their singular dress and martial appearance, he was astonished to perceive their number so greatly inferior to what he had been led to expect, and expressed an apprehension that he had been deceived and betrayed. Nor did the appearance of this Prince excite much enthusiasm on the part of his followers. His person was tall and thin; his look and eye dejected by his late bodily illness; and his whole bearing lacking the animation and fire which ought to characterise the leader of an adventurous, or rather desperate cause. He was slow of speech and difficult of access, and seemed little interested in reviews of his men, or martial displays of any kind. The Highlanders, struck with his resemblance to an automaton, asked if he could speak; and there was a general disappointment, arising rather, perhaps, from the state of anxiety and depression in which they saw him, than from any natural want of courage in the unhappy Prince himself. His extreme attachment to the Catholic religion, also reminded such of his adherents as acknowledged the reformed church, of the family bigotry on account of which his father had lost his kingdom; and they were much disappointed at his refusal to join in their prayers and acts of worship, and at the formal precision with which he adhered to his Popish devotions.

Yet the Highlanders, though few in numbers,

still looked forward with the utmost spirit, and something approaching to delight, to the desperate conflict which they conceived to be just approaching; and when, on the 28th January, they learned that Argyle was actually on his march towards Perth, it seemed rather to announce a jubilee than a battle with fearful odds. The chiefs embraced, drank to each other, and to the good day which was drawing near; the pipes played, and the men prepared for action with that air of alacrity which a warlike people express at the approach of battle.

When, however, a rumour, first slowly whispered, then rapidly spreading among the clans, informed them, that notwithstanding all the preparations in which they had been engaged, it was the General's purpose to retire before the enemy without fighting, the grief and indignation of these men, taught to think so highly of their ancestors' prowess, and feeling no inferiority in themselves, rose to a formidable pitch of fury, and they assailed their principal officers in the streets with every species of reproach. "What can we do?" was the helpless answer of one of these gentlemen, a confidant of Mar. "Do?" answered an indignant Highlander; "Let us do that which we were called to arms for, which certainly was not to run away. Why did the King come hither?—was it to see his subjects butchered like dogs, without striking a blow for their lives and honour?" When the safety of the king's person was urged as a reason for retreat, they answered—"Trust his safety to us; and if he is willing to die like a prince, he shall see there are ten thousand men in Scotland willing to die with him."

Such were the general exclamations without doors, and those in the councils of the Chevalier were equally violent. Many military men of skill gave it as their opinion, that though Perth was an open town, yet it was so far a safe post, that an army could not, by a *coup-de-main*, take it out of the hand of a garrison determined on its defence. The severity of the snow-storm, and of the frost, precluded the opening of breaches; the country around Perth was laid desolate; the Duke of Argyle's army consisted in a great measure of Englishmen and foreigners, unaccustomed to the severe climate of Scotland; and vague hopes were expressed, that, if the General of Government should press an attack upon the town, he might receive such a check as would restore the balance between the parties. To this it was replied, that not only the superiority of numbers, and the advantage of discipline, were on the side of the royal army, but that the garrison at Perth was destitute of the necessary provisions and ammunition; and that the Duke of Argyle had men enough at once to form the blockade of that town, and take possession of Dundee, Aberdeen, and all the counties to the northward of the Tay, which they lately occupied; while the Chevalier, cooped up in Perth, might be permitted for some time to see all the surrounding country in his enemy's possession, until it would finally become impossible for him to escape. In the end it was resolved in the councils of the Chevalier de St George, that to attempt the defence of Perth would be an act of desperate chivalry. To reconcile the body of the army to the retreat, reports were spread that they were to make a halt at Aberdeen, there to

be joined by a considerable body of troops which were expected to arrive from abroad, and advance again southwards under better auspices. But it was secretly understood that the purpose was to desert the enterprise, to which the contrivers might apply the lines of the poet—

In an ill hour did we these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.

CHAPTER XIII.

Retreat of the Jacobite Army from Perth—Escape of the Chevalier and the Earl of Mar on board a Vessel at Montrose—Dispersion of the Jacobite Army—Incapacity of Mar as a General—Argyle's Arrival in London, and Reception at Court—he is deprived of all his Employments—Causes of this Act of Ingratitude on the part of the English Government—Trial of the Jacobite Prisoners, at Carlisle—Disarming of the Highlanders—Sale of Forfeited Estates—Plan of Charles XII of Sweden for Restoring the Stewarts—Expedition fitted out by Cardinal Alberoni for the same purpose—Battle of Glenshiel—the Enterprise Abandoned.

WHATEVER reports were spread among the soldiers, the principal leaders had determined to commence a retreat, at the head of a discontented army, degraded in their own opinion, distrustful of their officers, and capable, should these suspicions ripen into a fit of fury, of carrying off both King and General into the Highlands, and there waging an irregular war after their own manner.

On the 28th of January, an alarm was given in Perth of the Duke of Argyle's approach; and it is remarkable, that, although in the confusion the general officers had issued no orders what measures were to be taken in case of this probable event, yet the clans themselves, with intuitive sagacity, took the strongest posts for checking any attack; and, notwithstanding a momentary disorder, were heard to cheer each other with the expression, "they should do well enough." The unhappy Prince himself was far from displaying the spirit of his partisans. He was observed to look dejected, and to shed tears, and heard to say, that instead of bringing him to a crown, they had led him to his grave. "Weeping," said Prince Eugene, when he heard this incident, "is not the way to conquer kingdoms."

The retreat commenced under all these various feelings. On the 30th of January, the anniversary of Charles the First's decapitation, and ominous therefore to his grandson, the Highland army filed off upon the ice, which then covered the Tay, though a rapid and deep stream. The town was shortly afterwards taken possession of by a body of the Duke of Argyle's dragoons; but the weather was so severe, and the march of the rebels so regular, that it was impossible to push forward any vanguard of strength sufficient to annoy their retreat.

On the arrival of the rebels at the sea-port of Montrose, a rumour arose among the Highlanders, that the King, as he was termed, the Earl of Mar, and some of their other principal leaders, were about to abandon them, and take their flight by sea. To pacify the troops, orders were given to continue the route towards Aberdeen; the equipage and horses of the Chevalier de St George were brought out before the gate of his lodgings, and his guards were mounted as if to proceed

on the journey. But before the hour appointed for the march, James left his apartments privately for those of the Earl of Mar, and both took a by-road to the water's edge, where a boat waited to carry them in safety on board a small vessel prepared for their reception. The safety of these two personages being assured, boats were sent to bring off Lord Drummond, and a few other gentlemen, most of them belonging to the Chevalier's household; and thus the son of James II once more retreated from the shores of his native country, which, on this last occasion, he seemed to have visited for no other purpose than to bring away his general in safety.

General Gordon performed the melancholy and irksome duty of leading to Aberdeen the disheartened remains of the Highland army, in which the Lord Marischal lent him assistance, and brought up the rear. It is probable that the rage of the men, on finding themselves deserted, might have shown itself in some acts of violence and insubordination; but the approach of the Duke of Argyle's forces, which menaced them in different columns, prevented this catastrophe. A sealed letter, to be opened at Aberdeen, contained the secret orders of the Chevalier for General Gordon and his army. When opened, it was found to contain thanks for their faithful services; an intimation, that disappointments had obliged him to retire abroad; and a full permission to his adherents either to remain in a body and treat with the enemy, or disperse, as should best appear to suit the exigency of the time. The soldiers were at the same time apprised that they would cease to receive pay.

A general burst of grief and indignation attended these communications. Many of the insurgents threw down their arms in despair, exclaiming, that they had been deserted and betrayed, and were now left without either king or general. The clans broke up into different bodies, and marched to the mountains, where they dispersed, each to its own hereditary glen. The gentlemen and Lowlanders who had been engaged, either skulked among the mountains, or gained the more northerly shires of the country, where vessels sent from France to receive them carried a great part of them to the continent.

Thus ended the Rebellion of 1715, without even the usual sad eclat of a defeat. It proved fatal to many ancient and illustrious families in Scotland, and appears to have been an undertaking too weighty for the talents of the person whom chance, or his own presumption, placed at the head of it. It would be unjust to the memory of the unfortunate Mar, not to acquit him of cowardice or treachery, but his genius lay for the intrigues of a court, not the labours of a campaign. He seems to have fully shared the chimerical hopes which he inspired amongst his followers, and to have relied upon the foreign assistance which the Regent Duke of Orleans wanted both power and inclination to afford. He believed, also, that the kingdom was so ripe for rebellion, that nothing was necessary save to kindle a spark in order to produce a general conflagration. In a word, his trust was reposed in what is called the chapter of accidents. Before the battle of Sheriffmuir, his inactivity seems to have been unpardonable, since he suffered the Duke of Argyle, by assuming a firm attitude, to neutralize and control a force of four times his numbers; but

after that event, to continue the enterprise was insanity, since each moment he lingered brought him nearer the edge of the precipice. Yet even the Chevalier was invited over to share the dangers and disgrace of an inevitable retreat. In short, the whole history of the insurrection shows that no combination can be more unfortunate than that of a bold undertaking with an irresolute leader.

The Earl of Mar for several years afterwards managed the state affairs of the Chevalier de St George, the mock minister of a mock cabinet, until the beginning of the year 1721, when he became deprived of his master's confidence. He spent the rest of his life abroad, and in retirement. This unfortunate Earl was a man of fine taste; and in devising modes of improving Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, was more fortunate than he had been in schemes for the alteration of her government. He gave the first hints for several of the modern improvements of the city.

The Duke of Argyle having taking the most active measures for extinguishing the embers of the rebellion, by dispersing the bodies of men who were still in arms, directed moveable columns to traverse the Highlands in every direction, for receiving the submission of such as were humbled, or exercising force on those who might resist. He arrived at Edinburgh on the 27th of February, when the magistrates, who had not forgot his bold march to rescue the city when menaced by Brigadier MacIntosh, entertained him with magnificence. From thence he proceeded to London, where he was received with distinction by George I.

And now you are doubtless desirous of knowing with what new honours, augmented power, or increased wealth, the King of England rewarded the man, whose genius had supplied the place of fourfold numbers, and who had secured to his Majesty the crown of one at least of his kingdoms, at a moment when it was tottering on his head. I will answer you in a word. In a very short while after the conclusion of the war, *the Duke of Argyle was deprived of all his employments*. The cause of this extraordinary act of court ingratitude must be sought in the personal hatred of the Duke of Marlborough, in the high spirit of the Duke of Argyle, which rendered him a troublesome and unmanageable member of a ministerial cabinet, and probably in some apprehension of this great man's increasing personal influence in his native country of Scotland, where he was universally respected, and beloved by many even of the party which he had opposed in the field.

It is imagined, moreover, that the Duke's disgrace at Court was, in some degree, connected with a legislative enactment of a very doubtful tendency, which was used for the trial of the rebel prisoners. We have already mentioned the criminal proceedings under which the Preston prisoners suffered. Those who had been taken in arms at Sheriffmuir and elsewhere in Scotland, ought, according to the laws, both of Scotland and England, to have been tried in the country where the treason was committed. But the English lawyers had in recollection the proceedings in the year 1707, when it was impossible to obtain from Grand Juries in Scotland the verdict of a true bill, on which the prisoners could be sent to trial. The close connexion, by friendship and alliance, even of those

families which were most opposed as Whigs and Tories, made the victorious party in Scotland unwilling to be the means of distressing the vanquished, and disposed them to afford a loop-hole for escape, even at the expense of strict justice. To obviate the difficulties of conviction, which might have been an encouragement to future acts of high-treason, it was resolved, that the Scottish offenders against the treason laws should be tried in England, though the offence had been committed in their own country. This was no doubt extremely convenient for the prosecution, but it remains a question where such innovations are to stop, when a government takes on itself to alter the formal proceedings of law, in order to render the conviction of criminals more easy. The Court of Oyer and Terminer sat, notwithstanding, at Carlisle, and might have been held by the same parity of reason at the Land's End in Cornwall, or in the Isles of Scilly. But there was a studied moderation towards the accused, which seemed to intimate, that if the prisoners abstained from challenging the irregularity of the court, they would be favourably dealt with. Many were set at liberty, and though twenty-four were tried and condemned, not one was ever brought to execution. It is asserted, that the Duke of Argyle, as a Scottish man, and one of the framers of the Union, had in his Majesty's councils declared against an innovation which seemed to infringe upon that measure, and that the offence thus given contributed to the fall of his power at Court.

Free pardons were liberally distributed to all who had seceded from the Rebellion before its final close. The Highland chiefs and clans were in general forgiven, upon submission, and a surrender of the arms of their people. This was with the disaffected chiefs a simulated transaction, no arms being given up but such as were of no value, while all that were serviceable were concealed and carefully preserved. The loyal clans, on the other hand, made an absolute surrender, and were afterwards found unarmed when the government desired their assistance.

Meantime the principles of Jacobitism continued to ferment in the interior of the country, and were inflamed by the numerous exiles, men of rank and influence, who were fugitives from Britain in consequence of attainder. To check these, and to intimidate others, the estates of the attainted persons were declared forfeited to the crown, and vested in trustees to be sold for the benefit of the public. The revenue of the whole, though comprising that of about forty families of rank and consideration, did not amount to £30,000 yearly. These forfeited estates were afterwards purchased from government by a great mercantile company in London, originally instituted for supplying the city with water by raising it from the Thames, but which having fallen under the management of speculative persons, its funds, and the facilities vested in it by charter, had been applied to very different purposes. Among others, that of purchasing the forfeited estates, was one of the boldest, and, could the company have maintained their credit, would have been one of the most lucrative transactions ever entered into. But the immediate return arising from this immense extent of wood and wilderness, inhabited by tenants who were disposed to acknowledge no landlords but the heirs

of the ancient families, and lying in remote districts, where law was trammelled by feudal privileges, and affording little protection to the intruders, was quite unequal to meet the interest of the debt which that company had incurred. The purchasers were, therefore, obliged to let the land in many cases to friends and connexions of the forfeited proprietors, through whom the exiled owners usually derived the means of subsisting in the foreign land to which their errors and misfortunes had driven them. The affairs of the York Building Company, who had in this singular manner become Scottish proprietors to an immense extent, afterwards became totally deranged, owing to the infidelity and extravagance of their managers. Attempts were, from time to time, made to sell their Scottish estates, but very inefficiently, and at great disadvantage. Men of capital showed an unwillingness to purchase the forfeited property; and in two or three instances the dispossessed families were able to repurchase them at low rates. But after the middle of the eighteenth century, when the value of this species of property began to be better understood, rival purchasers came forward, without being deterred by the scruples which, in earlier days, prevented men from bidding against the heirs of the original possessor. Every new property as exposed to sale brought a higher price, sometimes in a tenfold proportion, than those which had been at first disposed of, and after more than a century of insolvency, the debts of the bankrupt company were completely discharged. Could they have retained their landed property, or, as was once attempted, could any other persons have been placed in the company's right to it, the emolument would have been immense.

Before proceeding to less interesting matter, I must here notice two plans originating abroad, which were founded upon an expectation of again reviving in Scotland the intestine war of 1715. Two years after that busy period, Baron Gorz, minister of Charles XII of Sweden, a man whose politics were as chimerical as his master's schemes of conquest, devised a confederacy for dethroning George I, and replacing on the throne the heir of the House of Stewart. His fiery master was burning with indignation at George for having possessed himself of the towns of Bremen and Verden. Charles's ancient enemy, the Czar Peter, was also disposed to countenance the scheme, and Cardinal Alberoni, then the all-powerful minister of the King of Spain, afforded it his warm support. The plan was, that a descent of ten thousand troops should be effected in Scotland, under the command of Charles XII himself, to whose redoubted character for courage and determination the success of the enterprise was to be intrusted. It might be amusing to consider the probable consequences which might have arisen from the iron-headed Swede placing himself at the head of an army of Highland enthusiasts, with courage as romantic as his own. In following the speculation, it might be doubted whether this leader and his troops would be more endeared to each other by a congenial audacity of mind, or alienated by Charles's habits of despotic authority, which the mountaineers would probably have found themselves unable to endure. But such a speculation would lead us far from our proper path. The conspiracy was discovered by the spies of the

French government, then in strict alliance with England, and all possibility of the proposed scheme being put into execution was destroyed by the death of Charles XII before Frederickshall, in 1718.

But although this undertaking had failed, the enterprising Alberoni continued to nourish hopes of being able to effect a counter-revolution in Great Britain, by the aid of the Spanish forces. The Chevalier de St George was, in 1719, invited to Madrid, and received there with the honours due to the King of England. Six thousand troops, with twelve thousand stand of arms, were put on board of ten ships of war, and the whole armada was placed under the command of the Duke of Ormond. But all efforts to assist the unlucky House of Stewart were frowned on by fortune and the elements. The fleet was encountered by a severe tempest off Cape Finisterre, which drove them back to Spain, and disconcerted their whole enterprise. An inconsiderable part of the expedition, being two frigates from St Sebastian, arrived with three hundred men, some arms, ammunition, and money, at their place of destination in the island of Lewis. The exiled leaders on board were the Marquis of Tullibardine, the Earl Marischal and the Earl of Seaforth.

We have not had occasion to mention Seaforth since he separated from the army of Mar at the same time with the Marquis of Huntly, in order to oppose the Earl of Sutherland, whom the success of Lovat at Inverness had again brought into the field on the part of the government. When the two Jacobite leaders reached their own territories, they found the Earl of Sutherland so strong, and the prospects of their own party had assumed so desperate an aspect, that they were induced to enter into an engagement with Sutherland to submit themselves to government. Huntly kept his promise, and never again joined the rebels, for which submission he received a free pardon. But the Earl of Seaforth again assumed arms in his island of Lewis, about the end of February, 1715-16. A detachment of regular troops was sent against the refractory chief, commanded by Colonel Cholmondely, who reduced those who were in arms. Seaforth had escaped to France, and from thence to Spain, where he had resided for some time, and was now, in 1719, dispatched to his native country, with a view to the assistance so powerful a chief could give to the projected invasion.

On his arrival at his own island of Lewis, Seaforth speedily raised a few hundred Highlanders, and crossed over to Kintail, with the purpose of giving a new impulse to the insurrection. Here he made some additions to his clan levies; but, ere he could gather any considerable force, General Wightman marched against him with a body of regular troops from Inverness, aided by the Monroes, Rosses, and other loyal or whig clans of the northern Highlands.

They found Seaforth in possession of a pass called Strachells, near the great valley of Glenshiel. A desultory combat took place, in which there was much skirmishing and sharp-shooting, the Spaniards and Seaforth's men keeping the pass. George Munro, younger of Culcairn, engaged on the side of government, received during this action a severe wound, by which he was disabled for the time. As the enemy continued to fire on him, the wounded chief com-

manded his servant, who had waited by him, to retire, and, leaving him to his fate, to acquaint his father and friends that he had died honourably. The poor fellow burst into tears, and, asking his master how he could suppose he would forsake him in that condition, he spread himself over his body, so as to intercept the balls of the enemy, and actually received several wounds designed for his master. They were both rescued from the most imminent peril by a sergeant of Culcairn's company, who had sworn an oath on his dirk that he would accomplish his chief's deliverance.

The battle was but slightly contested; but the advantage was on the side of the MacKenzies, who lost only one man, while the government troops had several killed and wounded. They were compelled to retreat without dislodging the enemy, and to leave their own wounded on the field, many of whom the victors are said to have dispatched with their dirks. But though the MacKenzies obtained a partial success, it was not such as to encourage perseverance in the undertaking, especially as their chief, Lord Seaforth, being badly wounded, could no longer direct their enterprise. They determined, therefore, to disperse as soon as night fell, the rather that several of their allies were not disposed to renew the contest. One clan, for example, had been lent to Seaforth for the service of the day, under the special paction on the part of the chief, that, however the battle went, they should return before next morning; this occasional assistance being only regarded in the light of a neighbourly accommodation to Lord Seaforth.

The wounded Earl, with Tullibardine and Marischal, escaped to the continent. The three hundred Spaniards next day laid down their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners. The affair of Glenshiel might be called the last faint sparkle of the great Rebellion of 1715, which was fortunately extinguished for want of fuel. A vague rumour of Earl Marischal's having re-landed had, however, well-nigh excited a number of the most zealous Jacobites once more to take the field, but it was contradicted before they adopted so rash a step.

CHAPTER XIV.

Plans for the more effectual Pacification and Improvement of the Highlands, executed under the Superintendence of Field-Marshal Wade—Highland Roads—Tax upon Ale—Opposition to it in Scotland—Riots at Glasgow—their Suppression—The Brewers of Edinburgh refuse to continue the Brewing of Ale—but are compelled by the Court of Session to resume their Trade—Decay of Jacobitism—The Porteous Mob.

It might well have been expected, after the foundations of the throne had been so shaken by the storm in 1715, that the government would have looked earnestly into the causes which rendered the Highland clans so dangerous to the public tranquillity, and that some measures would have been taken for preventing their ready valour being abused into the means of ruining both themselves and others. Accordingly, the English ministers lost no time in resorting to the more forcible and obvious means of military subjugation, which necessarily are, and must be, the most immediate remedy in such a case, though far from being the most effectual in the long

run. The law for disarming the Highlanders, although in many cases evaded, had yet been so generally enforced as to occasion general complaints of robbery by bands of armed men, which the country had no means of resisting. Those complaints were not without foundation; but they were greatly exaggerated by Simon Fraser, now called Lord Lovat, and others, who were desirous to obtain arms for their vassals, that they might serve purposes of their own.

Accordingly, in 1724, a warrant under the sign manual was granted to Field-Marshal Wade, an officer of skill and experience, with instructions narrowly to inspect and report upon the state of the Highlands; the best measures for enforcing the laws and protecting the defenceless; the modes of communication which might be opened through the country; and whatever other remedies might conduce to the quiet of a district so long distracted. In 1725, a new sign manual was issued to the same officer for the same purpose. In consequence of the Marshal's report, various important measures were taken. The clan of the MacKenzies had for years refused to account for the rents on Seaforth's forfeited estate to the collector nominated by government, and had paid them to a factor appointed amongst themselves, who conveyed them openly to the exiled Earl. This state of things was now stopped, and the clan compelled to submit and give up their arms, the government liberally granting them an indulgence and remission for such arrears as they had transmitted to Seaforth in their obstinate fidelity to him. Other clans submitted, and made at least an ostensible surrender of their arms, although many of the most serviceable were retained by the clans which were hostile to government. An armed vessel was stationed on Lochness, to command the shores of that extensive lake. Barracks were rebuilt in some places, founded anew in others, and filled with regular soldiers.

Another measure of very dubious utility, which had been resorted to by King William and disused by George I, was now again had recourse to. This was the establishment of independent companies to secure the peace of the Highlands, and suppress the gangs of thieves who carried on so bold a trade of depredation. These companies, consisting of Highlanders, dressed and armed in their own peculiar manner, were placed under the command of men well affected to government, or supposed to be so, and having a great interest in the Highlands. It was truly said, that such a militia, knowing the language and manners of the country, could do more than ten times the number of regular troops to put a stop to robbery. But, on the other hand, it had been found by experience, that the privates in such corps often, from clanship or other motives, connived at the thefts, or compounded for them with the delinquents. Their officers were accused of imposing upon government by false musters; and above all, the doubtful faith even of those chiefs who made the strongest show of affection to government, rendered the re-establishment of Black soldiers, as they were called, to distinguish them from the regular troops, who wore the red national uniform, a measure of precarious policy. It was resorted

to, however, and six companies were raised on this principle.

Marshal Wade had also the power of receiving submission and granting protections to outlaws or others exposed to punishment for the late rebellion, and received many of them into the King's peace accordingly. He granted, besides, licenses to drovers, foresters, dealers in cattle, and others engaged in such traffic, empowering them to carry arms for the defence of their persons and property. In all his proceedings towards the Highlanders, there may be distinguished a general air of humanity and good sense, which rendered him a popular character, even while engaged in executing orders which they looked upon with the utmost degree of jealousy and suspicion.

The Jacobite partisans, in the meanwhile, partly by letters from abroad, partly by agents of ability who traversed the country on purpose, did all in their power to thwart and interrupt the measures which were taken to reduce the Highlands to a state of peaceful cultivation. The act for disarming the body of the people they represented in the most odious colours, though, indeed, it is hardly possible to aggravate the feelings of shame and dishonour in which a free people must always indulge at being deprived of the means of self-defence. And the practical doctrine was not new to them, that if the parties concerned could evade this attempt to deprive them of their natural right and lawful property, either by an elusory surrender, or by such professions as might induce the government to leave them in possession of their weapons, whether under license, or as members of the independent companies, it would be no dishonour in oppressed men meeting force by craft, and eluding the unjust and unreasonable demands which they wanted means openly to resist. Much of the quiet obtained by Marshal Wade's measures was apparent only; and while he boasts that the Highlanders, instead of going armed with guns, swords, dirks, and pistols, now travelled to churches, markets, and fairs, with only a staff in their hands, the veteran General was ignorant how many thousand weapons, landed from the Spanish frigates in 1719, or otherwise introduced into the country, lay in caverns and other places of concealment, ready for use when occasion should offer.

But the gigantic part of Marshal Wade's task, and that which he executed with the most complete success, was the establishment of military roads through the rugged and desolate regions of the north, insuring the free passage of regular troops in a country, of which it might have been said, while in its natural state, that every mountain was a natural fortress, every valley a defensible pass. The roads, as they were termed, through the Highlands, had been hitherto mere tracks, made by the feet of men and the cattle which they drove before them, interrupted by rocks, morasses, torrents, and all the features of an inaccessible country, where a stranger, even unopposed, might have despaired of making his solitary way, but where the passage of a regular body of troops, with cavalry, artillery, and baggage, was altogether impossible. These rugged paths, by the labours of the soldiers employed under Field-

Marshal Wade, were, by an extraordinary exertion of skill and labour, converted into excellent roads of great breadth and sound formation, which have ever since his time afforded a free and open communication through all parts of the Scottish Highlands.

Two of these highways enter among the hills from the low country, the one at Crieff, near Stirling, the other at Dunkeld, not very far from Perth. Penetrating around the mountains from different quarters, these two branches unite at Dalnacardoch. From thence a single line leads to Dalwhinny, where it again divides into two. One road runs north-west through Garviemore, and over the tremendous pass of Corryarick, to a new fort raised by Marshal Wade, called Fort Augustus. The second line extends from Dalnacardoch north to the barracks of Ruthven, in Lochaber, and thence to Inverness. From that town it proceeds almost due westward across the island, connecting Fort Augustus above-mentioned, with Inverness, and so proceeding to Fort William, in Lochaber, traversing the country inhabited by the Camerons, the MacDonalds of Glengarry, and other clans judged to be the worst affected to the reigning family.

It is not to be supposed that the Highlanders of that period saw with indifference the defensive character of their country destroyed, and the dusky wildernesses, which had defied the approach of the Romans, rendered accessible in almost every direction to the regular troops of the government. We can suppose that it affected them as the dismantling of some impregnable citadel might do the inhabitants of the country which it protected, and that the pang which they experienced at seeing their glens exposed to a hostile, or at least a stranger force, was similar to that which they felt at the resignation of the weapons of their fathers. But those feelings and circumstances have passed away, and the Highland military roads will continue an inestimable advantage to the countries which they traverse, although no longer requiring them to check apprehended insurrection, and will long exhibit a public monument of skill and patience, not unworthy of the ancient Romans. Upon the Roman principle, also, the regular soldiers were employed in this laborious work, and reconciled to the task by some trifling addition of pay; an experiment which succeeded so well as to excite some surprise that public works have not been more frequently executed by similar means.

Other measures of the most laudable character were resorted to by the government and their friends, for the improvement of the Highlands; but as they were of a description not qualified to produce ameliorating effects, save after a length of time, they were but carelessly urged. They related to the education of this wild population, and the care necessary to train the rising generation in moral and religious principles; but the Act of Parliament framed for this end proved in a great measure ineffectual. Those exertions, which ought to have been national, were in some degree supplied by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge in the Highlands and Isles, who, by founding chapels and schools in different places, did more for enlightening the people of that country, than had been achieved by any prince who had yet reigned in or over Scotland.

While Marshal Wade was employed in pacifying the Highlands, and rendering them accessible to military forces, a subject of discontent broke out in the Lowlands which threatened serious consequences. The government had now become desirous to make the income of Scotland a source of revenue to the general exchequer, as hitherto it had been found scarcely adequate to maintain the public institutions of the kingdom, and to pay and support the troops which it was necessary to quarter there for the general tranquillity. Now a surplus of revenue was desirable, and the Jacobites invidiously reported that the immediate object was chiefly to find funds in Scotland for defraying an expense of about ten guineas weekly, allowed to every North British Member of Parliament, for supporting the charge of his residence in London. This expense had been hitherto imposed on the general revenue, but now, said the Jacobites, the Scottish Members were made aware by Sir Robert Walpole, that they were to find, or acquiesce in, some mode of making up this sum out of the Scottish revenue; or, according to a significant phrase, that they must in future lay their account with tying up their stockings with their own garters.

With this view of rendering the Scottish revenue more efficient, it was resolved to impose a tax of sixpence per barrel on all ale brewed in Scotland. Upon the appearance of a desperate resistance to this proposal, the tax was lowered to three-pence per barrel, or one half of what was originally proposed. In this modified proposal the Scottish Members acquiesced. Yet it did not become more popular in Scotland; for it went to enhance the rate of a commodity in daily request, and, excited by the inflammatory language of those whose interest it was to incense the populace, the principal towns in Scotland prepared to resist the imposition at all hazards.

Glasgow, so eminent for its loyalty in 1715, was now at the head of this opposition; and on the 23d June, when the duty was to be laid on, the general voice of the people of that city declared that they would not submit to its payment, and piles of stones were raised against the doors of the breweries and malthouses, with a warning to all excise-officers to keep their distance. On the appearance of these alarming symptoms, two companies of foot, under Captain Bushell, were marched from Edinburgh to Glasgow to prevent further disturbances. When the soldiers arrived, they found that the mob had taken possession of the guard-house, and refused them admittance. The Provost of the city, a timid or treacherous man, prevailed on Captain Bushell to send his men into their quarters, without occupying the guard-house or any other place proper to serve for an alarm-post or rendezvous. Presently after, the rabble, becoming more and more violent, directed their fury against Daniel Campbell of Shawfield, member for the city, and the set of boroughs in which it is included. His mansion, then the most elegant in Glasgow, was totally destroyed; and the mob, breaking into his cellars, found fresh incitement to their fury in the liquors there contained. All this was done without opposition, although Captain Bushell offered the assistance of his soldiers to keep the peace.

Next day the Provost ventured to break open the

guard-room door, and the soldiers were directed to repair thither. One or two rioters were also apprehended. Upon these symptoms of reviving authority, an alarm was beat by the mob, who assembled in a more numerous and formidable body than ever, and, surrounding Bushell's two companies, loaded them with abuse, maltreated them with stones, and compelled them at last to fire, when nine men were killed and many wounded. The rioters, undismayed, rung the alarm-bell, broke into the town magazine of arms, seized all the muskets they could find, and continued the attack on the soldiers. Captain Bushell, by the command, and at the entreaty of the Provost, now commenced a retreat to Dunbarton Castle, insulted and pursued by the mob a third part of the way.

In the natural resentment excited by this formidable insurrection, the Lord Advocate for the time (the celebrated Duncan Forbes) advanced to Glasgow, at the head of a considerable army of horse, foot, and artillery. Many threats were thrown out against the rioters, and the magistrates were severely censured for a gross breach of duty. But the cool sagacity of the Lord Advocate anticipated the difficulty which, in the inflamed state of the public mind, he was likely to experience in procuring a verdict against such offenders as he might bring to trial. So that the affair passed away with less noise than might have been expected, it having been ascertained that the riot had no political tendency; and though inflamed by the leading Jacobites, was begun and carried on by the people of Glasgow, solely on the principle of a resolution to drink their two-penny ale untaxed.

The metropolis of Scotland took this excise tax more coolly than the inhabitants of Glasgow, for, though greatly averse to the exaction, they only opposed it by a sort of *vis inertiae*, the principal brewers threatening to resign their trade, and, if the impost was continued, to brew no more ale for the supply of the public. The Lords of the Court of Session declared by an Act of Sederunt, that the brewers had no right to withdraw themselves from their occupation; and when the brewers, in reply, attempted to show that they could not be legally compelled to follow their trade, after it had been rendered a losing one, the Court appointed their petition to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, assuring them they would be allowed no alternative between the exercise of their trade or imprisonment. Finally, four of the recusants were actually thrown into jail, which greatly shook the firmness of these refractory fermentators, and at length reflecting that the ultimate loss must fall, not on them, but on the public, they returned to the ordinary exercise of their trade, and quietly paid the duties imposed on their liquor.

The Union having now begun in some degree to produce beneficial effects, the Jacobite party were gradually losing much of the influence over the public mind which had arisen out of the general prejudices against that measure, and the natural disgust at the manner in which it was carried on and concluded. Accordingly, the next narrative of an historical character which occurs as proper to tell you, is unmingled with politics of Whig and Tory, and must be simply regarded as a strong and powerful display of the cool,

stern, and resolved manner in which the Scottish, even of the lower classes, can concert and execute a vindictive purpose.

The coast of Fife, full of little boroughs and petty seaports, was of course much frequented by smugglers, men constantly engaged in disputes with the excise-officers, which were sometimes attended with violence. Wilson and Robertson, two persons of inferior rank, but rather distinguished in the contraband trade, had sustained great loss by a seizure of smuggled goods. The step from illicit trading to positive robbery is not a long one. The two men robbed the collector, to indemnify themselves from the effects of the seizure. They were tried before the Court of Justiciary, and condemned to death.

While the two criminals were lying under sentence in the tolbooth of Edinburgh, they obtained possession of a file, with which they rid themselves of their irons, and cut through a bar in the jail window. One of them at least might have made his escape, but for the obstinacy of Wilson. This man, of a bulky person, insisted on making the first essay of the breach which had been accomplished, and having stuck fast between the bars, was unable either to get through or to return back. Discovery was the consequence, and precautions were taken against any repetition of such attempts to escape. Wilson reflected bitterly on himself for not having permitted his comrade to make the first trial, to whom, as being light and slender, the bars would have been no obstacle. He resolved, with a spirit worthy of a better man, to atone to his companion, at all risks, for the injury he had done him.

At this time it was the custom in Edinburgh for criminals under sentence of death to be carried, under a suitable guard, to hear divine service in a church adjacent to the prison. Wilson and Robertson were brought thither accordingly, under the custody of four soldiers of the city-guard. When the service was over, Wilson, who was a very strong man, suddenly seized a soldier with each hand, and calling to his comrade to fly for his life, detained a third by grappling his collar with his teeth. Robertson shook himself clear of the fourth, and making his escape over the pews of the church, was no more heard of in Edinburgh. The common people, to whose comprehension the original crime for which the men were condemned had nothing very abhorrent in it, were struck with the generosity and self-devotion that this last action evinced, and took such an interest in Wilson's fate, that it was generally rumoured there would be an attempt to rescue him at the place of execution. To prevent, as was their duty, any riotous plan of this kind, the magistrates ordered a party of the guard of the city, a sort of *Maréchaussée* or *gens d'armes*, armed and trained as soldiers, to protect the execution.

The captain of the party was the celebrated John Porteous, whose name will long be remembered in Scotland. This man, whose father was a burgher and citizen of Edinburgh, had himself been bred in the regular army, circumstances which recommended him to the magistrates, when in the year 1715 they were desirous to give their civic guard something of a more effective military character. As an active police-officer, Porteous was necessarily often in col-

lision with the rabble of the city, and being strict, and even severe in the manner in which he repressed and chastised petty riots and delinquencies, he was, as is usual with persons of his calling, extremely unpopular and odious to the rabble. They also accused him of abusing the authority reposed in him, to protect the extravagancies of the rich and powerful, while he was inexorable in punishing the license of the poor. Porteous had besides a good deal of the pride of his profession, and seems to have been determined to show that the corps he commanded was adequate, without assistance, to dispel any commotion in the city of Edinburgh. For this reason, he considered it rather as an affront that the magistrates, on occasion of Wilson's execution, had ordered Moyle's regiment to be drawn up in the suburbs to enforce order, should the city-guard be unable to maintain it. It is probable from what followed, that the men commanded by Porteous shared their leader's jealousy of the regular troops, and his dislike to the populace, with whom, in the execution of their duty, they were often engaged in hostilities.

The execution of Wilson, on the 14th of April, 1736, took place in the usual manner, without any actual or menaced interruption. The criminal, according to his sentence, was hanged to the death, and it was not till the corpse was cut down that the mob, according to their common practice, began to insult and abuse the executioner, pelting him with stones, many of which were also thrown at the soldiers. At former executions it had been the custom for the city-guard to endure such insults with laudable patience, but on this occasion they were in such a state of irritation, that they forgot their usual moderation, and repaid the pelting of the mob by pouring amongst them a fire of musketry, killing and wounding many persons. In their retreat also to the guard-house, as the rabble pressed on them with furious execrations, some soldiers in the rear of the march again faced round and renewed the fire. In consequence of this unauthorized and unnecessary violence, and to satisfy the community of Edinburgh for the blood which had been rashly shed, the Magistrates were inclined to have taken Porteous to trial under the Lord Provost's authority as High Sheriff within the city. Being advised, however, by the lawyers whom they consulted, that such proceeding would be subject to challenge, Porteous was brought to trial for murder before the High Court of Justiciary. He denied that he ever gave command to fire, and it was proved that the fusee which he himself carried had never been discharged. On the other hand, in the perplexed and contradictory evidence which was obtained, where so many persons witnessed the same events from different positions, and perhaps with different feelings, there were witnesses who said that they saw Porteous take a musket from one of his men, and fire it directly at the crowd. A jury of incensed citizens took the worst view of the case, and found the prisoner guilty of murder. At this time King George II was on the continent, and the regency was chiefly in the hands of Queen Caroline, a woman of very considerable talent, and naturally disposed to be tenacious of the crown's rights. It appeared to her Majesty, and her advisers, that though the action of Porteous and his soldiers

was certainly rash and unwarranted, yet that, considering the purpose by which it was dictated, it must fall considerably short of the guilt of murder. Captain Porteous, in the discharge of a duty imposed on him by legal authority, had unquestionably been assaulted without provocation on his part, and had therefore a right to defend himself; and if there were excess in the means he had recourse to, yet a line of conduct originating in self-defence cannot be extended into murder, though it might amount to homicide. Moved by these considerations, the Regency granted a reprieve of Porteous's sentence, preliminary to his obtaining a pardon, which might perhaps have been clogged with some conditions.

When the news of the reprieve reached Edinburgh, they were received with gloomy and general indignation. The lives which had been taken in the affray were not those of persons of the meanest rank, for the soldiers, of whom many, with natural humanity, desired to fire over the heads of the rioters, had, by so doing, occasioned additional misfortune, several of the balls taking effect in windows which were crowded with spectators, and killing some persons of good condition. A great number, therefore, of all ranks, were desirous that Porteous should atone with his own life for the blood which had been so rashly spilt by those under his command. A general feeling seemed to arise, unfavourable to the unhappy criminal, and public threats were cast out, though the precise source could not be traced, that the reprieve itself should not save Porteous from the vengeance of the citizens of Edinburgh.

The 7th day of September, the day previous to that appointed for his execution, had now arrived, and Porteous, confident of his speedy deliverance from jail, had given an entertainment to a party of friends, whom he feasted within the tolbooth, when the festivity was strangely interrupted. Edinburgh was then surrounded by a wall on the east and south sides; on the west it was defended by the castle, on the north by a lake called the North Loch. The gates were regularly closed in the evening, and guarded. It was about the hour of shutting the ports, as they were called, when a disorderly assemblage began to take place in the suburb called Portsburgh, a quarter which has been always the residence of labourers and persons generally of inferior rank. The rabble continued to gather to a head, and, to augment their numbers, beat a drum which they had taken from the man who exercised the function of drummer to the suburb. Finding themselves strong enough to commence their purposes, they seized on the West-port, nailed and barricaded it. Then going along the Cowgate and gaining the High-street by the numerous lanes which run between these two principal streets of the Old Town, they secured the Cowgate port and that of the Netherbow, and thus, except on the side of the Castle, entirely separated the city from such military forces as were quartered in the suburbs. The next object of the mob was to attack the city-guard, a few of whom were upon duty as usual. These the rioters stripped of their arms, and dismissed from their rendezvous, but without otherwise maltreating them, though the agents of the injury of which they complained. The various halberds, Lochaber axes, muskets, and other weapons, which

they found in the guard-house, served to arm the rioters, a large body of whom now bent their way to the door of the jail, while another body, with considerable regularity, drew up across the front of the Lucken-booths. The magistrates, with such force as they could collect, made an effort to disperse the multitude. They were strenuously repulsed, but with no more violence than was necessary to show that, while the populace were firm in their purpose, they meant to accomplish it with as little injury as possible to any one excepting their destined victim. There might have been some interruption of their undertaking, had the soldiers of Moyle's regiment made their way into the town from the Canongate, where they were quartered, or had the garrison descended from the Castle. But neither Colonel Moyle nor the governor of the Castle chose to interfere on their own responsibility, and no one dared to carry a written warrant to them on the part of the magistrates.

In the meantime the multitude demanded that Porteous should be delivered up to them; and as they were refused admittance to the jail, they prepared to burst open the doors. The outer gate, as was necessary to serve the purpose, was of such uncommon strength as to resist the united efforts of the rioters, though they employed sledge hammers and iron crows to force it open. Fire was at length called for, and a large bonfire, maintained with tar-barrels and such ready combustibles, soon burnt a hole in the door, through which the jailor flung the keys. This gave the rioters free entrance. Without troubling themselves about the fate of the other criminals, who naturally took the opportunity of escaping, the rioters or their leaders went in search of Porteous. They found him concealed in the chimney of his apartment, which he was prevented from ascending by a grating that ran across the vent, as is usual in such edifices. The rioters dragged their victim out of his concealment, and commanded him to prepare to undergo the death he had deserved; nor did they pay the least attention either to his prayers for mercy, or to the offers by which he endeavoured to purchase his life. Yet, amid all their obduracy of vengeance there was little tumult, and no more violence than was inseparable from the action which they meditated. Porteous was permitted to intrust what money or papers he had with him to a friend, for the behoof of his family. One of the rioters, a grave and respectable looking man, undertook, in the capacity of a clergyman, to give him ghostly consolation suited to his circumstances, as one who had not many minutes to live. He was conducted from the Tolbooth to the Grass-market, which, both as being the usual place of execution and the scene where their victim had fired, or caused his soldiers to fire, on the citizens, was selected as the place of punishment. They marched in a sort of procession, guarded by a band of the rioters, miscellaneously armed with muskets, battle-axes, &c., which were taken from the guard-house, while others carried links or flambeaux. Porteous was in the midst of them, and as he refused to walk, he was carried by two of the rioters on what is in Scotland called the King's cushion, by which two persons alternately grasping each other's wrists, form a kind of seat on the backs of their hands, upon which a third may be placed. They were so cool as to halt when

one of the slippers dropped from his foot, till it was picked up and replaced.

The citizens of the better class looked from their windows on this extraordinary scene, but terrified beyond the power of interference, if they had possessed the will. In descending the West Bow, which leads to the place of execution, the rioters, or conspirators,—a term, perhaps, more suited to men of their character,—provided themselves with a coil of ropes, by breaking into the booth of a dealer in such articles, and left at the same time a guinea to pay for it; a precaution which would hardly have occurred to men of the lowest class, of which in external appearance the mob seemed to consist. A cry was next raised for the gallows, in order that Porteous might die according to all the ceremony of the law. But as this instrument of punishment was kept in a distant part of the town, so that time must be lost in procuring it, they proceeded to hang the unfortunate man over a dyer's pole, as near to the place of execution as possible. The poor man's efforts to save himself only added to his tortures; for as he tried to keep hold of the beam to which he was suspended, they struck his hands with guns and Lochaber axes, to make him quit his hold, so that he suffered more than usual in the struggle which dismissed him from life.

When Porteous was dead the rioters dispersed, withdrawing without noise or disturbance all the outposts which they had occupied for preventing interruption, and leaving the city so quiet, that had it not been for the relics of the fire which had been applied to the jail-door; the arms which lay scattered in disorder on the street, as the rioters had flung them down; and the dead body of Porteous, which remained suspended in the place where he died, there was no visible symptom of so violent an explosion of popular fury having taken place.

The government, highly offended at such a daring contempt of authority, imposed on the Crown counsel the task of prosecuting the discovery of the rioters with the utmost care. The report of Mr Charles Erskine, then Solicitor-General, is now before me, and bears witness to his exertions in tracing the reports, which were numerous, in assigning to various persons particular shares in this nocturnal outrage. All of them, however, when examined, proved totally groundless, and it was evident that there had been either wilful falsehoods, sent abroad to deceive and mislead the investigators, or at least idle and unauthenticated rumours which arise out of such commotions, like bubbles on broken and distracted waters. A reward of two hundred pounds was offered by government, for the discovery of any person concerned in the riot, but without success.

Only a single person was proved to have been present at the mob, and the circumstances in which he stood placed him out of the reach of punishment. He was footman to a lady of rank, and a creature of weak intellects. Being sent into Edinburgh on a message by his mistress, he had drunk so much liquor as to deprive him of all capacity whatever, and in this state mixed with the mob, some of whom put a halberd in his hand. But the witnesses who proved this apparent accession to the mob, proved also that the accused could not stand without the support of the rioters, and was totally

incapable of knowing for what purpose they were assembled, and consequently of approving of or aiding their guilt. He was acquitted accordingly, to the still further dissatisfaction of the Ministry, and of Queen Caroline, who considered the commotion, and the impunity with which it was followed, as an insult to her personal authority.

A bill was prepared and brought into Parliament, for the punishment of the city of Edinburgh, in a very vindictive spirit, proposing to abolish the city charter, demolish the city walls, take away the town-guard, and declare the provost incapable of holding any office of public trust. A long investigation took place on the occasion, in which many persons were examined at the bar of the House of Lords, without throwing the least light on the subject of the Porteous Mob, or the character of the persons by whom it was conducted. The penal conclusions of the bill were strenuously combated by the Duke of Argyle, Duncan Forbes, and others, who represented the injustice of punishing with dishonour the capital of Scotland for the insolence of a lawless mob, which, taking advantage of a moment of security, had committed a great breach of the peace, attended with a cruel murder. As men's minds cooled, the obnoxious clauses were dropped out of the bill, and at length its penal consequences were restricted to a fine of £2000 sterling on the city, to be paid for the use of Captain Porteous's widow. This person, having received other favours from the town, accepted of £1500 in full of the fine; and so ended the affair so far as the city of Edinburgh was concerned.

But, as if some fatality had attended the subject, a clause was thrown in, compelling the ministers of the Scottish church to read a proclamation from the pulpit, once every month during the space of a whole year, calling on the congregation to do all in their power for discovering and bringing to justice the murderers of Captain Porteous, or any of them, and noticing the reward which government had promised to such as should bring the malefactors to conviction. Many of the Scottish clergy resented this imposition, as indecorously rendering the pulpit a vehicle for a hue and cry, and still more as an attempt, on the part of the state, to interfere with the spiritual authorities of the kirk, which amounted, in their opinion, to an Erastian heresy. Neither was it held to be matter of indifference, that in reading the proclamation of the legislature, the clergymen were compelled to describe the bishops as the "Lords spiritual in parliament assembled;" an epithet seemingly acknowledging the legality and the rank of an order disavowed by all true Calvinists. The dispute was the more violent, as it was immediately subsequent to a schism in the church, on the fruitful subject of patronage, which had divided from the communion of the established church of Scotland that large class of dissenters, generally called Seceders. Much ill blood was excited, and great dissensions took place betwixt those clergymen who did, and those who did not, read the proclamation. This controversy, like others, had its hour, during which little else was spoken of, until in due time the subject was worn threadbare and forgotten.

The origin of the Porteous Mob continued long to exercise the curiosity of those by whom the event

was remembered; and from the extraordinary mixture of prudence and audacity with which the purpose of the multitude had been conceived and executed, as well as the impenetrable secrecy with which the enterprise was carried through, the public were much inclined to suspect that there had been among its actors men of rank and character, far superior to that belonging to the multitude who were the ostensible agents. Broken and imperfect stories were told of men in the disguise of women and of common artisans, whose manner betrayed a sex and manners different from what their garb announced. Others laughed at these as unauthorized exaggerations, and contended that no class were so likely to frame or execute the plan for the murder of the police-officer, as the populace to whom his official proceedings had rendered him obnoxious, and that the secrecy so wonderfully preserved on the occasion arose out of the constancy and fidelity which the Scottish people observe towards each other when engaged in a common cause. Nothing is, or probably ever will be, known with certainty on the subject; but it is understood, that several young men left Scotland in apprehension of the strict scrutiny which was made into that night's proceedings; and in your grandfather's younger days, the voice of fame pointed out individuals, who, long absent from that country, had returned from the East and West Indies in improved circumstances, as persons who had fled abroad on account of the Porteous Mob. One story of the origin of the conspiracy was stated to me with so much authority, and seemed in itself so simple and satisfactory, that although the degree of proof, upon investigation, fell far short of what was necessary as full evidence, I cannot help considering it as the most probable account of the mysterious affair. A man, who long bore an excellent character, and filled a place of some trust as forester and carpenter to a gentleman of fortune in Fife, was affirmed to have made a confession on his death-bed, that he had been not only one of the actors in the hanging of Porteous, but one of the secret few by whom the deed was schemed and set on foot. Twelve persons of the village of Path-head—so this man's narrative was said to proceed—resolved that Porteus should die, to atone for the life of Wilson, with whom many of them had been connected by the ties of friendship and joint adventure in illicit trade, and for the death of those shot at the execution. This vengeful band crossed the Forth by different ferries, and met together at a solitary place near the city, where they distributed the party which were to act in the business which they had in hand; and giving a beginning to the enterprise, soon saw it undertaken by the populace of the city, whose minds were precisely in that state of irritability which disposed them to follow the example of a few desperate men. According to this account, most of the original devisers of the scheme fled to foreign parts, the surprise of the usual authorities having occasioned some days to pass over ere the investigations of the affair were commenced. On making inquiry of the surviving family of this old man, they were found disposed to treat the rumoured confession as a fiction, and to allege that, although he was of an age which seemed to support the story, and had gone abroad

shortly after the Porteous Mob, yet he had never acknowledged any accession to it, but on the contrary, maintained his innocence when taxed, as he sometimes was, with having a concern in the affair. The report, however, though probably untrue in many of its circumstances, yet seems to give a very probable account of the origin of the riot in the vindictive purpose of a few resolute men, whose example was quickly followed by the multitude, already in a state of mind to catch fire from the slightest spark.

This extraordinary and mysterious outrage seems to be the only circumstance which can be interesting to you, as exclusively belonging to the history of Scotland, betwixt the years immediately succeeding the civil war of 1715, and those preceding the last explosion of Jacobitism in that country, in 1745-6.

CHAPTER XV.

State of the Lowlands—Landlords and Tenants—State of Learning—Bad effect of Oaths of Office—Decay of the Feudal Authority of Landlords—State of the Highlands—Influence of the Chiefs over their Clans—Cameron of Lochiel and Fraser of Lovat—Unpopularity of the Two First Georges, and of Walpole's Administration—Marriage of the Chevalier de St George—Petty Intrigues among his Adherents—Character of Prince Charles Edward—Resolution of Prince Charles to try his fortune in Scotland—he Embarks—and Lands at Moidart—Note, Personal Appearance and Demeanour of Prince Charles.

AFTER the temporary subjection of the Highlands in 1720, and the years immediately succeeding, had been in appearance completed, by the establishment of garrisons, the formation of military roads, and the general submission of the Highland clans who were most opposed to Government, Scotland enjoyed a certain degree of internal repose, if not of prosperity. To estimate the nature of this calm, we must look at the state of the country in two points of view, as it concerned the Highlands and the Lowlands.

In the Lowlands a superior degree of improvement began to take place, by the general influence of civilisation, rather than by the effect of any specific legislative enactment. The ancient laws, which vested the administration of justice in the aristocracy, continued to be a cause of poverty amongst the tenantry of the country. Every gentleman of considerable estate possessed the power of a baron, or lord of regality, and by means of a deputy, who was usually his factor or land-steward, exercised the power of dispensing justice, both civil and criminal, to those in his neighbourhood. In the most ordinary class of lawsuits one party was thus constituted the judge in his own cause; for in all cases betwixt landlord and tenant, the questions were decided in the court of the baron, where the landlord, by means of an obsequious deputy, in fact possessed the judicial power. The nature of the engagements between the proprietor and the cultivator of the ground, rendered the situation of the latter one of great hardship. The tenants usually held their farms from year to year, and from the general poverty of the country, could pay but little rent in money. The landlords, who were usually struggling to educate their children, and set them out in the world, were also necessitous, and

pursued indirect expedients for subjecting the tenants in services of a nature which had a marked connexion with the old slavish feudal tenures. Thus the tenant was bound to grind his meal at the baron's mill, and to pay certain heavy duties for the operation, though he could have had it ground more conveniently and cheaply elsewhere. In some instances he was also obliged to frequent the brewery of his landlord. In almost every case, he was compelled to discharge certain services, of driving coals, casting peats,* or similar domestic labour, for the proprietor. In this manner the tenant was often called upon to perform the field-work of the laird when that of his own farm was in arrear, and deprived of that freedom of employing his powers of labour to the best possible account, which is the very soul of agriculture.

Nevertheless, though the Scottish lairds had the means of oppression in their hands, a judicious perception of their own interest prevented many, and doubtless a sense of justice warned others, from abusing those rights to the injury of their people. The custom, too, of giving farms in lease to younger sons or other near relatives, tended to maintain the farmers above the rank of mere peasantry, into which they must have otherwise sunk; and as the Scottish landholders of those days lived economically, and upon terms of kindness with their tenants, there were fewer instances of oppression or ill usage than might have been expected from a system which was radically bad, and which, if the proprietors had been more rapacious, and the estates committed to the management of a mere factor or middle-man, who was to make the most of them, must have led to a degree of distress which never appears to have taken place in Scotland. Both parties were in general poor, but they united their efforts to bear their indigence with patience.

The younger sons of gentlemen usually went abroad in some line of life in which they might speedily obtain wealth, or at least the means of subsistence. The colonies afforded opportunities of advancement to many; others sought fortune in England, where the calmer and more provident character of the nation, joined with the ready assistance which each Scotsman who attained prosperity extended to those who were struggling for it, very often led to success. The elder sons of the Scottish landholders were generally, like those of France, devoted to the law or to the sword, so that in one way or other they might add some means of increase to the family estates. Commerce was advancing by gradual steps. The colonial trade had opened slow but increasing sources of exertion to Glasgow, which is so conveniently situated for the trade with North America, of which that enterprising town early acquired a respectable portion.

The Church of Scotland still afforded a respectable asylum for such as were disposed to turn their thoughts towards it. It could, indeed, in no shape afford wealth, but it gave sufficiency for the moderate wants of a useful clergyman, and a degree of influence over the minds of men, which, to a generous spirit, is more valuable than opulence. The respectability of the situation, and its importance in society, reconciled the clergyman to its poverty, an evil little felt, where few could be termed rich.

* i. e. Digging moss for fuel.

Learning was not so accurately cultivated as in the sister country. But although it was rare to find a Scottish gentleman, even when a divine or lawyer, thoroughly grounded in classical lore, it was still more uncommon to find men in the higher ranks who did not possess a general tincture of letters, or, thanks to their system of parochial education, individuals even in the lowest classes without the knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic. A certain degree of pedantry, indeed, was considered as a characteristic of the nation, and the limited scholarship which it argued, proved eminently useful to Scotsmen, who, going abroad, or to England, which they considered as a foreign country, mixed in the struggle for success with the advantage of superior information over those of the same class elsewhere. Thomson, Mallet, and others engaged in the pursuits of literature, were content to receive their reward from the sister country; and if we except the Poems of Allan Ramsay, praised by his countrymen, but neither relished nor understood by South Britons, the Scots made little figure in composition, compared to the period of Gawin Douglas and Dunbar. Upon the whole, the situation of Scotland during the early part of the eighteenth century, was like that of a newly transplanted forest-tree, strong enough to maintain itself in its new situation, but too much influenced by the recent violence of the change of position, to develop with freedom its principles of growth or increase.

The principal cause which rendered Scotland stationary in its advance towards improvement, was the malevolent influence of political party. No efforts seem to have been made to heal the rankling wounds which the civil war of 1715 had left behind it. The party in favour failed not, as is always the case, to represent those who were excluded from it as the most dangerous enemies of the king on the throne, and the constitution by which he reigned; and those who were branded as Jacobites were confirmed in their opinions, by finding themselves shut out from all prospect of countenance and official employment. Almost all beneficial situations were barred against those who were suspected of harbouring such sentiments, by the necessity imposed on them, not only of taking oaths to the established government, but also such as expressly denounced and condemned the political opinions of those who differed from it. Men of high spirit and honourable feelings were averse to take oaths by which they were required openly to stigmatize and disown the opinions of their fathers and nearest relatives, although perhaps they themselves saw the fallacy of the proscribed tenets, and were disposed tacitly to abandon them. Those of the higher class, once falling under suspicion, were thus excluded from the bar and the army, which we have said were the professions embraced by the elder sons of gentlemen. The necessary consequence was, that the sons of Jacobite families went into foreign service, and drew closer those connexions with the exiled family which they might have otherwise been induced to drop, and became confirmed in their party opinions, even from the measures employed to suppress them. In the rank immediately lower, many young men of decent families were induced to renounce the privileges of their birth, and undertake mechanical employments, in which their

conduct could not be obstructed by the imposition of the obnoxious oaths.

It was fortunate for the peace of the kingdom, that, though many of the landed gentry were still much imbued with the principles of Jacobitism, they did not retain the influence which so long rendered them the active disturbers of the government; for, although the feudal rights still subsisted in form, it was now a more difficult matter for a great lord to draw into the field the vassals who held of him by military tenure. The various confiscations which had taken place operated as serious warnings to such great families as those of Gordon, Athole, Seaforth, or others, how they rashly hoisted the standard of rebellion; while the provisions of the Clan Act, and other statutes, enabled the vassal so summoned to dispense with attendance upon it, without hazarding, as in former times, the forfeiture of his fief. Nor was the influence of the gentry and landed proprietors over the farmers and cultivators of the soil less diminished than that of the great nobles. When the proprietors, as was now generally the case throughout the Lowlands, became determined to get the highest rent they could obtain for their land, the farmer did not feel his situation either so easy or so secure, that he should, in addition, be called on to follow his landlord to battle. It must also be remembered, that though many gentlemen, on the north of the Tay especially, were of the Episcopal persuasion, which was almost synonymous with being Jacobites, a great proportion of the lower classes were Presbyterian in their form of worship, and whigs in political principle, and every way adverse to the counter-revolution which it was the object of their landlords to establish. In the south and west, the influence of the established religion was general amongst both gentry and peasantry.

The fierce feelings occasioned throughout Scotland generally, by the recollections of the Union, had died away with the generation which experienced them, and the benefits of the treaty began to be visibly, though slowly, influential on their descendants. The Lowlands, therefore, being by far the wealthiest and most important part of Scotland, were much disposed to peace, the rather that those who might have taken some interest in creating fresh disturbances, had their power of doing so greatly diminished.

It is also to be considered, that the Lowlanders of this later period were generally deprived of arms, and unaccustomed to use them. The act of Security, in the beginning of the 18th century, had been made the excuse for introducing quantities of arms into Scotland, and disciplining the population to the use of them; but the consequences of this general arming and training act had long ceased to operate, and, excepting the militia, which were officered, and received a sort of discipline, the use of arms was totally neglected in the Lowlands of Scotland.

The Highlands were in a very different state, and from the tenacity with which the inhabitants retained the dress, language, manners, and customs of their fathers, more nearly resembled their predecessors of centuries long since past, than any other nation in Europe. It is true, they were no longer the ignorant and irreclaimable barbarians, in which light they were to be regarded so late perhaps as the sixteenth

century. Civilisation had approached their mountains. Their manners were influenced by the presence of armed strangers, whose fortresses were a check to the fire of their restless courage. They were obliged to yield subjection to the law, and, in appearance at least, to pay respect to those by whom it was administered. But the patriarchal system still continued, with all the good and bad which attached to its influence. The chief was still the leader in war, the judge and protector in peace. The whole income of the tribe, consisting of numerous but petty articles of rude produce, was paid into the purse of the chief, and served to support the rude hospitality of his household, which was extended to the poorest of the clan. It was still the object of each leader, by all possible means, to augment the number capable of bearing arms; and, of course, they did not hesitate to harbour on their estates an excess of population, idle, haughty, and warlike, whose only labour was battle and the chase, and whose only law was the command of their chieftain.

It is true, that, in the eighteenth century, we no longer hear of the chiefs taking arms in their own behalf, or fighting pitched battles with each other, nor did they, as formerly, put themselves at the head of the parties which ravaged the estates of rival clans or the Lowlands. The creaghs or inroads took place in a less open and avowed manner than formerly, and were interrupted frequently both by the regular soldiers from the garrisons, and by the soldiers of the independent companies, called the Black Watch. Still, however, it was well understood that on the estates, or *countries*, as they are called, of the great chiefs, there was suffered to exist, under some bond of understood but unavowed conditions of allegiance on the one side, and protection on the other, amongst pathless woods and gloomy valleys, gangs of banditti ready to execute the will of the chief by whom they were sheltered, and, upon a hint darkly given and easily caught up, willingly disposed to avenge his real or supposed wrongs. Thus the celebrated Rob Roy, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, was able, though an outlawed and desperate man, to maintain himself against every effort of the Montrose family, by the connivance which he received from that of Argyle, who allowed him, as the phrase then went, "wood and water," that is to say, the protection of their lakes and forests.

This primitive state of things must, in the gradual course of events, have suffered great innovations. The young Highlanders of fortune received their education in English or Lowland schools, and gradually adopting the ideas of those with whom they were brought up, must have learned to value themselves less on their solitary and patriarchal power, than on the articles of personal expenditure and display which gave distinction to those around them. This new passion would have been found in time inconsistent with the performance of the duties which the tribe expected and exacted from their chief, and the bonds which connected them, though so singularly intimate, must have in time given way. The Reverend Mr Rae, historian of the Rebellion in 1715, states that, even in his own time, causes of the nature we have hinted at were beginning to operate, and that some chiefs, with the *spaghlin*, or assumption of conse-

quence not uncommon to the Celtic race, had addicted themselves to expenses and luxuries to which their incomes were not equal, and which began already to undermine their patriarchal power and authority over their clans.

But the operation of such causes, naturally slow, was rendered almost imperceptible, if not altogether neutralised, by the strong and counteracting stimulus afforded by the feelings of jacobitism common to the western chiefs. These persons and their relations had many of them been educated or served as soldiers abroad, and were in close intercourse with the exiled family, who omitted no means by which they could ensure the attachment of men so able to serve them. The communication of the Stewart family with the Highlands was constant and unceasing, and was, no doubt, most effectual in maintaining the patriarchal system in its integrity. Each chief looked upon himself as destined to be raised to greatness by the share he might be able to take in the eventful and impending struggle which was one day to restore the House of Stewart to the throne, and that share must be greater or less according to the number of men at whose head he might take the field. This prospect, which to their sanguine eyes appeared a near one, was a motive which influenced the lives, and regulated the conduct, of the Highland chiefs, and which had its natural effect in directing their emulous attention to cement the bonds of clanship, that might otherwise have been gradually relaxed.

But though almost all the chiefs were endeavouring to preserve their people in a state to take the field, and to assist the cause of the heir of the Stewart family when the moment of enterprise should arrive, yet the individual character of each modified the manner in which he endeavoured to provide for this common object; and I cannot propose to you a stronger contrast than the manner in which the patriarchal power was exercised by Donald Cameron of Lochiel, and the notorious Fraser of Lovat.

The former was one of the most honourable and well-intentioned persons in whom the patriarchal power was ever lodged. He was grandson of that Sir Ewan Dhu, or Black Sir Evan, who made so great a figure in Cromwell's time, and of whom I have already told you many stories in a former part of this little work.* Far from encouraging the rapine

* I there said that Sir Ewan Dhu lived to extreme old age, and that he sunk at length into a sort of second childhood, and was rocked to sleep like an infant; but I have since had reason to think that the last part of the tradition was an exaggeration. The ancient chieftain used a contrivance, such as is sometimes applied to sickbeds in the present day, for enabling the patient to turn himself in bed; and it was undoubtedly some misconception of the purpose of this machine which produced the report of his being rocked in a cradle. He was in perfect possession of his faculties during the year 1715, and expressed great regret that his clan, the Camerons, being in the Earl of Mar's left wing, had been compelled to fly on that occasion. "The Camerons," he said, "were more numerous than they were in his day, but they were become much less warlike." This was a reproach which the clan speedily wiped away. From the evidence preserved in the family, it appears Sir Ewan had preserved to the extremity of human life the daring expression of command which dignified his features, the tenacious power of his gripe, and his acute resentment of injuries. An English officer, who came from Fort-William on a visit, having made use of some words which the old chief took amiss, he looked

which had been, for a long time, objected to the men of Lochaber, he made the most anxious exertions to put a stop to it by severe punishment; and, while he protected his own people and his allies, would not permit them to inflict any injury upon others. He encouraged among them such kinds of industry as they could be made to apply themselves to; and in general united the high spirit of a Highland chief with the sense and intelligence of a well-educated English gentleman of fortune. Although possessed of an estate, of which the income hardly amounted to seven hundred a-year, this celebrated chief brought fourteen hundred men into the Rebellion, and he was honourably distinguished by his endeavours on all occasions to mitigate the severities of war, and deter the insurgents from acts of vindictive violence.

A different picture must be presented of Lord Lovat, whose irregular ambition induced him to play the Highland chief to the very utmost, while he cared for nothing save the means of applying the power implied in the character to the advancement of his own interest. His hospitality was exuberant, yet was regulated by means which savoured much of a paltry economy. His table was filled with Frasers, all of whom he called his cousins, but took care that the fare with which they were regaled was adapted, not to the supposed equality, but to the actual importance of his guests. Thus the claret did not pass below a particular mark on the table; those who sat beneath that limit had some cheaper liquor, which had also its bounds of circulation; and the clansmen at the extremity of the board were served with single ale. Still it was drunk at the table of their chief, and that made amends for all. Lovat had a Lowland estate, where he fleeced his tenants without mercy, for the sake of maintaining his Highland military retainers. He was a master of the Highland character, and knew how to avail himself of its peculiarities. He knew every one whom it was convenient for him to caress; had been acquainted with his father; remembered the feats of his ancestors, and was profuse in his complimentary expressions of praise and fondness. If a man of substance offended Lovat, or, which was the same thing, if he possessed a troublesome claim against him, and was determined to enforce it, one would have thought that all the plagues of Egypt had been denounced against the obnoxious individual. His house was burnt, his flocks driven off, his cattle houghed; and if the perpetrators of such outrages were secured, the jail of Inverness was never strong enough to detain them till punishment. They always broke prison. With persons of low rank less ceremony was used; and it was not uncommon for witnesses to appear against them for some imaginary crime, for which Lord Lovat's victims suffered the punishment of transportation.

We cannot wonder that a man of Lovat's disposition should also play the domestic tyrant; but it would be difficult to conceive the excess to which he carried enormities in this character. After his return to Scotland in 1715, he was twice married; first, in 1717, to a daughter of the Laird of Grant, by whom he had two sons and two daughters; his second, or rather his third, wife was a Campbell, a relation of

the Argyle family. It is supposed he married her with a view to secure the friendship of that great family. Finding himself disappointed in this expectation, he vented his resentment on the poor lady, whom he shut up in a turret of his castle, neither affording her food, clothes, or other necessaries in a manner suitable to her education, nor permitting her to go abroad, or to receive any friend within doors. Dark rumours went forth of the treatment of the wife of this daring chief, who had thus vanished from society. She had a friend, whose fearless interest in her fate induced her to surmount all sense of personal danger, and to visit Castle Downie with the purpose of ascertaining the situation of Lady Lovat. She contrived to announce her arrival so unexpectedly, as to leave Lovat no apology by which he could escape her intrusive visit. He took his resolution, went to the prison-chamber of his unfortunate wife, and announced to her the arrival of her friend. "As it is my pleasure, madam," he said, "that you receive your visitor in the character of a contented and affectionate wife, you will please to dress yourself," (laying proper apparel before her,) "and come down with the easy and free air of the mistress of the mansion, happy in her husband's affection and unlimited trust. It will become you to beware how you give the least hint of any discord between you and me; for secret eyes will be upon you, and you know what reason you have to dread disobeying my commands." In this manner the poor lady met her friend, with her tongue padlocked concerning all that she would willingly have disclosed, Lovat contriving all the while to maintain so constant a watch on his wife and her visitor, that they could not obtain the least opportunity of speaking apart. The visitor, however, in the very silence and constraint of her friend, had seen enough to satisfy her that all was not well; and when she left Castle Downie, became importunate with Lady Lovat's family to be active in her behalf. She in consequence obtained a separation from her cruel husband, whom she long survived.

Such acts of tyranny were the dismal fruits of the patriarchal power, when lodged in the hands of a man of fraud and violence. But Lovat's conduct was so exaggerated, as inclines us to believe there must have been a certain mixture of deranged intellect with his wickedness; a compound perfectly reconcilable to the profound craft which displayed itself in other points of his character. I must not forget to notice that Lord Lovat, having obtained the command of one of the Highland independent companies, in consequence of his services in the year 1715, took advantage of the opportunity it gave him to make all the men of his clan familiar with the use of arms; for though he could not legally have more than a certain number of men under arms at once, yet nothing was more easy than to exchange the individuals from time to time, till the whole younger Frasers had passed a few months at least in the corps. He became incautious, however, and appeared too publicly in some suspicious purchases of arms and ammunition from abroad. Government became alarmed about his intentions, and withdrew his commission in the Black Watch. This happened in 1737, and it was, as we shall hereafter see, the indignation arising from being deprived of this independent company,

that finally determined him on rushing into the rebellion.

Few of the Highland chiefs could claim the spotless character due to Lochiel; and none, so far as is known to us, descended to such nefarious practices as Lovat. The conduct of most of them hovered between the wild and lawless expedients of their predecessors in power, and the new ideas of honour and respect to the rights of others which recent times had introduced; and they did good or committed evil as opportunity and temptation were presented to them. In general, a spirit of honour and generosity was found to unite easily and gracefully with their patriarchal pretensions; and those who had to deal with them gained more by an appeal to their feelings than by arguments addressed to their understandings.

Having thus taken a view of the situation of Scotland both in the Highlands and Lowlands, we must next take some notice of the political condition of the two contending families, by whom the crown of Great Britain was at the time disputed.

George, the first of his family who had ascended the British throne, had transmitted the important acquisition to his son, George II. Both sovereigns were men of honour, courage, and good sense; but, being born and educated foreigners, they were strangers to the peculiar character, no less than to the very complicated form of government, of the country over which they were called by Providence to reign. They were successively under the necessity of placing the administration in the hands of a man of distinguished talent, the celebrated Sir Robert Walpole. Unfortunately, this great statesman was a man of a coarse mind, who, altogether disbelieving in the very existence of patriotism, held the opinion that every man had his price, and might be bought, if his services were worth the value at which he rated them. His creed was as unfavourable to the probity of public men, as that of a leader who should disbelieve in the existence of military honour would be degrading to the character of a soldier. The venality of Sir Robert Walpole's administration became a shame and reproach to the British nation, which was also burdened with the means of supplying the wages of the national corruption.

The Kings also, George I and II, under whom Sir Robert Walpole conducted public affairs, were themselves unpopular from a very natural reason. They loved with fond partiality their paternal dominions of Hanover, and the manners and customs of the country in which they had been born and bred. Their intimacy and confidence were chiefly imparted to those of their own nation; and so far, though the preference might be disagreeable to their British subjects, the error flowed from a laudable motive. But both the royal father and son suffered themselves to be hurried farther than this. Regard for their German territories was the principle which regulated their political movements, and both alliances and hostilities were engaged in for interests and disputes which were of a nature exclusively German, and with which the British nation had nothing to do. Out of this undue partiality for their native dominions arose a great clamour against the two first Kings of the House of Guelph, that, called to the government of so fair and ample a kingdom as Britain, they neg-

lected or sacrificed its interests for those of the petty and subaltern concerns of their electorate of Hanover.

Besides other causes of unpopularity, the length of Sir Robert Walpole's administration was alone sufficient to render it odious to a people so fickle as the English, who soon become weary of one class of measures, and still sooner of the administration of any one minister. For these various reasons, the government of Sir Robert Walpole, especially towards its close, was highly unpopular in England, and the Opposition attacked it with a degree of fury which made those who watched the strife from a distance imagine, that language so outrageous was that of men in the act of revolt. The foreign nations, whose ideas of our constitution were as imperfect formerly as they are at this moment, listened like men who hear what they conceive to be the bursting of a steam-engine, when the noise only announces the action of the safety-valves.

While the family of Hanover maintained an uneasy seat on an unpopular throne, the fortunes of the house of Stewart seemed much on the decline. Obligated to leave France, Spain, and Avignon, and not permitted to settle in Germany, the Chevalier de St George was obliged, shortly after his Scottish enterprise of 1715, to retire to Italy, where the sufferings of his father for the Roman Catholic religion gave him the fairest right to expect hospitality. He was now in the thirtieth year of his age, the last male of his unfortunate family, when, by the advice of his counsellors, he fixed his choice of a wife on the Princess Clementina Sobieski, daughter to Prince James Sobieski of Poland, and grand-daughter to that King John Sobieski who defeated the Turks before Vienna. This young lady was accounted one of the greatest fortunes in Europe. The dazzling pretensions to the British crown set forth by the negotiator of the marriage on the part of James, propitiated the parents of the Princess, and it was agreed that she should be conducted privately to Bologna, with a view to her union with the Chevalier de St George. Some extra preparation on the part of the Princess and her mother, in the way of dress and equipage, brought the intrigue to the knowledge of the British court, who exerted all their influence with that of Austria for the interruption of the match. The Emperor, obliged to keep measures with Britain on account of his pretensions to Sicily, which were supported by the English fleet, arrested the bride as she passed through Inspruck, in the Tyrol, and detained her along with her mother prisoners in a cloister of that town. The Emperor also deprived Prince James Sobieski, the lady's father, of his government of Augsburg, and caused him to be imprisoned.

A bold attempt for the release of the Princess was contrived and executed by Charles Wogan, who had been one of the prisoners at Preston, and was a devoted partisan of the cause in which he had nearly lost his life. He obtained a passport from the Austrian ambassador, in the name of Count Cernes and family, stated to be returning from Loretto to the Low Countries. A Major Misset and his wife personated the supposed count and countess; Wogan was to pass for the brother of the count; the Princess Clementina, when she should be liberated, was to represent the count's sister, which character was in

the meantime enacted by a smart girl, a domestic of Mrs Misset. They represented to the wench that she was only to remain one or two days in confinement in the room of a lady whom Captain Toole, one of the party, was to carry off, and whose escape it might be necessary to conceal for some time. Captain Toole, with two other steady partisans, attended on the party of the supposed Count Cernes, in the dress and character of domestics.

They arrived at Inspruck on the evening of the 27th of April, 1719, and took a lodging near the convent. It appears that a trusty domestic of the Princess had secured permission of the porter to bring a female with him into the cloister, and conduct her out at whatever hour he pleased. This was a great step in favour of their success, as it permitted the agents of the Chevalier de St George to introduce the young female, and to carry out Clementina Sobieski in her stead. But while they were in consultation upon the means of executing their plan, Jenny, the servant girl, heard them name the word *Princess*, and, afraid of being involved in a matter where persons of such rank were concerned, declared she would have nothing more to do with the plot. Many fair words, a few pieces of gold, and the promise of a fine suit of damask belonging to her mistress, overcame her scruples; and taking advantage of a storm of snow and hail, Jenny was safely introduced into the cloister, and the Princess, changing clothes with her, came out at the hour by which the stranger was to return. Through bad roads and worse weather they pushed on till they quitted the Austrian territories, and entered those of Venice. On the 2d of May, after a journey of great fatigue and some danger, they arrived at Bologna, where the Princess thought it unnecessary to remain longer incognita.

In the meantime, while his destined bride made her escape from the Tyrol, the Chevalier had been suddenly called on to undertake a private expedition to Spain. The lady was epoused in his absence by a trusty adherent, who had the Chevalier's proxy to that effect, and the bridegroom's visit to Spain having terminated in nothing satisfactory, he soon after returned to complete the marriage.

The Jacobites drew many happy omens from the success with which the romantic union of the Chevalier de St George was achieved, although, after all, it may be doubted whether the Austrian emperor, though obliged in appearance to comply with the remonstrances of the British court, was either seriously anxious to prevent the Princess's escape, or extremely desirous that she should be retaken.

By this union the Chevalier de St George transmitted his hereditary claims, and with them his evil luck, to two sons. The first, Charles Edward, born the 31st of December, 1720, was remarkable for the figure he made during the civil war of 1745-6; the second, Henry Benedict, born the 6th of March, 1725, for being the last male heir, in the direct line, of the unfortunate House of Stewart. He bore the title of Duke of York, and entering the Church of Rome, was promoted to the rank of Cardinal.

The various schemes and projects which were

agitated, one after another, in the councils of the Chevalier de St George, and which for a time served successively to nourish and keep afloat the hopes of his partisans in England and Scotland, were so numerous, so indifferently concocted, and so ineffectual in their consequences, that, to borrow an expression from the poet, the voyage of his life might be said to be spent in shallows.

With whatever court Britain happened to have a quarrel, thither came the unfortunate heir of the House of Stewart, to show his miseries and to boast his pretensions. But though treated with decency, and sometimes fed with hopes which proved altogether fallacious, the Chevalier found his eloquence too feeble to persuade any government to embarrass themselves by making common cause with him after the miscarriage of the Spanish invasion of 1719, which only gave rise to the petty skirmish of Glen-shiel. In the intervals of these ineffectual negotiations, the Chevalier's domestic establishment was divided by petty intrigues among his advisers, in which his wife occasionally took such keen interest, as to proclaim, in a public and scandalous degree, their domestic disunion. From all these circumstances, from his advance in years, and the disappointments which he brooded over, the warmest adherents of the House of Stewart ceased to expect any thing from the personal exertions of him whom they called their King, and reposed the hopes of their party in the spirit and talents of his eldest son, Charles Edward; whose external appearance, and personal accomplishments, seemed at first sight to justify his high pretensions, and to fit him well for the leader of any bold and gallant enterprise by which they might be enforced.

In attempting to describe to you this remarkable young man, I am desirous of qualifying the exaggerated praise heaped upon him by his enthusiastic adherents, and no less so to avoid repeating the disparaging language of public and political opponents, and of discontented and disobliged followers, who have written rather under the influence of their resentments than in defence of truth.

Prince Charles Edward, styling himself Prince of Wales, was a youth of tall stature and fair complexion. His features were of a noble and elevated cast, but tinged with an expression of melancholy. His manners were courteous, his temper apparently good, his courage of a nature fit for the most desperate undertakings, his strength of constitution admirable, and his knowledge of manly exercises and accomplishments perfect. These were all qualities highly in favour of one who prepared to act the restorer of an ancient dynasty. On the other hand, his education had been strangely neglected in certain points of the last consequence to his success. Instead of being made acquainted with the rights and constitution of the English nation by those who superintended his education, they had taken care to train him up exclusively in those absurd, perverse, exaggerated and antiquated doctrines of divine hereditary right, and passive obedience, out of which had arisen the errors and misfortunes of the reign of his ancestor, James the Second of England. He had been also strictly brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, which had proved so fatal to his grandfather; and thus he was

presented to the British nation without any alteration or modification of those false tenets in church and state so obnoxious to those whom he called his subjects, and which had cost his ancestor a throne. It was a natural consequence of the high ideas of regal prerogative in which he was trained, though it might also be in some respects owing to a temper naturally haughty and cold, that the young prince was apt to consider the most important services rendered him, and the greatest dangers encountered in his cause, as sufficiently to reward the actors by the internal consciousness of having discharged their duties as loyal subjects, nor did he regard them as obligations laying him under a debt which required acknowledgment or recompense. This degree of indifference to the lives or safety of his followers (the effect of a very bad education) led to an indulgence in rash and sanguine hopes, which could only be indulged at an extravagant risk to all concerned. It was the duty of every subject to sacrifice every thing for his Prince, and if this duty was discharged, what results could be imagined too difficult for their efforts? Such were the principles instilled into the mind of the descendant of the ill-starred house of Stewart.

It is easy to be imagined, that these latter attributes were carefully veiled over in the accounts of the character of the young Chevalier, as spread abroad by his adherents within Scotland and England; and that he was held up to hope and admiration, as a shoot of the stem of Robert Bruce, and as one who, by every perfection of mind and body, was ordained to play anew the part of that great restorer of the Scottish monarchy.

The state of the Jacobite party, both in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, has been already noticed. In England it was far inferior to its strength in 1715; the fatal affair of Preston was remembered with dread. But many great families attached to the High Church principles continued to look with a longing eye towards him whom they regarded as the heir of the crown, by indefeasible right; and some, at considerable risk to their persons and estates, maintained an intercourse with the agents of the old Chevalier de St George, who thus received intelligence of their hopes and plans. The principal of these were the Wynnes of Wynnstay, in Wales, with the great family of Windham. Other houses, either Catholics or High Churchmen, in the west, were united in the same interest. A great part of the Church of England clergy retained their ancient prejudices; and the Universities, Oxford in particular, still boasted a powerful party, at the head of which was Doctor William King, Principal of St Mary's Hall, who entered into the same sentiments.

Such being the state of affairs when war was declared betwixt Britain and Spain, in 1740, seven daring Scottish Jacobites signed an association, engaging themselves to risk their lives and fortunes for the restoration of the Stewart family, provided that France would send a considerable body of troops to their assistance. The titular Duke of Perth, the Earl of Traquair, Lochiel, and Lovat, were of the number who signed this association.

The agent employed to advocate the cause of the Jacobites at Paris, was Drummond, alias MacGregor, of Bohaldie, with whom was joined a person whom

they called Lord Semple: these agents were supposed to have ready access to the French ministers. Bohaldie was closely related to several chieftains of the Scottish clans, and in particular to Cameron of Lochiel, on whose judgment and prudence the others were in a great degree disposed to rely. But after a protracted negotiation, nothing could be resolved upon with any certainty; for the French ministers, on the one hand, were afraid that the Jacobites in their political zeal might dupe both themselves and France, by inducing them to hazard the forces of the latter kingdom upon a distant and dangerous expedition; while, on the other hand, the Jacobites, who were to risk their all in the enterprise, were alike apprehensive that France, if she could by their means excite a civil war in England, and oblige its government to recall her troops from Germany, would not, after that point was gained, greatly concern herself about their success or failure.

At length, however, when France beheld the interest which Britain began to take in the German war, assisting the Empress Queen both with troops and money, her administration seems suddenly to have taken into serious consideration the proposed descent upon Scotland. With a view to the arrangement of an enterprise, Cardinal de Tencin, who had succeeded Cardinal Fleury in the administration of France, invited Charles Edward, the eldest son of the old Chevalier de St George, to repair from Italy to Paris. The young Prince, on receiving a message so flattering to his hopes, left Rome as if on a hunting expedition, but instantly took the road to Genoa, and embarking on board a small vessel, ran through the English fleet at great risk of being captured, and arriving safe at Antilles, proceeded to Paris. He there took part in counsels of a nature highly dangerous to Great Britain. It had been settled by the French court, that a French army of twelve thousand men should be landed in England under the celebrated Field-Marshal Saxe, who was to act under the commission of the Chevalier de St George as commander-in-chief. Having intimated this determination to the Earl Marischal and Lord Elcho, eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss, who were then in the French capital, Charles left Paris to superintend the destined embarkation, and took up his residence at Gravelines, in the beginning of February, 1744. Here he resided in the most strict privacy, under the name of the Chevalier Douglas. Bohaldie waited upon him as his secretary.

The French fleet was got in readiness, and the troops designed for the invasion embarked, but the alertness of the British navy disconcerted this as it had done former expeditions. The French army no sooner appeared off Torbay, than they were confronted by a fleet of twenty-one sail of the line, under Admiral Sir John Norris. The elements also took part in the strife, and, as usually happened on former occasions, decided against the House of Stewart. A heavy tempest arose, obliging both the English and French to scud before the wind. The latter fleet were dispersed, and suffered damage. The plan of invasion was once more given up, and the French troops were withdrawn from the coast.

It is in vain to inquire upon what principles the French ministry preferred this attempt upon England,

at great expense, and with a large army, to an invasion of Scotland, where they were sure to be joined by a large body of Jacobites, and where one-third part of the troops would have made a serious, perhaps a fatal impression. History is full of attempts to assist malcontents in an enemy's country, which have miscarried from being ill-concerted in point of place or time. That the present did not arise out of any very accurate combinations is certain, for so little had the French ministers thought on the means of propitiating the English Jacobites, that they did not at first design that the Duke of Ormond should embark with the expedition, though the most popular of the Chevalier's adherents in South Britain. The Duke was at length hastily summoned from Avignon to join the armament when it was on the eve of sailing; but receiving information while he was on the road that the design was given up, he returned to his residence. It is probable that the French were determined to make England the object of attack, merely because they could more easily either reinforce or bring off their expedition, than if it was sent against Scotland.

Lord Marischal had repaired to the Prince at Gravelines, but was not much consulted on the objects of the expedition. When he asked concerning the embarkation for Scotland, he was informed that it would take place after that to England was dispatched. But after the miscarriage of the enterprise, and disembarkation of the troops, Charles Edward invited the earl to visit him at Gravelines, when he seriously proposed to hire a boat, and go with him to Scotland, where, he said, he was sure he had many friends who would join him. This idea, from which he was diverted with difficulty, seems to have been the slight sketch which was afterwards the groundwork of the rash expedition of 1745-6. In the end of summer Prince Charles left Gravelines and went to Paris, where he resided for the winter, little noticed by French families of fashion, but much resorted to by the Irish and Scots who were in that capital.

In the month of August, 1744, John Murray of Broughton, who had been for three or four years an agent of the old Chevalier, and much trusted by him and his adherents, returned to Paris from Scotland, carrying with him the joint opinion of the Jacobites in that country upon the subject of an invasion. Mr Murray was a gentleman of honourable birth and competent fortune, being the son of Sir David Murray, by his second wife, a daughter of Sir John Scott of Ancrum. His early travels to Rome gave him an opportunity of offering his services to the old Chevalier, and he had ever since retained his confidence. The opinion which he now delivered to Charles, as the united sentiments of his friends in Scotland, was, that if he could persuade the French government to allow him six thousand auxiliary troops, ten thousand stand of arms, and thirty thousand louis-d'or, he might assuredly reckon on the support of all his Scottish friends. But Murray had been charged at the same time to say, that if the Prince could not obtain succours to the amount specified, they could do nothing in his behalf. The answer which the Prince returned by Murray to his Scottish adherents, was, that he was weary and disgusted with waiting upon

the timid, uncertain, and faithless politics of the court of France; and that, whether with or without their assistance or concurrence, he was determined to appear in Scotland in person, and try his fortune. Mr Murray has left a positive declaration, that he endeavoured as much as possible to divert the Prince from an attempt, which rather announced desperation than courage; but as there were other reasons for imputing blame to the agent, many of those who suffered by the expedition represent him as having secretly encouraged the Prince in his romantic undertaking, instead of dissuading him from so rash a course. Whether encouraged by Murray, or otherwise, Charles Edward continued fixed in his determination to try what effect could be produced by his arrival in Scotland, with such slender supplies of money and arms as his private fortune might afford.

With a view to this experiment, the Prince sent Murray back to Scotland, with commissions to those whom he regarded as the most faithful friends of his family, given in his own name, as Prince of Wales and Regent for James VIII, for which last title he possessed an ample warrant from his father. The arrival of these documents in Scotland excited the utmost surprise and anxiety; and at a full meeting of the principal Jacobites held at Edinburgh, it was agreed to dispatch Mr Murray to the Highlands, to meet, if possible, the young Adventurer on his first coming upon the coast, and communicating their general disapprobation of an attempt so desperate, to entreat him to reserve himself and the Scottish friends of his family for some period in which fortune might better favour their exertions. The titular Duke of Perth alone dissented from the opinion of the meeting, and declared, in a spirit of high-strained loyalty, that he would join the Prince if he arrived without a single man. The others were unanimous in a different judgment, and Murray, empowered by them, remained on the watch on the Highland coast during the whole month of June, when, the Chevalier not appearing, he returned to his own seat in the south of Scotland, supposing naturally that the young man had renounced an attempt which had in it so much of the headlong rashness of youth, and which he might be fairly believed to have laid aside on mature consideration.

But the Chevalier had resolved on his expedition. He was distrustful of the motives, doubtful of the real purposes of France, and was determined to try his fate upon his own resources, however inadequate to the purpose he meant to effect. It is said that Cardinal Tencin was the only member of the French government to whom his resolution was made known, to which the minister yielded his acquiescence rather than his countenance; and at length, as England and France were now engaged in open war, he generously consented that Charles should pursue his desperate enterprise upon his own risk and his own means, without farther assistance than a very indirect degree of encouragement from France. The fatal defeat at Fontenoy happened about the same period, and as the British forces in Flanders were much weakened, the Adventurer was encouraged to hope that no troops could be spared from thence to oppose his enterprise.

In consequence of the understanding betwixt

Charles, and Tencin, a man-of-war of sixty guns, named the Elizabeth, was placed at the disposal of the adventurous Prince, to which Charles Edward added a frigate or sloop of war, called the Doutelle, which had been fitted out by two merchants of Dunkirk, named Routledge and Walsh, to cruize against the British trade. In this latter vessel he embarked, with a very few attendants, and with the whole or greater part of the money and arms which he had provided.

The expedition was detained by contrary winds till the 8th of July, when the vessels set sail upon this romantic adventure. But the chances of the sea seem to have been invariably unpropitious to the line of Stewart. The next day after they left port, the Lion, an English ship of war, fell in with them, and engaged the Elizabeth. The battle was desperately maintained on both sides, and the vessels separated after much mutual injury. The Elizabeth, in particular, lost her first and second captains, and was compelled to bear away for Brest to refit.

The Doutelle, on board of which was Charles Edward and his suite, had kept at a distance during the action, and seeing its termination, stood away for the north-west of Scotland, so as to reach the Hebrides. Avoiding another large vessel, understood to have been an English man-of-war, which they met in their course, the sloop that carried the young Prince and his fortunes at length moored near the island of South Uist, one of the isles belonging to MacDonald of Clanranald and his kinsfolk. Clanranald was himself on the mainland; but his uncle, MacDonald of Boisdale, by whose superior talents and sagacity the young Chief was much guided, was at that time on South Uist, where his own property lay. On being summoned by the Prince, he came on board the Doutelle.

Charles Edward immediately proposed to Boisdale to take arms, and to engage his powerful neighbours, Sir Alexander MacDonald, and the Chief of the MacLeods, in his cause. These two chiefs could each bring to the field from 1200 to 1500 men. Boisdale replied, with a bluntness to which the Adventurer had not been accustomed, that the enterprise was rash to the verge of insanity; that he could assure him that Sir Alexander MacDonald and the Laird of MacLeod were positively determined not to join him unless on his bringing the forces stipulated by the unanimous determination of the friends of his family; and that, by his advice, his nephew Clanranald would also adopt the resolution of remaining quiet. The young Chevalier argued the point for some time, still steering towards the mainland; until, finding Boisdale inexorable, he at length dismissed him, and suffered him to take his boat and return to South Uist. It is said, that this interview with Boisdale had such an influence on the mind of Charles, that he called a council of the principal followers who accompanied him in the Doutelle, when all voices, save one, were unanimous for returning, and Charles himself seemed for a moment disposed to relinquish the expedition. Sir Thomas Sheridan alone, an Irish gentleman, who had been his tutor, was inclined to prosecute the adventure farther, and encouraged his pupil to stand his ground, and consult some more of his Scottish partisans before renouncing a plan, on

which he had ventured so far, that to relinquish it without farther trial would be an act of cowardice, implying a renunciation of the birthright he came to seek. His opinion determined his pupil, who was on all occasions much guided by it, to make another appeal to the spirit of the Highland leaders.

Advancing still towards the mainland, Charles with his sloop of war entered the bay of Lochannagh, between Moidart and Arisaig, and sent a messenger ashore to apprise Clanranald of his arrival. That chieftain immediately came on board, with his relation, MacDonald of Kinloch-Moidart, and one or two others. Charles applied to them the same arguments which he had in vain exhausted upon Boisdale, their relation, and received the same reply, that an attempt at the present time, and with such slender means, could end in nothing but ruin. A young Highlander, a brother of Kinloch-Moidart, began now to understand before whom he stood, and, grasping his sword, showed visible signs of impatience at the reluctance manifested by his chief and his brother to join their Prince. Charles marked his agitation, and availed himself of it.

He turned suddenly towards the young Highlander, and said, "You at least will not forsake me?"—"I will follow you to death," said Ranald, "were there no other to draw a sword in your cause." The chief and relative of the warm-hearted young man caught his enthusiasm, and declared, that since the Prince was determined, they would no longer dispute his pleasure. He landed accordingly, and was conducted to the house of Boradale, as a temporary place of residence. Seven persons came ashore as his suite. These were the Marquis of Tullibardin, outlawed for his share in the insurrection of 1715, elder brother of James, the actual Duke of Athole; Sir Thomas Sheridan, the Prince's tutor; Sir John MacDonald, an officer in the Spanish service; Francis Strickland, an English gentleman; Kelly, who had been implicated in what was called the Bishop of Rochester's Plot; Aeneas MacDonald, a banker in Paris, a brother of Kinloch-Moidart; and Buchanan, who had been intrusted with the service of summoning the Chevalier from Rome to Paris. One of his attendants, or who immediately afterwards joined him, has been since made generally known by the military renown of his son, Marshal MacDonald, distinguished by his integrity, courage, and capacity, during so many arduous scenes of the great revolutionary war.*

This memorable landing in Moidart took place on the 25th July, 1745. The place where Charles was lodged was remarkably well situated for concealment, and for communication with friendly clans, both in the islands and on the mainland, without whose countenance and concurrence it was impossible that his enterprise could succeed.

Cameron of Lochiel had an early summons from the Prince, and waited on him as soon as he received

* His father was one of a tribe of MacDonalds residing in South Uist, named MacEachen, or sons of Hector, descended from the house of Clanranald by birth, and united with them by intermarriage. Young MacDonald, or MacEachen, had been bred at Saint Omer's, with a view to taking priest's orders; he, therefore, understood the Latin as well as the English, French, and Gaelic languages, and his services were important to Charles as an interpreter, or private secretary.

it. He came fully convinced of the utter madness of the undertaking, and determined, as he thought, to counsel the Adventurer to return to France, and wait a more favourable opportunity.

"If such is your purpose, Donald," said Cameron of Fassefern to his brother of Lochiel, "write to the Prince your opinion; but do not trust yourself within the fascination of his presence. I know you better than you know yourself, and you will be unable to refuse compliance."

Fassefern prophesied truly. While the Prince confined himself to argument, Lochiel remained firm, and answered all his reasoning. At length Charles, finding it impossible to subdue the chief's judgment, made a powerful appeal to his feelings.

"I have come hither," he said, "with my mind unalterably made up, to reclaim my rights or to perish. Be the issue what will, I am determined to display my standard, and take the field with such as may join it. Lochiel, whom my father esteemed the best friend of our family, may remain at home, and learn his Prince's fate from the newspapers."

"Not so," replied the chief, much affected; "if you are resolved on this rash undertaking, I will go with you, and so shall every one over whom I have influence."

Thus was Lochiel's sagacity overpowered by his sense of what he esteemed honour and loyalty, which induced him to front the prospect of ruin with a disinterested devotion, not unworthy the best days of chivalry. His decision was the signal for the commencement of the rebellion; for it was generally understood at the time, that there was not a chief in the Highlands who would have risen, if Lochiel had maintained his pacific purpose.

He had no sooner embraced the Chevalier's proposal, than messengers were dispatched in every direction to summon such clans as were judged friendly, announcing that the royal standard was to be erected at Glenfinnan on the 19th of August, and requiring them to attend on it with their followers in arms.

Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat, and MacLeod of MacLeod, were, as already mentioned, men of the greatest note in the Hebrides, and their joint forces were computed at more than three thousand men. They had declared themselves friendly to the Prince's cause, and Clauranald was dispatched to them to hasten their junction. The envoy found them both at Sir Alexander MacDonald's, and said all he could to decide them to raise their following; but that chieftain alleged that he had never come under any explicit engagement to join Charles, nor could he be persuaded to do so in such a desperate undertaking. MacLeod's engagements are said to have been more peremptory; but he appears to have been as reluctant as Sir Alexander MacDonald to comply with Charles Edward's summons, alleging that his agreement depended on the Prince bringing certain auxiliaries and supplies, which were not forthcoming. He, moreover, pleaded to Clanranald, that a number of his men resided in the distant islands, as an additional excuse for not joining the standard immediately. Clanranald's mission was therefore unsuccessful, and the defection of these two powerful chiefs was indifferently supplied by the zeal displayed by others of less power.

Charles, however, displayed great skill in managing the tempers, and gaining the affections, of such Highlanders as were introduced to him during his abode at Boradale. The memoirs of an officer, named MacDonald, engaged in his army, gives so interesting an account of his person and behaviour, that I shall throw it to the end of this chapter in the form of a note. The Prince's Lowland friends were also acquainted with his arrival, and prepared for his designs.

Government was, at the same time, rendered vigilant, by the visible stir which seemed to take place among the Jacobites, and proceeded to the arrest of suspicious persons. Among these, one of the principal was the titular Duke of Perth, upon whose ancestor the Court of Saint Germain's had conferred that rank. He was son of Lord John Drummond, who flourished in the 1715, and grandson of the unfortunate Earl of Perth, Lord Chancellor to James VII before the Revolution. The present descendant of that honourable house was a man respected for his high rank, popular manners, dauntless bravery, and sweetness of disposition, but not possessed of any extraordinary degree of talent. This nobleman was residing at Castle-Drummond, when Captain Campbell of Inveraw, who commanded an independent Highland company lying at Muthil, in the neighbourhood, received orders to lay him under arrest. Campbell, by the mediation of a friend, procured himself an invitation to dine at Drummond-Castle, and caused his men to approach the place as near as they could without causing suspicion. When dinner was over, and the ladies had retired, Inveraw put the arrest into execution, and told the Duke he was his prisoner, stating, at the same time, his orders in apology. The Duke seemed to treat the thing with indifference, and said, since it was so there was no help for it. But, in leaving the apartment, he made the captain pass before him as if by a natural motion of politeness, and turning short on his heel, instead of following him, left the room, and by a private door fled from the house into the wood. There was an instant pursuit, and the Duke would probably have been retaken, had he not found a pony, and leapt upon its back, with only a halter on its head, and without a saddle. By the advantage thus afforded him, he was enabled to escape to the neighbouring Highlands, where he lay safe from pursuit, and soon after obtained knowledge of the young Chevalier's having landed, and made preparation to join him.

John Murray of Broughton, in the meanwhile, had discharged the perilous task of having the manifestos printed, which were to be dispersed when the invasion should become public, as well as that of warning several persons, who had agreed to give supplies of money and arms. He now left his house, where he had lived for the last three weeks in constant danger, and fear of arrest, and set out to join the Prince. His active genius meditated some other exploits. By the assistance of a Jacobite friend, of a fearless and enterprising disposition, he laid a scheme for surprising the Duke of Argyle (brother and successor to the famous Duke John), and making him prisoner at his own castle of Inverary. Another project was to cause government to receive information, which, though false in the main, was yet coloured with so

many circumstances of truth as to make it seem plausible, and which came to them through a channel which they did not mistrust. The reports thus conveyed to them bore, that the Jacobite chiefs were to hold a great consultation in the wilds of Rannoch, and that Murray had left his house in the south to be present at the meeting. It was proposed to those managing on the part of government, to seize the opportunity of dispatching parties from Fort-William and Fort-Augustus to secure the conspirators at their rendezvous. The object of the scheme was that the Highlanders might have an opportunity of surprising the forts, when the garrison should be diminished by the proposed detachments. Mr Murray, having thus planned two exploits, which, had they succeeded, must have been most advantageous to the Prince's cause, proceeded to join Charles Edward, whom he found at the house of MacDonald of Kinloch-Moidart, who had advanced to that place from Boradale. Many Highland gentlemen had joined him, and his enterprise seemed to be generally favoured by the chiefs on the mainland. Clanranald had also joined with three hundred and upwards of his clan. Regular guards were mounted on the person of the Prince; his arms and treasure were disembarked from the *Doutelle*, and distributed amongst those who seemed most able to serve him. Yet he remained straitened for want of provisions, which might have disconcerted his expedition, had not the *Doutelle* fallen in with and captured two vessels laden with oatmeal, a supply which enabled him to keep his followers together, and to look with confidence to the moment which had been fixed for displaying his standard.

Mr Murray, to whose management so much of the private politics of Prince Charles had been confided, was recognised as his Secretary of State, and trusted with all the internal management of the momentous undertaking.

NOTE.

The author of the *Memoirs* from which the following extract is made, appears to have been a MacDonald, and one of the seven gentlemen of that clan, who, being the earliest to join Charles Edward, were long distinguished by the name of the Seven Men of Moidart. Their curiosity had been excited by the appearance of the *Doutelle* when it arrived on the coast, and they hastened to the shore to learn the news.

"We called for the ship's boat, and were immediately carried on board, and our hearts were overjoyed to find ourselves so near our long wished for Prince. We found a large tent erected with poles on the ship's deck, covered and well furnished with variety of wines and spirits. As we enter'd this pavilion, we were most cheerfully welcom'd by the Duke of Athole, to whom some of us had been known in the year 1715. While the Duke was talking with us, Clanranald was amissing, and had, as we understood, been called into the Prince's cabin; nor did we look for the honour of seeing H. R. H., at least for that night. After being 3 hours with the P. Clanranald returned to us; and, in about half an hour after, there entered the tent a tall youth, of a most agreeable aspect, in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt, not very clean, and a cambric stock, fixed with a plain silver buckle, a fair round wig out of the buckle, a plain hatt, with a canvas string, having one end fixed to one of his coat buttons; he had black stockings, and brass buckles in his shoes. At his first appearance, I found my heart swell to my very throat. We were immediately told by one Obrian, a churchman, that this youth was also an English clergyman, who had long been possess'd with a desire to see and converse with Highlanders.

VOL. VII.

"When this youth entered, Obrian forbid any of those who were sitting to rise; he saluted none of us, and we only made a low bow at a distance. I chanced to be one of those who were standing when he came in, and he took his seat near me, but immediately started up again, and caused me sit down by him upon a chest. I at this time taking him to be only a passenger, or some clergyman, presumed to speak to him with too much familiarity, yet still retained some suspicion he might be one of more note than he was said to be. He asked me if I was not cold in that habit? (*viz.* the Highland garb.) I answered, I was so habituated to it that I should rather be so if I was to change my dress for any other. At this he laughed heartily, and next enquired how I lay with it at night, which I explained to him. He said, that by wrapping myself so close in my plaid, I would be unprepared for any sudden defence in case of a surprise. I answered, that in such times of danger or during a war, we had a different method of using the plaid, so that with one spring, I could start to my feet with drawn sword and cocked pistol in my hand, without being in the least incumbered with my bed-cloaths. Several such questions he put to me; then, rising quickly from his seat, he calls for a dram, when the same person whispered me a second time, to pledge the stranger, but not to drink to him,—by which seasonable hint I was confirmed in my suspicion who he was. Having taken a glass of wine in his hand, he drank to us all round, and soon after left us."

The writer then mentions the difficulties under which the Adventurer struggled, and adds—

"So all may judge, how hazardous an enterprise we (*i. e.* Clanranald's people) were now engaged in, being for some time quite alone, who, notwithstanding, resolved to follow our P. most cheerfully, and risque our fate with him. We there did our best to give him a most hearty welcome to our country, the P. and all his company with a guard of about 100 men, being all entertained in the house, &c. of Angus M'Donald of Borradale, in Arisaig, in as hospitable a manner as the place could afford. H. R. H. being seated in a proper place, had a view of all our company, the whole neighbourhood, without distinction of age or sex, crowding in upon us to see the P. After we had all eaten plentifully and drank cheerfully, H. R. H. drunk the grace drink in English, which most of us understood; when it came to my turn, I presumed to distinguish myself by saying audibly in Erse (or Highland language), *Deoch slaint an-Reogh*;—H. R. H. understanding that I had drunk the King's health, made me speak the words again in Erse, and said, he could drink the King's health likewise in that language, repeating my words; and the company mentioning my skill in the Highland language, H. R. H. said I should be his master for that language, and so I was made to ask the healths of the Prince and Duke."

The original journal of this simple-minded and high-spirited young Highlander, who seems to have wooed danger as a bride, will be found in the Lockhart Papers, Vol. II, page 479.

CHAPTER XVI.

Commencement of Hostilities—Raising of Prince Charles's Standard—March of Sir John Cope into the Highlands—Intrigues of Lord Lovat—Preparations of the Prince for fighting Cope, who turns off on the Route to Inverness, leaving the road to the Lowlands open—March of Prince Charles towards the Low Country—Character of Lord George Murray—Arrival of the Highland Army at Perth—Note, Letter from Lord Lovat to Cameron of Lochiel.

IN the meanwhile, and even before the day appointed by Charles Edward for erecting his standard, the civil war commenced. This was not by the capture of the Duke of Argyle, or the projected attack upon the forts, neither of which took place. But the hostile movements of the Highlanders had not escaped the attention of the governor of Fort-Augustus, who, apprehensive for the safety of Fort-William, which lay nearest to the disaffected clans, sent a detachment of two companies under Captain John Scott, afterwards General Scott. He marched

early in the morning of the 16th of August, with the purpose of reaching Fort-William before nightfall. His march ran along the military road which passes by the side of the chain of lakes now connected by the Caledonian Canal. Captain Scott and his detachment had passed the lakes, and were within eight miles of Fort-William, when they approached a pass called High Bridge, where the river Spean is crossed by a steep and narrow bridge, surrounded by rocks and woods. Here he was alarmed by the sound of a bagpipe, and the appearance of Highlanders in arms. This was a party of men belonging to MacDonald of Keppoch, and commanded by his kinsman, MacDonald of Tiendreich. They did not amount to more than twelve or fifteen men, but, showing themselves in different points, it was impossible for Captain Scott to ascertain their number. He detached a steady sergeant in advance, accompanied by a private soldier, to learn the meaning of this opposition; but they were instantly made prisoners by the mountaineers.

Scott, who was a man of unquestionable courage, was desirous of pursuing his route and fighting his way. But his officers were of a different opinion, considering that they were to storm a strong pass in the face of an enemy of unknown strength, and the privates, who were newly raised men, showed symptoms of fear. In this predicament Captain Scott was induced to attempt a retreat by the same road along which he had advanced. But the firing had alarmed the country; and the Highlanders assembling with characteristic promptitude, their numbers increased at every moment. Their activity enabled them to line the mountains, rocks, and thickets overhanging the road, and by which it was commanded, and the regulars were overwhelmed with a destructive fire, to which they could only make a random return upon an invisible enemy. Meanwhile the hills, the rocks, and dingles, resounded with the irregular firing, the fierce shrieks of the Highlanders, and the yellings of the pibroch. The soldiers continued to retreat, or rather to run, till about five or six miles eastward from High Bridge, when Keppoch came up with about twenty more men, hastily assembled since the skirmish began. Others, the followers of Glengarry, had also joined, making the number about fifty. The Highlanders pressed their advantage, and showed themselves more boldly in front, flank, and rear, while the ammunition of the soldiers was exhausted without having even wounded one of their assailants. They were now closely surrounded, or supposed themselves to be so; their spirits were entirely sunk, and on Keppoch coming in front, and summoning them to surrender, on pain of being cut to pieces, they immediately laid down their arms. Captain Scott was wounded, as were five or six of his men. About the same number were slain. This disaster, which seems to have arisen from the commanding officer's neglecting to keep an advanced guard, gave great spirits to the Highlanders, and placed in a flattering light their peculiar excellence as light troops. The prisoners were treated with humanity, and carried to Lochiel's house of Auchnacarrie, where the wounded were carefully attended to. As the governor of Fort-Augustus would not permit a surgeon from that garrison to

attend Captain Scott, Lochiel, with his wonted generosity, sent him on parole to the Fort, that he might have medical assistance.

The war being thus openly commenced, Charles moved from the House of Glenaladale, which had been his last residence, to be present at the raising of his standard at the place of rendezvous in Glenfinnan. He arrived early on the 19th of August in the savage and sequestered vale, attended only by a company or two of the MacDonalds, whose chief, Clanranald, was absent, raising his men in every quarter where he had influence. Two hours elapsed, and the mountain ridges still looked as lonely as ever, while Charles waited as one uncertain of his fate, until at length Lochiel and the Camerons appeared. This body amounted to seven or eight hundred. They advanced in two lines, having betwixt them the two companies who had been taken on the 16th, disarmed and marching as prisoners. Keppoch arrived shortly afterwards with three hundred men, and some chieftains of less importance brought in each a few followers.

The standard was then unfurled; it was displayed by the Marquis of Tullibardin, exiled, as we have already said, on account of his accession to the rebellion in 1715, and now returned to Scotland with Charles in the Doutelle. He was supported by a man on each side as he performed the ceremony. The manifesto of the old Chevalier, and the commission of regency granted to his son Charles Edward, were then read, and the Adventurer made a short speech, asserting his title to the throne, and alleging that he came for the happiness of his people, and had chosen this part of the kingdom for the commencement of his enterprise, because he knew he should find a population of brave gentlemen, zealous as their noble predecessors for their own honour and the rights of their sovereign, and as willing to live and die with him, as he was willing at their head to shed the last drop of his blood.

A leader of the clan of MacLeod appeared at this rendezvous, and renounced on the occasion his dependence upon his chief, whom indeed he did not acknowledge as such, and promised to join with his own following. Lochiel and some others of the chiefs present took this opportunity of writing to MacLeod and Sir Alexander MacDonald, to engage them to join, as the writers alleged their honour obliged them. This letter gave great offence to both the chiefs, and to Sir Alexander in particular, who alleged the insinuation it contained as a reason for the part he afterwards took in this affair.

Tidings were soon heard that the government troops were in motion to put down the insurrection.

The Prince had resolved to avoid the great mistake of Mar in the year 1715, and to avail himself to the uttermost of the fierce and ardent activity of the troops whom he commanded, and it was with pleasure that he heard of the enemy's approach. He remained for a few days at Auchnacarrie, the house of Lochiel, and, finding the unwillingness which the Highlanders evinced to carry baggage, the impossibility of finding horses, and the execrable character of the roads, he left a quantity of swivel-guns and pioneer's tools behind, as tending only to encumber his march. In the meantime, he was joined by the following clans:—MacDonald of Glencoe brought

with him 150 men; the Stuarts of Appin, under Ardshiel, amounted to 250; Keppoch brought 300 MacDonalds; * Glengarry, the younger, joined the army, as it marched eastward, with about 300—making a total of nearly 2000 men.

There was an association drawn up and signed at Auchnacarrie, by the chiefs who had taken the field, in which the subscribers bound themselves never to abandon the Prince while he remained in the realm, or to lay down their arms, or make peace with government, without his express consent.

While the insurrection was thus gathering strength and consistency, the heads of the official bodies at Edinburgh, became apprised of its existence, which, however rash on the part of the Adventurer, was yet very hazardous to the state, on account of the particular time when it broke out. George II was absent in Hanover, and the government was in the hands of a Council of Regency, called Lords Justices, whose counsels seem neither to have evinced sagacity nor vigour.

Early in summer, they had received intelligence that the young Chevalier had a design to sail from Nantes with a single vessel; and, latterly, they had heard a rumour that he had actually landed in the Highlands. This intelligence was sent by the Marquis of Tweeddale to the commander-in-chief; to Lord Milton, a Scottish judge, who was much consulted in state affairs; to the Lord Advocate, the President of the Court of Session, and the Lord Justice Clerk. These principal officers or advisers of government formed a sort of council for the direction of state affairs.

The report of Charles's landing at length reached Edinburgh with such marks of authenticity, as no longer to admit of doubt. The alarm was very considerable, for the regular forces of Britain were chiefly engaged on the continent. There were not in all Scotland quite three thousand troops, exclusive of garrisons. Of three battalions and a half of infantry, only one battalion was an old corps; the rest were newly raised. Two regiments of dragoons, Hamilton's and Gardiner's, were the youngest in the service. There were independent companies levied for the purpose of completing the regiments which were in Flanders; and there were several companies of a Highland regiment, which Lord Loudon commanded, but who, being Highlanders, were not to be much trusted in the present quarrel. Out of this small force, two of the newly raised companies had been made prisoners at High Bridge. Yet, reduced as his strength was, Sir John Cope, the commander-in-chief, deemed it equal to the occasion, and resolved to set out northward at the head of such troops as he could most hastily assemble, to seek out the Adventurer, give him battle, and put an end to the rebellion. The Lords Justices approved of this as a soldierlike re-

* Keppoch, it is said, would have brought more men to the field, but there existed a dispute betwixt him and his clan,—a rare circumstance in itself, and still more uncommon, as it arose from a point of religion. Keppoch was a Protestant, his clan were Catholics,—a difference which would have bred no discord between them, if Keppoch would have permitted the priest to accompany his hearers on the march. But the chief would not: the clansmen took offence, and came in smaller numbers than otherwise would have followed him, for he was much and deservedly beloved by them.

solution, and gave orders to the General to proceed to put his plan in execution.

Sir John took the field accordingly on the 19th of August, and marched to Stirling, where he left the two regiments of dragoons, as they could have been of little use in the hills, and it would have been difficult to obtain forage for them. His infantry consisted of between fourteen and fifteen hundred men; and, together with a train of artillery and a superfluity of baggage, he had with him a thousand stand of spare muskets, to arm such loyal clans as he expected to join him. None such appearing, he sent back 700 of the firelocks from Crieff to Stirling. His march was directed upon Fort-Augustus, from which, as a central point, he designed to operate against the insurgents, wherever he might find them. As this route was the same with that by which the Highland army were drawing towards the Lowlands, Sir John Cope had no sooner arrived at Dalnacardoch than he learned, from undoubted intelligence, that the Highlanders were advancing, with the purpose of meeting and fighting him at the pass of Corryarrack. How this intelligence affected the motions of the English general I will presently tell you, but must, in the first place, return to the operations of the young Chevalier and his insurrectionary army.

Amongst other persons of consequence with whom the Prince had held correspondence since his landing, was the celebrated Lord Lovat, who, highly discontented with government for depriving him of his independent company, had long professed his resolution to return to his original allegiance to the Stewart dynasty, and was one of those seven men of consequence who subscribed the invitation to the Chevalier in the year 1740. As no one, however, suspected Lovat of attachment either to king or political party farther than his own interest was concerned, and as the Chevalier had come without the troops, money, and arms, which had been stipulated in that offer of service, there was great reason to suspect that the old wily chief might turn against the Adventurer, and refuse him his support. It chanced, however, that Lovat had attached considerable importance to the idea of becoming Duke of Fraser, and Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire; and the desire of obtaining these objects, though but of ideal value, induced him, notwithstanding his natural selfish sagacity, to endeavour to secure them, at the same moment while he was meditating how to escape from fulfilling the promises of which these titular honours and offices were to be the guerdon.

While the Chevalier lay at Invergarry, Fraser of Gortuleg, an especial confidant of Lovat, waited upon the Prince in the capacity of his chief's envoy, and made an humble request for the patent of the dukedom and the lieutenancy, which King James VIII had promised to him. At the same time, the emissary brought a specious, but evasive protestation, of Lovat's respect for the Stewart family, and his deep regret that his age and infirmities, with other obstacles, would not permit him instantly to get his clan to take up arms.

Such a message was easily seen to evince a desire to seize the bait, without, if possible, swallowing the hook it covered. But Lovat was a man of great importance at the time. Besides his own clan, which

he retained in high military order, he had also great influence over the Laird of Cluny, his son-in-law, and chief of the MacPhersons,—over the MacIntoshes, the Farquharsons, and other clans residing in the neighbourhood of Inverness, who were likely to follow his example in rising or remaining quiet. Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat, and the Laird of MacLeod, were also much in the habit of taking his advice, and following his example. He was not, therefore, to be disobliged; and as the original patents, subscribed by James himself, had been left behind with the heavy baggage, the Chevalier caused new deeds of the same tenor to be written out, and delivered to Gortuleg for Lovat's satisfaction.

The crafty old man, by the same messenger, made another request, which had a relish of blood in it. I have told you that Lovat's most intimate friend had been Duncan Forbes, now Lord President of the Court of Session, to whose assistance he owed his establishment in the country and estate of his ancestors, in the year 1715. They had continued since that period on the most intimate terms, Lord Lovat applying, according to his nature, every expression of devotion and flattery which could serve to secure the President's good opinion. As Duncan Forbes, however, was a man of perfect knowledge of the world, he speedily traced Lovat's growing dislike to the established government; and being, by his office, as well as his disposition, a decided friend to the ruling dynasty, he easily fathomed Lovat's designs, and laboured to render them abortive. Their correspondence, though still full of profession and adulation on Lovat's side, assumed a tone of mutual suspicion and alarm, which made the latter to grow weary of the President's active, vigilant, and frequent remonstrances. Gortuleg, therefore, stated Lovat's extreme sense of the power which the President had to hurt the cause of the Stewart family, and demanded a warrant from the Prince, authorising him to secure his friend, the President, dead or alive. The Prince declined granting it in the terms required, but signed a warrant for seizing the President's person, and detaining him in close custody. With these documents Fraser of Gortuleg returned to his wily and double-dealing old master.

In the meantime, Lovat's conduct exhibited strange marks of indecision. He became apprised by the Lord President, that Sir Alexander MacDonald and MacLeod had declined to join the Chevalier,—a resolution, indeed, to which the prudential advice of Forbes had strongly contributed,—and he expressed his own determination to adhere to the established government.

While these intrigues were in progress, the Chevalier obtained accurate accounts of Sir John Cope's movements, from deserters who frequently left Lord Loudon's companies, which consisted chiefly of Highlanders, these men having a strong temptation to join the ranks of the Chevalier, in whose service their relations and chief were engaged.

The Prince was so much animated at the prospect of battle, that he summoned together his clans, now augmented by the Grants of Glenmorriston, in number one hundred men—burned and destroyed all that could impede his march, and sacrificed his own baggage, that the men might not complain of hard-

ship. By a forced march he assembled his adherents at Invergarry, where he gave them some hours' repose, in order that they might be the better fitted for the fatigues of the impending battle.

On the morning of the 26th August, the Chevalier marched to Aberchallader, within three miles of Fort-Augustus, and rested for the evening. On the dawning of the next morning, he resumed his march, to dispute with Sir John Cope, whom all reports announced to be advancing, the passage of the rugged pass of Corryarrack. This mountain is ascended by a part of Marshal Wade's military road, which attains the summit by a long succession of zig-zags, or traverses, gaining slowly and gradually on the steep and rugged elevation on the south side, by which General Cope was supposed to be advancing. The succession of so many steep and oblique windings on the side of the hill, the other parts of which are in the highest degree impracticable, bears the appropriate name of the Devil's Staircase. The side of the mountain, save where intersected by this uncouth line of approach, is almost inaccessible, and the traverses are themselves intersected by deep mountain ravines and torrents, crossed by bridges which might be in a very short time broken down, and, being flanked with rocks and thickets, afford innumerable points of safe ambush to sharpshooters or enfilading parties. The Chevalier hastened to ascend the northern side, and possess himself of the top of the hill, which has all the effect of a natural fortress, every traverse serving for a trench. He displayed exulting hope and spirits, and while putting on a new pair of Highland brogues, said with high glee, "Before I throw these off, I shall fight with General Cope." He expected to meet the English general about one o'clock.

MacDonald of Lochgarry, with the Secretary Murray, were ordered to ascend the hill on the north side, and reconnoitre the position of the supposed enemy. But to their astonishment, when they reached the summit, instead of seeing the precipitous path filled with the numerous files of Cope's army in the act of ascent, they looked on silence and solitude. Not a man appeared on the numerous windings of the road, until at length they observed some people in the Highland garb, whom they at first took for Lord Loudon's Highlanders, who, as familiar with the roads and the country, it was natural to think might form the advanced guard of the English army. On a nearer approach, these men were discovered to be deserters from Cope's army, who brought the intelligence that that General had entirely altered his line of march, and, avoiding the expected contest, was in full march to Inverness.

The truth proved to be, that General Cope, when he approached within a day's march of the Chevalier and his little army, saw objections to his plan of seeking out the Adventurer and fighting him, which had not occurred to him while there was a greater distance between them. It could have required no great powers of anticipation to suppose, that the Highlanders would rally round their Prince in considerable numbers, impressed by the romantic character of his expedition; or to conjecture that, in so very rugged a country, an irregular army would take post in a defile. But General Cope had not imagined such a

rapid assembling of the mountaineers as had taken place, or a pass so formidable as the Devil's Staircase, on Corryarrack. This unlucky general, whose name became a sort of laughing-stock in Scotland, was not by any means a poltroon, as has been supposed; but he was one of those second-rate men, who are afraid of responsibility, and form their plan of a campaign, more with reference to the vindication of their own character, than the success of their enterprise. He laid his embarrassments before a council of war, the usual refuge of generals who find themselves unable to decide, of their own judgment, upon arduous points of difficulty. He had received exact information concerning the numbers and disposition of the enemy from Captain Sweetenham, an English officer, who was taken prisoner by the insurgents, while on his route to take the command of three companies lying at Fort-William, and, having been present at the setting up of the standard, described the general huzzas and clouds of bonnets which were flung up on the occasion. The prisoner had been treated with much courtesy, and dismissed to carry the report that the rebels intended to give General Cope battle. Sir John Cope laid the intelligence before the council. He stated the unexpected numbers of the Highland insurgents, the strength of their position, the disappointment which he had met with in not being joined, as he expected, by any of the well-affected inhabitants of the country, and he asked the advice of his officers.

It was now too late to inquire, whether the march into the Highlands was at all a prudent measure, unless the English general had possessed such a predominant force, as to be certain of crushing the rebellion at once; or whether the forming a camp at Stirling, and preventing the Chevalier from crossing the Forth, while, at the same time, troops were sent by sea to raise the northern clans, who were friendly to Government, in the rear of the Adventurer's little army, might not have been a preferable scheme. The time for option was ended. General Cope had proposed, and the Government had sanctioned, the advance into the north, and the plan had been acted upon. Still it does not appear to have been necessary that Cope should have relinquished his purpose so meanly as was implied in the march, or rather flight, to Inverness, which so much dispirited his troops, and gave such enthusiastic courage to the insurgents. Indeed, no general in his senses would have attacked the defile of Corryarrack; but had Cope chosen to have encamped on the plain, about two miles to the south of Dalwhinnie, he could not have been forced to fight but on his own terms, with the full advantage of his artillery and his superior discipline, and Charles must have either given battle at a disadvantage, or suffered extremely by the want of money and provisions. Sir John, in the meantime, might have drawn his supplies from Athole, and would have overawed that highly-disaffected district, the inhabitants of which, relieved from his presence by his march to Inverness, immediately joined the rebels. The superiority of the Highland army in numbers was but trifling, and such as the discipline of regular troops had always been esteemed sufficient to compensate, although there is reason to think that it was greatly exaggerated to the English General. None of this

reasoning seemed to influence the council of war; they gave it as their opinion that the troops should be drawn off to Inverness, instead of making a stand, or retiring to Stirling, although the option involved the certain risk of exposing the Low country to the insurgents.

Sir John Cope, having his motions thus sanctioned by the opinion of the council of war, advanced for a mile or two, on the morning of the 27th of August, in his original direction, till he reached the point where the road to Inverness leaves that which leads to Fort-Augustus, when the march was suddenly altered, and the route to Inverness adopted.

The exultation which filled the Highlanders on learning Cope's retreat was of a most exuberant description; but it was mingled with disappointment, like that of hunters whose prey has escaped them. There was a unanimous call to follow the retreating General with all dispatch, and compel him to fight. Cope had, indeed, some hours the start; but, in a council of Chiefs, it was proposed to march five hundred picked men across the country to throw themselves by rapid marches between Inverness and the English general's forces, and detain the regulars until the rest of the army came up in their rear. The advantages to be gained by an unopposed march into the Lowlands were, however, superior to what could be obtained by the pursuit, or even the defeat, of Sir John Cope, and the latter plan was given up accordingly.

An attempt was made, on the part of the Highlanders, to surprise or burn the barracks of Ruthven; but they were bravely defended by the little garrison, and the attempt proved unsuccessful. They therefore directed their march southward upon Garvickmore.

In the meantime, the intrigues of Lord Lovat continued to agitate the north, while the Lord President Forbes endeavoured, by soliciting Government for arms, by distributing commissions for independent companies, of which twenty were intrusted to his disposal, and by supplying money from his private purse, to animate the clans who remained attached to Government, and to confirm those which were doubtful.

The old chief of the clan Fraser, apparently seconding all his measures, was, in fact, counteracting them as far as he could, and endeavouring, if not to turn the scale in favour of the young Adventurer, at least to preserve the parties in such a state of equality, that he himself might have a chance of determining the balance, when he could see on which side there was most to be gained. He feared, however, the shrewd sense, steady loyalty, and upright character of the President, and regarded him with a singular mixture of internal fear and hatred, and external affected respect and observance. A jesuitical letter to Lochiel, in which Lovat alleges his fear of the President, whom he states to be playing at *cat and mouse* with him, is, perhaps, the most extraordinary picture of this extraordinary person's mind that can be exhibited.*

The line of conduct to be adopted by MacPherson of Ciuny, whose numerous and hardy clan is situated chiefly in the district of Badenoch, was at this time a

* See Note, end of this Chapter.

matter of great importance. This chief was a man of a bold and intrepid disposition, who had shown more respect to the laws of property, and more attention to prevent depredations, than any other chief in the Highlands, Lochiel perhaps excepted. He entered into extensive contracts with the Duke of Gordon, and many of the principal proprietors in countries exposed to the Highland caterans, agreeing for a moderate sum of yearly black-mail, to secure them against theft. This species of engagement was often undertaken by persons like Rob Roy, who prosecuted the trade of a freebooter, and was in the habit of stealing at least as many cattle as he was the means of recovering. But Cluny MacPherson pursued the plain and honourable system expressed in the letter of his contract, and by actually securing and bringing to justice the malefactors who committed the depredations, he broke up the greater part of the numerous gangs of robbers in the shires of Inverness and Aberdeen. So much was this the case, that when a clergyman began a sermon on the heinous nature of the crime of theft, an old Highlander of the audience replied, that he might forbear treating of the subject, since Cluny, with his broadsword, had done more to check it than all the ministers in the Highlands could do by their sermons.

This gentleman had been named captain of an independent company, and therefore remained, in appearance, a friend of Government; but, in fact, he only watched an opportunity to return to the allegiance of James VIII, whom he accounted his lawful sovereign. In compliance with his father-in-law Lovat's mysterious politics, Cluny waited on Sir John Cope on the 27th of August, and received that general's orders to embody his clan. But on the next morning the chief of the MacPhersons was made prisoner in his own house, and carried off to the rebel camp. Whether he was entertained there as a captive, or as a secret friend, we have not now the means of knowing. He was conveyed along with the Highland army to Perth, seemingly by constraint.

On 28th August, the Prince bivouacked at Dalwhinnie, himself and his principal officers lying on the moor, with no other shelter than their plaids. On the 29th he reached Dalnacardoch, being thus enabled by the retreat of the English army to possess himself of the passes of the mountains between Badenoch and Athole, and to descend upon the latter country. On the 30th, Charles arrived at Blair in Athole, a castle belonging to the Duke of Athole, whose family, with his Grace's elder brother, Lord Tullibardin, and his uncle, Lord Nairne, were well disposed to the cause of the Prince, though his Grace, who enjoyed the title, was favourable to Government. The families and clans of Stewarts of Athole, Robertsons, and others of less importance, were all inclined to support the insurgents, having never forgotten the fame which their ancestors had obtained in a like cause during the wars of Montrose. The name and authority of the Marquis of Tullibardin, was well calculated to call these ready warriors to arms. He was, as we have said, the elder brother of the Duke who enjoyed the title, and had been forfeited for his share in the rebellion of 1715,—a merit in the eyes of most of the vassals of his family.

The Prince remained two days at Blair, where he

was joined by Viscount Strathallan and his son; by Mr Oliphant of Gask and his son; and the Honourable Mr Murray, brother to the Earl of Dunmore. John Roy Stewart, a most excellent partisan officer, also joined the Prince (to whom he had devoted his service), at this place. He arrived from the Continent, and brought several letters with him from persons of distinction abroad. They contained fair and flourishing promises of good wishes and services to be rendered, none of which civilities ever ripened into effectual assistance.

On the 3d of September, in the evening, the Highland army reached Perth, where it was joined by two persons of first-rate consequence; namely, the Duke of Perth, with two hundred men, whom he had collected while in hiding, in consequence of the warrant which was out for the purpose of arresting him, and the celebrated Lord George Murray, fifth brother of the Marquis of Tullibardin, already mentioned. Both these noblemen were created Lieutenant-generals in the Prince's service.

It was at this time, and upon this occasion, that a sort of jealousy took place between these two great men, which had a sinister effect upon the future affairs of Charles Edward.

We have already given the character of the Duke of Perth, as he was called, a gentleman in the highest degree courtly, pleasing, and amiable, particularly calculated to be agreeable to a person educated abroad, like the Prince, and not likely to run the risk of displeasing him by rough admonition and blunt contradiction. All his habits and opinions had been formed in France, where he had spent the first twenty years of his life. He even spoke English with some marks of a foreigner, which he concealed under the use of the broad Scottish dialect. He was a man of the most undoubted courage, but had no peculiar military talent.

Lord George Murray was a man of original and powerful character. He had been engaged with his brother, the Marquis of Tullibardin, in the affair of 1715, was also present at the battle of Glenshiel, in 1719, and had served for some time in the Sardinian army, then no bad school of war. He had at a later period been reconciled to the reigning family, by the interest of his brother, the actual Duke of Athole. It is said, he had even solicited a commission in the English army. It was, however, refused; and in 1745 he re-assumed his original sentiments, and joined Prince Charles Edward. Lord George Murray was in many respects an important acquisition. He was tall, hardy, and robust; and had that intuitive acquaintance with the art of war, which no course of tactics can teach. Being little instructed by early military education, he was unfettered by its formal rules; and perhaps in leading an army of Highlanders, themselves undisciplined, except from a sort of tact which seemed natural to them, he knew far better how to employ and trust their native energies than a tactician accustomed to regular troops would have ventured to attempt. He was, moreover, undauntedly brave, and in the habit of fighting sword-in-hand in the front of the battle; he slept little, meditated much, and was the only person in the Highland army who seemed to study the movements of the campaign. The chiefs only led their men to the attack in the

field, and the French and Irish officers had been so indifferently selected, that their military knowledge did not exceed the skill necessary to relieve a guard; and only one or two had served in a rank above that of captain. Over such men Lord George Murray had great superiority. He had, however, his failings, and they were chiefly those of temper and manners. He was proud of his superior talents, impatient of contradiction, and haughty and blunt in expressing his opinions.

It happened also not unfrequently, that the Prince himself and his tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, both extremely ignorant of the British constitution and habits of thinking, suffered sentiments of arbitrary power to escape them, as impolitic as they were ungracious. In checking and repelling such opinions, Lord George Murray did a most valuable service to his master; but the manner in which he performed a task necessarily unpleasing was often rude and assuming, and with the best intentions he gave offence, which was not the less sensibly felt by the Prince, that his situation obliged him to suppress all outward indication of his displeasure.

From this peculiarity of Lord George Murray's temper, there was early formed in the Prince's council a party who set up the Duke of Perth in opposition to him; although the gentle, honourable, and candid temper of the duke mitigated the animosity of the internal faction. John Murray, the secretary, who, having been the early agent of Prince Charles's party, possessed a great share of his master's confidence, was supposed to have been chiefly desirous of setting the claims of the Duke of Perth in opposition to those of Lord George Murray, as he considered the former a person over whom his own ambitious and active disposition might preserve an influence, which he could not hope to gain over the haughty and confident temper of the latter nobleman. Mr Murray is supposed chiefly to have insisted upon Lord George's having taken the oaths to government, and having been willing to serve the House of Hanover. By these insinuations he impressed on the Prince a shade of suspicion towards the general, who was the most capable of directing the movements of his army, which was never entirely eradicated from his mind, even while he most felt the value of Lord George Murray's services. Charles's high idea of the devotion due to his rights by his subjects, rendered him jealous of the fidelity of a follower, who had not at all times been a pure royalist, or who had shown any inclination, however transitory, to make his own peace by a compromise with the reigning family. The disunion arising from these intrigues had an existence even at Perth, in the very commencement of their enterprise, and continued till the very end of the affair to vex and perplex the councils of the insurgents.

On his arrival at Perth also, the Chevalier first found the want of money, which has been well called the sinews of war. When he entered that town, he showed one of his followers that his purse contained only a single guinea of the four hundred pounds which he had brought with him in the Doutelle. But Dundee, Montrose, and all the Lowland towns north of the Tay, as far as Inverness, were now at his command. He proceeded to levy the cess and public revenue in name of his father; and as such

of his adherents, who were too old or timid to join the standard, sent in contributions of money according to their ability, his military chest was by these resources tolerably supplied. Parties were sent for this purpose to Dundee, Aberbrothwick, Montrose, and other towns. They proclaimed King James VIII, but committed little violence except opening the prisons; and it is remarkable, that even in my own time, a chieftain of high rank had to pay a large sum of money on account of his ancestors having set at liberty a prisoner who was detained for a considerable amount of debt.

It was no less necessary to brigade the men assembled under this adventurous standard. This was, however, easily done, for the Highlanders were familiar with a species of manœuvring exactly suited to their own irregular tactics. They marched in a column of three abreast, and could wheel up with prompt regularity, in order to form the line, or rather succession of clan columns, in which it was their fashion to charge. They were accustomed also to carry their arms with habitual ease, and handle them with ready promptitude; to fire with a precise aim, and to charge with vigour, trusting to their national weapons, the broadsword and target, with which the first rank of every clan, being generally gentlemen, was completely armed. They were, therefore, as well prepared for the day of battle as could be expected from them; and as there was no time to instruct them in more refined manœuvres, Lord George Murray judiciously recommended to the Prince to trust to those which seemed naturally their own. Some modelling and discipline was, however, resorted to, so far as the short interval would permit.

The time which Charles Edward could allot to supply his finances, arrange the campaign, and discipline his army, was only from the 4th to the 11th of September; for he had already adopted the daring resolution to give eclat to his arms, by taking possession of the Scottish capital, and was eager to advance upon it ere Sir John Cope could with his forces return from the north for its defence.

NOTE.

Letter from Lord Lovat to the Laird of Lochiel.

(This letter is expressed with so much display of character, as might excite a suspicion that it is an imitation of what Lovat might be supposed to think on the occasion, rather than a genuine document. I have seen the original, however, and compared it with Lovat's undoubted handwriting, and it bears no other difference than an appearance of compression and tremulousness natural at his advanced age.)

"For

"The Laird of Locniel,

"These.

"Sept. 1745.

"Dear Lochiel,

"I fear you have been our rash in going out ere affairs were ripe. You are in a dangerous state. The Elector's General Cope is in your rear hanging at y^r tail wth 3000 men,—such as have not been seen heir since Dundee's affair,—and we have no force to meet him. If the Macphersons wd take the field, I wd bring out my lads to help the work, and 'twixt the twa we might cause Cope keep his Xmas heir; bot only Cluny is earnest in the cause, and my Lord Advocat plays at cat-and-mouse wth me; but times may change, and I may bring him to the Saint Johnstoun's tippet. Meantime look to y^rselves, for ye may expect many a sour face and sharp weapon in the south. I'll

aid you what I can, but my prayers are all I can give at present. My service to the Prince, but I wish he had not come heir soe empty-handed; siller w^d go far in the Highlands. I send y^e be Ewan Ffraser, w^m I have charged to give it to y^rself, for, were Duncan to find it, it w^d be my head to an onion.

"Farewell,

"Y^r faithfull friend,

"LOVAT."

CHAPTER XVII.

Preparations for Defending Edinburgh against Prince Charles, who marches from Perth—Confusion occasioned by his Approach to Edinburgh—Pusillanimity of the Volunteers—Flight of two regiments of Dragoons by which the City was covered—Consternation of the Citizens—Negotiations between the Magistrates and the Prince—The City captured by a Party under Lochiel—Prince Charles takes possession of the Palace of Holyrood—Appearance of his Army—he is joined by the Jacobites of the Lothians.

EDINBURGH had long been a peaceful capital; little accustomed to the din of arms, and considerably divided by factions, as was the case of other towns in Scotland. The rumours from the Highlands had sounded like distant thunder during a serene day, for no one seemed disposed to give credit to the danger as seriously approaching. The unexpected intelligence, that General Cope had marched to Inverness, and left the metropolis in a great measure to its own resources, excited a very different and more deep sensation, which actuated the inhabitants variously, according to their political sentiments. The Jacobites, who were in considerable numbers, hid their swelling hopes under the cover of ridicule and irony, with which they laboured to interrupt every plan which was adopted for the defence of the town. The truth was, that in a military point of view there was no town, not absolutely defenceless, which was worse protected than Edinburgh. The spacious squares and streets of the New Town had then, and for a long time after, no existence, the city being strictly limited to its original boundaries, established as early as the fourteenth or fifteenth century. It had defences, but they were of a singularly antique and insufficient character. A high and solid wall enclosed the city from the West Port to the Potter-row Port. It was embattled, but the parapet was too narrow for mounting cannon, and, except upon one or two points, the wall neither exhibited redoubt, turret, or re-entering angle, from which the curtain or defensive line might be flanked or defended. It was merely an ordinary park-wall of uncommon height and strength, of which you may satisfy yourself by looking at such of its ruins as still remain. The wall ran eastward to what is called the South Back of the Canongate, and then, turning northward, ascended the ridge on which the town is built, forming the one side of a suburb called Saint Mary's Wynd, where it was covered by houses built upon it from time to time, besides being within a few feet of the other side of the wynd, which is narrow, and immediately in its front. In this imperfect state the defence reached the Netherbow Port, which divided the city from the Canongate. From this point the wall ran down Leith Wynd, and terminated at the hospital called Paul's Work, connecting itself on that point with the North, or Nor' Loch, so called because it was on the northern side of the city, and its sole defence on that quarter.

The nature of the defensive protections must, from this sketch, be judged extremely imperfect; and the quality of the troops by which resistance must have been made good, if it should be seriously thought upon, was scarce better suited to the task. The town's people, indeed, such as were able to bear arms, were embodied under the name of Trained Bands, and had firelocks belonging to them, which were kept in the town's magazines. They amounted nominally to sixteen companies, of various strength, running between eighty and a hundred men each. This would have been a formidable force, had their discipline and good will corresponded to their numbers. But, for many years, the officers of the Trained Bands had practised no other martial discipline, than was implied in a particular mode of flourishing their wine-glasses on festive occasions; and it was well understood that, if these militia were called on, a number of them were likely enough to declare for Prince Charles, and a much larger proportion would be unwilling to put their persons and property in danger, for either the one or the other side of the cause. The only part of the civic defenders of Edinburgh who could at all be trusted, was the small body of foot called the City-guard, whom we have already seen make some figure in the affair of Porteous. The two regiments of dragoons, which General Cope had left behind him for the protection of the Lowlands, were the only regular troops.

Yet, though thus poorly provided for defence, there was a natural reluctance on the part of the citizens of Edinburgh, who were in general friendly to government, to yield up their ancient metropolis without even an effort at defence, to a few hundred wild insurgents from the Highlands. So early as the 27th of August, when it was known in the capital that the regular troops had marched to Inverness, and that the Highlanders were directing their march on the Lowlands, a meeting of the friends of government was held, at which it was resolved that the city should be put in a state of defence, its fortifications repaired or improved, as well as time would permit, and a regiment of a thousand men raised by general subscription among the inhabitants. This spirit of resistance was considerably increased by the arrival of Captain Rogers, aide-de-camp to General Cope, who came from Inverness by sea, with directions that a number of transports, lying then at Leith, should be dispatched without loss of time, for Aberdeen. He announced that General Cope was to march his troops from Inverness to Aberdeen, and embark them at the latter seaport, by the means which he was now providing for that purpose. The General, he stated, would with his army thus return to Lothian by sea, in time, as he hoped, for the safety of the city.

These tidings highly excited the zeal of those who had thus voted for defending the capital. As the regiment which had been voted could not be levied without the express warrant of government, several citizens, to the number of an hundred, petitioned to be permitted to enrol themselves as volunteers for the defence of the city. Their numbers soon increased. At length, on the 11th of September, six companies were appointed, and officers named to them. In the meantime, fortifications were added to the walls, under the scientific direction of the celebrated M'Lau-

rin, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh. The volunteers were taught with all possible speed the most necessary parts of military discipline; cannon were also mounted on the walls, chiefly obtained from the shipping at Leith. The whole city rung with the din of preparation; and much seemed to depend on the event of a struggle for time. The party which was uppermost for the moment, expressed their eager wishes and hopes for General Cope's arrival from Aberdeen; while those who hoped soon to change positions with them, whispered to each other in secret their hopes that the English General would be anticipated by the arrival of the Highland army.

In the meantime, Charles Edward, having stopped at Perth only long enough to collect some money, refresh and regulate his army, and receive a few supplies of men, proceeded on his venturous march on the 11th September. His manifestoes, in his father's name and his own, had already announced his purpose of remedying all the grievances of which the nation could complain. Among these the dissolution of the Union was proposed as a principal object of reformation. It certainly continued to be felt as a grievance by many of the country gentlemen in Scotland, whose importance it had greatly diminished; but the commercial part of the nation had begun to be sensible of its advantages, and were not greatly captivated by the proposed dissolution of the national treaty, which had so much enlarged their sources of foreign traffic. Another proclamation was issued, in answer to one which had set the price of £30,000 upon the Adventurer's head. He should reply to this, he said, by a similar announcement, but in confidence that no adherent of his would ever think of doing any thing to merit such a reward. Accordingly, he published a reward for the Elector of Hanover's person. Charles's original idea was to limit the sum offered to £30, but it was ultimately extended to the same amount which had been placed upon his own.

On the evening of the 17th, the Chevalier reached Dunblane with the vanguard of his army, or rather detachments of the best men of every clan. It was found very difficult to remove the others from the good quarters and provisions of Perth, which were superior to what they had to expect on a march. The Fords of Frew, situated on the Forth, about eight miles above Stirling, which the Earl of Mar, with a much more numerous army of Highlanders, had in vain attempted to cross, formed no obstacle to the advance of their present more adventurous leader. The great drought, which prevailed that year, and which in Scotland is generally most severe towards the end of autumn, made it easy to cross the river. Gardiner's regiment of dragoons, which had been left at Stirling, offered no opposition to the enemy, but retreated to Linlithgow, to interpose betwixt the Highlanders and Edinburgh,—a retrograde movement, which had a visible effect on the spirits of the soldiers.

In the meantime, the confusion in the capital was greatly increased by the near approach of the insurgent army. The volunteers had at no time amounted to more than about four hundred men, a small proportion of the population of the city, sufficiently indi-

cating that the far greater majority of the inhabitants were lukewarm, and probably a great many positively disaffected to the cause of government. Of those also who had taken arms, many had done so merely to show a zeal for the cause, which they never expected would be brought to a serious test; others had wives and families, houses and occupations, which they were, when it came to the push, loath to put in hazard for any political consideration. The citizens also entertained a high idea of the desperate courage of the Highlanders, and a dreadful presentiment of the outrages which a people so wild were likely to commit, if they should succeed, which appeared likely, in forcing their way into the town. Still, however, there were many young students, and others at that period of life when honour is more esteemed than life, who were willing, and even eager, to prosecute their intentions of resistance and defence.

The corps of volunteers, being summoned together, were informed that Gardiner's Dragoons, having continued to retreat before the enemy, were now at Corstorphine, a village within three miles of the city; and that the van of the rebels had reached Kirkliston, a little town about six or seven miles farther to the west. In these critical circumstances, General Guest, lieutenant-governor of the Castle of Edinburgh, submitted to the corps of volunteers, that instead of waiting to be attacked within a town which their numbers were inadequate to defend, they should second an offensive movement which he designed to make in front of the city, in order to protect it, by an instant battle. For this purpose he proposed that the second regiment of dragoons, called Hamilton's, should march from Leith, where they were encamped, and form a junction with Gardiner's at Corstorphine; and that they should be supported by the volunteer corps of four hundred men. The provost, having agreed to this proposal, offered, after some hesitation, that ninety of the City-guard, whom he reckoned the best troops at his disposal, should march out with the armed citizens. Mr Drummond, an active officer of the volunteers, and who displayed more than usual zeal, harangued the armed association. The most spirited shouted with sincere applause, and by far the greater part followed their example. Out of the whole volunteers, about two hundred and fifty were understood to pledge themselves to the execution of the proposed movement in advance of the city. The sound of the fire-bell was appointed as the signal for the volunteers to muster in the Lawnmarket. In the meantime orders were sent to Hamilton's Dragoons to march through the city on their way to Corstorphine. The parade and display of these disciplined troops would, it was thought, add spirit to the raw soldiers.

The following day was Sunday, the 15th of September. The fire-bell, an ominous and ill-chosen signal, tolled for assembling the volunteers, and so alarming a sound, during the time of divine service, dispersed those assembled for worship, and brought out a large crowd of the inhabitants to the street. The dragoon regiment appeared, equipped for battle. They huzza'd and clashed their swords at sight of the volunteers, their companions in peril, of which neither party were destined that day to see much. But other sounds expelled these warlike greetings

from the ears of the civic soldiers. The relatives of the volunteers crowded around them, weeping, protesting, and conjuring them not to expose lives so invaluable to their families to the broadswords of the savage Highlanders. There is nothing of which men, in general, are more easily persuaded, than of the extreme value of their own lives; nor are they apt to estimate them more lightly, when they see they are highly prized by others. A sudden change of opinion took place among the body. In some companies, the men said that their officers would not lead them on; in others, the officers said that the privates would not follow them. An attempt to march the corps towards the West Port, which was their destined route for the field of battle, failed. The regiment moved, indeed, but the files grew gradually thinner and thinner as they marched down the Bow and through the Grass-market, and not above forty-five reached the West Port. A hundred more were collected with some difficulty, but it seems to have been under a tacit condition, that the march to Corstorphine should be abandoned; for out of the city not one of them issued. The volunteers were led back to their alarm-post, and dismissed for the evening, when a few of the most zealous left the town, the defence of which began no longer to be expected, and sought other fields in which to exercise their valour.

In the meantime, their less warlike comrades were doomed to hear of the near approach of the Highland clans. On the morning of Monday, a person named Alves, who pretended to have approached the rebel army by accident, but who was, perhaps, in reality, a favourer of their cause, brought word that he had seen the Duke of Perth, to whom he was personally known, and had received a message to the citizens of Edinburgh, informing them, that if they opened their gates, the town should be favourably treated, but if they attempted resistance, they might lay their account with military execution; "and he concluded," said Alves, "by addressing a young man by the title of Royal Highness, and desiring to know if such was not his pleasure." This message, which was publicly delivered, struck additional terror into the inhabitants, who petitioned the provost to call a general meeting of the citizens, the only purpose of which must have increased the confusion in their councils. Provost Stewart refused to convoke such a meeting. The town was still covered by two regiments of dragoons. Colonel Gardiner, celebrated for his private worth, his bravery, and his devotional character, was now in command of Hamilton's regiment, as well as his own, when he was suddenly superseded by General Fowkes, who had been sent from London by sea, and arrived on the night of the 15th of September.

Early the next morning, the new general drew up the dragoons near the north end of the Colt-Bridge, which crosses the Water of Leith, about two miles from Corstorphine, from which last village the Highlanders were now advancing. On their van coming in sight of the regulars, a few of the mounted gentlemen who had joined the insurgents were dispatched to reconnoitre. As this party rode up, and fired their pistols at the dragoons, after the usual manner of skirmishers, a humiliating spectacle ensued. The soldiers, without returning a shot, fell into such dis-

order, that their officers were compelled to move them from the ground, with the purpose of restoring their ranks. But no sooner did the two regiments find themselves in retreat, than it became impossible to halt or form them. Their panic increased their speed from a trot to a gallop, and the farther they got even from the very appearance of danger, the more excessive seemed to be their panic. Galloping in the greatest confusion round the base of the Castle, by what were called the Lang Dykes, they pursued their disorderly course along the fields where the New Town is now built, in full view of the city and its inhabitants, whose fears were reasonably enough raised to extremity, at seeing the shameful flight of the regular soldiers, whose business it was to fight—a poor example to those who were only to take up the deadly trade as amateurs. Even at Leith, to which, as they had last encamped there, they returned by a kind of instinct, those recreant horsemen could only be halted for a few minutes. Ere their minds had recovered from their perturbation, some one raised a cry that the Highlanders were at hand; and the retreat was renewed. They halted a second time near Prestonpans, but, receiving a third alarm from one of their own men falling into a waste coal-pit, the race was again resumed in the darkness of the night, and the dragoons only stopped at Dunbar, North Berwick, and other towns on the coast; none of them, at the same time, able to render a reason why they fled, or to tell by whom they were pursued.

In Edinburgh the citizens were driven to a kind of desperation of terror. Crowds gathered on the streets and surrounded the provost, entreating him to give up all thoughts of defending the town, which would have been indeed an impossibility after the scandalous retreat of the dragoons. Whatever the provost might think of the condition of the city, he maintained a good countenance; and convoking a meeting of the magistracy, sent for the Justice-Clerk, the Lord Advocate, and Solicitor-General, to come and partake their councils. But these functionaries had wisely left the city when the danger of its falling into the hands of the rebels became so very imminent. In the meantime, other citizens, uninvited, intruded themselves into the place where the council was held, which speedily assumed the appearance of a disorderly crowd, most part of whom were clamorous for surrender. Many of the loudest were Jacobites, who took that mode of serving the Prince's cause.

While the council was in this state of confusion, a letter, subscribed Charles Stewart, P. R., was handed into the meeting, but the provost would not permit it to be opened, which gave rise to a furious debate. The volunteers, in the meantime, were drawn up on the street, amid the same clamour and consternation which filled the council. They received no orders from the provost, nor from any one else. At this juncture, a man, who was never discovered, mounted on a grey horse, rode along the front of their line, calling out, to the great augmentation of the general alarm, that the Highlanders were just at hand, and were sixteen thousand strong! The unlucky volunteers, disheartened, and in a great measure deserted, resolved at length to disembody themselves, and to return their arms to the King's magazine in the Castle. The muskets were received there accordingly, and

the volunteers might be considered as disbanded as well as disarmed. If some wept at parting with their arms, we believe the greater part were glad to be fairly rid of the encumbrance.

In the interim, the letter with the alarming signature was at length read in the council, and was found to contain a summons to surrender the city, under a promise of safety to the immunities of the corporation, and the property of individuals. The conclusion declared, that the Prince would not be responsible for the consequences if he were reduced to enter the city by force, and that such of the inhabitants as he found in arms against him must not expect to be treated as prisoners of war.

The perusal of this letter increased the cry against resistance, which, indeed, the flight of the dragoons and dispersion of the volunteers rendered altogether impossible, the armed force being reduced to the City-guard, and a few recruits of the newly-raised Edinburgh regiment. It was at length agreed on, by general consent, to send a deputation of the council to wait on the young Prince at Gray's Mill, within two miles of the city; they were instructed to require a suspension of hostilities until they should have time to deliberate on the letter which had been forwarded to them.

The deputation had not long set forth on its destination, when one of those turns of fortune which so unexpectedly threaten to derange the most profound calculations of human prudence, induced many of the citizens to wish that the step of communicating with the rebels had been delayed. Intelligence arrived, acquainting the magistrates and council, that Sir John Cope's army had arrived in the transports from Aberdeen, and that the fleet was seen off Dunbar, where the general intended to land his troops, and move instantly to the relief of Edinburgh. A messenger was sent to recall the deputation, but he proved unable to overtake them. General Guest was resorted to with various proposals. He was asked to recall the dragoons; but replied, he considered it better for the service that they should join General Cope. The more zealous citizens then requested a new issue of arms to the volunteers; but General Guest seems to have been unwilling to place them again in irresolute hands; he said the magistrates might arm those whom they could trust from the city's magazine. Still, as it appeared that a day's time gained might save the city, there were proposals to resume the purpose of defence, at least for the time which Cope's march from Dunbar was likely to occupy. It was therefore proposed to beat to arms, ring the fire-bell, and reassemble the volunteers, schemes which were abandoned as soon as moved, for it was remembered that the deputation of the magistrates and councillors were in the power of the Highlandmen, who, on the sound of an alarm in the town, were likely enough to hang them without ceremony.

About ten o'clock at night the deputation returned, with an answer to the same purpose with the previous summons, demanding, at the same time, a positive reply before two in the morning. The deliberations of the magistrates were farther embroiled by this peremptory demand of instant surrender, which made them aware that the insurgents were as sen-

sible as they could be of the value of hours and minutes in a discussion so critical. They could think of nothing better than to send out a second deputation to Gray's Mill, with instructions to entreat for farther time. It is important to state, that this party went to the Highland head-quarters in a hackney-coach. The Prince refused to see them, and dismissed them without an answer.

In the meantime, the Chevalier and his counsellors agitated several plans for carrying the city by a sudden surprise. There was more than one point which gave facilities for such a *coup-de-main*. A house belonging to a gentleman of the name of Nicolson stood on the outside of the town-wall, only a few feet distant from it, and very near the Potter-row Port. It was proposed to take possession of this house, and, after clearing the wall by a fire of musketry from the upper windows, either to attempt an escalade, or to run a mine under the fortification. At the same time, the position of the hospital called Paul's Work was favourably situated to cover an attack on the main sluice of the North Loch. The College Church gave ready means of gaining the hospital; and an alarm on the northern termination of the wall would have afforded a point of diversion, while the main attack might be made by means of the row of houses in St Mary's Wynd, composing the western side of that lane, and actually built upon, and forming part of the wall, which in that place was merely a range of buildings. Such were the points of assault which might be stormed simultaneously, and with the greater prospect of success, that their defenders were deficient both in numbers and courage.

With these and similar views, the Chevalier ordered Lochiel to get his men under arms, so as to be ready, if the magistrates did not surrender at the appointed hour of two in the morning, to make an attack on either of the points we have mentioned, or take any other opportunity that might occur of entering the city; Mr Murray of Broughton, who was familiar with all the localities of Edinburgh, acting as a guide to the Camerons. The party amounted to about five hundred men. The strictest caution was recommended to them in marching, and they were enjoined to rigid abstinence from spirituous liquors. At the same time, each man was promised a reward of two shillings, if the enterprise was successful. Colonel O'Sullivan was with the party as quartermaster. The detachment marched round by Merchiston and Hope's Park, without being observed from the Castle, though they could hear the watches call the rounds within that fortress. Approaching the Netherbow Port, Lochiel and Murray reconnoitred the city-wall more closely, and found it planted with cannon, but without sentinels. They could, therefore, have forced an entrance by any of the houses in St Mary's Wynd; but having strict orders to observe the utmost caution, Lochiel hesitated to resort to actual violence till they should have final commands to do so. In the meantime, Lochiel sent forward one of his people, disguised in a riding-coat and hunting-cap, with orders to request admission by the Netherbow Port. This man was to personate the servant of an English officer of dragoons, and in that character to call for admittance. An advanced guard of twenty Camerons were ordered to

place themselves on each side of the gate, a support of sixty men were stationed in deep silence in St Mary's Wynd; and the rest of the detachment remained at some distance, near the foot of the lane. It was Lochiel's purpose that the gate, if opened, should have been instantly secured by the forlorn-hope of his party. The watch, however (for there were sentinels at the gate, though none on the city-wall), refused to open the gate, threatened to fire on the man who desired admittance, and thus compelled him to withdraw.

It was now proposed by Murray, that as the morning was beginning to break, the detachment should retire to the craggy ground called Saint Leonard's Hill, where they would be secure from the cannon of the Castle, and there await for further orders. Just when the detachment was about to retreat, an accident happened which gratified them with an unexpected opportunity of entrance.

I have told you of a second deputation sent out by the magistrates, to entreat from the Chevalier additional time to deliberate upon his summons, which he refused to grant, declining even to see the messengers. These deputies returned into the city long after midnight, in the hackney-coach which had carried them to the rebel camp. They entered at the West Port, and left the coach after they had ascended the Bow and reached the High-street. The hackney-coachman, who had his own residence and his stables in the Canongate, was desirous to return to that suburb through the Netherbow Port, which then closed the head of the Canongate. The man was known to the waiters, or porters, as having been that night engaged in the service of the magistrates, and, as a matter of course, they opened the gate to let him go home. The leaves of the gate had no sooner unfolded themselves, than the Camerons rushed in, and secured and disarmed the few watchmen. With the same ease they seized on the city guard-house, disarming such soldiers as they found there.

Colonel O'Sullivan dispatched parties to the other military posts and gates about the city, two of which were occupied with the same ease, and without a drop of blood being spilt. The Camerons, in the dawn of morning, were marched up to the Cross, when the Castle, now alarmed with the news of what had happened, fired a shot or two expressive of defiance. These warlike sounds waked such of the citizens of Edinburgh as the tumult of the Highlanders' entrance had not yet roused, and many with deep anxiety, and others with internal exultation, found that the capital was in the hands of the insurgents.

Much noisy wonder was expressed at the tame surrender of the metropolis of Scotland to the rebels; and, as if it had been necessary to find a scape goat to bear the disgrace and blame of the transaction, a great proportion of both was imputed to the Lord Provost Stewart, who, after a long and severe imprisonment, was brought to trial for high-treason, and although he was honourably acquitted, his name was often afterwards mentioned in a manner as if his judicial acquittal had not been sanctioned by the public voice. There is no room to inquire of what cast were Provost Stewart's general politics, or how far, even from the mere circumstance of namesake,

he was to be accounted a Jacobite. Neither is the chief magistrate of a corporation to be condemned to death as a traitor, because he does not possess those attributes of heroism, by means of which some gifted individuals have raised means of defence when hope seemed altogether lost, and, by their own energies and example, have saved communities and states, which were, in the estimation of all others, doomed to despair. The question is, whether Provost Stewart, as an upright and honourable man, sought the best advice in an exigency so singular, and exerted himself assiduously to carry it into execution when received? The flight of the dragoons, the disbanding of the volunteers, the discontinuance of the defence, received no encouragement from him; even the opening a communication with the enemy was none of his fault, since he was one of the last who either despaired of preserving the city, or used discouraging language to the citizens. But he could not inspire panic-struck soldiers with courage, or selfish burghers with patriotic devotion, and, like a man who fights with a broken weapon, was unequal to maintain the cause which to all appearance he seems to have been sincere in defending.

The Highlanders, amid circumstances so new and stimulating to them as attended the capture of Edinburgh, behaved themselves with the utmost order and propriety. The inhabitants, desirous to conciliate their new masters, brought them provisions, and even whisky; but having been enjoined by Lochiel not to taste the latter spirits, they unanimously rejected a temptation which besets them strongly. They remained where they were posted, in the Parliament-Square, from five in the morning till eleven in the forenoon, without a man leaving his post, though in a city taken, it may be said, by storm, and surrounded with an hundred objects to excite their curiosity, or awaken their cupidity. They were then quartered in the Outer Parliament-House.

About noon on this important day (the 17th of September), Charles Edward prepared to take possession of the palace and capital of his ancestors.

It was at that time, when, winding his march round by the village of Duddingston, to avoid the fire of the Castle, he halted in the hollow between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag. As Charles approached the palace by the eastern access, called the Duke's Walk, he called for his horse, as if to show himself to the populace who assembled in great numbers, and with loud acclamations. The young Adventurer had begun his march on foot, but the immense crowd with which he was surrounded, many of whom pressed to touch his clothes, or kiss his hand, almost threw him down. He again mounted his charger as he approached the palace, having on his right the Duke of Perth, on his left Lord Elcho, the eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss, who had joined him a few days before, and followed by a concourse of chiefs and gentlemen. The personal appearance of the Chevalier was as prepossessing as the daring character and romantic circumstances of his enterprise were calculated to excite the imagination. His noble mien, graceful manners, and ready courtesy, seemed to mark him no unworthy competitor for a crown. His dress was national. A short tartan coat, a blue bonnet with a white rose, and the order and emblem

of the thistle, seemed all chosen to identify himself with the ancient nation he summoned to arms; and, upon the whole, so far as acclamations and signs of joy could express it, he was so favourably received, that none of his followers doubted that he might levy a thousand men in the streets of Edinburgh, in half an hour, if he could but find arms to equip them.

But they who were able to look beyond the mere show and clamour, discerned symptoms of inward weakness in the means by which the Chevalier was to execute his weighty undertaking. The Duinhe-wassels, or gentlemen of the clans, were, indeed, martially attired in the full Highland dress, with the various arms which appertain to that garb, which, in full equipment, comprehends a firelock, a broadsword, dirk and target, a pair of pistols, and a short knife, used occasionally as a poniard. But such complete appointments fell to the lot of but few of the followers of the Prince. Most were glad to be satisfied with a single weapon, a sword, dirk, or pistol. Nay, in spite of all evasions of the Disarming Act, it had been so far effectual, that several Highlanders were only armed with scythe-blades, set straight on the handle, and some with only clubs or cudgels. As arms were scarce among the Highlanders, so the scanty and ill-clothed appearance of the poorer amongst them gave them an appearance at once terrible and wretched. Indeed many were of the opinion of an old friend of your Grandfather's, who, as he looked on a set of haggard and fierce-looking men, some wanting coats, some lacking hose and shoes, some having their hair tied back with a leathern strap, without bonnet or covering of any kind, could not help observing that they were a proper set of ragamuffins with which to propose to overturn an established government.* On the whole, they wanted that regularity and uniformity of appearance, which, in our eye, distinguishes regular soldiers from banditti; and their variety of weapons, fierceness of aspect, and sinewy limbs, combined with a martial look and air proper to a people whose occupation was arms, gave them a peculiarly wild and barbarous appearance.

The Prince had been joined by many persons of consequence since he reached Lothian. Lord Elcho has already been mentioned. He was a man of high spirit and sound sense, but no Jacobite in the bigoted sense of the word; that is, no devoted slave to the doctrines of hereditary right or passive obedience. He brought with him five hundred pounds on the part of his father, Lord Wemyss, who was too old to take the field in person. This was an acceptable gift in the state of the Prince's finances. Sir Robert Threipland had also joined him as he approached Edinburgh; and by the private information which he brought from his friends in that city, had determined him to persevere in the attack which proved so successful.

The Earl of Kelly, Lord Balmerino, Lockhart, the younger of Carnwath, Graham, younger of Airth, Rollo, younger of Powburn, Hamilton of Bangour, a poet of considerable merit, Sir David Murray, and

* My friend, who was the Jonathan Oldbuck of the Antiquary, made his observation rather at an ill-chosen place and time, in consequence of which he was nearly brought to trouble.

other gentlemen of distinction, had also joined the standard.

Amongst others, James Hepburn of Keith, son of that Robert Hepburn, respecting whose family a remarkable anecdote is mentioned at page 754 of this volume, and whose escape from Newgate is narrated at page 775, distinguished himself by the manner in which he devoted himself to the cause of Charles Edward.

As the Prince entered the door of the palace of Holyrood, this gentleman stepped from the crowd, bent his knee before him, in testimony of homage, and, rising up, drew his sword, and, walking before him, marshalled him the way into the palace of his ancestors. Hepburn bore the highest character as the model of a true Scottish gentleman. He, like Lord Elcho, disclaimed the slavish principles of the violent Jacobites, but, conceiving his country wronged, and the gentry of Scotland degraded by the Union, he in this romantic manner dedicated his sword to the service of the Prince who offered to restore him to his rights. Mr John Home, whose heart sympathised with acts of generous devotion, from whatever source they flowed, feelingly observes, that "the best Whigs regretted that this accomplished gentleman—the model of ancient simplicity, manliness, and honour—should sacrifice himself to a visionary idea of the independence of Scotland." I am enabled to add, that, after having impaired his fortune, and endangered his life repeatedly, in this ill-fated cause, Mr Hepburn became convinced that, in the words of Scripture, he had laboured a vain thing. He repeatedly said in his family circle, that, had he known, as the after progress of the expedition showed him, that a very great majority of the nation were satisfied with the existing government, he would never have drawn sword against his fellow-subjects, or aided to raise a civil war, merely to replace the Stewart dynasty.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

Proclamation of James VIII at the Cross of Edinburgh—Supplies raised from the City by Prince Charles—Landing of Cope's Army at Dunbar—The Prince leaves Edinburgh with the purpose of engaging him—Battle of Preston—Total Rout of Cope's Army—Number of Killed on both Sides.

THE possession of Edinburgh threw a gleam of splendour upon Charles Edward's fortunes, but can scarcely be said to have produced very important consequences.

King James VIII was proclaimed at the Cross. At this ceremony the heralds and pursuivants were obliged to assist in their official dresses, and the magistrates in their robes. A great multitude attended on this occasion, and made the city ring with their acclamations. The gunners of the Castle were disposed to give a different turn to this mirth, by throwing a bomb, so calculated as to alight near the Cross,

* An hereditary intimacy with the late Lieutenant-Colonel Hepburn (son of Mr Hepburn of Keith), and the friendship of the members of his surviving family, enable me to make this assertion. No doubt there were many of the more liberal and intelligent Jacobites, who entertained similar sentiments, and conceived that, in furthering the cause of the Prince, they were asserting the rights of the country.

and interrupt the ceremonial. Fortunately this act of violence, which might have endangered the lives of many of King George's good subjects, whom mere curiosity had drawn to the spot, was prohibited by General Guest.

At night there was a splendid ball at Holyrood, where might be seen a great display both of rank and beauty, the relatives of the gentlemen who were in arms. But it was a remarkable and ominous circumstance, that of the common people, who by thousands crowded round the Prince's person when he went abroad, pressing to kiss his hands and touch his clothes, with every display of affection, scarcely one could be induced to enlist in his service. The reflection, that a battle must take place betwixt Prince Charles and General Cope in the course of a very few days, was to the populace of a large city a sufficient check upon their party zeal.

One of the most solid advantages which the Prince obtained by his possession of the city, besides the encouragements which his adherents received from such a signal proof of success, was the acquisition of about a thousand muskets, in indifferent condition, being the arms of the Trained Bands, which were lodged in the city magazine. These served to arm many of his followers, but still some remained unprovided with weapons. Charles also laid upon the city a military requisition for a thousand tents, two thousand targets, six thousand pairs of shoes, and six thousand canteens. The magistrates had no alternative but to acquiesce, and employ workmen to get ready the articles demanded.

Upon the 18th of September, the day after the occupation of Edinburgh, Lord Nairne came up from the north, and joined the Highland camp, with a thousand men, consisting of Highlanders from Athole, together with the chief of MacLauchlan and his followers. The Prince visited his camp, and passed in review, at the same time with the rest of his forces, these new associates of his enterprise.

While these things were passing in Edinburgh, General Cope landed his troops at Dunbar, anxious to repair the false step which he had committed in leaving the Lowlands open to the young Adventurer, and desirous to rescue the capital of Scotland, since he had not been able to protect it. He began the disembarkation of his troops on the 17th, but it was not completed till the next day. The two regiments of cavalry, which had made such extraordinary speed to join him, were also united to his army, though their nerves had not yet recovered the rapid and disorderly retreat from Colt-Bridge to East Lothian. The number of infantry was about 2000, that of the two regiments of dragoons about 600; Sir John Cope was also joined by volunteers, among whom the Earl of Home was the most conspicuous, making his army up to near 3000 men in all. They had six pieces of artillery, but, what seems strange, no gunners or artillerymen to work them. In other respects they formed a small, but very well appointed force, and made an impressive appearance in a country so long disused to war, as had been the case with Scotland. At the head of this respectable body of men Sir John departed from Dunbar, and marched as far as Haddington, or its vicinity, on his proposed advance on Edinburgh.

In the meantime, Charles Edward had taken a resolution corresponding with the character of his enterprise. It was that of moving eastward, to meet Sir John Cope upon his route, and give him battle. All his counsellors agreed in this courageous sentiment. The Prince then asked the Chiefs, what was to be expected from their followers. They answered by the mouth of Keppoch, who had served in the French army, that the gentlemen of every clan would lead the attack with determined gallantry, in which case, there was no doubt that the clansmen, who were much attached to their chiefs and superiors, would follow them with fidelity and courage. The Prince declared he would himself lead the van, and set them an example how to conquer or die. The Chiefs unanimously remonstrated against his exposing a life on which the whole success of the expedition must depend, and declared, that if he persisted in that resolution, they would break up the army and return home. There can be little doubt that Charles was sincere in his resolution, and no doubt at all that he was very wise in withdrawing from it on the remonstrance of his faithful followers.

Orders were given to prepare next morning for the evacuation of Edinburgh, in order that the whole Highland army might be collected for the battle which was expected to ensue. For this purpose, the troops employed in mounting the several guards of the city, in number 1000 men, were withdrawn to the camp at Duddingston. It might have been expected, that a sally from the Castle would have taken place in consequence of their retreat, if not for any ulterior purpose, at least to seize on the different articles which had been got ready at the requisition of the Prince, and put a stop to their completion. The presence of mind of a common Highlander prevented this. The man being intoxicated when his countrymen were withdrawn, found himself, when he recovered his senses, the only one of his party left in the town. Being a ready-witted fellow, to those who inquired of him, why he had lingered behind his countrymen, he answered, "That he was neither alone, nor alarmed for his safety; five hundred Highlanders," he said, "had been left in cellars and secret places about town, for the purpose of cutting off any detachment that might sally from the Castle." These false tidings being transmitted to General Guest, were for the time received as genuine; nor was there time to discover the deceit, before the victory of Preston enabled Charles Edward to return in triumph to the capital. The man's presence of mind secured also his own safety.

The men had lain on their arms the night of the 19th, their Chiefs and the Chevalier occupying such houses as were in the neighbourhood. On the morning of the 20th, they were all on the march, in high spirits, determined for action, and eager to meet the enemy. They formed in one narrow column, keeping the high ground from Duddingston towards the eminence called Carberry Hill, near which, about Musselburgh or Inveresk, they expected to meet the enemy. On putting himself at the head of his army, the Prince drew his sword, and said to his followers, "Gentlemen, I have flung away the scabbard," which was answered by shouts of acclamation. Their movements were the simplest imaginable. On their

march they formed a column of three men in front. When about to halt, each individual faced to the right or left as directed, and the column became a line of three men deep, which, by filing off from either flank, might again become a column at the word of command. Their handful of cavalry, scarcely amounting to fifty men, were occupied on the march in reconnoitring. They obtained a tolerably accurate account of the strength of Cope's army, excepting as to the number of his guns, which one report augmented to twenty field-pieces, and none rated under twelve, though, as I have already said, there were only six in all.

When the Highlanders had advanced as far as Carberry, their scouts brought in notice that they had seen parties of dragoons about Tranent, and it was reported that Sir John Cope was in that quarter with his whole army. The Chevalier's army, which had hitherto marched in one column, now divided into two, being their intended line of battle, and, keeping towards the right, so as to preserve the upper ground, which was a great point in Highland tactics, marched onward with steadiness and celerity.

When they arrived where the hill immediately above Tranent slopes suddenly down upon a large cultivated plain, then in stubble, the harvest having been unusually early, the Highlanders beheld the enemy near the western extremity of this plain, with their front towards the ridge of high ground which they themselves occupied.

It appears that Sir John Cope had directed his march under the idea, that because a road, passing from Seaton-house to Preston, was the usual highway from Haddington, therefore the Highlanders would make use of that, and no other, for their advance. He either did not know, or forgot, that an irregular army of mountaineers, unencumbered with baggage and inured to marching, would not hesitate to prefer the rougher and less level road, if it possessed any advantages.

Two mounted volunteers, Francis Garden, afterwards Lord Gardenstone, and a Mr Cunninghame, had been detached by the English General to collect intelligence; but unhappily, as they halted to refresh themselves beyond Musselburgh, they fell into the hands of John Roy Stewart, a more skilful partisan than themselves, by whom they were made prisoners, and led captive to the Chevalier's head-quarters. Sir John Cope, deprived of the information he expected from his scouts, seems to have continued to expect the approach of the rebels from the west, until he suddenly saw them appear from the southward, on the ridge of the acclivity upon his left. He immediately changed his front, and drew up his troops with military precision in order of battle. His foot were placed in the centre, with a regiment of dragoons and three pieces of artillery upon each flank. The wall of Colonel Gardiner's park (for his mansion was in the vicinity of the plain which was destined to prove fatal to him), as well as that of Mr Erskine of Grange, covered the right flank of the regulars; Cope's baggage was stationed at Cockenzie on the rear of his left, and a small reserve was stationed in front of the village of Prestonpans, which lay on the rear of the General's right.

In front of both armies and separating the higher

ground on which the Highland army was drawn up from the firm and level plain on which the regulars were posted, lay a piece of steep and swampy ground, intersected with ditches and enclosures, and traversed near the bottom by a thick strong hedge, running along a broad wet ditch, and covering the front of the royal army. It was the object of the Chevalier to indulge the impatience of his troops, by pressing forward to instant battle. For this purpose he employed an officer of experience, Mr Ker of Graden, who, mounted on a grey pony, coolly reconnoitred the seemingly impracticable ground which divided the armies, crossed it in several directions, deliberately alighted, pulled down gaps in one or two walls of dry stone, and led his horse over them, many balls being fired at him while performing this duty. This intrepid gentleman returned to the Chevalier, to inform him that the morass could not be passed so as to attack the front of General Cope's army, without sustaining a heavy and destructive fire of some continuance. A waggon-way, for the conveyance of coal for the use of the salt-works at Cockenzie, did indeed cross the morass, but it would have been ruinous to have engaged troops in such a narrow road, which was exposed to be swept in every direction, both by artillery and musketry.

The position of General Cope might therefore be considered as unassailable; and that general, with a moderation which marked his mediocrity of talent, was happy in having found, as he thought, safety, when he ought to have looked for victory.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gardiner, and other officers, pressed on the commander the necessity of a bolder line of tactics. They were of opinion that the regular soldiers should be led against the rebels while the former showed spirit for the encounter, and that remaining merely on the defensive was likely to sink the courage of the troops, as delay gave the infantry time to recollect that they had avoided an encounter with these Highlanders at Corryarrack, and the cavalry leisure to remember their recent and ignominious flight from the vicinity of Edinburgh, before this new description of enemy. The Lieutenant-Colonel pressed his advice with earnestness, dropped some expressions of the result which was to be apprehended, and, finding his suggestions rejected, made the preparations of a good and brave man for doing his duty, and, if necessary, for dying in the discharge of it.

Some movements now took place. The regular troops huzza'd, to show their willingness to come to action; the Highlanders replied in their manner, by wild shouts. A party of Highlanders were stationed in Tranent churchyard, as an advantageous post; but Sir John Cope, advancing two light field-pieces, made that position too hot for them. Still the insurgents continued anxiously bent on battle, and expressed the most earnest desire to attack the enemy, who, they supposed, intended to escape from them, as at Corryarrack. They offered to make the attack through the morass, without regard to the difficulties of the ground, and to carry fascines with them, for the purpose of rendering the ditch passable. They were exhorted to patience by their Chiefs; and, to allay their fears of the escape of the enemy, the Chevalier detached Lord Nairne with five hundred men to the

westward, that he might be in a situation to intercept Sir John Cope, in case he should attempt to move off towards Edinburgh without fighting.

Satisfied with this precaution, the Highlanders lay down to rest in a field of pease, which was made up in ricks upon the ground. The minds of the Chiefs were still occupied with the means of discovering a path by which they might get clear of the morass, gain the open and firm ground, and rush down on Cope and his army, whom they regarded as their assured prey, if they could but meet them in a fair field.

There was in the Chevalier's army a gentleman named Anderson, of Whitburgh, in East Lothian, to whom the ground in the vicinity was perfectly known, and who bethought him of a path leading from the height on which their army lay, sweeping through the morass, and round the left wing of General Cope's army, as it was now disposed, and which might conduct them to the level and extensive flat, since called the field of battle. Mr Anderson communicated this important fact to Mr Hepburn of Keith. By Mr Hepburn he was conducted to Lord George Murray, who, highly pleased with the intelligence, introduced him to Prince Charles Edward.

The candidate for a diadem was lying with a bunch of pease-straw beneath his head, and was awakened with news which assured him of battle, and promised him victory. He received the tidings with much cheerfulness, and immediately, for the night was well spent, prepared to put the scheme into execution.

An aide-de-camp was instantly dispatched to recall Lord Nairne from his demonstration to the westward, and cause him with his detachment to rejoin the army as speedily as possible. In the meantime, the whole of the Highland army got under arms, and moved forward with incredible silence and celerity, by the path proposed. A point of precedence was now to be settled, characteristic of the Highlanders. The tribe of MacDonalds, though divided into various families, and serving under various Chiefs, still reckoned on their common descent from the great Lords of the Isles, in virtue of which, they claimed, as the post of honour, the right of the whole Highland army in the day of action. This was disputed by some of the other clans, and it was agreed they should cast lots about this point of precedence. Fortune gave it to the Camerons and Stewarts, which was murmured at by the numerous Clan-Colla, the generic name for the MacDonalds. The sagacity of Lochiel induced the other Chiefs to resign for the day a point on which they were likely to be tenacious. The precedence was yielded to the MacDonalds accordingly, and the first line of the Highlanders moved off their ground by the left flank, in order that the favoured tribe might take the post of honour. They marched, as usual, in two columns of three men in front. The first of these was led by young Clanranald, with about sixty men, under the guidance of Anderson of Whitburgh. The first line consisted of the following clan regiments:—Clanranald, 250 strong; Glengarry, 350; Keppoch and Glencoe, 450; Perth, with some MacGregors, 200; Appin, 250; and Lochiel, 500. The second line consisted of three regiments,—Lord George Murray's Athole men, 350;

Lord Nairne's regiment, 350; and Menzies of Shian's 300. Lord Strathallan, with his handful of cavalry, was appointed to keep the height above the morass, that they might do what their numbers permitted to improve the victory, in case it should be gained. This troop consisted of about thirty-six horsemen. From these details, it appears that the Highland army was about 3000 in number, being very nearly the same with Sir John Cope's.

Anderson guided the first line. He found the pathway silent and deserted; it winded to the north-east, down a sort of hollow, which at length brought them to the eastern extremity of the plain, at the west end of which the regular army was stationed, with its left flank to the assailants. No guns had been placed to enfilade this important pass, though there was a deserted embrasure which showed that the measure had been in contemplation; neither was there a sentinel or patrol to observe the motions of the Highlanders in that direction. On reaching the firm ground, the column advanced due northward across the plain, in order to take ground for wheeling up and forming line of battle. The Prince marched at the head of the second column, and close in the rear of the first. The morass was now rendered difficult by the passage of so many men. Some of the Highlanders sunk knee-deep, and the Prince himself stumbled, and fell upon one knee. The morning was now dawning, but a thick frosty mist still hid the motions of the Highlanders. The sound of their march could, however, no longer be concealed, and an alarm-gun was fired as a signal for Cope's army to get under arms.

Aware that the Highlanders had completely turned his left flank, and were now advancing from the eastward along a level and open plain, without interruption of any kind, Sir John Cope hastened to dispose his troops to receive them. Though probably somewhat surprised, the English General altered the disposition which he had made along the morass, and formed anew, having the walls of Preston-park, and that of Bankton, the seat of Colonel Gardiner, close in the rear of his army; his left flank extended towards the sea, his right rested upon the morass which had lately been in his front. His order of battle was now extended from north to south, having the east in front. In other respects the disposition was the same as already mentioned, his infantry forming his centre, and on each wing a regiment of horse. By some crowding in of the piquets, room enough was not left for Gardiner's corps to make a full front upon the right wing, so that one squadron was drawn up in the rear of the other. The artillery was also placed before this regiment, a disposition which the Colonel is said to have remonstrated against, having too much reason to doubt the steadiness of the horses, as well as of the men who composed the corps. There was no attention paid to his remonstrances, nor was there time to change the disposition.

The Highlanders had no sooner advanced so far to the northward as to extricate the rear of the column from the passage across the morass, and place the whole on open ground, than they wheeled to the left, and formed a line of three men deep. This thin long line they quickly broke up into a number of small masses or phalanxes, each according to their peculiar

tactics, containing an individual clan, which disposed themselves for battle in the manner following. The best-born men of the tribe, who were also the best armed, and had almost all targets, threw themselves in front of the regiment. The followers closed on the rear, and forced the front forward by their weight. After a brief prayer, which was never omitted, the bonnets were pulled over the brows, the pipers blew the signal, and the line of clans rushed forward, each forming a separate wedge.

These preparations were made with such dispatch on both wings, that the respective aides-de-camp of the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray met in the centre, each bringing news that his general was ready to charge. The whole front line accordingly moved forward, and, as they did so, the sun broke out, and the mist rose from the ground like the curtain of a theatre. It showed to the Highlanders the line of regular troops drawn up in glittering array like a complete hedge of steel, and at the same time displayed to Cope's soldiers the furious torrent, which, subdivided into such a number of columns, or rather small masses, advanced with a cry which gradually swelled into a hideous yell, and became intermingled with an irregular but well-directed fire, the mountaineers presenting their pieces as they ran, dropping them when discharged, and rushing on to close conflict sword in hand. The events of the preceding night had created among the regulars an apprehension of their opponents, not usual to English soldiers. General Cope's tactics displayed a fear of the enemy rather than a desire to engage him: and now this dreaded foe having selected his own point of advantage, was coming down on them in all his terrors, with a mode of attack unusually furious and unknown to modern war.

There was but an instant to think of these things, for this was almost the moment of battle. But such thoughts were of a nature which produce their effect in an instant, and they added to the ferocity of the Highlanders, while they struck dismay into their opponents. The old seamen and gunners, who had been employed to serve the artillery on the right wing, showed the first symptoms of panic, and fled from the guns they had undertaken to work, carrying with them the priming flasks. Colonel Whiteford, who had joined Cope's army as a volunteer, fired four of the guns on the advancing Highlanders, and, keeping his ground while all fled around him, was with difficulty saved from the fury of the Camerons and Stewarts, who, running straight on the muzzles of the cannon, actually stormed the battery. The regiment of dragoons being drawn up, as has been said, in two lines, the foremost squadron, under Lieutenant-Colonel Whitney, having received orders to advance, were, like the gunners, seized with a panic, dispersed under the fire of the Highlanders, and went off without even an attempt to charge, riding down the artillery guard in their flight. The rearmost squadron, commanded by Gardiner, might, if steady, have yet altered the fate of the day, by charging the Highlanders when disordered with attacking the guns. Gardiner, accordingly, commanded them to advance and charge, encouraging them by his voice and example to rush upon the confused masses before them. But those to whom he spoke were themselves

disordered at the rapid advance of the enemy, and disturbed by the waving of plaids, the brandishing and gleaming of broadswords and battle-axes, the rattle of the dropping fire, and the ferocious cry of the combatants. They made a feint to advance, in obedience to the word of command, but almost instantly halted, when first the rear rank went off by four or five files at a time, and then the front dispersed in like manner; none maintaining their ground, except about a score of determined men, who were resolved to stand or fall with their commander.

On Cope's left, the cause of King George was not more prosperous. Hamilton's Dragoons receiving a heavy rolling fire from the MacDonalds as they advanced, broke up in the same manner, and almost at the same moment, with Gardiner's, and scattering in every direction, left the field of blood, galloping some from the enemy, some, in the recklessness of their terror, past the enemy, and some almost through them. The dispersion was complete, and the disorder irretrievable. They fled west, east, and south, and it was only the broad sea which prevented them from flying to the north also, and making every point of the compass witness to their rout.

Meantime, the infantry, though both their flanks were uncovered by the flight of the dragoons, received the centre of the Highland line, with a steady and regular fire, which cost the insurgents several men,—among others, James MacGregor, a son of the famous Rob Roy, fell, pierced by four balls. He commanded a company of the Duke of Perth's regiment, armed chiefly with the straightened scythes already mentioned, a weapon not unlike the old English bill. He was so little daunted by his wounds, as to raise himself on his elbow, calling to his men to advance bravely, and swearing he would see if any should misbehave.

In fact, the first line of the Highlanders were not an instant checked by the fire of the musketry; for, charging with all the energy of victory, they parried the bayonets of the soldiers with their targets, and the deep clumps, or masses, into which the clans were formed, penetrated and broke, in several points, the extended and thin lines of the regulars. At the same moment, Lochiel attacking the infantry on the left, and Clanranald on the right flank, both exposed by the flight of the dragoons, they were unavoidably and irretrievably routed.

It was now perceived that Sir John Cope had committed an important error in drawing up his forces in front of a high park-wall, which barred their escape from their light-heeled enemies. Fortunately, there had been breaches made in the wall, which permitted some few soldiers to escape; but most of them had the melancholy choice of death or submission. A few fought, and fell bravely. Colonel Gardiner was in the act of encouraging a small platoon of infantry, which continued firing, when he was cut down by a Highlander, with one of those scythes which have been repeatedly mentioned. The greater part of the foot-soldiers then laid down their arms, after a few minutes' resistance. The second line, led by Prince Charles himself, had, during the whole action, kept so near the first, that to most of Sir John Cope's army they appeared but as one body; and as this unfortunate Prince's courage has been impeached, it is

necessary to say, that he was only fifty paces behind the vanguard in the very commencement of the battle—which was, in fact, a departure from his implicit paction with the Chiefs, that he should not put his person in imminent danger.

Had there been any possibility of rallying the fugitives, the day might have been in some degree avenged, if not retrieved, for the first line of the Highlanders dispersed themselves, almost wholly, in quest of spoil and prisoners. They were merciful to the vanquished after the first fury of the onset, but gave no quarter to the dragoon horses, which they considered as taught to bear a personal share in the battle.

The second line were with difficulty restrained from disbanding in like manner, until a report was spread that the dragoons had rallied, and were returning to the field. Lochiel caused the pipes to play, which recalled many of his men. But the dragoons looked near them no more. It is true, that Sir John Cope himself, the Earl of Home, General Whitney, and other officers, had, with pistols at the men's heads, turned a number of the fugitives off the high-road to Edinburgh, into a field near Clement's Wells, where they endeavoured to form a squadron. But the sound of a pistol-shot, which was discharged by accident, renewed their panic, and they went off at full gallop towards Edinburgh, entered by the Watergate, and rode up the High-street in the most disorderly manner.

An old friend, whom I have already quoted, gave me a picturesque account of the flight of such fugitives as took this direction, which he had himself witnessed. Although the city was evacuated by the Highlanders, an old Jacobite of distinction was, nevertheless, left there with the title of Governor. This dignitary was quietly seated in a well-known tavern (afterwards Walker's, in Writers' Court), when a tremendous clatter on the street announced the arrival of the dragoons, or a part of them, in this disorderly condition. The stout old commander presented himself before them, with a pistol in his hand, and summoned them to surrender to his Royal Highness's mercy. The dragoons seeing but one or two men, received the proposal with a volley of curses and pistol-balls, and having compelled the Jacobite commandant to retreat within the Thermopylæ of Writers' Court, they continued their race up to the Castle-hill, thinking that fortress the most secure place of refuge. Old General Preston, who had now thrown himself into the Castle, of which he was governor, and superseded General Guest in his office, had no idea of admitting these recreant cavaliers into a fortress which was probably on the eve of a siege. He therefore sent them word to begone from the Castle-hill, or he would open his guns on them, as cowards, who had deserted their officers and colours. Alarmed at this new danger, the runaways retreated, and scrambling down the steep declivity called the Castle-Wynd, rode out at the West Port, and continued their flight to Stirling and the west country.

The greater part of the dragoons were collected by Sir John Cope, with the assistance of the Earls of Home and Loudon, and conducted in a very disreputable condition to Coldstream, and from thence to Berwick. At the latter place, Lord Mark Ker of

the family of Lothian, a house which has long had hereditary fame for wit as well as courage, received the unfortunate General with the well-known sarcasm, "That he believed he was the first general in Europe who had brought the first tidings of his own defeat."

But the presence of the General in person on the field, since there was not even the semblance of an army, could not have remedied the disaster. There was never a victory more complete. Of the infantry, two thousand five hundred men, or thereabout, scarce two hundred escaped; the rest were either slain or made prisoners. It has been generally computed that the slain amounted to four hundred, for the Highlanders gave little quarter in the first moments of excitation, though those did not last long. Five officers were killed, and eighty made prisoners. The number of prisoners amounted to upwards of two thousand. Many of them exhibited a frightful spectacle, being hideously cut with the broadsword. The field-artillery, with colours, standards, and other trophies, remained in the hands of the victors. The military-chest of the army was placed during the action in the house of Cockenzie, the baggage in a large field adjoining, originally in the rear of Cope's line of battle, but at the moment of action, upon the left. It was guarded by a few Highlanders of the regiment which the Earl of Loudon was raising for government, and which was much reduced by desertion, many of the privates joining their clans so soon as the Rebellion broke out. The baggage-guard surrendered themselves prisoners on seeing the event of the battle, and the baggage and military-chest, with £2500 in specie, became the booty of the conquerors. The Highlanders looked with surprise and amazement upon the luxuries of a civilized army. They could not understand the use of chocolate; and watches, wigs, and other ordinary appurtenances of the toilette, were equally the subject of wonder and curiosity.

On the part of the victors, the battle, though brief, had not been bloodless. Four officers and thirty privates of their army were killed; six officers and seventy men wounded.

Such were the results of the celebrated battle of Preston, or, as some have it, of Prestonpans, in which the pride of military discipline received an indelible disgrace at the hands of a wild militia. Sir John Cope, whom it would be easy to vindicate so far as personal courage goes, was nevertheless overwhelmed with the ridicule due to poltroonery, as well as to want of conduct, and was doomed to remain,

Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of a merry song.

CHAPTER XIX.

Prince Charles's Proclamations on returning to Edinburgh—Results of his Victory at Preston—his Plans and Levies—his Council and Court at Holyrood House—Arrival of French Vessels with Supplies—Duplicity of Lord Lovat—its Unfortunate Results to Himself and to the Prince—Resolution to March into England, which Charles adheres to in Opposition to many of his Advisers—his Arrival at Carlisle—at Preston—at Manchester, where alone he receives an English Reinforcement—Alarm of Government—Resolution of George II to

take the Field in Person—Arrival of the Prince at Derby—his undiminished Confidence of Success, although Surrounded by Government Forces far Superior in Number to his own—Lord George Murray urges the necessity of Retreat, to which the Prince reluctantly Consents.

THE day after the battle of Preston, the Chevalier slept at Pinkie House, near Musselburgh; the next morning he returned to Duddingston, and entering the capital, was received with the acclamations of the populace, and all the honours which the official authorities could render. Several proclamations were issued upon his arrival, all of them adapted to influence the popular mind.

He prohibited all rejoicings for the victory, assigning for his reason the loss which had been sustained by his father's misguided subjects. The clergy of Edinburgh were, by another edict, exhorted to resume the exercise of their religious functions, and assured of the Prince's protection. This venerable body sent a deputation to know whether they would be permitted, in the course of divine service, to offer up their prayers for King George. It was answered, on the part of the Chevalier, that to grant the request would be in so far to give the lie to those family pretensions for the assertion of which he was in arms; but that, notwithstanding, he would give them his royal assurance that they should not be called to account for any imprudent language which they might use in the pulpit. The ministers of Edinburgh seem to have doubted the guarantee, as none of them resumed his charge excepting the Rev. Mr MacVicar, minister of the West Church, who regularly officiated there, under the protection of the guns of the Castle. A number of the Highland officers, as well as the citizens, attended on Mr MacVicar's ministry, in the course of which he not only prayed for King George, but stoutly asserted his right to the throne. This was represented to Charles Edward by some of his followers, as a piece of unjustifiable insolence, deserving of punishment; but the Prince wisely replied, that the man was an honest fool, and that he would not have him disturbed. I do not know if it was out of gratitude for this immunity, but Mr MacVicar, on the following Sunday, added to his prayers in behalf of King George, a petition in favour of the Chevalier, which was worded thus:—"As to this young person who has come among us seeking an earthly crown, do THOU, in thy merciful favour, send him a heavenly one."

A good deal of inconvenience had arisen in consequence of the Banking Companies having retreated into the Castle, carrying with them the specie which supplied the currency of the country. A third proclamation was issued, inviting these establishments to return to the town, and resume the ordinary course of their business; but, like the clergy, the bankers refused to listen to the invitation. They, as well as the clergy, did not probably place much confidence in the security offered.

It is now time to take a more general view of the effects which the battle of Preston, or of Gladsmuir,*

* They affected this name to reconcile the victory to some ancient metrical prophecies, which happen to fix on Gladsmuir as a field of battle in which the Scottish should be victorious;—

On Gladsmuir sall the battle be,

as the Jacobites preferred calling it, had produced upon the affairs of the young Adventurer.

Until that engagement, the Chevalier could not be said to possess a spot of Scotland, save the ground which was occupied by his Highland army. The victory had reversed this; and there was no place within the ancient kingdom of his ancestors, except the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling, and the four small garrisons on the Highland chain, which dared disavow his authority and abide by the consequences. It was, therefore, a question of high import to decide in what manner this splendid advantage could be best improved. It was the opinion of many at the time, and has been repeated since, and was, it is said, originally the predominant sentiment of Charles Edward himself, that the blow at Preston should be followed up as speedily as possible by an irruption into England. This, it was said, would rouse the spirits of the English Jacobites, surprise the government while in a state of doubt and want of preparation, and, in short, give the readiest prospect of completing a counter-revolution. On consideration, however, the Prince, from reasons of the most cogent nature, was compelled to renounce an enterprise, which was, perhaps, not uncongenial to his daring temper. He could not but be sensible that his army, after the battle, was reduced nearly one half, by the number of Highlanders who, according to their uniform custom, returned home to deposit with their families the booty which they had taken in the field. This was not all. He was, as yet, deprived of the assistance of Lovat, MacLeod, and Sir Alexander MacDonald, upon whom he had rested as main supports of his enterprise. These three chiefs might have augmented his forces to six or seven thousand men, with which strength he might have approached the English borders, not without hopes of striking an important blow. But, besides the relics of Sir John Cope's dragoons, several British regiments, recalled from Flanders, had already reached England; and six thousand Dutch troops had, as in the insurrection in 1715, been supplied by the States of Holland, as an auxiliary contingent which they were bound to send over to England in case of invasion. These regiments, indeed, were chiefly Swiss and German troops in Dutch pay, who had been made prisoners by the French, and enjoyed their liberty under parole that they should not bear arms against his Most Christian Majesty or his allies. There was, therefore, some doubt whether they could regularly have taken a part in the British civil war. It was understood that the French government had made a remonstrance against their being employed, founded on the terms of the capitulation. But the laws of war, as well as others, have their points of casuistry; and since the troops were sent to Britain, it can be little doubted that, being there, it

saith the Book of Prophecies—printed by Andro Hart, Edinburgh, 1615.

Gladsmuir is a long mile from the actual place of conflict in 1745. Indeed the old soothsayer seems to have had a better judgment for selecting a field of battle than Sir John Cope. Gladsmuir is a large bold open heath, on which his cavalry would have had full room to act, and he himself a commanding situation. It must be always subject of wonder that he did not halt to receive the Highlanders there, instead of cooping himself up in a pinfold at Preston, and waiting for their attack.

must have been with the resolution of fighting, although, at a later period, when the Chevalier actually had in his camp a French force, they were withdrawn from the conflict.

It must be also remembered that, in advancing into England, the Chevalier, without being certain of any friends in the south, must have abandoned all chance of supplies from France, which he could only hope to receive in small quantities, by means of Montrose, Dundee, and other ports on the north-eastern coast; while, at the same time, he must have withdrawn from a junction with all the recruits whom he expected from the Highlands, and from the great clans, which he still hoped might join him.

To conclude, the British and Dutch forces were drawing to a head at Newcastle, under Field-Marshal Wade, to a number already superior to that of the Highland army.

Having such a force in front, the advance of the Chevalier into England with 1800 or 2000 men, would have been an act of positive insanity. There remained only another course—that the Chevalier should endeavour to augment his army by every means in his power, and prepare himself for the prosecution of his adventure before he went farther.

With this purpose, the public money was levied in every direction, and parties were dispatched as far as Glasgow, which city was subjected to payment of £5000 sterling. The utmost exertion was made to collect the arms which had been taken from the vanquished in the field of battle; and various gifts were received into the Prince's exchequer from individuals, who, too old or too timid to join him, took this mode of showing the interest which they felt in his cause.

The news of the victory, in the meantime, animated the Jacobites in every quarter of the kingdom, and decided many who had hitherto stood neutral. Officers were appointed to beat up for volunteers, and did so with success;—many Lowland gentlemen joined the ranks of the rebels;—General Gordon of Glenbucket brought down 300 men from the upper part of Aberdeenshire;—Lord Ogilvie led a body of equal number from Strathmore and the Mearns;—Lord Pitsligo, a nobleman of the most irreproachable character, and already in an advanced stage of life, took the field at the head of a squadron of north-country gentlemen, amounting to 120 in number;—Lord Lewis Gordon, brother of the Duke, undertook to levy considerable forces in his own country, though his brother, disgusted perhaps with the recollection of 1715, declined to join the Chevalier's standard.

The new forces were organised in all possible haste. Two troops of cavalry were formed as guards, one of which was placed under the command of Lord Elcho, the other, first destined to the son of Lord Kenmure, who declined to join, was finally conferred on the unfortunate Lord Balmerino. A troop of horse-grenadiers was placed under the command of the equally unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock. This nobleman, if his early education is considered, could scarcely have been expected to have enrolled himself as an adherent of the cause which cost him so dear. In the 1715, being then only twelve years old, he appeared in arms with his father, in behalf of the government, at the head of 1000 men, whom the in-

fluence of the family had raised in Ayrshire. He had also enjoyed a pension from George II's government. But his wife, Lady Ann Livingston, daughter of James Earl of Linlithgow and Callander, was a zealous Jacobite, and, it is supposed, converted her husband to that unhappy faith. Lord Kilmarnock was also in embarrassed circumstances, and his ambition was awakened by the gleam of success which shone on the Prince's standard at Preston, and which induced him to take the step which cost him his life. Mr Murray, the secretary, desirous of a military as well as a civil command, made some progress in levying a regiment of hussars, designed for the light cavalry duties, which were commanded under him by an Irish officer in the French service, named Lieutenant-Colonel Bagot.

While recruits of considerable rank were thus joining the standard, the camp at Duddingston assumed a more regular and military appearance—the Highlanders being, with some difficulty, prevailed upon to occupy the tents which had fallen into their possession at Preston, declaring, however, that they did so only out of respect to the Prince's orders, as these hardy people preferred the open air, even in the end of a Scottish autumn. The tents were very indifferently pitched, and only half inhabited, so that the appearance of the camp was extremely irregular.

It may be here noticed, that the behaviour of the Highlanders was upon the whole exemplary. Some robberies were indeed committed in the vicinity of Edinburgh, by persons in Highland dresses, and wearing white cockades, but they were considered as having been perpetrated by ordinary thieves, who had used the Prince's uniform as a disguise. On some occasions the Highlanders forgot themselves, and presented their pieces at the citizens to extort money; but the moderation of the demand bore a strange disproportion to the menacing manner in which it was enforced. It was generally limited to a penny, a circumstance strongly expressive of the simplicity of this singular people.

The Court at Holyrood was in those halcyon days of Jacobitism so much frequented by persons of distinction, that it might almost have been supposed the restoration had already taken place. The fair sex, in particular, were dazzled with the gallant undertaking of a young and handsome Prince so unexpectedly successful, and the young men, of course, if in the least biassed in favour of the politics of the softer sex, found it difficult to differ from their opinions. In the eyes of the public, the young Chevalier, whether from policy or a good natural disposition, showed no sentiments but such as were honourable and generous; and many anecdotes were circulated, tending to exalt his character in the general opinion. It was said, for example, as Charles rode through the field of battle at Preston, that an officer describing the bodies with which it was covered as being those of his enemies, he replied, that he only beheld with regret the corpses of his father's misguided subjects. It was more certain, that when the Chevalier proposed to the Court of London to settle a cartel for prisoners, and when that proposal was refused, he was strongly advised to consider those English captives who were in his hands as

hostages for the lives of such of his own party as might become prisoners to the enemy. But Charles Edward uniformly rejected this proposal, declaring that it was beneath him as a prince to make threats which he did not intend to execute, and that he would never, on any account, or under any provocation, take away the lives of unoffending men in cold blood, after having spared them in the heat of action.

Another opportunity occurred in which Charles had the means of exhibiting the same tone of generosity after his return from Preston. He had established a blockade around the Castle of Edinburgh; this could, in fact, do little more than occasion inconvenience to the garrison, by depriving them of fresh provisions, for of salted stores they had an abundant supply; there was no great prospect, therefore, of reducing so strong a place by the effects of famine, nor did the Governor take much notice of a proclamation forbidding any one to carry provisions to the Castle under pain of death. A few shots fired on the Highland guards were the only acknowledgment of the insult; but after this had lasted a few days, General Preston, the Governor of the fortress, sent a message to the Lord Provost and Magistrates, declaring, that unless the communication with the city was opened, he would cannonade the town, and lay it in ashes. When this threat was communicated to the Chevalier, to whom the affrighted citizens naturally carried their appeal, he observed, that nothing could be more unjust than to make the city responsible for the actions of an armed force which was not under their control; that he might, by a parity of reasoning, be summoned to evacuate the capital, or yield up any other advantage, by the same threat of destroying the city; and that therefore he would not permit his feelings, on the present occasion, to interrupt the plain course which his interest recommended. But to intimidate General Preston, the Chevalier caused him to be informed, that if he fired on the city of Edinburgh, he would, in retaliation, cause the General's house at Valleyfield, in Fife, to be burnt to the ground. The stout veteran received the threat with scorn, declaring that if Valleyfield were injured, the English vessels of war in the Frith should in revenge receive instructions to burn down Wemyss-Castle, which is built on a rock overhanging the sea. This Castle was the property of the Earl of Wemyss, whose eldest son, Lord Elcho, was in the Prince's camp. Fortunately this exasperating species of warfare was practised on neither side. General Preston, in pity to the entreaty of the inhabitants, consented to suspend the cannonade, until he should receive orders from St James's.

Some misapprehension, however, having taken place about the terms of this kind of armistice, General Preston, according to his threat, opened a fire upon the city. The confusion was great; the garrison made a sally to dislodge the rebels from some posts near the Castle; the streets were swept with cartridge-shot, and several of the inhabitants, as well as Highlanders, were slain. It is said that the Governor engaged in this sort of warfare, in order to induce the rebel army to remain before the fortress; and that he caused letters to fall into the hands of their council, expressing fears of a scarcity of provisions, so as to

determine them to adopt the course of continuing the blockade. Charles, however, feeling, or affecting to feel, much interest for the distress of the inhabitants, gave orders to open the communication with the Castle, and the cannonade in consequence ceased.

All this conduct on the part of the Adventurer was so far politic, as well as generous. But there were at the bottom of this apparent lenity and liberality private feuds, which rendered the Chevalier's opinions and doctrines less acceptable to some of those who immediately approached his person, than to the adherents who only beheld events at a distance. For this purpose I will transcribe the manner in which his councils were conducted, as it is given by Lord Elcho.

"The Prince formed a council which met regularly every morning in his drawing-room. The gentlemen whom he called to it were the Duke of Perth, Lord Lewis Gordon, Lord George Murray, Lord Elcho, Lord Ogilvie, Lord Pitligo, Lord Nairne, Lochiel, Keppoch, Clanranald, Glencoe, Lochgarry, Ardshiel, Sir Thomas Sheridan, Colonel O'Sullivan, Glenbucket, and Secretary Murray. The Prince, in this council, used always first to declare what he himself was for, and then he asked every body's opinion in their turn. There was one-third of the council whose principles were, that kings and princes can never either act or think wrong; so, in consequence, they always confirmed whatever the Prince said. The other two-thirds, who thought that kings and princes thought sometimes like other men, and were not altogether infallible, and that this Prince was no more so than others, and therefore begged leave to differ from him when they could give sufficient reasons for their difference of opinion. This very often was no hard matter to do; for as the Prince and his old governor Sir Thomas Sheridan were altogether ignorant of the ways and customs of Great Britain, and both much for the doctrine of absolute monarchy, they would very often, had they not been prevented, have fallen into blunders which might have hurt the cause. The Prince could not bear to hear any body differ in sentiment from him, and took a dislike to every body that did; for he had a notion of commanding this army as any general does a body of mercenaries, and so let them know only what he pleased, and expected them to obey without inquiring further about the matter. This might have done better had his favourites been people of the country; but as they were Irish, and had nothing to risk, the people of fashion that had their all at stake, and consequently ought to be supposed to give the best advice of which they were capable, thought they had a title to know and be consulted in what was for the good of the cause in which they had so much concern; and if it had not been for their insisting strongly upon it, the Prince, when he found that his sentiments were not always approved of, would have abolished this council long ere he did.

"There was a very good paper sent one day by a gentleman in Edinburgh, to be perused by this council. The Prince, when he heard it read, said that it was below his dignity to enter into such a reasoning with subjects, and ordered the paper to be laid aside. The paper afterwards was printed, under the title of The Prince's declaration to the people of England, and is esteemed the best manifesto published in those

and,
33838
q' 'puwq'
ad, ,band,
338 33838
q' 'puwq'

times, for those that were printed at Rome and Paris were reckoned not so well calculated for the present age.

"The Prince created a committee for providing the army with forage. It was composed of Lord Elcho, President; Graham of Duntroon, whom they called Lord Dundee; Sir William Gordon of Park, Hunter of Burnside, Haldane of Lanark, and his son; Mr Smith and Mr Hamilton. They issued out orders in the Prince's name to all the gentlemen's houses who had employments under the government, to send in certain quantities of hay, straw, and corn, upon such a day, under the penalty of military execution if not complied with; but their orders were very punctually obeyed.

"There were courts-martial sat every day for the discipline of the army, and some delinquents were punished with death."

Charles Edward, while he exercised at Holyrood the dignified hospitality of a Prince, and gave entertainments to his most distinguished followers, and balls and concerts to the ladies of the party, of whom the Duchess of Perth and Lady Ogilvy formed conspicuous persons, omitted not the attention that might become a prudent general. He visited the camp almost every day, exercised and reviewed his troops frequently, and often slept in the camp without throwing off his clothes.

While the internal management of the Prince's affairs, civil and military, was thus regulated, no time was lost in applying to every quarter from which the insurgents might expect assistance. Immediately after the battle of Preston, the Prince had dispatched a confidential agent to France; the person intrusted with this mission was Mr Kelly, already mentioned as an accomplice in the Bishop of Rochester's plot. He had instructions to magnify the victory as much as possible in the eyes of the French king and ministry, and to represent how fair the Prince's enterprise bade for success, if it should now receive the effective support of his Most Christian Majesty. This mission was not entirely useless, though it may be doubted whether the French ministers considered the opportunity as being so favourable as was represented. Vessels were dispatched from time to time with money and supplies, although only in small quantities. One of these vessels arrived at Montrose with £5000 in money, and two thousand five hundred stand of arms. There came over in this vessel Monsieur De Boyer, called Marquis D'Eguilles, son of a President of the Parliament of Aix, with one or two officers connected with those already engaged in the undertaking.

The Prince received the Marquis D'Eguilles with much studied ceremony, affecting to regard him as the accredited agent of the King his master. The Chevalier also gave out, that the Marquis had brought him letters from the King of France, in which he promised his assistance, and asserted more specifically, that his brother Henry Benedict, calling himself Duke of York, was to be dispatched to Britain immediately, at the head of a French army. This news raised the spirits of the insurgents to a very high pitch; for an attempt at invasion was so obviously the policy of the French court at this period, that nobody had the least difficulty in believing it.

Three more ships arrived from France at Montrose and Stonehaven. A train of six brass four-pounders, and in each vessel two thousand five hundred stand of arms, and £1000 in money, were received on this occasion. Some Irish officers also came by these vessels. To intercept such communications, Rear-Admiral Byng entered the Frith of Forth with four or five ships of war, which obliged the cavalry of the insurgents to scour the coast by nightly patrols.

Neither was the Prince remiss in endeavouring to extend the insurrection in Scotland. We have mentioned already that MacPherson of Cluny had been taken prisoner in his house by the Prince's soldiers, and carried to Perth as a captive. While in that city he had been released upon coming under the same engagement as the clans already in arms. On returning, therefore, to his house in Badenoch, he had called his men together, and led three hundred MacPhersons to join the Chevalier's standard at Edinburgh.

But though Cluny, the son-in-law of Lovat, had thus chosen his part, the crafty old chief himself continued to hesitate, and to retain the mask of pretended loyalty to George the Second. Charles Edward corresponded with him, both by means of his secretary Hugh Fraser, and by that of MacDonald of Barrisdale, a partisan, who affected in a peculiar manner the ancient Highland character, and was, therefore, supposed to be acceptable to Lord Lovat. Through the medium of these agents, Charles stimulated the chief's ambition by every object which he could suggest; and while he pretended to receive as current coin the apologies which the old man made for delaying his declaration, he eagerly urged him to redeem the time which had been lost, by instantly raising his clan.

Lovat still hesitated. President Forbes possessed over him that species of ascendancy which men of decided and honest principles usually have over such as are crafty and unconscientious. Lovat was driven, therefore, upon a course of doubtful politics, by which he endeavoured to give the Chevalier such underhand assistance as he could manage, without, as he hoped, incurring the guilt of rebellion. Whilst, therefore, he made to the President empty protestations of zeal and loyalty to the government, he maintained a private correspondence, expressing equally inefficient devotion to the Prince; and without joining either party, endeavoured to keep fair terms with both, till he should make himself of such importance as to cast the balance between them by his own force.

The vacillation and duplicity of Lord Lovat was the more unhappy for the cause which he finally adopted, because his example lost all the weight which a decisive resolution would have given it in the eyes of those who looked upon him as a model of cautious wisdom. It is generally allowed in the Highlands, that had Lovat taken arms in the beginning of the affair, the two great chiefs, Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat, and MacLeod of MacLeod, would certainly have done the same. The power of these three chiefs would have nearly doubled the numbers which the Chevalier collected from other quarters; nor would it be too much to assert, that with so great a force, the Chevalier might have ven-

tured upon an instant march to England after the battle of Preston, and made a fair experiment of what impression he could have effected in that country, while the full freshness of victory shone upon his arms. But Lovat had proposed to himself to exercise the influence which he possessed over these island chiefs in a very different manner. He had formed a plan of uniting their men from the Island of Skye and elsewhere, with the MacPhersons, under the command of Cluny; the MacIntoshes, the Farquharsons, and other branches of the Clan Chattan, over whom he possessed considerable influence—with these he proposed to form a northern army at the Pass of Corryarrack, which would, as he calculated, probably have amounted to five or six thousand men, and might, at his own option, have been employed in a decided manner, either for the purpose of effecting a restoration of the Stewarts, or for that of putting down the unnatural rebellion against King George, as might happen eventually best to suit the interest of Simon, Lord Lovat.

This plan was too obviously selfish to succeed. The two chiefs of MacLeod and MacDonald of Sleat became aware of Lovat's desire to profit by their feudal power and following, and thought it as reasonable to secure to themselves the price of their own services. The ambiguous conduct and delays of Lord Lovat inclined the two chiefs to listen to the more sincere and profitable counsel of Lord President Forbes, who exhorted them by all means to keep their dependents from joining in the rebellion; and, finally, persuaded them to raise their vassals in behalf of the reigning sovereign.

The President was furnished with means of conviction more powerful than mere words. Government having, as already noticed, placed a hundred commissions of companies at the disposal of this active and intelligent judge, he was enabled still farther to improve his influence among the Highlanders, by distributing them among such clans as were disposed to take arms in behalf of the Government. Both Sir Alexander MacDonald and MacLeod were prevailed upon to accept some of these commissions; and when Alexander MacLeod of Muiravonside, a sincere adherent of the Chevalier, went to Skye for the purpose of inducing them to join the Prince, he found that they had committed themselves to the opposite party, in a degree far more active than the political principles which they had hitherto professed gave the slightest reason to expect. The other chiefs among whom commissions were distributed, were the Lord Seaforth, the Earl of Sutherland, Lord Reay, Sir Robert Monro of Foulis, the Master of Ross, and the Laird of Grant. The companies which were raised under these commissions, were ordered to assemble at Inverness, and thus a northern army of loyalists was on foot about the end of October, in the rear of the rebels, while the increasing forces under Marshal Wade threatened to prevent the possibility of any attempt upon England.

The defection of MacDonald and MacLeod rendered altogether abortive Lovat's plan of a northern army of Highlanders assembling at Corryarrack, and it might have been expected that he would have been now forced openly to adopt either one side or the other. But, ingenious in overreaching himself, the

wily old man imagined he had invented a scheme by which he could render Charles Edward such assistance as would greatly forward his enterprise, while, at the same time, he might himself avoid all personal responsibility.

This plan, which he finally adopted, was, that his eldest son, the Master of Lovat, should join the Adventurer with seven or eight hundred of his best-armed and most warlike followers, and take upon himself the whole guilt of the rebellion; while he, the father, should remain at home, affecting a neutrality between the contending parties, and avoiding all visible accession to the insurrection. Even when he adopted the unnatural scheme of saving himself from personal danger, by making a cat's-paw of his eldest son, the old lord interposed so many doubts and delays, that the Master of Lovat, who was a noble and gallant gentleman, shed tears of rage and indignation at the train of dark and treacherous intrigue in which he was involved, and flung into the fire the white cockade which his father had commanded him to assume, yet refused for a time to let him display in the field.

When Lovat finally took the resolution of dispatching his son, with the best part of his clan, to the assistance of Charles Edward, a resolution which was not adopted without much hesitation and many misgivings, he feigned, with characteristic finesse, an apology for his march. It was pretended that some of the rebel clans had driven a great prey of cattle from the country of Lovat, and that the Master was obliged to march with his clan for the purpose of recovering them. It was even averred, that, advancing too near the insurgent army, the Frasers were obliged to join them by actual compulsion.

It is singular to remark how the craft of Lovat disappointed his own expectations. He had doubtless desired to give real assistance to the insurrection, for he could hardly suppose that his neighbour, the Lord President, was imposed on by his pretext of neutrality; and he must have feared being called to a severe account, if tranquillity was restored under the old government. And yet, notwithstanding the interest he took in Charles's success, he delayed his son's junction with the rebel forces so late, as to deprive that Prince of the assistance of the Frasers in his march into England, which was begun before the Master of Lovat commenced his journey southward. This delay induced the young nobleman to halt at Perth, where he united his corps with other reinforcements designed for the Prince's army. Thus, the indirect policy of Lord Lovat, while it led him to contribute aid to Charles's cause, in such a manner as to ruin himself with government, induced him, at the same time, to delay and postpone his assistance, until the period was past when it might have been essentially useful.

The Chevalier was aware of the difficulties of his situation, and, not inclining to remain at Edinburgh, like Mar at Perth, while they thickened around him, was disposed to supply by activity his want of numerical force. Having, therefore, received all such supplies as he seemed likely to bring together, he informed his council abruptly, that he designed to march for Newcastle, and give battle to Marshal Wade, who, he was convinced, would fly before

him. This proposal seems to have been exclusively the suggestion of the sanguine temper which originally dictated his enterprise. His father's courtiers, who endeavoured to outvie each other in professing doctrines of unlimited obedience, had impressed the young man with an early belief that his father's cause, as that of an injured and banished monarch, was that of Heaven itself, and that Heaven would not fail to befriend him, if he boldly asserted those rights with which Providence had invested him. He believed the opinions of his English subjects to be the same in which he himself had been brought up. The manner in which the populace of Edinburgh had received him, and the unexpected and decisive victory at Preston, both confirmed him in his sanguine confidence of success; and he was strongly persuaded, that even the paid soldiers of the English would hesitate to lift their weapons against their rightful Prince.

These sentiments, though they might well suit a Prince born and educated like Charles Edward, were too vague and visionary to gain the approbation of his council.

To his proposal of marching into England, it was replied, that the Scottish army which he now commanded, consisting only, after every augmentation, of 5500 men, was far beneath the number necessary to compel the English to accept him as their sovereign; that, therefore, it would be time enough for him to march into that country when he should be invited by his friends there, either to join them, or to favour their rising in arms. 2dly, It was urged, that, as Marshal Wade had assembled most of the troops in England, or lately arrived from Flanders, at Newcastle, with a view to a march into Scotland, it would be better to let him advance, than to go forward to meet him, because, in the former case, he must of necessity leave England undefended, and exposed to any insurrection of the Jacobites, or to the landing of the French armament, which the Marquis D'Eguilles and the Prince himself seemed daily to expect.

The Council also observed, that it was the Prince's interest, as it was understood to be the King of France's advice and opinion, to postpone a decisive action as long as possible, because, in case of his sustaining a defeat, the French ministers would send no troops to support him, and the loss would be irretrievable; whereas the longer the insurgents remained unbroken and in force, the greater would be the interest and encouragement which their allies would have in affording them effectual assistance. To these arguments the Prince only replied, by again asserting, that he was confident the French auxiliary force would be landed by the time he could cross the Border; and that he possessed a strong party in London and elsewhere, who would receive him as the people of Edinburgh had done. To which the members of his council could only answer, that they hoped it might prove so. They then dispersed for the night.

The next morning the debate was renewed, and the Prince again proposed to march into England, and fight Marshal Wade. As he found the council in no more complacent humour than they had been the day before, he was induced for the time to be silent upon the main proposition in debate, and limit his

proposal to a march to the Borders, in order that the troops might be kept in activity, and make some progress in learning their duty. This was agreed to, and orders were given out that the army should be ready to rendezvous at Dalkeith, and to march forward at the word of command.

On the evening of that same day, the Chevalier, for the third time, laid before his officers, then assembled in his own apartment, the proposal for a march upon Newcastle. To the objections which had been formerly offered, he replied by saying, in a positive manner, "I see, gentlemen, you are determined to stay in Scotland and defend your country; but I am not less resolved to try my fate in England, though I should go alone."

It being at length clear that the Prince's determination was taken, and that they could not separate themselves from his project without endangering his person, and ruining the expedition irretrievably, Lord George Murray and the other councillors thought of obtaining some middle conclusion betwixt their own plan of remaining in Scotland, and that of the Prince for marching directly to fight Marshal Wade. Lord George Murray therefore proposed, that since the army must needs enter England, it should be on the western, not the eastern frontier; they would thus, he calculated, avoid a hasty collision with the English army, which it was their obvious interest to defer, and would, at the same time, afford the English an opportunity to rise, or the French to land their troops, if either were disposed to act upon it. If, on the contrary, Marshal Wade should march across the country towards Carlisle, in order to give them battle, he would be compelled to do so at the expense of a fatiguing march over a mountainous country, while the Highlanders would fight to advantage among hills not dissimilar to their own. This plan of the western march was not instantly adopted, but the Chevalier at length came into it, rather than abandon his favourite scheme of moving southward.

On the 31st of October, 1745, Charles Edward marched out of Edinburgh at the head of his guards, and of Lord Pitsligo's horse; they rendezvoused at Dalkeith, where they were joined by other corps of their army from the camp at Duddingston and different quarters. Here the Adventurer's army was separated into two divisions.

One of these consisted of the Athole Brigade, Perth's, Ogilvie's, Roy Stewart's, and Glenbucket's, of foot regiments; Kilmarnock's and the hussars, of horse; with all the baggage and the artillery. This division was commanded by the Duke of Perth, and took the western road towards Carlisle. At Ecclefechan they were compelled, by the badness of the roads, to leave a part of their baggage, which, after they had marched on, was taken possession of by the people of Dumfries.

The other column of the Highland army consisted chiefly of the three MacDonald regiments, Glengarry's, Clanranald's, and Keppoch's, with Elcho and Pitsligo's horse; this division was commanded by the Prince in person. On the 5th of November, after halting two days at Kelso, they marched to Jedburgh, thus taking a turn towards the west. Their original demonstration to the eastward, was

designed to alarm Marshal Wade, and to prevent his taking any measures for moving towards Carlisle, their real object of attack. On Monday the 8th, the Prince, marching by Hawick and Haggiehaugh, took post at the village of Brampton, in England, with the purpose of facing Wade, should he attempt to advance from Newcastle in the direction of Carlisle.

In the meantime, the column under the Duke of Perth, consisting chiefly of Lowland regiments, horse, and artillery, advanced more to the westward, and reached Carlisle. This town had long been the principal garrison of England upon the western frontier, and many a Scottish army had, in former days, besieged it in vain. The walls by which it was surrounded were of the period of Henry VIII, improved by additional defences in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The castle itself, situated upon an abrupt and steep eminence, and surrounded by deep ditches on the only accessible point, was very ancient, but strong from its situation and the thickness of its walls. Upon the whole, although Carlisle was in no respect qualified to stand a regular siege, yet it might have defied the efforts of an enemy who possessed no cannon of larger calibre than four-pounders.

It was a considerable discouragement to the Highland leaders, that their men had deserted in great numbers. The march into England was by no means popular among the common soldiers, who attached to the movement some superstitious ideas of misfortune, which must necessarily attend their crossing the Border. When the army of the Prince broke up from Dalkeith, it was about five thousand five hundred strong, and they were computed to have lost by desertion at least one thousand men, before the one column arrived at Brampton, and the other in the vicinity of Carlisle.

The town of Carlisle showed a spirit of defence. The mayor, whose name was Pattieson, was at the trouble to issue a proclamation to inform the citizens, that he was not Paterson, a Scottishman, but Pattieson, a true-born native of England, determined to hold out the town to the last. The commandant of the castle, whose name was Durand, and who had lately been sent down to that important situation, was equally vehement in his protestations of defence.

The Duke of Perth, who commanded the right column of the Prince's army, thought it necessary, notwithstanding these adverse circumstances, to attempt the reduction of this important place. He opened, therefore, a trench on the east side of the town, and in two days afterwards began to construct a battery. On seeing these operations, the town of Carlisle, and its valiant mayor, desired to capitulate. The Duke of Perth refused to accept of their submission, unless the castle surrendered, but allowed them a reasonable time to come to their determination. The consequence was, that both town and citadel surrendered, on condition that the privileges of the community should be respected, and that the garrison, being chiefly militia, should be allowed to retire from the town, after delivering up their arms and horses, and engaging not to serve against the Chevalier for the space of twelve months. This capitulation was signed by the Duke of Perth and Colonel Durand, whose defence must have been but a sorry one, since during the short siege there was

VOL. VII.

only one man killed and another wounded in the besieging army.

On the 17th of November, the Prince himself made a triumphal entry into the town of Carlisle. The inhabitants, who entertained no affection for his cause, received him coldly; yet they could not help expressing a sense of the gentleness with which they had been treated by the Duke of Perth, whose conduct towards them had been generous and liberal. Their expressions of gratitude, and those of favour which the Prince thought himself obliged to bestow upon the Duke, were productive of great injury to the cause, by fostering the jealousy which subsisted between Lord George Murray and his Grace. We have already noticed that this discord had its origin as early as the time when the Duke and Lord George first joined the Prince at Perth, and that the Secretary Murray had sought to gratify his own ambition by encouraging the pretensions of the Duke of Perth (whom he found an easy practicable person, very willing to adopt his suggestions), in preference to those of Lord George Murray, who, though an officer of much higher military talents, was haughty, blunt, and not unwilling to combat the opinions of the Prince himself, far more those of his favourite secretary.

There being thus a sort of jealousy betwixt these eminent persons, Lord George considered the preference given to the Duke of Perth, to command the proceedings of the siege of Carlisle, as an encroachment upon his own pretensions; he regarded also, or seemed to regard, the Duke's religion, being a Catholic, as a disqualification to his holding such an ostensible character in the expedition. Under the influence of these feelings, he wrote a letter to the Prince, during the time of the siege, in which he observed he was sorry to see that he did not possess his Royal Highness's confidence, and that, although a Lieutenant-General, others were employed in preference to him; for these reasons, he perceived he was likely to be of more service as a volunteer than as a general officer; so that he begged his Royal Highness's acceptance of the resignation of his commission in the latter capacity. The Chevalier intimated to him, accordingly, that his resignation was accepted.

But, however acceptable the preference given to the Duke of Perth over Lord George Murray might be to Secretary Murray, and to the immediate personal favourites of the Prince, the Duke's principles and tenets being more acceptable to them than those of an uncompromising soldier of high rank, there was a general feeling of anxiety and apprehension spread through the bulk of the army, who had a much higher opinion of the military capacity of Lord George than of that of the Duke, though partial to the extreme good-nature, personal valour, and gentleman-like conduct of the latter. The principal persons, therefore, in the army, chiefs, commanders of corps, and men who held similar situations of importance, united in a petition, which was delivered to the Prince at Carlisle, praying that he would be pleased to discharge all Roman Catholics from his councils. This request was grounded upon an allegation which had appeared in the public newspapers, stating that the Prince was altogether guided by the advice of Roman

Catholics, and comparing Sir Thomas Sheridan to his grandfather James the Second's Father-confessor, the Jesuit Petre. In allusion to the surrender of Carlisle, the petition expressed an affected alarm upon the subject of Papists assuming the discussion and decision of articles of capitulation, in which the Church of England was intimately concerned. To mark the application of the whole, the Prince was entreated to request Lord George Murray might resume his command. To this last article of the petition, the Prince returned a favourable answer; to the rest he waived making any reply. Thus, the intrigue was for a period put a stop to, which, joined to his own rough and uncourtly style of remonstrance, had nearly deprived the insurgents of the invaluable services of Lord George Murray, who was undoubtedly the most able officer of their party.

The Prince might not have found it easy to extricate himself from this difficulty, had the Duke of Perth remained tenacious of the advantage which he had gained. He could not, indeed, be supposed to admit the principle of a petition, which was founded on the idea that the religion which he professed was a bar to his holding high rank in the Prince's service, and accordingly repelled with spirit the objections to his precedence on this ground. But when it was pointed out to him that Charles could not at that moment adhere to his resolution in his favour, without losing, to the great disadvantage of his affairs, the benefit of Lord George Murray's services, he at once professed his willingness to serve in any capacity, and submit to any thing, by which the interest of Charles and the expedition might be most readily promoted.

While the Prince lay at Carlisle, he received intelligence, which showed that his successes in Scotland had been but momentary, and of a kind which had not made any serious impression upon the minds of the people. The populace of the towns of Perth and Dundee had already intimated their dislike of the Stewart cause, and their adherence to the House of Hanover. Upon the birth-day of King George, the populace in both places assembled to celebrate the festival with the customary demonstrations of joy, notwithstanding their Jacobite commandants, and the new magistracy, which had been nominated in both towns by the prevailing party. At Perth, the mob had cooped up Mr Oliphant of Gask, with his friends, in the council-house, and shots and blows had been exchanged betwixt the parties. At Dundee, Fotheringham, the Jacobite governor, had been driven from the town, and although both he and Gask had been able to reassert their authority on the succeeding day, yet the temporary success of the citizens of both places, showed that the popular opinion was not on the side of Prince Charles.

A more marked expression of public feeling was now exhibited in the metropolis. The force which had restrained the general sentiment in Edinburgh was removed by the march of the Highland army towards England. The troops from the Castle had resumed possession of the deserted city. The Lord Justice-Clerk, the Lords of Session, the Sheriffs of the three counties of Lothian, with many other Whig gentlemen who had left the town on the approach of the rebels, had re-entered Edinburgh in a kind of solemn procession, and had given orders to

prosecute the levy of one thousand men, formerly voted to government. General Handyside also had marched into the capital on the 14th of November, with Price's and Ligonier's regiments, which had come from Newcastle; also the two regiments of dragoons, who had behaved so indifferently at Preston. The towns of Glasgow, Stirling, Paisley, and Dumfries, were also embodying their militia; and Colonel John Campbell, then heir of the Argyle family, had arrived at Inverary, and was raising the feudal interest of that powerful house, as well as the militia of the county of Argyle.

All these were symptoms that showed by how frail a tenure the Chevalier held his influence in Scotland, and that it was not, in the Lowlands at least, likely to survive long the absence of the Highland army.

Neither were the Highlands in a safe situation, so far as the Prince's interest was concerned. Lord Loudon was at Inverness, with the MacLeods and MacDonalds of Skye, and overawed the Jacobites to the north of Inverness, as well as those of Nairn and Moray. It is true, Lord Lewis Gordon, who commanded in Banff and Aberdeenshire, had raised three battalions for the Prince, commanded by Moir of Stonywood, Gordon of Abachie, and Farquharson of Monaltry. The rest of Charles's reinforcements lay at Perth; they consisted of the Frasers, as already mentioned; MacGillivray of Drumnaglas, who commanded the MacIntoshes; the Farquharsons, the Earl of Cromarty, the Master of Lovat, with several detachments of MacDonalds of various tribes, and one hundred and fifty of the Stewarts of Appin. A large body of MacGregors lay at Doune, under the command of MacGregor of Glengyle, and kept the country in great awe. All these troops made a considerable force; those at Perth, in particular, together with Glengyle's people, amounted to between three and four thousand men, as good as any the Prince had in his army, and Colonel MacLauchlan was dispatched to order them immediately to march and join their countrymen in England.

In those circumstances, several of the Prince's followers were much surprised, when in a council at Carlisle, the sanguine young Adventurer proposed that they should, without delay, pursue their march to London, as if the kingdom of England had been wholly defenceless. It was objected, that the Scottish gentlemen had consented to the invasion of England, in the hope of being joined by the English friends of the Prince, or in expectation of a descent from France; without one or other of these events, they had never, it was stated, undertaken to effect the restoration of the Stewart family. To this the Prince answered, that he was confident in expecting the junction of a strong party in Lancashire, if the Scots would consent to march forward. D'Eguilles vehemently affirmed his immediate expectation of a French landing; and Mr Murray, who was treasurer as well as secretary, assured them that it was impossible to stay longer at Carlisle, for want of money. All these were urgent reasons for marching southward.

Whether the Prince had any stronger reasons than he avowed for believing in the actual probability of a Jacobite rising which he averred, will probably

never be exactly known. It is certain that many families of distinction were understood to be engaged to join the Prince in 1740, provided he appeared at the head of a French force, and with a certain quantity of money and arms; but the same difficulties occurred in England, which he had encountered on his first landing in Scotland. The persons who had come under an agreement to join under certain conditions, in a perilous enterprise, considered themselves as under no obligation to do so, when these conditions were not complied with. It is probable, nevertheless, that many of those zealous and fanatical partisans, which belong to every undertaking of the kind, and are usually as desperate in their plans as in their fortunes, might, since his entering England, have opened a communication with the Prince, and excited his own sanguine temper by their representations. But, at the same time, it is pretty clear that the Prince had no information of such credit as to be laid before his council; at least, if it were so, it was never seen by them; nor were there any indications of a formed plan of insurrection in his favour, although there seemed a strong disposition on the part of the gentry to embrace his interest in Lancashire, Cheshire, and Wales. As for Lord George Murray, and the councillors who differed in opinion from Charles, they assented to the advance into England, merely lest it might be said that, by their restiveness, the Prince had lost the chance of forming a union with his English friends, or profiting by a descent from France.

The army was now reduced to about four thousand four hundred men, out of which a garrison of two or three hundred were to be left in Carlisle; with the remainder it was now resolved to march to London by the Lancashire road, although, including the militia and newly-raised regiments, there were upwards of six thousand men under arms upon the side of the government, who lay directly in their road. It would, therefore, seem, that the better course would have been to have waited at Carlisle until the reinforcements had arrived from Perth; but this proposal was made and overruled. On the 21st of November, the Prince marched from Carlisle, and arrived that night at Penrith, Lord George Murray commanding the army as general under him. He halted a day at Penrith, with the purpose of fighting Field-Marshal Wade, who had made a demonstration towards Hexham, to raise the siege of Carlisle; but who had marched back, on account, as was alleged, of a heavy snow-storm. Wade was now an old man, and his military movements partook of the slowness and irresolution to be expected from advanced age. The Prince, neglecting the old Marshal, pushed southward, resumed his adventurous march, and advanced through Lancaster to Preston, where the whole army arrived on the 26th. They marched in two divisions, of which the first, commanded by Lord George Murray, comprehended what were called the Lowland regiments, that is to say, the whole army except the clans; although the greater part so called Lowland, were Highlanders by language, and all of them by dress, the Highland garb being the uniform of all the infantry of the Jacobite army. The Prince himself, at the head of the clans properly so called, each of which formed a regiment, led the way on foot, with his target

on his shoulder, sharing the fatigues of his hardy followers. The little army was compelled, for convenience of quarters, to move, as we have said, in two divisions, which generally kept half a day's march separate from each other.

These adventurous movements, from the very audacity of their character,—for who could have supposed them to be hazarded on vague expectations?—struck a terror into the English nation, at which those who witnessed and shared it were afterwards surprised and ashamed. It was concluded that an enterprise so desperate would not have been undertaken without some private assurances of internal assistance, and every one expected some dreadful and widely-spread conspiracy to explode. In the meantime, the people remained wonderfully passive. "London," says a contemporary, writing on the spur of the moment, "lies open as a prize to the first comers, whether Scotch or Dutch;" and a letter from the poet Gray to Horace Walpole, paints an indifference yet more ominous to the public cause than the general panic: "The common people in town at least know how to be afraid; but we are such uncommon people here" (at Cambridge) "as to have no more sense of danger, than if the battle had been fought where and when the battle of Cannæ was. I heard three sensible, middle-aged men, when the Scotch were said to be at Stamford, and actually were at Derby, talking of hiring a chaise to go to Caxton (a place in the high-road) to see the Pretender and Highlanders as they passed." A further evidence of the feelings under which the public laboured during this crisis, is to be found in a letter from the well-known Sir Andrew Mitchell to the Lord President.* "If I had not," says the writer, "lived long enough in England to know the natural bravery of the people, particularly of the better sort, I should, from their behaviour of late, have had a very false opinion of them; for the least scrap of good news exalts them most absurdly, and the smallest reverse of fortune depresses them meanly."

In fact, the alarm was not groundless; not that the number of the Chevalier's individual followers ought to have been an object of serious, at least of permanent alarm, to so great a kingdom; but because, in many counties, a great proportion of the landed interest were Jacobitically disposed, although, with the prudence which distinguished the opposite party in 1688, they declined joining the invaders, until it should appear whether they could maintain their ground without them.

In the meantime, the unfortunate Prince marched on in full confidence in his stars, his fortunes, and his strength, like a daring gambler, encouraged by a run of luck which was hitherto extraordinary; but his English friends remained as much palsied as his enemies, nor did any thing appear to announce that general declaration in his favour which he had asserted with so much confidence.

On arriving at Preston, in Lancashire, Lord George Murray had to combat the superstition of the soldiers whom he commanded. The defeat of the Duke of Hamilton in the great Civil War, with the subsequent misfortune of Brigadier MacIntosh in 1715, had given rise to a belief, that Preston was to a Scot-

* Culloden Papers, p. 255.

tish army the fatal point, beyond which they were not to pass. To counteract this superstition, Lord George led a part of his troops across the Ribble-bridge, a mile beyond Preston, at which town the Chevalier arrived in the evening. The spell which arrested the progress of the Scottish was thus supposed to be broken, and the road to London was considered as laid open before them.

The people of Preston received Charles Edward with several cheers, which were the first he had heard since entering England; but on officers being appointed to beat up for recruits, no one would enlist. When this was stated to the Prince, he continued, in reply, to assure his followers with unabated confidence, that he would be joined by all his English friends when they advanced as far as Manchester; and Monsieur d'Eguilles, with similar confidence, offered to lay considerable wagers, that the French either had already landed, or would land within a week. Thus, the murmurers were once more reduced to silence.

During this long and fatiguing march, Charles, as we have already said, shared with alacrity the fatigues of his soldiers. He usually wore a Highland dress, and marched on foot at the head of one of the columns, insisting that the infirm and aged Lord Pittligo should occupy his carriage. He never took dinner, but, making a hearty meal at supper, threw himself upon his bed about eleven o'clock, without undressing, and rose by four the next morning, and as he had a very strong constitution, supported this severe labour day after day. In all the towns where the Highland army passed, they levied the public revenue with great accuracy; and where any subscriptions had been levied in behalf of Government, as was the case in most considerable places, they exacted an equivalent sum from each subscriber.

On the march between Preston and Wigan, the road was thronged with people anxious to see the army pass by, who expressed their good wishes for the Prince's success; but when arms were offered to them, and they were invited to enrol themselves in his service, they unanimously declined, saying in excuse, they did not understand fighting. On the 29th, when the Prince arrived at Manchester, there was a still stronger appearance of favour to his cause; bonfires, acclamations, the display of white cockades, solemnized his arrival, and a considerable number of persons came to kiss his hand, and to offer their services. About two hundred men of the populace were here enlisted, and being embodied with the few who had before joined his standard, composed what was termed the Manchester Regiment. The officers were in general respectable men, enthusiasts in the Jacobite cause; and Mr Townley, a gentleman of good family, and considerable literary accomplishments, was named Colonel of the regiment. But the common soldiers were the very lowest of the populace. All this success was of a character very inferior to that which the Prince had promised, and which his followers expected; yet it was welcome, and was regarded as the commencement of a rising in their favour, so that even Lord George Murray, when consulted by a friend, whether they should not now renounce an expedition which pro-

mised so ill, gave it as his opinion, that, before doing so, they should advance as far as Derby, undertaking that, if they were not joined by the English Jacobites in considerable numbers at that place, he would then propose a retreat.

The Highland army advanced accordingly to Derby; but in their road through Macclesfield, Leek, Congleton, and other places, were received with signs of greater aversion to their cause than they had yet experienced, so that all hopes founded on the encouragement they had received from the junction of the Manchester Regiment, were quite obscured and forgotten.

Now, also, they began to receive notice of the enemy. Colonel Ker of Gradon nearly surprised a party of English dragoons, and made prisoner one Weir, a principal spy of the Duke of Cumberland, whom the Highland officers were desirous of sending to instant execution. Lord George Murray saved him from the gallows, and thus obtained some valuable information concerning the numbers and position of the enemy. Accuracy in these particulars was of the last consequence, for having arrived at Derby, Charles might be said to be at the very crisis of his fate. He was within ninety miles of London, and, at the same time, less than a day's march of an army of ten thousand men and upwards, which had been originally assembled under General Ligonier, and was now commanded by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, who had his head-quarters at Litchfield, somewhat farther from the metropolis than those of Charles Edward. On the other hand, another English army, equal in numbers to their own, was moving up along the west side of Yorkshire, being about this time near Ferrybridge, two or three marches in the rear of the Scottish invaders, who were thus in danger of being placed between two fires.

Besides these two armies, George the Second was himself preparing to take the field at the head of his own Guards. For this purpose they were marched out of London, and encamped upon Finchley Common. Several regiments who had served abroad were destined to compose this third army, and form the defence of the capital, should its services be required.

The Prince showed no abatement of the high confidence which he had hitherto entertained of success. It seems to have been his idea to push forward at the head of his active troops, and, eluding the Duke of Cumberland (which, from their mutual position with respect to London, he would not have found difficult, being the nearest to the capital by nearly a day's march), to press forward upon the metropolis, and dispute the pretensions of the reigning monarch beneath its very walls. He continued to entertain the belief that George the Second was a detested usurper, in whose favour no one would willingly draw his sword; that the people of England, as was their duty, still nourished that allegiance for the race of their native princes, which they were bound to hold sacred; and that, if he did but persevere in his daring attempt, Heaven itself would fight in his cause. His discourse, therefore, when at table, at Derby, was entirely about the manner in which he should enter London, whether on foot or horseback,

or whether in Lowland or Highland garb; without hinting at the possibility of his having to retreat without making the final experiment on the faith and fortitude of the English. He remained at Derby for nearly two days, to refresh his forces.

On the morning of the 5th of December, Lord George Murray, with all the commanders of battalions and squadrons, waited on the Prince, and informed him, that it was the opinion of all present, that the Scots had now done every thing that could be expected of them. They had marched into the heart of England, through the counties represented as most favourable to the cause, and had not been joined, except by a very insignificant number. They had been assured also of a descent from France, to act in conjunction with them; but of this there had not been the slightest appearance; nevertheless, Lord George stated, that if the Prince could produce a letter from any English person of distinction, containing an invitation to the Scottish army either to march to London or elsewhere, they were ready to obey. If, however, no one was disposed to intermeddle with their affairs, he stated they must be under the necessity of caring for themselves, in which point of view their situation must be considered as critical. The army of the Duke of Cumberland, ten thousand strong, lay within a day's march in front, or nearly so; that of Marshal Wade was only two or three marches in their rear. Supposing that, nevertheless, they could give both armies the slip, a battle under the walls of London with George the Second's army was inevitable. He urged, that with whomsoever they fought, they could not reckon even upon victory, without such a loss as would make it impossible to gather in the fruits which ought to follow it; and that four or five thousand men were an army inadequate even to taking possession of the city of London, although undefended by regular troops, unless the populace were strongly in his favour, of which good disposition some friend would certainly have informed them, if any such had existed.

Lord George Murray, to these causes for retreat, added a plan for a Scottish campaign, which he thought might be prosecuted to advantage. In retreating to that country, the Prince had the advantage of retiring upon his reinforcements, which included the body of Highlanders lying at Perth, as well as a detachment of French troops which had been landed at Montrose under Lord John Drummond. He, therefore, requested, in the name of the persons present, that they should go back, and join their friends in Scotland, and live or die with them.

After Lord George had spoken, many of the council expressed similar opinions. The Duke of Perth and Sir John Gordon only proposed penetrating into Wales, to give that people an opportunity to join. To this was opposed the necessity of fighting with the Duke of Cumberland, with unequal numbers, and perhaps with Marshal Wade also, who was likely to strain every nerve to come up in their rear.

Charles Edward heard these arguments with the utmost impatience, expressed his determination to advance to London, having gained a day's march on the Duke of Cumberland, and plainly stigmatised as traitors all who should adhere to any other resolution. He broke up the council, and used much argument

with the members in private to alter their way of thinking. The Irish officers alone seemed convinced by his reasoning, for they were little accustomed to dispute his opinions; and besides, if made prisoners, they could only be subjected to a few months' imprisonment, as most of them had regular commissions in the French service. But at length the Chevalier, knowing that little weight would be given to their sanction, and finding that his own absolute commands were in danger of being disobeyed, was compelled to submit to the advice, or remonstrance, of the Scottish leaders.

On the 5th, therefore, in the evening, the council of war was again convoked, and the Chevalier told them with sullen resignation, that he consented to return to Scotland; but at the same time informed them, that in future he should call no more councils, since he was accountable to nobody for his actions, excepting to Heaven and to his Father, and would, therefore, no longer either ask or accept their advice.

Thus terminated the celebrated march to Derby, and with it every chance, however remote, of the Chevalier's success in his romantic expedition. Whether he ought ever to have entered England, at least without collecting all the forces which he could command, is a very disputable point; but it was clear, that whatever influence he might for a time possess, arose from the boldness of his advance. The charm, however, was broken the moment he showed, by a movement in retreat, that he had undertaken an enterprise too difficult for him to achieve.

CHAPTER XX.

Retreat of the Highland Army from Derby—Dejection of the Prince—Pursuit by the Duke of Cumberland—Skirmish of Clifton—the Success of the Highlanders abates the Speed of their English Pursuers—Reinforcements left with the Jacobite Garrison in Carlisle—the Highland Army re-enter Scotland, and the English are wholly relieved from the Alarm which the Prince's March to Derby had occasioned.

UPON the 6th of December, the Highland army began its retreat northward. As they marched in the grey of the morning, the men did not at first perceive in what direction they were moving; but so soon as the day-light gave them the means of perceiving that they were in retreat, an expression of deep regret and lamentation was heard among the ranks; with such confidence had these brave men looked forward to a successful issue, even in the precarious situation in which they were placed.

It was also observed that, from the time the retreat commenced, the Highlanders became more reckless in their conduct. They had behaved with exemplary discipline while there remained any possibility of conciliating the inhabitants. The English might then stare with wonder on men speaking an unknown language, wearing a wild and unwonted dress, and bearing much of the external appearance of barbarians, but their behaviour was that of an orderly and civilised people. Now, when irritated by disappointment, they did not scruple to commit plunder in the towns and villages through which they passed; and several acts of violence induced the country people not only to fear them as outlandish strangers, but to hate them as robbers. In the advance, they showed

the sentiments of brave men, come, in their opinion, to liberate their fellow-citizens;—in the retreat, they were caterans returning from a creagh. They evinced no ferocity, however, and their rapine was combined with singular simplicity. Iron being a scarce commodity in their own country, some of them were observed, as they left Derby, to load themselves with bars of it, which they proposed to carry down to Scotland with them!

The behaviour of the Prince also tended to dishearten the soldiers. He seemed to behave himself on the retreat as if he were no longer commander of the army. Instead of taking the vanguard on foot, at the head of his people, with his target at his back, as had been his custom during the advance, he now lingered behind his men, so as to retard them, and then rode forward and regained his place in the column; he showed, in short, obvious marks of being dejected and out of humour.

The few English insurgents by whom the Prince had been joined, were divided in opinion whether they should follow this retrograde movement, which coincided so ill with their more sanguine hopes, or remain behind, and desert the cause. Morgan, one of these English volunteers, came up to Vaughan, a gentleman of the same country, and observed, in a tone of surprise, that the army were going to Scotland. "Be it so," answered Vaughan; "I am determined to go with them wherever their course lies."—Morgan replied with an oath, it was better to be hanged in England than starved in Scotland. He had the misfortune to be hanged accordingly, while Vaughan escaped, and died an officer in the Spanish service.

The people of the country, who had shown them little good-will upon their advance, appeared more actively malevolent when they beheld the Scots in retreat, and also in the act of pillaging the places they passed through. At a village near Stockport, the inhabitants fired upon the patrols of the Highlanders, who, in retaliation, set fire to the place. Most of the country people were in arms, and all stragglers were killed or made prisoners. The sick men also, of the Jacobite army, who were necessarily left behind the march, were killed or treated with violence. On the 9th of December, the army approached Manchester; but in that city, which had lately appeared so friendly, they now encountered opposition. A violent mob was in possession of the town, and opposed the quarter-masters of the Chevalier's army. Two battalions and two squadrons were detached to support the quarter-masters, by whom the mob was dispersed. £2,500 was demanded from the town, in consequence of this riot. On leaving the place, the mob even pursued, and fired upon the rear of the Chevalier's army, although they uniformly retreated so soon as the rear-guard faced about. The temper of the people, however, served to show how little reliance could at any time have been placed upon their attachment.

The Duke of Cumberland, who, as I already said, was lying at Litchfield, while Prince Charles was at Derby, did not learn for two days that the Highlanders had left Derby for Ashburn on the 6th; and did not commence any pursuit until the 8th, when the Duke marched northward with all his cavalry, and a

number of infantry mounted upon horses furnished by the neighbouring gentry. The troops advanced with the utmost spirit. The retreat of the Scottish army, whose advance had been regarded with a vague apprehension of terror, was naturally considered as an avowal of their inability to execute their purpose; and it was concluded by the regular soldiery, that they were pressing upon the flight of a disappointed and disheartened body of adventurers, who had failed in an attempt to execute a desperate object. The English troops also felt in spirits, as being under the command of a Prince of the blood, of undoubted experience and courage, who had arrived in Britain in time to assert the cause of his father, and to fix upon his head the crown which had been so boldly struck at. They anticipated little opposition from an enemy in full retreat, and whom, it might be supposed, a brisk attack would throw into utter disorder; their cavalry, therefore, pressed forward, in spirits, and by forced marches.

On their part, the Highlanders retreated with speed and regularity, and with unabated courage. Lord George Murray, to vindicate the sincerity of his attachment to the cause which he had embraced, undertook the charge of the rear-guard, the post of danger and of honour. This frequently detained him a considerable time beyond the march of the main body, more especially for the purpose of bringing up the baggage and artillery of the army, which, from the bad weather and bad state of the roads, was perpetually breaking down, and detained the rear-guard considerably upon the march.

Towards the evening of the 17th of December, the Prince, with the main body of his army, had entered the town of Penrith, in the county of Cumberland. Lord George Murray had, in the meanwhile, been delayed so much by various accidents, that he was forced to pass the night six miles in the rear of the main body, at the town of Shap. The Glengarry regiment of Highlanders were at that time in charge of the rear-guard; and at Shap, Lord George found Colonel Roy Stewart, with another small regiment of two hundred men. In the meantime, the Chevalier had determined to halt at Penrith until he was joined by his rear-guard.

Next day, being the 18th of December, Lord George Murray marched with both the corps which we have mentioned. The march was begun, as usual, before daybreak; but when it became broad daylight, he discovered the village of Clifton, which is within three or four miles south of Penrith, and the heights beyond it, crowned with several parties of cavalry, drawn up betwixt him and the village. The Highlanders, you must be reminded, had, in former times, an aversion to encounter the Lowland horse; but since their success at Preston, they had learned to despise the troops of whom they formerly stood in awe. They had been instructed, chiefly by the standing orders of Lord George Murray, that, if they encountered the cavalry manfully, striking with their swords at the heads and limbs of the horses, they might be sure to throw them into disorder. The MacDonalds, therefore, of Glengarry, on receiving the word of command to attack those horsemen who appeared disposed to interrupt their passage, stripped off their plaids without hesitation, and rushed upon

them sword in hand. The cavalry in question were not regulars, but volunteers of the country, who had assembled themselves for the purpose of harassing the rear of the Highland army, and giving time for the Duke of Cumberland, who was in full pursuit, to advance and overtake them. On the fierce attack of Glengarry's men, they immediately galloped off, but not before several prisoners were made; among the rest a footman of the Duke of Cumberland, who told his captors that his Royal Highness was coming up in their rear with four thousand horse.

Lord George Murray dispatched this information to the Chevalier at Penrith, requesting some support, which he limited to one thousand men. Colonel Roy Stewart, who was charged with the message, returned with orders that the rear-guard should retreat upon Penrith. At the same time, MacPherson of Cluny, with his clan, was sent back as far as Clifton-bridge, with the Appin regiment, under command of Steward of Ardshiel. With the assistance of these reinforcements, Lord George Murray was still far inferior in number to the enemy, yet he determined to make good his retreat.

The Duke of Cumberland's whole cavalry was now drawn up in the rear of the Highland army, upon the open moor of Clifton; beyond the moor, the rear-guard of the Highlanders must necessarily pursue their retreat through large plantations of fir-trees, part of Lord Lonsdale's enclosures. Lord George Murray foresaw an attack in this critical posture, and prepared to meet and repel it. He drew up the Glengarry regiment upon the high-road, within the fields, placed the Appin Stewarts in the enclosures on their left, and again the MacPherson regiment to the left of them. On the right he stationed Roy Stewart's men, covered by a wall.

The night was dark, with occasional glimpses of the moon. The English advanced about one thousand dismounted dragoons, with the intention of attacking the Highlanders on the flank, while the Duke of Cumberland and the rest of his cavalry kept their station on the moor, with the purpose of operating in the rear of their opponents. Lord George Murray perceived, by a glimpse of moonshine, this large body of men coming from the moor, and advancing towards the Clifton enclosures. The MacPherson and Stewart regiments, which were under Lord George's immediate command, were stationed behind a hedge; but Lord George, observing a second hedge in front, protected by a deep ditch, ordered his men to advance and gain possession of it. It was already lined on the opposite side by the enemy, who, as was the custom of dragoons at that day, acted as infantry when occasion required. Lord George asked Cluny his opinion of what was to be done: "I will attack the enemy sword in hand," replied the undaunted chief, "provided you order me." As they advanced, the MacPhersons, who were nearest to the hedge of which they wished to take possession received a fire from the soldiers who had lined it on the opposite side. Cluny, surprised at receiving a discharge of musketry, when he conceived he was marching against a body of horse, exclaimed, "What the devil is this?" Lord George Murray replied, "There is no time to be lost—we must instantly

charge!" and at the same time drawing his broadsword, exclaimed, "Claymore!" which was the word for attacking sword in hand. The MacPhersons rushed on, headed by their chief, with uncontrollable fury; they gave their fire, and then burst, sword in hand, through the hedge, and attacked the dragoons by whom it was lined. Lord George himself headed the assault, and in dashing through the hedge lost his bonnet and wig (the last of which was then universally worn), and fought bare-headed, the foremost in the skirmish. Colonel Honeywood, who commanded the dragoons, was left severely wounded on the spot, and his sword fell into the hands of the chief of the MacPhersons. The dragoons on the right were compelled, with considerable loss, to retreat to their party on the moor. At the same moment, or nearly so, another body of dismounted dragoons pressed forward upon the high-road, and were repulsed by the Glengarry regiment, and that of John Roy Stewart. The Highlanders were with difficulty recalled from the pursuit, exclaiming, that it was a shame to see so many of the king's enemies standing fast upon the moor without attacking them. A very few of the MacPhersons, not exceeding twelve, who ventured too far, were either killed or taken. But the loss of the English was much more considerable, nor did they feel disposed to renew the attack upon the rear of the Highlanders. Lord George Murray sent a second message to the Prince, to propose that he should detach a reinforcement from the main body, with which he offered to engage and defeat the cavalry opposed to him. The Prince, doubtful of the event, or jealous of his general, declined to comply with this request.

On receiving this answer, Lord George Murray retreated to Penrith, and united the rear-guard with the main body; and it seems that the Duke of Cumberland became satisfied that a good deal of risk might be incurred by a precipitate attack on the Highland army, since he did not again repeat the experiment. The next day, Charles retreated to Carlisle, which city he reached with his army on the morning of the 19th of December.

It was thought desirable that the Highland garrison in that town should be reinforced, but it was not easy to find forces willing to be left behind in a place almost certain to be sacrificed. The men of the Manchester regiment, who were disheartened at the prospect of a retreat into Scotland, were pitched upon for this duty, together with a number of French and Irish. The last had to fear little, being generally engaged in the French service, and the English were probably of the mind of Captain Morgan, that hanging in England was preferable to being starved in Scotland.

The skirmish at Clifton seems to have abated the speed of the English pursuers, who no longer attempted to annoy the retreat of their active enemy. The Scottish army left Carlisle upon the 20th day of December, and effected their retreat into Scotland by crossing the Esk; the river was swollen, but the men, wading in arm in arm, supported each other against the force of the current, and got safely through, though with some difficulty. It is said that the Chevalier showed both dexterity and humanity on this occasion. He was crossing on horseback,

rather beneath the place where some of his men were fording the river, one or two of whom drifted from the hold of their companions, and were carried down the stream in great danger of perishing. As one of them passed, the Chevalier caught him by the hair, called out in Gaelic, "*Cohear, cohear!*" that is, "Help, help!" supported the man till he was taken safely from the water, and thus gave himself an additional claim to the attachment of his followers.

The Highland army, marching in two divisions, arrived at Annan and Ecclefechan on the same day, and pursued their road through the west of Scotland.

While the Scottish rebels were advancing, the utmost alarm prevailed in London; there was a sharp run upon the Bank, which threatened the stability of that national establishment; the offers of support from public bodies showed the urgency of the crisis; the theatres, for example, proposed to raise armed corps of real, not personated soldiers. There was the more alarm indicated in all this, because the Highlanders, who had not been at first sufficiently respected as soldiers, had acquired by their late actions credit for valour of a most romantic cast. There was something also in the audacity of the attempt, which inclined men to give Charles credit for secret resources, until his retreat showed that he was possessed of none, except a firm belief in the justice of his own cause, and a confidence that it was regarded in the same light by the universal English nation. The apathy of the English had dissipated this vision; few or none, excepting Catholics, and a handful of Jacobites of Manchester, having shown themselves disposed to acknowledge his cause. The retreat, therefore, from Derby, was considered throughout England as the close of the rebellion; as a physician regards a distemper to be nearly overcome, when he can drive it from the stomach and nobler parts into the extremities of the body.

CHAPTER XXI.

State of Affairs in Scotland—Spirit of Resistance to the Jacobites—Fines levied by Prince Charles from Dumfries and Glasgow—Levies for his Service assembled at Perth—Junction of the whole Jacobite Forces, at Stirling—Surrender of Carlisle to the Duke of Cumberland, who is recalled to London, to be ready to take the Command, in case of a Descent from France—General Hawley appointed to the Chief Command in Scotland—Battle of Falkirk—The Duke of Cumberland appointed to the Chief Command in Scotland.

THE state of Scotland had materially changed during the absence of the Prince and his army upon the expedition to Derby; and the nation was now in the situation of one, who, having received a stunning blow, recovers at last from his stupor, and aims, though feebly and with uncertainty, at retaliating the injury which he has sustained.

Inverness was in the hands of Lord Loudon, commanding an army composed of the MacLeods, MacDonalds of Skye, and other northern clans, who, to the number of two thousand men, had associated against the insurgents. The Earl of Loudon even felt himself strong enough to lay hands on Lord Lovat in his own castle, named Castle Downie, and brought him to Inverness, where he detained him in a sort of honourable captivity. Fraser of Gortuleg, one of his clansmen, relieved Lovat by a stratagem. The old

chief, having made his escape, lurked in the Highlands, keeping up his correspondence with Charles Edward. The house of Gortuleg was Lovat's chief residence. Matters in the North were, therefore, unfavourable to the Chevalier's cause.

The capital of Scotland was again in possession of the constituted authorities, garrisoned by a part of Marshal Wade's army which had been sent down for the purpose, and preparing to redeem, by a more obstinate resistance to the Highlanders upon their return from England, the honour which they might be supposed to have lost by their surrender in the September preceding.

This spirit of resistance had reached the Western Border, where reports were generally disseminated that the Chevalier and his forces had been defeated in England, and were now flying across the Border in such extreme confusion, that the militia and volunteers of the country would have little trouble in totally destroying them. For this purpose, many of the peasants of Dumfries-shire had assumed arms, but they showed little inclination to use them, when they saw the Chevalier's army return in complete order, and unbroken in strength or spirit.

The Highland army, after crossing the river Esk, was divided into three bodies. The first, consisting of the clans, moved with the Chevalier to Annan. Lord George Murray was ordered to Ecclefechan with the Athole brigade and Lowland regiments. Lord Elcho, with the cavalry, received orders to go to Dumfries, and to disarm and punish that refractory town. The Prince himself shortly followed with the infantry, which he commanded in person.

Dumfries's ancient contumacy to the Jacobite cause had been manifested, not only by their conduct in the year 1715, but by a recent attack upon the Chevalier's baggage, as he marched into England in the November preceding. The horse marched thither accordingly, with purposes of vengeance, and were speedily followed by the Prince's own division. He laid a fine of £2000 upon the town, and demanded, for the use of the army, 1000 pairs of shoes. Some of the money required was instantly paid down, and for the rest hostages were granted. No violence was committed on the town or inhabitants, for the Highlanders, though they threatened hard, did not, in fact, commit any violence or pillage.*

The magistrates and community of Glasgow were yet more guilty in the eyes of the Prince than those of the smaller town of Dumfries. That city had raised a body of 600 men, called the Glasgow Regiment, many of them serving without pay, under the

* The provost of Dumfries, a gentleman of family, named Corsan, who had showed himself a staunch adherent of the government, was menaced with the destruction of his house and property. It is not very long since the late Mrs MacCulloch of Ardwell, daughter of Provost Corsan, told your Grandfather that she remembered well, when a child of six years old, being taken out of her father's house, as if it was to be instantly burnt. Too young to be sensible of the danger, she asked the Highland officer, who held her in his arms, to show her the Pretender, which the good-natured Gael did, under condition that little Miss Corsan was in future to call him the Prince. Neither did they carry their threats into execution against the provost or his mansion.

command of the Earls of Home and Glencairn. This corps had been sent to Stirling to assist General Blakeney, the governor of the castle, to defend the passes of the Forth. From Stirling, the Glasgow Regiment fell back with the other troops which had assembled there, and took post at Edinburgh. This was with a view to the defence of the capital, since the Highlanders, having bent their march to the westward, were likely to pay Edinburgh the next visit.

While the citizens of the capital were suffering from the apprehension of the neighbourhood of the rebels, those of Glasgow were paying the actual penalty attached to their presence. Clothing for the troops, and stores, were demanded from the town to the extent of more than £10,000 sterling, which they were compelled to pay, under the threat of military execution.

At Glasgow, the Prince learned, for the first time with some accuracy, the extent of the interest which France had taken in his cause, and the supplies of every kind which she had sent to him; supplies which, in amount, remind us of those administered to a man perishing of famine, by a comrade, who dropt into his mouth, from time to time, a small shell-fish, affording nutriment enough to keep the sufferer from dying, but not sufficient to restore him to the power of active exertion.

The principal part of these succours came under Lord John Drummond, brother to the Duke of Perth, and a general officer in the army of France. They consisted of his own regiment in the French service, called the Royal Scots; the picquets of six Irish regiments; and Fitz-James's light horse. Of the latter, not more than two squadrons appear to have mustered. He also brought some money and military stores. Lord John Drummond had been intrusted with letters from France, giving an account how matters had been conducted there, and what was designed for the assistance of the Chevalier. Charles's brother, the titular Duke of York, had arrived at Paris in August, 1745, and, on the news of the battle of Preston, there had originated a sincere desire on the part of the French, to assist the attempt of the House of Stewart effectually.

The original plan was to put the Irish regiments in the French service under the command of the said Duke of York, and place them on board of fishing-boats, which should instantly transport them to England. This scheme was laid aside, and a much greater expedition projected, under the command of the Duke of Richelieu, which it was designed should amount to 9000 foot, and 1350 horse. The troops were assembled for this purpose at Dunkirk, Boulogne, and Calais, and a number of small vessels were collected for the embarkation. The French, however, were so dilatory in their preparations, that the design took air; and the English government, to whom the expedition, had it sailed during the time of Charles's irruption into the West frontier, must have been highly dangerous, instantly ordered Admiral Vernon, with a strong fleet, into the Channel, and assembled an army on the coast of Kent and Essex. Upon this, the French abandoned the expedition, the danger of which was greatly diminished by the retreat of the Highlanders from Derby.

VOL. VII.

The Prince did not, for a long time, either hear or believe that this scheme, of a descent in favour of his family, was ultimately abandoned; and his confidence that the French continued to persevere in it, led him into more than one serious mistake. It was now agitated among the Prince and his adherents, in which way his small body of forces could be best employed. Some were of opinion, that they ought to direct their march upon the capital of Scotland. It is true, that part of the troops which had constituted Wade's army at Newcastle, were now preparing to defend Edinburgh, and that the rest of those forces were advancing thither under the command of General Hawley. It was nevertheless alleged, that the Highlanders might, in this severe season, distress the English troops considerably, by preventing them from dividing in their winter march in quest of quarters, and by obliging them to keep the field in a body, and undergo hardships which would be destructive to them, though little heeded by the hardy mountaineers. But although this scheme promised considerable advantages, Charles preferred another, which engaged him in the siege of Stirling Castle, although his best troops were very unequal to that species of service. The Prince was, no doubt, the rather inclined to this scheme, that Lord John Drummond had brought both battering guns and engineers from France; and, thus supplied, he probably imagined that his success in sieges would be equally distinguished with that which he had attained by open war.

Before leaving the west country, the Highlanders burnt and plundered the village of Lesmahago, and particularly the clergyman's house, on account of the inhabitants having, under that reverend person's direction, attacked and made prisoner MacDonald of Kinloch-Moidart, who was traversing the country unattended, having been sent by the Prince on a mission to the Western Isles.*

On the 3d of January, Prince Charles Edward evacuated Glasgow, and fixed his head-quarters on the following day at the house of Bannockburn, while his troops occupied St Ninian's, and other villages in the neighbourhood of Stirling. The town was summoned, and not being effectually fortified, was surrendered by the magistrates, although there were about six hundred militia within it. Some of these left the place, and others retired to the Castle, where there lay a good garrison under General Blakeney, a brave and steady officer. Having summoned this fortress, and received a resolute refusal to surrender, the Chevalier resolved to open trenches without delay; and having brought him to this resolution, we will resume the narrative of what had happened in the north of Scotland, and also in England, that you may understand what new actors had now come upon this eventful stage.

The arrival of Lord John Drummond at Montrose, already noticed, with his French forces, gave additional courage to Lord Lewis Gordon, who was levying men and money in Aberdeenshire in behalf of Prince Charles. He was brother of the Duke of Gordon, a brave and active young man, but had in the

* This unfortunate gentleman, at whose house Prince Charles landed on his first arrival, and who held the office of his Aide-de-Camp, was afterwards executed.

beginning seemed uncertain which side to take in the civil turmoil. At first he is said to have offered his service to Sir John Cope on his way northward. But Lord Lewis received little encouragement; and affronted, it was supposed, with the neglect shown him by the commander-in-chief, he finally embraced the cause of the Chevalier, and acted for him in Aberdeenshire, where his family interest, and the Jacobite propensity of the country-gentlemen, gave him much influence. Thus strengthened, Lord Lewis was now joined by one part of Lord John Drummond's auxiliaries, while the rest were sent to Perth to unite with Lord Strathallan, who, as we have seen, commanded in that city a considerable Highland reinforcement, destined to follow their countrymen into England, had the Prince's command been obeyed.

Lord Loudon, who, on the part of the government, commanded at Inverness, was desirous to put a stop to the progress of Lord Lewis Gordon. For this purpose he dispatched MacLeod, with four hundred and fifty of his own men, and two hundred Monros, and other volunteers, commanded by Monro of Culcairn. With these he advanced as far as Inverury, about ten miles from Aberdeen, to dispute with the Jacobite leader the command of the north of Scotland. On receiving intelligence of their approach, Lord Lewis Gordon got seven hundred men under arms, chiefly Lowland men of Aberdeenshire, under Moir of Stonywood, and Farquharson of Monaltry, with a proportion of the Royal Scots regiment, and hastened against the enemy. MacLeod was nearly surprised, having sent many of his men to billet at a distance from the little town of Inverury. He had, however, time to get those who remained with him under arms, and to take possession of the most defensible parts of the town, when Lord Lewis Gordon marched in at the other end of the place, and a sharp action of musketry commenced. It was remarkable on this occasion, that the Islesmen, who appeared on the part of government, were all Highlanders, in their proper garb; and that the greater part of those who fought for the Stewards wore the Lowland dress, being the reverse of what was usually the case in the civil war. Lord Lewis Gordon, however, made his attack with much spirit—the firing continued severe on both sides—at length the Aberdeenshire men made a show of rushing to close combat, and the Macleod's gave way, and retreated or fled. As the battle was fought at night, the pursuit did not continue far, or cost much bloodshed. The MacLeods fled as far as Forres, having lost about forty of their men.

It was generally believed of that martial clan, that they would have behaved with more steadiness if they had been fighting on the other side. * Lord

* Several of the MacLeods, although they thought their Laird justified in refusing to join Prince Charles, since he came without the stipulated supplies of forces and money, were yet displeased at his yielding to President Forbes's persuasions, and raising his clan on the side of government. One gentleman, a subordinate chieftain of the clan who was summoned to arms by MacLeod sent to his chieftain the twenty men which composed his immediate followers, with a letter to this purpose:—"Dear Sir, I place at your disposal the twenty men of your tribe who are under my immediate command, and in any other quarrel would not fail to be at their head; but in the present I must go where a higher and more imperious duty

Lewis Gordon, after this success, which he obtained on the 23d of December, marched his men to join the general rendezvous of Charles Edward's reinforcements, which was held at Perth.

There were thus assembled at Perth, the Frasers, the MacKenzies, the MacIntoshes, and the Farquharsons, all which clans had joined the cause since the Prince left Edinburgh; there were also the various forces raised by Lord Lewis Gordon, together with the regiments of Royal Scots and French picquets, which had come over with Lord John Drummond: their number, taken altogether, might amount to 4000 men and upwards—of whom, more than one-half were as good Highlanders as any in the Prince's service. These reinforcements had, you may remember, received an order from Prince Charles, by the hand of Colonel MacLauchlan, to follow the army up to England. The Highlanders lying at Perth were unanimously disposed to follow their Prince and countrymen, and to share their fate. Lord Strathallan, on the other hand, supported by the Lowland and French officers, demurred to obeying this order. The parties were considerably irritated against each other on this occasion, and the dispute was not ended until the return of the Prince from England, when an order was transmitted from Dumfries, summoning the body of men in Perth to join the Prince at Stirling.

By this junction, the Adventurer's force was augmented to about 9000 men, being the largest number which he ever united under his command. With this, as we have already said, Charles formed the siege of the Castle of Stirling. He opened trenches before the fortress on the 10th of January, 1746, but was soon interrupted in his operations by the approach of a formidable enemy.

We must now turn our eyes to a different quarter, and remark what measures the English government were taking for putting an end to the present disturbances.

The Duke of Cumberland, whom we left after the skirmish at Clifton, did not renew his attempt upon the rear of the Highland army. But they had no sooner crossed the Esk, than he formed the investment of Carlisle, in which the Highlanders had left a garrison of about 300 men. They refused to surrender to the Duke's summons, conceiving probably, which seems to have been the idea of Charles himself, that the Duke of Cumberland had no battering cannon at his command; there were such, however, at Whitehaven, and he sent to obtain the use of them. They were placed on two batteries, the one commanding the English, and the other the Scottish, or North gate. The governor of the place, upon a breach being made, although not yet practicable, sent out a white flag, demanding what terms would be allowed to the garrison. They were informed in reply, that if they surrendered at discretion, they should not be put to the sword. These were the only conditions of the surrender, the garrison being understood to be reserved for the King's pleasure. Colonel Townley,

calls me." Accordingly, he joined the camp of Charles Edward. MacLeod of Raasa also took arms for the Prince, with one hundred men. But the MacGilliechallum, as that chief is called, had always asserted his independence of MacLeod of Dunvegan.

the commander of the Manchester Regiment, was here made prisoner, with about twenty of his officers, and one Mr Cappoch, a clergyman, who was designed by the Prince to be Bishop of Carlisle. Governor Hamilton, with about 100 Scottish men, also surrendered, as did Geohagan, and other Irish officers in the French service. The melancholy fate of the gentlemen included in this surrender might have been so easily foreseen, that the Chevalier was severely censured for leaving so many faithful adherents in a situation which necessarily exposed them to fall into the power of the government which they had offended in his behalf. The defence of the measure is, that, conceiving he might be presently recalled to England to aid a descent of the French, he deemed it essential to hold Carlisle as a gate into that country. But to this it may be replied, that, by blowing up the fortifications of Carlisle, and dismantling the Castle, he might have kept that entrance at all times open, without leaving a garrison in so precarious a situation.

On December the 31st, the Duke of Cumberland entered Carlisle on horseback, and presently after received the congratulations of deputies, not only from every place in the neighbourhood, but from Edinburgh itself, to congratulate him upon the advantages which he had obtained over the rebels.

In the meantime, the Duke's pursuit of the Highlanders in person was interrupted by dispatches which called him to London, to be ready to take the command against the projected invasion from France. The greater part of the infantry, which had been lately under his command, when his head-quarters were at Litchfield, was now marched to the coasts of Kent and Sussex, being the readiest force at hand in case the descent should actually take place. It was at the same time, however, resolved, that such part of the Duke's army (being chiefly cavalry) as had followed him to the neighbourhood of Carlisle, should continue their march northward, and unite themselves with the troops which had long lain at Newcastle under the command of Field-Marshal Wade. This aged officer had not been alert in his movements during the winter campaign, particularly in his march for the relief of Carlisle, and was therefore removed from his command.

General Henry Hawley was in the meantime named by the Duke of Cumberland to the command of the forces destined to follow the Highland army. Hawley was an officer of military experience, but dreaded and disliked by the soldiers, as a man of a severe and even savage disposition; and, although personally brave, yet of a temper more fitted to obey than to command. This General had been a lieutenant in Evans's Dragoons at the battle of Sheriffmuir, and as he fought in the right wing of the Duke of Argyle's army, he had seen the success of the cavalry when engaged with Highlanders. This experience had given him a poor opinion of the latter force, and he had frequently been heard to impute the miscarriage of General Cope to that officer's cowardice and want of conduct, and to affirm that a very different result might be expected from an encounter betwixt Highlanders and dragoons, when the last were properly led on to action.

With these feelings of confidence in himself, and

with that experience of the Highland mode of fighting which his campaign in 1715 was supposed to have given him, General Hawley marched into Scotland at the head of a force which, when joined by the troops already at Edinburgh, amounted to 8000 men, two-thirds of whom were veterans. The rest consisted of upwards of a thousand Argyleshire men, commanded by Colonel Campbell (afterwards Duke of Argyle), and of the Glasgow regiment, to the amount of 600 men. There also joined, from Yorkshire, a body of volunteer light horse, called the Yorkshire Hunters, who were in arms for the House of Hanover and the established government.

Hawley, on arriving in Edinburgh, gave a specimen of his disposition, by directing gibbets to be erected, as an indication of the fate of the rebels who should fall into his hands; a preparation designed to strike terror, but which rather inspired aversion and hatred. The time was speedily approaching when such vaunts were to be made good by action. General Hawley, at the head of such a gallant force as he now commanded, conceived himself fully able to march towards Stirling, and attack the rebels, who were engaged in the siege of the castle. Having, accordingly, directed his forces to move in two divisions, the first marched from Edinburgh on the 13th of January, under the orders of General Huske, Hawley's second in command. This gentleman was of sounder judgment and better temper than his superior officer; he had formerly been quartered in Scotland, and was well known and esteemed by many of the inhabitants.

The Highland army, lying before Stirling, were regularly apprised of the movements of the enemy. Upon the 13th of January, Lord George Murray, who lay at Falkirk, obtained intelligence that the people of the neighbouring town of Linlithgow had received orders from Edinburgh to prepare provisions and forage for a body of troops who were instantly to advance in that direction. Lord George, made aware of Hawley's intention, resolved to move with a sufficient force and disappoint these measures, by destroying or carrying off the provisions which should be collected in obedience to the requisition.

The Jacobite General marched to Linlithgow accordingly, with the three MacDonald regiments, those of Appin and of Cluny, and the horse, commanded by Elcho and Pitsligo. Parties of the cavalry were dispatched to patrol on the road to Edinburgh for intelligence. About noon, the patrolling party sent back information that they perceived a small body of dragoons, being the advance of General Huske's division, which, as I have stated, marched from Edinburgh that morning. Lord George sent orders to the patrol to drive the dragoons who had shown themselves back upon the main body, if they had one, and not to retire until they saw themselves in danger of being overpowered. In the meantime, he drew up the infantry in line of battle in front of the town of Linlithgow. Lord Elcho, according to his orders, drove back the advanced party of horse upon a detachment of sixty dragoons, and then forced the whole to retire upon a village in which there were masses both of horse and foot. Having thus reconnoitred close up to the main body of the enemy, Lord Elcho sent to acquaint Lord George Murray what

force he had in his front, so far as he could discern, and received orders to retreat, leaving a small corps of observation. It was not Lord George's purpose to engage an enemy whose strength, obviously considerable, was unknown to him; he therefore determined to remain in Linlithgow until the enemy arrived very near the town, and then to make his retreat in good order. This object he accomplished accordingly; and, on his repassing the bridge, there was so little distance betwixt the advanced guard of General Huske's division and the rear-guard of Lord George Murray's, that abusive language was exchanged between them, though without any actual violence. Lord George continued his retreat to Falkirk, where he halted for that night. On the next day, he again retreated to the villages in the vicinity of Bannockburn, where he learned that General Huske, with half the government army, had arrived at Falkirk, and that General Hawley had also arrived there on the 16th, with the second division; that besides his regular troops, he was joined by 1000 Highlanders, followers of the Argyle family, and that they seemed determined upon battle.

Upon the 15th and 16th of January, the Chevalier, leaving 1000 or 1200 men under Gordon of Glenbucket, to protect the trenches and continue the blockade of Stirling Castle, drew up his men in a plain about a mile to the east of Bannockburn expecting an attack. His horse reconnoitred close to the enemy's camp, but saw no appearance of advance. On the 17th, the same manœuvre was repeated, the Highland army being drawn up on the same open ground near Bannockburn, while that of the government remained in Falkirk, totally inactive.

The cause of this inactivity is stated to have been the contempt which General Hawley entertained for the enemy, and his unhesitating belief, that, far from venturing on any offensive movement, the insurgents were upon the point of dispersing themselves, from the dread of his approach. It is moreover said, that General Hawley, having felt the influence of the wit and gaiety of the Countess of Kilmarnock (whose husband was in the Prince's army), had been unable to resist her ladyship's invitation to Callander House, and that he had resided there from the time of his arrival in Falkirk on the 16th until the afternoon of the 17th of January, old style, with less attention to the army which he commanded than became an old soldier. In the meantime, rougher cheer was preparing for him than he probably experienced at Callander.

The Highlanders, holding a council of war on the field where they rendezvoused, had determined, since the English General did not move forward to fight them, that they would save him the trouble by an immediate advance on their side. There were only about seven miles between the two armies; and General Hawley, with a carelessness very unbecoming a veteran officer, appears to have sent out no patrols from his camp. This gave the insurgents an opportunity of trying a stratagem, which proved eminently successful. It was determined that Lord John Drummond, with his own regiment, the Irish picquets, and all the cavalry of the rebel army, should advance upon the straight road leading from Stirling and Bannockburn towards Falkirk. They were also

to carry with them the royal standard, and other colours, of which they were to make a display in front of the decayed forest called the Torwood. This march and position of Lord John Drummond was, however, only designed as a feint, to persuade the King's army that the whole rebel force was advancing in that quarter.

Meanwhile, Lord George Murray, making a circuit by the south side of the Torwood, had crossed the river Carron near Dunnipace, and was advancing to the southward of the high ground called Falkirk Moor, then an open and unenclosed common, swelling into a considerable ridge or eminence, which lay on the westward, and to the left of the royal camp. General Huske, who, as we have said, was second in command, was first aware of the approach of the enemy. About eleven o'clock Lord John Drummond's division was visible from the camp, and, as had been designed, attracted exclusive attention, till about two hours later, when General Huske, by information, and by the aid of spy-glasses, descried the approach of Lord George Murray's division, from which the real attack was to be apprehended.

But though Huske saw the danger, General Hawley, whose task it peculiarly was to apply the remedy, was still at Callander House. In this dilemma, the second in command formed the line of battle in front of the camp, but, in the absence of his superior officer, he had it not in his power to direct any movement either towards the division of Highlanders which kept the road, under Lord John Drummond, or against that which was ascending the heights to the left under the command of Lord George Murray. The regiments remained on their ground in wonder, impatience, and anxiety, waiting for orders, and receiving none.

Hawley, however, at length caught the alarm. He suddenly appeared in front of the camp, and, ordering the whole line to advance, placed himself at the head of three regiments of dragoons, drew his sword, and led them at a rapid pace up the hill called Falkirk Moor, trusting, by a rapid movement, to anticipate the Highlanders, who were pressing on towards the same point from the opposite side of the eminence.

In the meantime, that part of the Highland army which was designed to possess themselves of the heights, marched on in three divisions, keeping along the moor in such a manner, that first the thickets on the Torwood, and afterwards the acclivity of the ground, hid them in some measure from Hawley's camp. In this movement they kept their columns parallel to the ridge; and when they had proceeded as far in this direction as was necessary to gain room for their formation, each column wheeled up and formed in line of battle, in which they proceeded to ascend the eminence.

The first line consisted of the clans,—the MacDonalds having the right, and the Camerons the left; in the second line, the Athole brigade had the right, Lord Lewis Gordon's Aberdeenshire-men the left, and Lord Ogilvie's regiment the centre; the third line, or reserve, was weak in numbers, chiefly consisting of cavalry, and the Irish picquets. It may be remarked, that Lord John Drummond, who made the

feint, remained with his troops on the high-road until the whole of the other division had passed the Carron, and then fell into the rear, and joined the cavalry who were with the Prince, thus reinforcing the third line of the army.

When Hawley set off with his three regiments of dragoons, the infantry of the King's army followed in line of battle, having six battalions in the first line, and the same number in the second. Howard's regiment marched in the rear, and formed a small body of reserve.

At the moment that the Highlanders were pressing up Falkirk Moor on the one side, the dragoons, who had advanced briskly, had gained the eminence, and displayed a line of horse occupying about as much ground as one half of the first line of the Chevalier's army. The Highlanders, however, were in high spirits, and their natural ardour was still farther increased at the sight of the enemy. They kept their ranks, and advanced at a prodigious rate towards the ridge occupied by Hawley's three regiments. The dragoons, having in vain endeavoured to stop this movement of the clans towards them by one or two feints, resolved at length to make a serious attack, while they still retained the advantage of the higher ground. Their first movement was to take the enemy in flank, but the MacDonalds, who were upon the right of the whole Highland line, inclined to a morass, which effectually disconcerted that scheme; the dragoons then came on in front at a full trot, with their sabres drawn, to charge the Highlanders, who were still advancing. The clans, seeing the menaced charge, reserved their fire as resolutely as could have been done by the steadiest troops in Europe, until Lord George Murray, who was in front and in the centre of the line, presented his own fusée within about ten yards of the cavalry. On this signal they gave a general discharge, so close, and so well levelled, that the dragoons were completely broken. Some few made their way through the first line of the Highlanders, but were for the most part slain by those in the second line. About 400 fell, either man or horse being killed or wounded. The greater part went to the right in complete disorder, and fled along the front of the Highland line, who poured a destructive fire on them, by which many fell.

This defeat of the cavalry began the battle bravely on the part of the insurgents, but they had nearly paid dear for their success. At the instant when the attack commenced, a violent storm of wind and rain came on, which blew straight in the faces of the King's troops, and greatly disconcerted them. Lord George Murray called to the MacDonalds to stand fast, and not to regard the flying horsemen, but keep their ranks, and reload. It was in vain. The Highlanders, in their usual manner, rushed on sword in hand, and dropped their muskets. Their left wing, at the same moment, fell furiously sword in hand upon the right and centre of Hawley's foot, broke them, and put them to flight; but the lines of the contending armies not being exactly parallel, the extreme right of Hawley's first line stretched considerably beyond the left of the Highlanders. Three regiments, Price's, Ligonier's, and Burrell's, on the extreme flank, stood fast, with the greater advantage, that they had a ravine in front which prevented the Highlanders from

attacking them sword in hand, according to their favourite mode of fighting. These corps gallantly maintained this natural fortification, and by repeated and steady firing repulsed the Highlanders from the opposite side of the ravine. One of the three routed regiments of dragoons, called Cobham's, rallied in the rear of this body of infantry who stood firm; the other two, being the same which had been at Preston, did not behave better, and could not well behave worse, than they had done on that memorable occasion.

The battle was now in a singular state; "both armies," says Mr Home, "were in flight at the same time." Hawley's cavalry, and most of his infantry, excepting those on his extreme right, had been completely thrown into confusion and routed, but the three regiments which continued fighting had a decided advantage over the Prince's left, and many Highlanders fled, under the impression that the day was lost.

The advantage, upon the whole, was undeniably with Charles Edward; but from the want of discipline among the troops he commanded, and the extreme severity of the tempest, it became difficult even to learn the extent of the victory, and impossible to follow it up. The Highlanders were in great disorder. Almost all the second line were mixed and in confusion,—the victorious right had no idea, from the darkness of the weather, what had befallen the left,—nor were there any mounted generals or aides-de-camp, who might have discovered with certainty what was the position of affairs. In the meantime, the English regiments which had been routed fled down the hill in great confusion, both cavalry and infantry, towards the camp and town of Falkirk. General Huske brought up the rear of a very disorderly retreat, or flight, with the regiments who had behaved so well on the right; this he effected in good order, with drums beating and colours flying. Cobham's dragoons, such at least who had rallied, also retreated in tolerable order. General Hawley felt no inclination to remain in the camp which he had taken possession of with such an affectation of anticipated triumph. He caused the tents to be set on fire, and withdrew his confused and dismayed followers to Linlithgow, and from thence the next day retreated to Edinburgh, with his forces in a pitiable state of disarray and perturbation. The Glasgow regiment of volunteers fell into the power of the rebels upon this occasion, and were treated with considerable rigour; for the Highlanders were observed to be uniformly disposed to severity against those voluntary opponents, who, in their opinion, were not, like the regular soldiers, called upon by duty to take part in the contention.

Many valuable lives were lost in this battle; about twenty officers and four or five hundred privates were slain, on the part of General Hawley; and several prisoners were made, of whom the greater part were sent to Doune Castle.

The loss of the rebels was not considerable; and they had only one made prisoner, but in a manner rather remarkable. A Highland officer, a brother of MacDonald of Keppoch, had seized upon a trooper's horse and mounted him, without accurately considering his own incapacity to manage the animal. When

the horse heard the kettle-drums beat to rally the dragoons, the instinct of discipline prevailed, and in spite of the efforts of his rider, he galloped with all speed to his own regiment. The Highlander, finding himself in this predicament, endeavoured to pass himself for an officer of the Campbell regiment, but being detected, was secured; and although the ludicrous manner in which he was taken might have pleaded for some compassion, he was afterwards executed as a traitor.

The defeat at Falkirk struck consternation and terror into all parts of Britain. The rebellion had been regarded as ended when the Highlanders left England, and Hawley's own assertions had prepared all the nation to expect tidings very different from those which were to be gathered from the disastrous appearance of his army, and the humiliating confession of his own looks and demeanour.*

There were more visages rendered blank and dismayed by the unexpected event of the battle of Falkirk, than that of the unfortunate general. Throughout the whole civil war, those of the better ranks in England had shown themselves more easily exalted and depressed, than consisted with their usual reputation for steadiness. In the march upon Derby, they might have been said to be more afraid than the nature of the danger warranted, were it not that the peril chiefly consisted in the very stupor which it inspired. After the retreat had commenced, the hopes and spirit of the nation rose again to spring-tide, as if nothing farther were to be apprehended from a band of men so desperately brave, who had already done so much with such little means. The news of the defeat at Falkirk, therefore, were received with general alarm; and at court, during a levee held immediately after the battle, only two persons appeared with countenances unmarked by signs of perturbation. These were, George the Second himself, who, whatever may have been his other foibles, had too much of the lion about him to be afraid; and Sir John Cope, who was radiant with joy at the idea that Hawley's misfortune or misconduct was likely to efface his own from the public recollection.

No person was now thought of sufficient consequence to be placed at the head of the army, but the Duke of Cumberland, who was, therefore, appointed to the chief command. His Royal Highness set off from St James's on the 25th of January, 1746, attended by Lord Cathcart, Lord Bury, Colonel Conway, and Colonel York, his aides-de-camp. His arrival at Holyrood House restored the drooping spirits of the members of the government. To the army also, the arrival of the commander-in-chief was very acceptable, not only from a reliance on his talents, but as his presence put a stop to a course of cruel

punishments instituted by General Hawley, who had invoked the assistance of the gibbet and the scourge to rectify a disaster, which had its principal source, perhaps, in his own want of military skill. The Duke's timely arrival at Edinburgh saved the lives of two dragoons who were under sentence of death, and rescued others who were destined to inferior punishments, many of which had already taken place.

The army which the Duke commanded consisted of twelve squadrons of horse and fourteen battalions of infantry; but several of them had suffered much in the late action, and the whole were far from being complete. Every effort had, however, been made, to repair the losses which had taken place on Falkirk Moor, and it may be said, the Duke of Cumberland was at the head of as gallant and well-furnished an army as ever took the field. Hawley, who was a personal favourite with the King, continued to act as Lieutenant-General under the Duke; and Lord Albemarle held the same situation. The Major-Generals were Bland, Huske, Lord Semple, and Brigadier Mordaunt.

In a council of war held at Edinburgh, it was resolved that the troops should march the next morning towards Stirling, in order to raise the siege of the castle, and give battle to the rebels, if they should dare to accept of it, under better auspices than that of Falkirk. Great pains had been taken, in previous general orders, to explain to the common soldiers the mode in which the Highlanders fought,—a passage so curious, that I shall extract it from the orderly-book for your amusement. Perhaps the most comfortable part of the instructions might be the assurance, that there were but few *true* Highlanders in the Prince's army.*

* * *Edinburgh, 12th January, 1745-6—Sunday.*

"Parole 1.—Derby.

"Field-officer for the day to-morrow, Major Wilson. The manner of the Highlanders' way of fighting, which there is nothing so easy to resist, if officers and men are not prepossessed with the lyes and accounts which are told of them. They commonly form their front rank of what they call their best men, or True Highlanders, the number of which being allways but few; when they form in battalions, they commonly form four deep, and these Highlanders form the front of the four, the rest being Lowlanders and arrant scum. When these battalions come within a large musket-shott, or three score yards, this front rank gives their fire, and immediately thro down their firelocks and come down in a cluster, with their swords and targets, making a noise, and endeavouring to pearce the body, or battallion, before them, becoming 12 or 14 deep by the time they come up to the people they attack. The sure way to demolish them is at three deep to fire by ranks diagonally to the centre where they come, the rear rank first, and even that rank not to fire till they are within 10 or 12 paces; but if the fire is given at a distance, you probably will be broke, for you never get time to load a second cartridge; and if you give way you may give yourselves for dead, for they† being without a firelock or any load, no man with his arms, accoutrements, &c., can escape them, and they give no quarters; but if you will but observe the above directions, they are the most despicable enemy that are."

† The Highlanders.

* How Hawley looked on this occasion, we learn by a letter from General Wightman.—"General Hawley is in much the same situation as General Cope; he was never seen in the field during the battle; and every thing would have gone to wreck, in a worse manner than at Preston, if General Huske had not acted with judgment and courage, and appeared every where. Hawley seems to be sensible of his misconduct, for, when I was with him on Saturday morning, at Linlithgow, he looked most wretchedly, even worse than Cope did a few hours after his scuffle, when I saw him at Fala."—*Culloden Papers*, p. 207.

CHAPTER XXII.

Retreat of Prince Charles's Army from Stirling into the Highlands—The Rout of Moy—Arrival of Hessian Troops to the assistance of Government—Council held at Edinburgh by the Duke of Cumberland and the Prince of Hesse-Cassel—Disappointment of Prince Charles's Hopes of Assistance from France—Lord George Murray seizes the Military Posts in Athole—invests the Castle of Blair—but is forced to raise the Siege for want of Men enough to prosecute it—The Prince's Suspicions of Lord George Murray's Fidelity.

THE insurgents did not reap such advantages from the battle of Falkirk as might have been expected. The extreme confusion of their own forces, and their consequent ignorance respecting the condition of the enemy, prevented their pursuing Hawley's army, which might, in all probability, have been an easy prey. Had they done so, they might, on the spur of the moment, have again obtained possession of the capital, with all the eclat attendant on such success.

But the Chevalier, who had kept his word in convoking no councils since the retreat from Derby, saving that held on the field of battle, acted only by the advice of his secretary Mr Murray, his quartermaster John Hay, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and the Irish officers, who were suspected of being less ready to give unbiassed advice to the young Prince, than willing to echo back his own opinions. On this occasion he conceived, that raising the siege of Stirling would be a disgrace to his arms, and resolved, therefore, to proceed with it at all events. This proved an unlucky determination.

The French engineer, who conducted the siege, was imperfectly acquainted with his profession. He constructed a battery upon the Gowan Hill; but opening it when only three guns were mounted, they were speedily silenced by the superior fire of the castle. Some skirmishing took place at the same time between the English armed vessels, which endeavoured to force their way up the Forth, and the batteries which were established on the sides of the river; but these events were of little consequence. The progress of the siege seemed protracted, and was liable to interruption by the advance of the Duke of Cumberland and his army.

On the other hand, the Highland army had suffered great diminution since the battle of Falkirk, less from loss in the action, than from the effects of the victory, which, as usual, occasioned a great desertion among the privates of the clans, who, according to their invariable practice, went home to store up their plunder. An accident also, which happened the day after the battle of Falkirk, cost the Chevalier the loss of a clan regiment of no small distinction. A private soldier, one of Clanranald's followers, was tampering with a loaded musket, when the piece went off, and by mishap killed a younger son of Glengarry, major of that chief's regiment. To prevent a quarrel between two powerful tribes, the unlucky fellow who had caused the mischief was condemned to death, though innocent of all intentional guilt, and was shot accordingly. This sacrifice did not, however, propitiate the tribe of Glengarry; they became disgusted with the service on the loss of their major, and most of them returned to their mountains without taking any leave, a desertion severely felt at this critical moment.

The chiefs of clans, and men of quality in the army,

observing the diminution of their numbers, and disgusted at not being consulted upon the motions of the army, held a council, by their own authority, in the town of Falkirk, and drew up a paper addressed to the Prince, which was signed by them all, advising a retreat to the north. The purport of this document expressed, that so many of their men had gone home since the last battle, that they were in no condition to prosecute the siege of Stirling, or to repel the army of the Duke of Cumberland, which was advancing to raise it. They concluded by advising the Prince to retreat with his army to Inverness, there to annihilate the forces of Lord Loudon, with his other enemies in that country, and to take or demolish the Highland forts, thus making himself complete master of the north. This being effected, they assured him they would be ready to take the field next spring, with eight or ten thousand Highlanders, to follow him wherever he pleased.

This advice, which had, in the circumstances in which it was given, the effect of a command, came upon Charles like a clap of thunder. He had concluded that a battle was to be fought; and the sick and wounded, with the followers of the camp, had been sent to Dunblane with that view. Lord George Murray had also been at head-quarters, and showed to Charles a plan which he had drawn of the proposed battle, which the Prince had approved of, and corrected with his own hand. When, therefore, this proposition for a retreat was presented to him, he was at first struck with a feeling of despair, exclaiming, "Good God! have I lived to see this?" He dashed his head with such violence against the wall, that he staggered, and then sent Sir Thomas Sheridan to Falkirk, to reason against the resolution which the chiefs had adopted. But it was found unalterable, and their number and importance were too great for Charles to contend with.*

The Prince, after yielding to the measure of retreating, concerted with Lord George Murray, that, on the 1st of February, all the army should be ordered to cross the Forth at the Ford of Frews, very early the morning; that the heavy cannon should be spiked; that the ammunition which could not be carried along with the army, should be destroyed; and, finally, that a strong rear-guard, composed of one thousand two hundred picked Highlanders, and Lord Elcho's body of horse, should protect the retreat of the army.

None of these precautions were, however, resorted to; and the retreat, attended with every species of haste and disorder, resembled a flight so much, that there was nowhere one thousand men together. The army passed the river in small bodies, and in great confusion, leaving carts and cannon upon the road behind them. There was no rear-guard, and Lord Elcho's troop, which had been commanded to wait at the bridge of Carron till farther orders, was totally forgotten, and had nearly been intercepted by a body of troops from the town and castle of Stirling, ere they received orders to retreat. This confusion was supposed to have arisen from the recklessness

* The address recommending the retreat was signed by Lord George Murray, Lochiel, Keppoch, Clanranald, Ardschield, Lochgarry, Scothouse, and the Master of Lovat, all persons of importance and of considerable following, and unquestionably faithful to his cause.

with which the Prince altered the order of retreat, after it had been adjusted betwixt himself and Lord George Murray; a recklessness which seemed to show that he was so much vexed at the measure, as to be indifferent with what degree of order or confusion it was carried into execution.

Accident added to the damage which attended this hasty movement. In destroying their magazine at St Ninians, the Highlanders managed so awkwardly as to blow up at the same time the church itself, by which several lives were lost. This was represented, by the malice of party spirit, as having been an intentional act on the part of the Prince's army; a thing scarcely to be supposed, since some of themselves, and particularly the man who fired the train, were killed by the explosion.

The retreat from Stirling was, nevertheless, conducted without much loss, except from temporary dispersion. The march of the Highland army was by Dunblane and Crieff. On the 3d of February, a council of war was held at a place called Fairnton, near the latter town. Here the argument concerning the necessity of the retreat from Stirling was renewed, and those officers who were hostile to Lord George Murray, took care to throw on him the blame of a measure, which, however necessary, was most unpalatable to the Prince, and had been in a great degree forced upon him. It was now said that the desertion was not half so great as apprehended, and did not exceed a thousand men; and that the Prince need not, on account of such a deficiency, have been forced into a measure resembling flight, which, in a contest where so much depended on opinion, must, it was said, lower his character both with friends and foes. But the resolution had been finally adopted, and it was now necessary to follow it out.

At Crieff, the army of Charles separated. One division, chiefly consisting of West Highlanders, marched northward by the Highland road. Another, under Lord George Murray, took the coast road, by Montrose and Aberdeen, to Inverness. It consisted chiefly of the Lowland regiments and cavalry, the latter of whom suffered much, having lost many of their horses by forced marches at that inclement season of the year. The troopers, being chiefly gentlemen, continued to adhere with fidelity to their ill-omened standards. A small part of the army, belonging to that part of the Highlands, went by Braemar.

The Duke of Cumberland followed the Highlanders as far as Perth, and found that, moving with rapidity and precision amid their disorder, they had accomplished their purpose of retreating to the Highlands, and carrying off their garrisons from Montrose and elsewhere. The presence of Charles in Inverness-shire, was likely to be attended with advantages which might protract the war. It is a mountainous province, giving access to those more Western Highlands of which the Jacobite clans were chiefly inhabitants, and itself containing several tribes devoted to his cause. It was also thought the Prince would obtain recruits both in Caithness and Sutherland.

The Chevalier's only enemy in the north was the small army which Lord Loudon had raised by means of the Grants, Monros, Rosses, and other northern clans, with whom he had united the MacDonalds of

Skye and the MacLeods. Their number, however, was not such as to prevent the Prince's troops from spreading through the country; and, to indulge the humour of the Highlanders, as well as for their more easy subsistence, they were suffered to stroll up and down at pleasure, Prince Charles retaining only a few hundreds about his person. He appeared, indeed, to be everywhere master in the open country; and the little army of Lord Loudon, amounting at the utmost to two thousand men, remained cooped up in Inverness, which they had in some degree fortified with a ditch and palisade. In these circumstances, Charles found it easy to attack and take the barracks at Ruthven of Badenoch, which had resisted him on his descent from the Highlands; and after this success, he went to reside for two or three days at the Castle of Moy, the chief seat of the Laird of MacIntosh, a distinction which was well deserved by the zealous attachment of the Lady MacIntosh to his cause. The husband of this lady, Æneas, or Angus MacIntosh of that Ilk, appears to have had no steady political attachments of his own; for at one time he seems to have nourished the purpose of raising his clan in behalf of the Chevalier,* notwithstanding which, he continued to hold a commission in Lord Loudon's army. Not so his lady, who, observing the indecision, perhaps we ought to say the imbecility, of her husband, gave vent to her own Jacobite feelings, and those of the clan of MacIntosh, by levying the fighting men of that ancient tribe, to the amount of three hundred men, at whose head she rode, with a man's bonnet on her head, a tartan riding-habit richly laced, and pistols at her saddle-bow. MacGillivray of Drumnaglass commanded this body in the field as colonel. The spirit excited by this gallant Amazon called at least for every civility which could be shown her by the Prince, and that of a visit at her castle was considered as the most flattering.

Charles Edward was living there in perfect security, and had not more than three hundred men about his person, when Lord Loudon made a bold attempt to end the civil war, by making the Adventurer prisoner. For this purpose, he proposed to employ chiefly the Highlanders of MacLeod's clan, as well qualified to

* There is an ancient dispute between the families of MacIntosh and MacPherson, concerning the leading of the confederated tribes forming the Clan Chattan. The Chevalier, it would seem, had assigned the right of leading the whole tribe to Cluny, who was his own adherent. In the subsequent letter, it will be seen that MacIntosh having, for the moment, resolved to join the Prince, was desirous to assert his claim to the patriarchal following:—

"Dr Sr,—As I am now fully determined to command my own people and run the same fate with them, having yesterday reced a letter from the Prince, and another from the Duke of Atholl, I hope, notwithstanding of the order you obtained from the Prince, you will not offer to middle with any of my men, as we are booth designed on the same errand. I am resolved to maintain the rank due to my family, and if you think proper to accept the next rank to me, youl be very wellcome. If you judge otherwise, act as you have a mind. But do not put me to the necessity of requiring my men of you in a more publick maner, the consequence of which may be disagreeable to booth. My kinde compliments to Lady Cluny and Miss Fraser, and I am, Dr Sr, your most humble servt and affectionat cousin,
(Signed) Æneas MacIntosh.

"Inverness, 1st October."

Directed on the back,

"To Evan MacPherson, Younger of Cluny, Esq."

execute a swift and secret enterprise. They were accompanied by several volunteers. It is said that Lady MacIntosh had private intelligence of this intention; at any rate, she had employed the blacksmith of the clan, a person always of some importance in a Highland tribe, with a few followers, to patrol betwixt Inverness and Moy Castle. On the night of the 16th of February, this able and intelligent partisan fell in with the vanguard of the MacLeods, bending their course in secrecy and silence towards Moy. The party thus advancing consisted of one thousand five hundred men. The smith and his followers, not above six or seven in all, divided into different parts of the wood, and fired upon the advancing columns, who could not discover the numbers by which they were opposed. The MacIntoshes, at the same time, cried the war-cries of Lochiel, Keppoch, and other well-known sounds of the most distinguished clans; and two or three bagpipers played most furiously the gathering tunes of the same tribes.

Those who are engaged in an attempt to surprise others, are generally themselves most accessible to surprise. The sudden attack astonished the MacLeods, who conceived that they had fallen into an ambush consisting of the Chevalier's whole army. The consequence was, that they turned their backs, and fled back to Inverness in extreme confusion, incurring much danger and some loss, not from the fire of the enemy, but from throwing down and treading upon each other. The confusion was so great, that the Master of Ross, a gallant officer, who was afterwards in many perils, informed Mr Home, that he had never been in a condition so grievous as what was called the *Rout of Moy*.

Some accounts state, that the Prince was never disturbed from sleep during all the confusion attending this attack, which, but for the presence of mind of the lady, so admirably seconded by her retainer, might have put an end to his enterprise and to his life. It is at any rate certain, that early on the following day Charles assembled his army, or such part of it as could be immediately got together, and advanced upon Inverness, with the purpose of repaying to Lord Loudon the unfriendly visit of the preceding night. Neither the strength of the place, nor the number of Lord Loudon's forces, entitled him to make any stand against an army so superior to his own. He was therefore compelled to retreat by the Kessoch ferry; and having carried the boats with him, he prevented for a time the pursuit of the rebels. But Lord Cromarty, having marched round the head of the ferry, dislodged Lord Loudon from the town of Cromarty, afterwards pursued him to Tain, and compelled him finally to cross the Great Ferry into Sutherland.

The Highland army took possession of Inverness on the 18th, and on the 20th, the citadel, called Fort George, was also yielded to them. By these movements, it was proposed to follow up the plan of tactics recommended in the Address of the Chiefs at Falkirk; that on retiring to the north, they should employ the winter season in destroying Lord Loudon's power, and reducing the forts held in the Highlands. With the latter purpose, the siege of Fort Augustus was formed by Lord John Drummond's regiment, and the French picquets. The battering

cannon proving too small for the purpose, cohorns were employed to throw shells, by means of which the garrison, being only three companies, was compelled to surrender. It was determined by the Prince to send the officers to France, to remain as hostages for such of his own followers as had already fallen into the hands of the government, or might have that fate in future. We have seen that such a scheme had been proposed after the battle of Preston, and was refused by the Prince from motives of generosity; and that the prisoners were dismissed into Angus-shire upon their parole of honour. At the time of General Hawley's movement upon Stirling, some risings had taken place in support of government in the county of Angus, of which the prisoners of war had availed themselves, under the idea that they were thus liberated from their parole. The Highlanders were of a different opinion, and expressed their sentiments in a singular manner after the battle of Falkirk. General Hawley had, previous to that action, been pleased to foresee occasion for an extraordinary number of executioners in his camp. As some of these functionaries became prisoners to the insurgent army after the battle, they endeavoured to express their scorn of the behaviour of the regular officers who had, as they alleged, eluded their parole, by liberating these hangmen on their word of honour, as if equally worthy of trust with those who bore King George's commission. The scheme of sending the captive officers to France might have operated as some check on the government's judicial proceedings after the close of the rebellion, had it been adopted in the early part of the insurrection. As it was, the current of the insurgents' success had begun to turn, and there was no further prospect of succeeding by this method, which was adopted too late to be of service.

While the Highlanders were pushing their petty and unimportant advantages against the forts in the north, the Duke of Cumberland, advancing on their rear, and occupying successively the districts which they abandoned, was already bringing up important succours, by which he hoped to narrow their quarters, and, finally, to destroy their army. Following the track of the Highlanders, he had arrived at Perth on the 6th of February, and detached Sir Andrew Agnew, with five hundred men, and an hundred of the Campbells, to take possession of the castle of Blair-in-Athole, while Lieutenant-Colonel Leighton, with a similar force, occupied Castle Menzies. These garrisons were designed to straiten the Highland army, and to prevent their drawing reinforcements from the countries in which their cause had most favour.

About the same time, the duke of Cumberland learned that a body of auxiliaries, consisting of six thousand Hessians, had disembarked at Leith, under the command of Prince Frederick of Hesse-Cassel. These troops had been sent for, because a dilemma had occurred, which occasioned the withdrawing of the six thousand Dutch troops originally destined to assist the King of England. So soon as Lord John Drummond had arrived with the French auxiliaries, a message had been dispatched to the Dutch commandant, formally acquainting him, that the colours of France were displayed in the Chevalier's camp, and that, as troops upon their parole not to serve

against that country, the Dutch were cited to withdraw themselves from the civil war of Britain. They recognised the summons, and withdrew their forces from Britain accordingly.

In order to replace these auxiliaries, the King of Great Britain concluded a subsidiary treaty with the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, which was confirmed in Parliament, and it was in consequence of this engagement that the Hessian troops had now arrived at Leith. The Duke of Cumberland made a hasty visit to Edinburgh, where he held a council with the Prince of Hesse and the principal officers. A general opinion was entertained and expressed, that the Highlanders would break up and disperse, and never venture a battle against the Duke of Cumberland and his army. Lord Milton, a Scottish judge, being asked to deliver his sentiments, was of a different opinion from that which had been expressed by the military men. He declared himself persuaded, that the Highlanders would, according to their ready habits, again unite in a large body, and make another struggle for the accomplishment of their enterprise.

The opinion of Lord Milton made a deep impression upon the Duke of Cumberland's mind, who resolved to proceed upon the probability that a battle would be necessary, and to move northwards slowly, but with an overpowering force. For this purpose he returned to Perth, and sending three regiments of infantry to Dundee, proceeded with the main body of his army to the north, and reached Aberdeen on the 27th of February. The Hessian troops, with their Prince, arrived at Perth after the Duke of Cumberland's departure. Their moustaches and blue dress occasioned some surprise to the Scottish people, who were greatly edified, however, by their quiet and civil behaviour, which formed a strong contrast to the profligate language and demeanour of the English soldiery. The country between Perth and Aberdeen, including Blair-in-Athole, and some posts still farther north, were occupied by parties, both of the Campbells and of the regular troops. The Duke of Cumberland's head-quarters were at Aberdeen, where it was generally believed by the rebels he intended to remain till summer.

In the meantime, the clans resolved to proceed in subjecting the forts upon the chain, of which Fort William still remained in possession of the regular troops. General Campbell had taken care that it should be provided with every thing necessary for a siege, and had reinforced the garrison with some companies of his own followers, so that it amounted to about six hundred men, under a commandant named Campbell. Lochiel and Keppoch formed the blockade, but could not cut off the garrison's communications by sea, as two sloops of war supported them with their guns. General Stapleton soon after came up with the French picquets, and formed a regular battery against the fort; but, as we shall hereafter see, to little good purpose.

About this time Charles heard news of the succours from France, which he had expected so anxiously. On the 23d of February, he received a letter from Captain Shee of Fitz-James's dragoons, acquainting him that he made part of an armament commanded by the Marquis de Fimarion; that he had landed with a part of the above regiment; that the rest

of the squadron conveyed about eight hundred men, and that each of the ships brought a certain sum of money.

In confirmation of this news, the Prince was informed that one of the squadron announced by Captain Shee, having appeared off Peterhead, had landed two thousand louis-d'or for his service, but had declined to land the soldiers who were on board, without an order from the Marquis D'Eguilles, called the Ambassador of France. Prince Charles dispatched Lord John Drummond and the Marquis d'Eguilles, with a strong body of troops, to superintend the landing of this important reinforcement; but they came too late. The Duke of Cumberland, moving with all his forces, had arrived at Aberdeen on the 27th; and Moir of Stonywood, who commanded there for the Prince, was compelled to retreat to Fochabers, where he, and Captain Shee who accompanied him, met with Lord John Drummond, who had advanced so far to protect the disembarkation. A picquet of Berwick's regiment was also safely landed at Portsoy, but no other troops of the embarkation afterwards reached the Prince's army. The remainder of Fitz-James's cavalry were taken by Commodore Knowles, and sent to the Thames. The Marquis de Fimarion, having held a council of war, thought it most prudent to return to France.

Thus unpitifully rigorous was fortune, from beginning to end, in all that might be considered as the *chances* from which Prince Charles might receive advantage. The miscarriage of the reinforcements was the greater, as the supplies of treasure were become almost indispensable. His money now began to run short, so that he was compelled to pay his soldiers partly in meal, which caused great discontent. Many threatened to abandon the enterprise; some actually deserted; and the army, under these adverse circumstances, became more refractory and unmanageable than heretofore.

Yet their spirit of military adventure was still shown, in the instinctive ingenuity with which they carried on enterprises of irregular warfare. This was particularly evident, from a series of attacks planned and executed by Lord George Murray, for delivering his native country of Athole from the small forts and military stations which had been established there by the Duke of Cumberland. This expedition was undertaken in the middle of March, and Lord George Murray himself commanded the detachment destined for the service, which amounted to seven hundred men; one half of these were natives of Athole, the other half were MacPhersons, under the command of Cluny, their chief. They marched from Dalwhinny when daylight began to fail, and halted at Dalspiddel about midnight, when it was explained to them, that the purpose of the expedition was to surprise and cut off all the military posts in Athole, which were occupied either by the regular troops or by the Campbells.

These posts were very numerous, and it was necessary they should be all attacked about the same time. The most important were gentlemen's houses, such as Kinnachin, Blairfettie, Lude, Faskallie, and the like, which, in the Highlands, and indeed through Scotland generally, were of a castellated form, and capable of defence. Other small posts were slightly

fortified, and commanded by noncommissioned officers. Lord George Murray's force of seven hundred men was divided into as many small parties as there were posts to be carried; and in each were included an equal number of Athole-men and MacPhersons. Each party was expected to perform the duty assigned to it before daybreak, and all were then to repair to the Bridge of Bruar, within two miles of the Castle of Blair-in-Athole. The various detachments set out with eagerness upon an enterprise which promised to relieve their country or neighbourhood from invasion and military occupation; and Lord George and Cluny, with only twenty-five men, and a few elderly gentlemen, proceeded to the Bridge of Bruar, being the rendezvous, there to await the success of their undertaking and the return of their companions.

It had nearly chanced, that, in an expedition designed to surprise others, they had been surprised themselves. For, in the grey of the morning, a man from the village of Blair came to inform Lord George Murray, that Sir Andrew Agnew, who commanded at Blair Castle, had caught the alarm, from an attack on a neighbouring post; had got a great proportion of his garrison of five hundred men under arms, and was advancing to the Bridge of Bruar, to see what enemies were in the neighbourhood. Lord George Murray and Cluny were in no condition to engage the veteran; and it was proposed, as the only mode of escape, to betake themselves to the neighbouring mountains. Lord George Murray rejected the proposition. "If," he said, "we leave the place of rendezvous, our parties, as they return in detail from discharging the duty intrusted to them, will be liable to be surprised by the enemy. This must not be. I will rather try what can be done to impose upon Sir Andrew Agnew's caution, by a fictitious display of strength." With this resolution Lord George took possession of a turf-dyke, or wall, which stretched along a neighbouring field, and disposed his followers behind it, at distant intervals from each other, so as to convey the idea of a very extended front. The colours of both regiments were placed in the centre of the pretended line, and every precaution used to give the appearance of a continued line of soldiers, to what was in reality only a few men placed at a distance from each other. The bagpipers were not forgotten; they had orders to blow up a clamorous pibroch, so soon as the advance of the regulars should be observed, upon the road from Blair. The sun just arose when Sir Andrew's troops came in sight; the pipers struck up, and the men behind the turf-wall brandished their broadswords, like officers at the head of their troops preparing to charge. Sir Andrew was deceived into the idea that he had before him a large body of Highlanders drawn up to attack him, and, anxious for the safety of his post, he marched back his garrison to the castle of Blair-in-Athole.

Lord George Murray remained at the bridge to receive his detachments, who came in soon after sunrise; they had all succeeded more or less completely, and brought in upwards of three hundred prisoners, taken at the various posts, which, great and small, amounted to thirty in number. Only one or two of the clansmen were killed, and but five or

six of the king's troops; for the Highlanders, though in some respects a wild and fierce people, were seldom guilty of unnecessary bloodshed. Encouraged by this success, Lord George Murray was tempted to make an effort to possess himself of the Castle of Blair, notwithstanding its natural strength, and that of its garrison. With this view he invested the place, which was a very large, strong old tower, long a principal residence of the Athole family. There was little hope from battering with two light field-pieces a castle whose walls were seven feet thick; the situation was so rocky as to put mining out of the question; but Lord George, as the garrison was numerous, and supposed to be indifferently provided for a siege, conceived the possibility of reducing the place by famine. For this purpose he formed a close blockade of the place, and fired with his Highland marksmen upon all who showed themselves at the windows of the tower, or upon the battlements. And here, as in this motley world that which is ridiculous is often intermixed with what is deeply serious, I may tell you an anecdote of a ludicrous nature.

Sir Andrew Agnew, famous in Scottish tradition, was a soldier of the old military school, severe in discipline, stiff and formal in manners, brave to the last degree, but somewhat of an humourist, upon whom his young officers were occasionally tempted to play tricks, not entirely consistent with the respect due to their commandant. At the siege of Blair, some of the young wags had obtained an old uniform coat of the excellent Sir Andrew, which, having stuffed with straw, they placed in a small window of a turret, with a spy-glass in the hand, as if in the act of reconnoitring the besiegers. This apparition did not escape the hawk's eyes of the Highlanders, who continued to pour their fire upon the turret window, without producing any adequate effect. The best deer-stalkers of Athole and Badenoch persevered, nevertheless, and wasted, as will easily be believed, their ammunition in vain on this impassible commander. At length Sir Andrew himself became curious to know what could possibly induce so constant a fire upon that particular point of the castle. He made some inquiry, and discovered the trick which had been played. His own head being as insensible to a jest of any kind as his peruke had proved to the balls of the Highlanders, he placed the contumacious wags under arrest, and threatened to proceed against them still more seriously; and would certainly have done so, but, by good fortune for them, the blockade was raised after the garrison had suffered the extremity of famine.

The raising of the blockade was chiefly owing to the advance of a body of Hessians from Perth, together with the Earl of Crawford. Lord George Murray on this occasion sent an express to the Prince, that if he could spare him 1200 men, he would undertake to engage the Prince of Hesse and Lord Crawford. Charles returned for answer that he could not spare the men, being in the act of concentrating his army. Lord George Murray was therefore obliged to relinquish the blockade of Blair, and withdraw his forces into Strathspey, and from thence to Speyside. He himself went to the Chevalier's head-quarters, where he found that his exploits in the field had not been able to save him from

enemies, who had made a bad use of their master's ear.

We have seen that from the very first meeting at Perth, Mr Murray, the secretary, had filled the Prince's mind with suspicions of Lord George, as a person who, if disposed to serve him, was not inclined to do so upon the pure principles of unlimited monarchy. The self-will and obstinacy of this nobleman, a brave soldier, but an unskilful courtier, gave all the advantage which his enemies could desire; and in despite of his gallant achievements, the Prince was almost made to believe that the best officer in his army was capable of betraying him at least, if not actually engaged in a conspiracy to do so. Thus prepossessed, though usually eager for fighting, the Chevalier, both at Clifton and on the present occasion, declined intrusting Lord George with a separate command of troops, to avail himself of a favourable opportunity for action.

On the present occasion, Charles entertained the opinion that Lord George might have taken the castle of Blair, had he been so disposed; but that he abstained, lest by doing so he might injure the house of his brother, the Duke of Athole. Lord George was altogether undeserving of such a suspicion, there being perhaps no man in the Prince's army who had fewer indirect motives to decide his political creed than this nobleman. If the Prince succeeded in his enterprise, his eldest brother would recover the dukedom, now held by the second. But it does not appear that Lord George Murray could be thus personally benefited. It is no small merit to him, that, faithful while suspected, and honest though calumniated, he adhered to the tenor of his principles, and continued to serve with zeal and fidelity a master by whom he knew he was not beloved, nor fully trusted. It is even said by Lord Elcho, that the Prince told some of the French and Irish officers, that he suspected Lord George; and it is added, that being requested to watch whether his conduct in battle authorised such a suspicion, they undertook to put him to death if such should appear to be the case.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Dispersion of the Forces under Lord Loudon, and Occupation of Sutherland by the Earl of Cromarty—The Duke of Cumberland, with a well-appointed Army, crosses the Spey—Dissatisfaction among Prince Charles's Followers—Resolution of the Prince to fight the Duke of Cumberland—Council of War—Night March undertaken with a view to surprise the Duke of Cumberland's Camp at Nairne—its Failure, and Retreat of the Highland Army to Culloden—Battle of Culloden.

THE final act of this great domestic tragedy was now about to begin, yet there remain some other incidents to notice ere we approach that catastrophe. The outposts of the principal armies were extended along the river Spey, and the Highlanders appeared disposed for a time to preserve the line of that river, although a defensive war is not that which Highlanders could be expected to wage with most success. It is probable they did not expect the Duke of Cumberland to make a serious advance from his headquarters at Aberdeen, until the summer was fairly commenced, when their own army would be reassembled. Several affairs of posts took place betwixt

General Bland, who commanded the advance of the Duke's army, and Lord John Drummond, who was opposed to him on the side of the Chevalier. The Highlanders had rather the advantage in this irregular sort of warfare, and in particular, a party of a hundred regulars were surprised at the village of Keith, and entirely slain or made prisoners by John Roy Stewart.

About the same time, Prince Charles sustained a heavy loss in the Hazard sloop of war, which made her appearance in the North Seas, having on board 150 troops for his service, and, what he needed still more, a sum of gold equal to £10,000 or £12,000. This vessel, with a cargo of so much importance, being chased by an English frigate, was run ashore by her crew in the Bay of Tongue, and the sailors and soldiers escaping ashore carried the treasure along with them. They were, however, in a hostile, as well as a desolate country. The tribe of the MacKays assembled in arms, and, with some bands of Lord Loudon's army, pursued the strangers so closely as to oblige them to surrender themselves and the specie. It is said only £8000 of gold was found upon them, the rest having been embezzled, either by their captors or by others, after they came ashore. This loss of the Hazard, which was productive of injurious consequences to the Highland army, was connected with a series of transactions in Sutherland, which I will here briefly tell you of.

Lord Loudon, you will recollect, had retreated from Inverness into Ross-shire, at the head of about 2000 men, composed of the Whig clans. In the beginning of March, Lord Cromarty had been dispatched by the Prince, with his own regiment, together with the MacKinnons, MacGregors, and Barrisdale's people, to dislodge Lord Loudon; this they effected by the temporary aid of Lord George Murray. Lord Loudon, retreating before an army which now consisted of the flower of the Highlanders, disposed his forces at various ferries upon the Frith which divides the shire of Sutherland from that of Ross, in order to defend the passage.

On the 20th of March, however, the rebels, under Lord Cromarty, pushed across near a place called the Meikle Ferry, and nearly surprised a party that kept guard there. The Earl of Loudon, informed of this invasion, concluded that, as his forces were inferior in number, and much scattered, there was no possibility of drawing them together for the purpose of making a stand; he therefore sent orders to the officers commanding the different posts, to provide for their safety, by marching the men whom they commanded into their several districts. Loudon himself, with the Lord President, and other persons of rank, who might be supposed particularly obnoxious to the insurgents, embarked with the MacLeods and MacDonalds, and returned with them to the Isle of Skye. The army, therefore, might be said to be dispersed and disbanded. Owing to this dispersion, it happened that some of Lord Loudon's soldiers were in the MacKay's country, and assisted in taking prisoners the crew of the Hazard sloop of war when they landed.

Lord Cromarty was now in full possession of the coast of Sutherland and of the castle of Dunrobin, which the Earl of Sutherland had found it impossible

to defend. The Jacobite general could not, however, exercise much influence in that country; the vassalage and tenantry not only declined to join the rebels, but kept possession of their arms, and refused the most favourable terms of submission. The Earl of Cromarty, indeed, collected some money, emptied the Earl of Sutherland's stables of nineteen or twenty good horses, and cut his carriages to pieces, in order to convert the leather and brass mounting into targets; but the country itself being hostile to the Jacobite cause, obliged the Earl, though a mild good-natured man, to use some severity on this occasion. The houses and property of two of the captains of the militia were plundered and burnt, in order to strike terror into other recreants. This was alien to the inclinations of some of the Highlanders, the gentleness of whose conduct had hitherto been the subject of surprise and panegyric. "I like not this raising of fire," said an old Highlander, who looked on during the devastation; "hitherto five of us have put twenty to flight, but if we follow this inhuman course, we may look for twenty of us to fly before five of our enemies." In fact, the prophecy was not far from its accomplishment. The Earl of Cromarty extended his operations even into the islands of Orkney, but received as little encouragement from the inhabitants of that archipelago as from the people of Sutherland. In Caithness a few gentlemen of the name of Sinclair adopted their cause; but it is said that not above forty-three men in all from that country joined the Chevalier's standard. The beginning of April was now come, and the indications of the Duke of Cumberland's advance in person made it plain that the insurgents would be no longer permitted to protract the campaign by a war of posts, but must either fight, or retire into the Highlands. The last measure, it was foreseen, must totally break up Prince Charles's Lowland cavalry, many of whom had already lost their horses in the retreat; it was necessary, therefore, to form them into a body of foot-guards.

The Prince did not hesitate a moment which course to pursue. He entertained, like others who play for deep stakes, a tendency to fatalism, which had been fostered by his success at Preston and Falkirk, and he was determined, like a desperate gamester, to push his luck to extremity. The kind of warfare which he had been waging for some weeks past, had necessarily led to a great dispersion of his forces, and, intent upon the impending contest, he now summoned his detachments from every side, to join his own standard at Inverness.

The powerful body of men under the Earl of Cromarty received similar orders. MacDonald of Barisdale, in great haste to obey, set out on his march upon the 14th of April. On the 15th he was to have been followed by the Earl of Cromarty and his regiment. This projected evacuation of Sutherland, which ought to have been kept secret, was imprudently suffered to transpire; and the Sutherland men resolved to annoy the rear of their unwelcome visitants as they left the country. With this view, a great many of the armed militia collected from the hills, in which they had taken shelter, and prepared to take such advantage of the retreating insurgents as opportunity should permit. About two

hundred men assembled for this purpose, and approached the coast. One John MacKay, a vintner in Golspie, had a division of about twenty to act under his own separate command. The Earl of Cromarty, for whom the militia were lying in ambush, was far from suspecting the danger he was in. He remained, with his son Lord MacLeod, and several other officers, at the Castle of Dunrobin, witnessing, it is said, the tricks of a juggler, while his men, three hundred and fifty in number, were marched, under the command of subaltern officers, and with little precaution, to the ferry where they were to embark. The consequences were fatal. John MacKay, with his twenty men, threw himself between the rear of the main body and Lord Cromarty and his officers, who were following in imagined security, and suddenly firing, with considerable execution, upon the Earl and his attendants, forced them back to Dunrobin Castle, which they had just left. The same active partisan contrived to gain admittance into the Castle without a single follower and boldly summoned the Earl and his officers to surrender, which at length, under a false apprehension of the amount of force by which they were surrounded, they were induced to do. The Earl of Cromarty, Lord MacLeod, and the other officers of Lord Cromarty's regiment, who had not marched with their men, were thus made prisoners, and put on board the *Hound*, a British sloop of war. The rebellion, therefore, was thus extinguished in Sutherland on the 16th of April, the very day on which it was put an end to throughout Scotland, by the great battle of Culloden.

Having given a short account of these distant operations, we must return to the motions of the main armies.

The Duke of Cumberland left Aberdeen on the 8th of April, with the intention of moving upon Inverness, being Charles's head-quarters, in the neighbourhood of which it was understood that the Prince designed to make a stand. As he advanced northward, the Duke of Cumberland was joined by Generals Bland and Mordaunt, who commanded his advance divisions, and the whole army assembled at the town of Cullen, about ten miles from the banks of the Spey.

An opinion had been entertained, to which we have already alluded, that the Highlanders intended to defend the passage of this deep and rapid river. A trench and some remains of works seemed to show that such had been their original purpose, and a considerable division of the Lowland troops were drawn up under the Duke of Perth, with the apparent purpose of maintaining these defences. The Prince's ultimate orders, however, were, that the Duke of Perth should retreat to Elgin as soon as the enemy should approach in force the south-eastern bank of the river. He did so, and the Duke of Cumberland forded the Spey with his army in three divisions, his music playing a tune calculated to insult his antagonist.* Several lives were lost, owing to the strength of the stream; they were chiefly females, followers of the camp.

* Will you play me fair play,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie?

On the 13th of April, the Duke of Cumberland's army marched to the moor of Alves, and on the 14th advanced to Nairne, where there was a slight skirmish between their advance and the rear-guard of the Highlanders, who were just leaving the town. The last were unexpectedly supported in their retreat, about five miles from Nairne, by the Chevalier himself, who arrived suddenly at the head of his guards and the MacIntosh regiment, at a place called the Loch of the Clans. On the appearance of this additional force, the vanguard of the Duke's army retreated upon their main body, which was encamped near Nairne.

It is now necessary to examine the state of the contending armies, who were soon to be called upon to decide the fate of the contest by a bloody battle.

The Duke of Cumberland was at the head of an army of disciplined troops, completely organised, and supported by a fleet, which, advancing along the coast, could supply them with provisions, artillery, and every other material requisite for the carrying on of the campaign. They were under the command of a Prince, whose authority was absolute, whose courage was undoubted, whose high birth was the boast of his troops, and whose military skill and experience were, in the opinion of his followers, completely adequate to the successful termination of the war.

On the other hand, the army of Prince Charles lay widely dispersed, on account of the difficulty of procuring subsistence; so that there was great doubt of the possibility of assembling them in a united body within the short space afforded them for that purpose. The councils also of the adventurous Prince were unhappily divided; and those dissensions which had existed even in their days of prosperity, were increased in the present critical moment, even by the pressure of the emergency. The first difficulty might be in some degree surmounted, but the last was of a fatal character; and I must once more remind you of the causes in which it originated.

The aversion of the Prince to Lord George Murray has been already stated; and although the fact may seem surprising, the unwarranted suspicion with which this individual was regarded by the Chevalier, is pretty well understood to have extended itself about this period to a great part of his other Scottish followers, more especially as the present state of the contest, joined to the private disaffection, or rather discontent, among the clans, tended to weaken the confidence of the commander. Such sparks of disagreement assume more importance in the time of adversity, as lights, little distinguished of themselves, are more visible on the approach of darkness. Since the council at Derby, the Prince had convoked or advised with no public assembly of his chiefs and followers of rank, as he had formerly been wont to do, if we except the council of war held near Crieff, which was in a manner forced on him by the retreat from Stirling. During all that time he had, in the fullest sense, commanded the army by his own authority. His trust and confidence had been chiefly reposed in Secretary Murray, in Sir Thomas Sheridan, his former tutor, and in the Irish officers, who made their way to his favour by assenting to all he proposed, and by subscribing, without hesitation, to the most unlimited doctrine of the monarch's absolute power.

On the other hand, the Scottish nobility and gentry, who had engaged their lives and fortunes in the quarrel, naturally thought themselves entitled to be consulted concerning the manner in which the war was to be conducted, and were indignant at being excluded from offering their advice, where they themselves were not only principally interested, but best acquainted with the localities and manners of the country in which the war was waged.

They were also displeased that in his communication with the court of France, announcing his successes at Preston, and at Falkirk, the Prince had intrusted his negotiations with the court of France to Irishmen in the French service. They suspected, unjustly perhaps, that instead of pleading the cause of the insurgents fairly, and describing and insisting upon the amount and nature of the succours which were requisite, these gentlemen would be satisfied to make such representations as might give satisfaction to the French ministers, and ensure to the messengers their own advancement in the French service. Accordingly, all the officers sent to France by Charles received promotion. The Scots also suspected that the Irish and French officers, willing to maintain themselves in exclusive favour, endeavoured to impress the Prince with suspicions of the fidelity of the Scottish people, and invidiously recalled to his memory the conduct of the nation to Charles I. It is said that Charles was not entirely convinced of the falsehood of these suspicions till the faithful services of so many of that nation, during the various perils of his escape, would have rendered it base ingratitude to harbour them longer.

There was another subject of discontent in the Prince's army, arising, perhaps, from too high pretensions on the part of one class of his followers, and too little consideration on that of Charles. Many of the gentlemen who served as privates in the Prince's cavalry, conceived that they were entitled to more personal notice than they received, and complained that they were regarded more in the light of ordinary troopers than as men of estate and birth, who were performing, at their own expense, the duty of private soldiers, to evince their loyalty to the cause of the Stewarts.

Notwithstanding these secret jealousies, Charles remained unaltered in the system which he had adopted. Neither did the discontent of his followers proceed further than murmurs, or in any case break out, as in Mar's insurrection, into mutiny, or even a desire on the part of the gentlemen engaged to make, by submission or otherwise, their separate peace with government. Notwithstanding, however, what has been said, the gallant bravery and general deportment of the Prince secured him popularity with the common soldiers of his army, though those with higher pretensions were less easily satisfied, when mere civility was rendered instead of confidence.

The Chevalier had been unwell of a feverish complaint during several days of his residence at Elgin, in the month of March. On his retreat to Inverness, he seemed perfectly recovered, and employed himself by hunting in the forenoon, and in the evening with balls, concerts, and parties of pleasure, in which he appeared in as good spirits, and as confident, as after the battle of Preston. This exterior show of con-

fidence would have been well had there been good grounds for its foundation; but those alleged by Charles rested upon a firm conviction that the army of the Duke of Cumberland would not seriously venture to oppose in battle their lawful Prince; an idea which he found it impossible to impress upon such of his followers as were in the least acquainted with the genius and temper of the English soldiery.

While the Prince was at Inverness, two gentlemen of the name of Haliburton arrived from France, with tidings of a cold description. They informed him that the court of that country had entirely laid aside the thoughts of an invasion upon a large scale, and that his brother, the Duke of York, who had been destined to be placed at the head of it, had left the coast, being recalled to Paris. This put a final end to the most reasonable hopes of the unfortunate Adventurer, which had always rested upon a grand exertion of France in his favour; although, indeed, he might have been convinced, that since they had made no such effort during the time of his inroad into England, when his affairs bore an aspect unexpectedly favourable, they would not undertake any considerable risk to redeem him from the destruction which seemed now to be impending.

Besides the discords in the Prince's camp, which, like a mutiny among the crew of a sinking vessel, prevented a unanimous exertion to secure the common safety, the separation of his forces, and the pecuniary difficulties which now pressed hard upon him, were material obstacles to any probability of success in an action with the Duke of Cumberland. Charles endeavoured, indeed, to concentrate all his army near Inverness, but without entire success. General Stapleton, who had been engaged in attempting to reduce Fort-William, abandoned that enterprise and returned to the Prince's camp, together with Lochiel and the other Highlanders by whom that irregular siege had been supported. But the Master of Fraser, who was employed in levying the full strength of his clan, together with Barrisdale and Cromarty, engaged as we have seen in Sutherland, were absent from the main army. Cluny, and his MacPhersons, had been dispatched into Badenoch, with a view to their more easy subsistence in their own country, and were wanting in the hour when their services were most absolutely necessary. There were besides 800 or 1000 men of different Highland clans, who were dispersed in visiting their own several glens, and would certainly have returned to the army, if space had been allowed them for so doing.

It is also proper to mention, that, as already hinted, the cavalry of the Prince had suffered greatly. That of Lord Pittligo might be said to have been entirely destroyed by their hard duty on the retreat from Stirling, and was in fact converted into a company of foot-guards. Now, although these horsemen, consisting of gentlemen and their servants, might have been unable to stand the shock of heavy and regular regiments of horse, yet from their spirit and intelligence, they had been of the greatest service as light cavalry, and their loss to Charles Edward's army was a great misfortune.

The force which remained with the Prince was discontented from want of pay, and in a state of considerable disorganisation. The troops were not duly

supplied with provisions, and, like more regular soldiers under such circumstances, were guilty of repeated mutiny and disobedience of orders. For all these evils Charles Edward saw no remedy but in a general action, to which he was the more disposed, that hitherto, by a variety of chances in his favour, as well as by the native courage of his followers, he had come off victorious, though against all ordinary expectation, in every action in which he had been engaged. On such an alternative then, and with troops mutinous for want of pay, half starved for want of provisions, and diminished in numbers from the absence of 3000 or 4000 men, he determined to risk an action with the Duke of Cumberland, at the head of an army considerably outnumbering his own, and possessed of all those advantages of which he himself at the moment was so completely deprived.

The preparations for the engagement were not made with more prudence than that which was shown in the resolution to give instant battle. Charles drew out his forces upon an extensive moor, about five miles distant from Inverness, called Drummossie, but more frequently known by the name of Culloden, to which it is adjacent. The Highlanders lay upon their arms all the night of the 14th; on the next morning they were drawn up in order of battle, in the position which the Chevalier proposed they should maintain during the action. On their right there were some park walls, on their left a descent which slopes down upon Culloden-house; their front was directly east. They were drawn up in two lines, of which the Athole brigade held the right of the whole, next to them Lochiel. The clans of Appin, Fraser, and MacIntosh, with those of MacLauchlan, MacLean, and Farquharson, composed the centre; and on the left were the three regiments of MacDonalds, styled, from their chiefs, Clanranald, Keppoch, and Glen-garry.

As if a fate had hung over the councils of Charles, the disposition of this order of battle involved the decision of a point of honour, esteemed of the utmost importance in this singular army, though in any other a mere question of idle precedence. The MacDonalds, as the most powerful and numerous of the clans, had claimed from the beginning of the expedition the privilege of holding the right of the whole army. Lochiel and Appin had waived any dispute of this claim at the battle of Preston; the MacDonalds had also led the right at Falkirk; and now the left was assigned to this proud surname, which they regarded not only as an affront, but as an evil omen. The Prince's second line, or reserve, was divided into three bodies, with an interval between each. On the right were Elcho's, FitzJames's, and Lord Strathallan's horse, with Abbachie's and Lord Ogilvy's regiments of infantry. The centre division was formed of the Irish picquets, Lord John Drummond's regiment, and that of the Earl of Kilmarnock. The left wing of the second line consisted of the hussars, with Sir Alexander Bannerman's and Moir of Stonywood's Lowland battalions. The number of the whole first line might be about 4700 men; that of the second line 2300, of which 250 were cavalry; but, as I will presently show you, the numbers which appeared at the review were very considerably diminished before the action.

A great error on the part of the commissaries, or such as acted in that capacity, in the Highland army, was exhibited in the almost total want of provisions; a deficiency the more inexcusable, as it was said there was plenty of meal at Inverness. The soldiers, however, received no victuals, except a single biscuit per man, during the whole day of the 15th, and this dearth of provisions was such, that whether the army had been victorious or vanquished, upon the day of the 16th, they must have dispersed to distant quarters for the mere purpose of obtaining subsistence.

Early on the 15th of April, Lord Elcho was dispatched to reconnoitre the camp of the Duke of Cumberland, situated near the little town of Nairne. It was the anniversary of the royal Duke's birth-day, which was apparently dedicated to festivity and indulgence on the part of the soldiers whom he commanded. Lord Elcho remained within view of the enemy until high noon, and then retired to announce that to all appearance the English army did not mean to move that day.

Upon this report the Prince assembled the chief officers of his army, being the first council of war which he had held since that in which the retreat from Derby was resolved upon, excepting the meeting at Fairnton, near Crieff. Charles opened the business by asking the opinion of the council what was best to be done. There was a diversity of opinions. The want of provisions alone rendered a battle inevitable, but the place and mode of giving that battle were matter of discussion. Lord George Murray, as usual, was the first to give his opinion, and enlarged much on the advantage which a Highland army was sure to possess in taking the enemy by surprise, and in darkness rather than in day-light. Regular soldiers, he said, depend entirely on their discipline, an advantage of which they are deprived by darkness and confusion. Highlanders, on the contrary, had, he observed, little discipline but what was of an intuitive nature, independent either of light or regularity. He concluded by giving his opinion, that the first line should march in two divisions at the dusk of the evening; he himself offered to lead that composed of the right wing of the first line, with which he designed to march round the town of Nairne, and attack the Duke of Cumberland's camp in the rear; at the same time he proposed that the Duke of Perth, with the left division of the first line, should attack the camp in front, when he did not doubt that the confusion occasioned by the sudden onset on two points, joined to the effects of the past day's festivity, would throw the regulars into total confusion, and afford the Prince a complete victory. This plan also included a march of the whole second line, or body of reserve, under the command of the Prince himself, to support the front attack.

To this proposal several objections were made; one was, that it was a pity to hazard any thing until the MacPhersons, a great part of the Frasers, MacDonald of Barrisdale, Glengyle, with his MacGregors, the Earl of Cromarty, whose misfortune was not known, and other reinforcements at present absent, should have joined the army. It was also stated, that in all probability the Duke would receive notice

of the intended movement, either by his spies or his patrols; that in either case it would be difficult to provide against the necessary consequences of such discovery; and that, if the Highlanders were once thrown into confusion in a night attack, there would be no possibility of rallying them. The principal answer to these objections was founded on the exigency of the moment, which required a considerable hazard to be incurred in one shape or other, and that the plan of the night attack was as feasible as any which could be proposed.

Another objection strongly urged, was the impossibility of marching twelve miles, being the distance between Culloden and the enemy's camp, between nightfall and dawn. To this Lord George Murray returned for answer, that he would pledge himself for the success of the project, provided secrecy was observed. Other plans were proposed, but the night march was finally resolved upon.

Between seven and eight o'clock, the Chevalier ordered the heath to be set on fire, that the light might convey the idea of his troops being still in the same position there, and got all his men under arms, as had been agreed upon.

It was explained by the prince's aide-de-camp, Colonel Ker of Gradon, that during the attack on the camp the Highlanders were not to employ their fire-arms, but only broadswords, dirks, and Lochaber axes, with which they were instructed to beat down the tentpoles, and to cut the ropes, taking care at the same moment to strike or stab with force wherever they observed any swelling or bulge in the falling canvass of the tent. They were also instructed to observe the profoundest silence during the time of the march, and the watchword assigned to them was "King James the VIII."

Thus far all was well; and for resolute men, an attempt so desperate presented, from its very desperation, a considerable chance of success. But an inconvenience occurred on the march, for which, and the confusion which it was sure to occasion, due allowance seems scarcely to have been made in the original project. It had been proposed by Lord George Murray that the army should march in three columns, consisting of the first line in two divisions, and the whole reserve, or second line, under the Prince himself. But from the necessity of the three columns keeping the same road as far as the house of Kilravock, where the first division was to diverge from the others, and cross the river Nairne, in order to get in the rear of the enemy's camp, it followed that the army, instead of forming three distinct columns of march, each on its own ground, composed only one long one, the second line following the first, and the third the second, upon the same track, which greatly diminished the power of moving with rapidity. The night, besides, was very dark, which made the progress of the whole column extremely slow, especially as there was a frequent necessity for turning out of the straight road, in order to avoid all inhabited places, from which news of their motions might have been sent to the Duke of Cumberland.

Slow as the march was, the van considerably out-marched the rear. A gap, or interval, was left in the centre of the whole, and messengers were sent repeatedly to Lochiel, who was in front, and to Lord

George Murray, who commanded the head of the line, requesting them to halt until the rear of the column should come up. Fifty of these messages were brought to the van of the column before they had marched above eight miles, by which time they had reached Kilravock, or Kilraick House, within four miles of the Duke of Cumberland's camp.

Hitherto Lord George Murray had not halted upon his line of march; but had only obeyed the aides-de-camp by marching more slowly, in the hope that the rear might come up. But at this place the Duke of Perth himself, who commanded the second division, came up to Lord George Murray, and putting his horse across the road, insisted that the rear could not advance unless the van was halted. Lord George Murray halted accordingly, and many of the principal officers came to the head of the column to consult what was to be done. They reported that many of the Highlanders had straggled from the ranks, and lain down to sleep in the wood of Kilravock; which must have been owing to faintness, or want of food, since eight miles' march could not be supposed to have fatigued these hardy mountaineers to such an excess. It was also said, that more gaps were left in the line than one, and that there was no possibility of the rear keeping pace with the head of the column. Watches were next consulted. It had been proposed to make the attack before two o'clock in the morning; but that hour was now come, and the head of the column was still four miles distant from the English camp. The object of the expedition, therefore, was frustrated. Some of the gentlemen volunteers were of opinion that they ought to proceed at all risks; but, as they must have marched for at least two miles in broad light, all hopes of a surprise must have been ended. In these doubtful circumstances Mr O'Sullivan found the officers at the head of the column, when he came to Lord George Murray with orders from the Prince, expressing it to be his desire, if possible, that the attack should proceed; yet referring to Lord George, as nearest to the head of the column, to form his own judgment whether the attempt could be made with advantage or not. At this moment the distant roll of the drums from the Duke of Cumberland's camp announced that his army was upon the alert, and that the moment was gone by when the camp might have been taken by surprise. "They are awake," said Lord George.—"I never expected to have found them otherwise," said Mr Hepburn of Keith, who had joined the van as a volunteer; "but we may yet find them unprepared." Lord George applauded Hepburn's courage, but considered that, from the lateness of the hour, and the great diminution of the strength of the attacking column, the plan could not be persevered in with any hope of success. He therefore ordered the troops to march back with as much expedition as possible.

As this retreat, though apparently unavoidable, was executed by Lord George Murray without the express orders of the Prince, though in execution of an optional power reposed in Lord George himself, it was at the time, and has been since, used as a handle by those who were inclined to accuse that nobleman of treachery to a cause, which he had served with so much valour and talent.*

* I have taken Lord George Murray's account of this VOL. VII.

It may be here remarked, that the Duke of Cumberland's army took no alarm either from the march or countermarch of the enemy, and that but for the inauspicious circumstances which delayed the movement, the attacking column had a great chance of success.

The retreat was executed with much more rapidity than the advance, it being unnecessary to take any precautions for concealing their motions; so that the whole army had regained the heights of Culloden moor before five o'clock in the morning. The disadvantages of the night march, and of the preceding day's abstinence, became now visible. The men went off from their colours in great numbers, to seek food at Inverness and the neighbouring villages. They were unpaid, unfed, exhausted with want of sleep and famine, and replied with indifference to the officers who endeavoured to force them to return to their colours, that they might shoot them if they chose, but that they would not return till they had procured some food. The principal officers themselves were exhausted from want of rest and sustenance. They went, as if instinctively, to the house of Culloden, where they had previously assembled, but were so worn out, that, instead of holding a council of war, each laid himself down to sleep, on beds or tables, or on the floor where such conveniencies were not to be had.

The time was now arrived for putting into execution the alternative proposed in the council of war of the preceding day, which was only postponed to the proposed march to Nairne. This was, that the Highland army should retire, and take up a strong position beyond the river Nairne, inaccessible to cavalry. Such a movement would have been no difficult matter, had the confused state of the Chevalier's army, and the total want of provisions,* permitted them to take any steps for their preservation. All, however, which looked either like foresight or common sense, seemed to be abandoned on this occasion, under the physical exhaustion of fatigue and famine. The army remained on the upper part of the open moor, having their flank covered on the right by the park walls

night-march as he himself gave it, for vindication of his own conduct. The Chevalier himself, then called Comte D'Albanie, returned a different answer to some inquiries on the part of Mr John Home. It is singular enough that his reply acquits Lord George Murray of the alleged crime of commanding the retreat without orders, even more completely than Lord George's own account acquits himself. The Chevalier says, that he rode up in person to the head of the column, and was at first anxious for advancing: but when he heard Lord George's reasoning against it, he himself gave orders for the retreat. This striking difference between the evidence of two persons, both deeply interested in a subject of such importance to both, proves the uncertainty of human evidence. But it is natural to suppose Lord George Murray's account the more correct, because it was given as early as 1749. Besides, it is not likely he should make his own case worse than it really was, by resting his defence on the option transmitted to him by O'Sullivan, if, in fact, it was the Prince himself who gave the order for retreat, which Lord George was censured for having issued contrary to his intentions.

* This might have been remedied, in so far as the simple wants of a Highland army were concerned, if a part of the troops had been employed on the night of the 15th of April to bring meal from Inverness, and cattle from the neighbourhood.

which we have mentioned, their only protection from cavalry, and, as it proved, a very slight one.

About two hours after the Prince had again reached Culloden, that is, about seven or eight o'clock, a patrol of horse brought in notice that a party of the Duke of Cumberland's cavalry was within two miles, and the whole of his army not above four miles distant. Upon this alarm, the Prince and the Duke of Perth, Lord George Murray and Lord John Drummond, mounted their horses, and ordered the drums to beat, and the pipes to play their respective gatherings. This sudden summons to arms caused much hurry and confusion amongst men half dead with fatigue, and roused from the sleep of which they had so much need. The chiefs and officers did what was possible to get them together; but, as they were dispersed in every direction, as far as Inverness itself, nearly two thousand of the Highlanders who were at the review of the preceding day, were absent from the battle of the 16th.

It would have been yet time to retreat by the right of their line, to cross the water of Nairne, and to draw up upon ground inaccessible to the Duke of Cumberland's army, when they might, after sunset, have renewed, if it was thought advisable, the attempt to surprise his camp, for it is believed that the Duke was not, till some time afterwards, made aware of their purpose of the previous night. No motion, however, was made to this effect. The Chevalier talked confidently of a battle and a victory; and those who did not share his hopes were prepared to die if they did not expect to conquer.

The Duke of Cumberland's army now appeared about two miles off, advancing straight in front of the Prince's line of battle. His Royal Highness's force consisted of fifteen battalions of foot, viz. Pulteney's, 500; The Royals, 500; Cholmondely's, 500; Price's, 500; Scots Fusileers, 500; Dejean's, 500; Burrel's, 500; Battereau's, 500; Blakeny's, 500; Howard's, 500; Fleming's, 500; Sackville's, 500; Sempill's, 500; Conway's, 500; Wolfe's, 500; and 600 Campbells; which, with Lord Mark Ker's Dragoons, 300, Cobhams, 300, and Kingston's horse, 300, made 8100 foot, and 900 horse. The day of the battle they were drawn up in two lines, seven battalions in the first, and eight in the second line, supported by the two squadrons of horse on the right, and four squadrons of dragoons on the left. The Campbells were on the left with the dragoons. There were two pieces of cannon betwixt every battalion in the first line, three on the right, and three on the left of the second. The army was commanded in chief by the Duke of Cumberland, and under him by Lieutenant-Generals Earl of Albemarle, Hawley, and Bland, Major-General Huske, Brigadiers Lord Sempill, Cholmondely, and Mor-daunt.

Had the whole Highland army been collected, there would have been very little, if any, difference in numbers between the contending parties, each of which amounted to about 9000 men; but we have already shown that the Prince was deprived of about 2000 of his troops, who had never come up, and the stragglers who left his standard between the time of the review and the battle amounted to at least 2000 more; so that, upon the great and decisive battle of Culloden, only 5000 of the insurgent army were op-

posed to 9000 of the king's troops. The men who were absent, also, were chiefly Highlanders, who formed the peculiar strength of the Chevalier's army.

There was no appearance of discouragement on either side; the troops on both sides huzza'd repeatedly as they came within sight of each other, and it seemed as if the Highlanders had lost all sense of fatigue at sight of the enemy. The MacDonalds alone had a sullen and discontented look, arising from their having taken offence at the post which had been assigned them.

As the lines approached each other, the artillery opened their fire, by which the Duke of Cumberland's army suffered very little, and that of the Highlanders a great deal; for the English guns, being well served, made lanes through the ranks of the enemy, while the French artillery scarcely killed a man. To remain steady and inactive under this galling fire, would have been a trial to the best disciplined troops, and it is no wonder that the Highlanders showed great impatience under an annoyance peculiarly irksome to their character. Some threw themselves down to escape the artillery, some called out to advance, and a very few broke their ranks and fled. The cannonade lasted for about an hour; at length the clans became so impatient, that Lord George Murray was about to give the order to advance, when the Highlanders, from the centre and right wing, rushed without orders furiously down, after their usual manner of attacking sword in hand. Being received with a heavy fire, both of cannon and grape-shot, they became so much confused, that they got huddled together in their onset, without any interval or distinction of clans or regiments. Notwithstanding this disorder, the fury of their charge broke through Monro's and Burrel's regiments, which formed the left of the Duke of Cumberland's line. But that General had anticipated the possibility of such an event, and had strengthened his second line, so as to form a steady support in case any part of his first should give way. The Highlanders, partially victorious, continued to advance with fury, and although much disordered by their own success, and partly disarmed by having thrown away their guns on the very first charge, they rushed on Sempill's regiment in the second line with unabated fury. That steady corps was drawn up three deep, the first rank kneeling, and the third standing upright. They reserved their fire until the fugitives of Burrel's and Monro's broken regiments had escaped round the flanks, and through the intervals of the second line. By this time the Highlanders were within a yard of the bayonet point, when Sempill's battalion poured in their fire with so much accuracy, that it brought down a great many of the assailants, and forced the rest to turn back. A few pressed on, but, unable to break through Sempill's regiment, were bayoneted by the first rank. The attack of the Highlanders was the less efficient, that on this occasion most of them had laid aside their targets, expecting a march rather than a battle. While the right of the Highland line sustained their national character, though not with their usual success, the MacDonalds on the left seemed uncertain whether they would attack or not. It was in vain Lord George called out to them, "Claymore!" telling the murmurers of this

haughty tribe, "That if they behaved with their usual valour, they would convert the left into the right, and that he would in future call himself MacDonald." It was equally in vain that the gallant Keppoch charged with a few of his near relations, while his clan, a thing before unheard of, remained stationary. The chief was near the front of the enemy, and was exclaiming, with feelings which cannot be appreciated, "My God! have the children of my tribe forsaken me!" At this instant, he received several shots, which closed his earthly account, leaving him only time to advise his favourite nephew to shift for himself. The three regiments of MacDonalds were by this time aware of the rout of their right wing, and retreated in good order upon the second line. A body of cavalry, from the right of the King's army, was commanded to attack them on their retreat, but was checked by a fire from the French picquets, who advanced to support the MacDonalds. But at the same moment another decisive advantage was gained by the Duke's army over the Highland right wing. A body of horse, making 600 cavalry, with three companies of Argyleshire Highlanders, had been detached to take possession of the park walls, repeatedly mentioned as covering the right of the Highlanders. The three companies of infantry had pulled down the east wall of the enclosure, and put to the sword about a hundred of the insurgents, to whom the defence had been assigned; they then demolished the western wall, which permitted the dragoons, by whom they were accompanied, to ride through the enclosure, and get out upon the open moor, to the westward, and form, so as to threaten the rear and flank of the Prince's second line. Gordon of Abba-chie, with his Lowland Aberdeenshire regiment, was ordered to fire upon these cavalry, which he did with some effect. The Campbells then lined the north wall of the enclosure so often mentioned; and commenced a fire upon the right flank of the Highlanders' second line. That line, increased by the MacDonalds, who retired upon it, still showed a great number of men keeping their ground, many of whom had not fired a shot. Lord Elcho rode up to the Prince, and eagerly exhorted him to put himself at the head of those troops who yet remained, make a last exertion to recover the day, and at least die like one worthy of having contended for a crown. Receiving a doubtful or hesitating answer, Lord Elcho turned from him with a bitter execration, and declared he would never see his face again.* On the other hand, more than one of the Prince's officers declared, and attested Heaven and their own eyes as witnesses, that the unfortunate Adventurer was forced from the field by Sir Thomas Sheridan, and others of the Irish officers who were about his person.

That Lord Elcho and others, who lost rank and fortune in this disastrous adventure, were desirous that the Chevalier should have fought it out to the very last can easily be imagined; nor is it difficult to conceive why many of the public were of the same

* This vow he kept to his dying day, avoiding every place where he might have met the Prince, for whose sake he had lost his rank, his estate, and his native country. His relentless anger was not, perhaps, just, but it must be allowed to be natural.

opinion, since a fatal tragedy can hardly conclude so effectively as with the death of the hero. But there are many reasons besides a selfish desire of safety, which may dictate to a defeated chieftain the task of preserving himself for a better day. This is particularly the case with those in the rank of Kings and Princes, who, assured by the unanimous opinion of those around them that their safety is of the last importance to the world, cannot easily resist the flattering and peculiar reasons which may be assigned in support of the natural principle of self-preservation, common to them with all mankind.

Besides, although the Chevalier, if determined on seeking it, might certainly have found death on the field where he lost all hopes of empire, there does not appear a possibility that his most desperate exertions could have altered the fortune of the day. The second line, united with a part of the first, stood, it is true, for some short time after the disaster of the left wing, but they were surrounded with enemies. In their front was the Duke of Cumberland, dressing and renewing the ranks of his first line, which had been engaged, bringing up to their support his second, which was yet entire, and on the point of leading both to a new attack in front. On the flank of the second line of the Chevalier's army were the Campbells, lining the northern wall of the enclosure. In the rear of the whole Highland army, was a body of horse, which could be greatly increased in number by the same access through the park wall which had been opened by the Campbells. The Highlanders of the Prince's army, in fact, were sullen, dejected, and dispirited, dissatisfied with their officers and generals, and not in perfect good humour with themselves. It was no wonder that, after remaining a few minutes in this situation, they should at last leave the field to the enemy, and go off in quest of safety wherever it was to be found. A part of the second line left the field with tolerable regularity, with their pipes playing and banners displayed. General Stapleton also, and the French auxiliaries, when they saw the day lost, retreated in a soldier-like manner to Inverness, where they surrendered to the Duke of Cumberland on honourable terms. Many of the Highland army fled in the direction of Inverness, but the greater part towards Badenoch and the Highlands. Some of these never stopped till they had reached their own distant homes; and the alarm was so great, that one very gallant gentleman told your Grandfather, that he himself had partaken in the night march, and that, though he had tasted nothing for twenty-four hours, he ran near twenty miles ere he took leisure to sit down and eat a biscuit, which had been served out to him at the moment the battle was going to begin, and which he had put into his sporran, or purse, to eat when it should be ended.

The Duke of Cumberland proceeded with caution. He did not permit his first line to advance on the repulsed Highlanders till he had restored their ranks to perfect order, nor to pursue till the dispersion of the Highland army seemed complete. When that was certain, Kingston's horse, and the dragoons from each wing of the Duke's army, were detached in pursuit, and did great execution. Kingston's horse followed the chase along the Inverness road. They did not charge such of the enemy, whether French or

Highlanders, as kept in a body, but dogged and watched them closely on their retreat, moving more or less speedily as they moved, and halting once or twice when they halted. On the stragglers they made great havoc, till within a mile of Inverness.

It was in general remarked, that the English horse, whose reputation had been blemished in previous actions with the Highlanders, took a cruel pleasure in slaughtering the fugitives, giving quarter to none, except a few who were reserved for public execution, and treating those who were disabled with cruelty unknown in modern war. Even the day after the battle, there were instances of parties of wounded men being dragged from the thickets and huts in which they had found refuge, for the purpose of being drawn up and dispatched by platoon-firing; while those who did not die under this fusilade, were knocked on the head by the soldiers with the stocks of their muskets. In a word, the savageness of the regulars on this occasion formed such a contrast to the more gentle conduct of the insurgents, as to remind men of the old Latin proverb, that the most cruel enemy is a coward who has obtained success.* It was early found necessary to make some averment which might seem to justify this unheard-of cruelty; and, accordingly, a story was circulated, concerning an order said to have been issued by Lord George Murray, commanding the Highlanders to give no quarter, if victorious. But not one of the insurgent party ever saw such an order; nor did any of them hear of it, till after the battle.

In this decisive action, the victors did not lose much above 300 men, in killed and wounded. Lord Robert Ker, captain of grenadiers, was slain at the head of his company.

The loss of the vanquished army was upwards of 1000 men. The Highlanders on the right wing, who charged sword in hand, suffered most severely. These were the MacLeans, and MacLauchlans, the MacIntoshes, the Frasers, the Stewarts, and the Camerons. The chief of MacLauchlan was slain in the action, together with MacLean of Drimnin, MacGillivray of Drumnaglass, several of the Frasers, and other persons of distinction. Lochiel was wounded, but borne from the field by his two henchmen. In short, the blow was equally severe and decisive, and the more so, that the heaviest of the loss fell on the high chiefs and gentlemen, who were the soul of the Highland army.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Claims of the Jacobite Prisoners to Clemency—Severity of the Duke of Cumberland—Ravages committed by his Troops—his return to London, and Cessation of the Cruelties which had been practised in the Highlands—Escape of Prince Charles—his Remarkable Wanderings, in various disguises—his Embarkation, and Arrival at Morlaix, in Brittany, on the 29th of September, 1746.

It was not to be expected that the defeat of Culloden should pass over, without fatal consequences to those who had been principally concerned in the insurrection. A handful of men had disturbed the tranquillity of a peaceful people, who were demanding no change of their condition, had inflicted a deep wound upon the national strength, and, what is seldom forgotten in the moment when revenge becomes pos-

sible, had inspired universal terror. It was to be expected, therefore, that those who had been most active in such rebellious and violent proceedings, should be called to answer with their lives for the bloodshed and disorder to which they had given occasion. They themselves well knew at what bloody risk they had played the deadly game of insurrection, and expected no less forfeit than their lives. But as all concerned in the rebellion had, in strictness, forfeited their lives to the law, it became fitting that Justice should so select her victims, as might, if possible, reconcile her claims with the feelings of humanity, instead of outraging them by a general and undistinguishing effusion of blood. Treason upon political accounts, though one of the highest crimes that can be committed against a state, does not necessarily infer any thing like the detestation which attends offences of much less general guilt and danger. He who engages in conspiracy or rebellion, is very often, as an individual, not only free from reproach, but highly estimable in his private character; such men, for example, as Lord Pitsligo, or Cameron of Lochiel, might be said to commit the crime for which they were obnoxious to the law, from the purest, though, at the same time, the most mistaken motives—motives which they had sucked in with their mother's milk, and which urged them to take up arms by all the ties of duty and allegiance. The sense of such men's purity of principles and intention, though not to be admitted in defence, ought, both morally and politically, to have limited the proceedings against them within the narrowest bounds consistent with the ends of public justice, and the purpose of intimidating others from such desperate courses.

If so much could be said in favour of extending clemency even to several of the leaders of the insurrection, how much more might have been added in behalf of their simple and ignorant followers, who came out in ignorance of the laws of the civilized part of the nation, but in compliance with the unalienable tie by which they and their fathers had esteemed themselves bound to obey their chief! * It might have been thought, that generosity would have overlooked such poor prey, and that justice would not have considered them as proper objects of punishment. Or, if a victorious general of subordinate rank had been desirous to display his own zeal in behalf of the reigning family at the expense of humanity, by an indiscriminate chastisement of the vanquished foe, of whatever degree of intellect and fortune, better things might have been expected from a Son of Britain—a Royal Prince, who, most of all, might have remembered, that the objects whom the fate of war had placed at his disposal, were the misguided subjects of his own royal house, and who might gracefully have pleaded their cause at the foot of a father's throne, which his own victory had secured.

* This idea of patriarchal obedience was so absolute, that when some Lowland gentlemen were extolling with wonder the devotion of a clansman, who had sacrificed his own life to preserve that of his chief, a Highlander who was present coldly observed, that he saw nothing wonderful in the matter—he only did his duty; had he acted otherwise, he would have been a poltroon and a traitor. To punish men who were bred in such principles, for following their chiefs into war, seems as unjust as it would be to hang a dog for the crime of following his master.

* *Crudelis semper timidus, si vicerit unquam.*

Unfortunately for the Duke of Cumberland's fame, he saw his duty in a different light. This Prince bore deservedly the character of a blunt, upright, sensible man, friendly and good-humoured in the ordinary intercourse of life. He was a brave soldier, and acquainted with the duties of war; but, both before and after the battle of Culloden, his campaigns were unfortunate; nor does it appear from his proceedings upon that occasion, that he merited better success. He had learned war in the rough school of Germany, where the severest infliction upon the inhabitants was never withheld, if it was supposed necessary, either to obtain an advantage, or to preserve one already gained.

His Royal Highness understood, as well as any commander in Europe, the necessity, in the general case, of restraining that military license, which, to use the words of a revered veteran, renders an army formidable to its friends alone. In the march from Perth, an officer was brought to a court-martial, and lost his commission, by the Duke's perfect approbation, because he had suffered a party under his command to plunder the house of Gask, belonging to Mr Oliphant, then in arms, and with the Prince's army. This strict exercise of discipline renders us less prepared to expect the violences which followed the battle of Culloden. But unhappily the license which it was thought fit to check while the contest lasted, was freely indulged in when resistance was no more. The fugitives and wounded were necessarily the first to experience the consequences of this departure from the ordinary rules of war.

We have mentioned the merciless execution which was done upon the fugitives and on the wounded who remained on the field of battle. The first might be necessary to strike terror into an enemy so resolute and so capable of rallying as the Highlanders; the second might be the effect of the brutal rage of common soldiers flushed by victory, to which they had not been of late accustomed, and triumphant over an enemy before whom many of them had fled; but the excesses which followed, must, we fear, be imputed to the callous disposition of the commander-in-chief himself, under whose eye, and by whose command, a fearful train of ravages and executions took place.

The Duke proceeded, in military phrase, to improve his victory, by "laying waste" what was termed "the country of the enemy;" and his measures were taken slowly, that they might be attended with more certain success. Proclamations had been sent forth for the insurgent Highlanders to come in and surrender their arms, with which very few complied. Several of the chiefs, indeed, had made an agreement among themselves to meet together and defend their country; but although a considerable sum of money, designed for the Chevalier's use, reached Lochiel, and others his stanch adherents, the list of the slain and disabled chiefs had been so extensive, and the terror and dismay attending the dispersion so great, as to render the adoption of any general measures of defence altogether impossible.

The Duke of Cumberland—so much may be said in his justification—entered what was certainly still a hostile, but an unresisting country, and, fixing his own head-quarters in a camp near Fort-Augustus,

extended his military ravages, by strong parties of soldiery, into the various glens which had been for ages the abode of the disaffected clans. The soldiers had order to exercise towards the unfortunate natives the utmost extremities of war. They shot, therefore, the male inhabitants who fled at their approach; they plundered the houses of the chieftains; they burnt the cabins of the peasants; they were guilty of every kind of outrage towards women, old age, and infancy; and where the soldier fell short of these extremities, it was his own mildness of temper, or that of some officer of gentler mood, which restrained the license of his hand. There can be no pleasure in narrating more particularly such scenes as this devastation gave rise to. When the men were slain, the houses burnt, and the herds and flocks driven off, the women and children perished from famine in many instances, or followed the track of the plunderers, begging for the blood and offal of their own cattle, slain for the soldiers' use, as the miserable means of supporting a wretched life. Certainly, such instances lead us to join in the observation of Monluc, that those engaged in war have much occasion for the mercy of the Deity, since they are, in the exercise of their profession, led to become guilty of so much violence towards their fellow-creatures. One remarkable narrative of this melancholy time is worth telling you; and I willingly consign to silence many others, which could only tend to recall hostile feelings better left to slumber.

A gamekeeper of MacDonald of Glengarry, returning from the forest to his home, found it had been visited by a party of the English troops, who had laid waste and burnt his house, and subjected his wife to the most infamous usage. The unfortunate husband vowed revenge. The principal author of the injury, who commanded the party, was described to him by the circumstance of his riding upon a grey horse. The detachment had to pass by the side of Loch Arkaig, through the wild rocks of Lochaber;—lurking in a thicket, the MacDonald, a marksman by profession, took aim at the person whom he saw mounted on the grey horse, and shot him dead. His revenge, however, was disappointed; the person who had perpetrated the crime happened to have committed his horse to the charge of a groom, or individual of inferior rank, who suffered the penalty of the officer's outrage. The avenger, having learned his mistake, again waylaid the line of march, and once more seeing an officer ride upon the fatal grey horse, between the advanced guard and the main body of the troops, he again took aim, and his bullet again proved fatal—but he had a second time mistaken his victim. The person whom he shot was not the author of the injury, but a gentleman generally esteemed in the Highlands, Captain George Monro of Culcairn (the same who escaped so remarkably at Glenshiel, by the fidelity of his foster-brother). Upon learning this second mistake, the MacDonald broke his gun, and renounced further prosecution of his revenge. "It was not the will of Heaven," he said, "that the man who had injured him should perish by his hands; and he would spill no more innocent blood in the attempt."

During the prosecution of these severities, no man experienced more keen regret than President Forbes,

whose active zeal had made such an important stand in favour of government, and who, by determining the wavering purpose of Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat, and the Laird of MacLeod, must be considered as having contributed so materially to the suppression of the rebellion. It is said, that on venturing to quote to the commander-in-chief the law of the country, he was repulsed with the reply, "That a brigade should give laws." He was deeply affected by the miseries which civil war had brought upon his country; nor had he any reason to congratulate himself individually on having obtained personal favour by the part he had acted. It is certain that at his death his estate was embarrassed by debts contracted in behalf of government, during 1745-6. All we can say on the subject is, that justice was not so profuse in its rewards on this remarkable occasion as in its punishments.

Other persons, who had given sufficient proof of their loyalty in the course of the rebellion, fell, nevertheless, into disgrace with the commander-in-chief, for expressing the slightest sympathy with the distress of the vanquished, or uttering any censure of the severities inflicted on them. The late Lord Forbes, than whom a man more loyal to the King's government was not to be found, had served in the field of Preston, and done all that an officer could do to prevent the flight of the cavalry; notwithstanding this, he found that his preferment in the military profession was so much impeded as to render his retirement advisable. The only reason which could be assigned was, that this nobleman, the Premier Baron of Scotland, had ventured to interfere with the course of ravage practised upon the offending districts.

A story is told, that after the battle of Culloden, the Grants of Glenmoriston, who had been in the rebellion, came into Inverness to surrender themselves to the chief of their own name. They were armed cap-a-pee. "Who are these men?" said the Duke of Cumberland. He was informed by the Laird of Grant that they were the Grants of Glenmoriston. "And to whom have they surrendered?"—"To me," answered their chief; "and to no man in Britain, but me, would they have submitted."—"No?" replied the Duke, after a pause; "I will let them know that they are the King's subjects, and must likewise submit to me." He ordered the Grants of Glenmoriston to be instantly surrounded and disarmed; which might be a very proper check to the spirit of claniship. But when we learn that they were shipped off for the colonies, we cannot wonder that the example of submission afforded small encouragement to such surrenders as this.

On most occasions these proceedings by martial law would have attracted animadversion in England, whoever were the sufferers. But the truth is, that the English nourished a very false idea respecting the political opinions of the Scots, and were much disposed to conceive that the whole inhabitants of that kingdom were at heart their enemies; or at least to entertain violent suspicions against such as expressed the least sympathy with the sufferings of a Jacobite, or supposed that his punishment might, by possibility, be more severe than the crime deserved. There was something of consolation in such an opi-

nion, in so far as it seemed a justification for the extent of the alarm of which, by this time, the English people had become ashamed; since it sounded more respectable to have feared the whole force of Scotland, than that of a few Highland clans, much inferior in number to those of their own nation who embraced the side of the government. Nor would it be just to blame the English alone for these severities. It must be confessed, that Scottish officers were found willing to escape from the suspicion of Jacobitism, so fatal to preferment, at the expense of becoming the agents of the cruelties practised on their unfortunate countrymen. At length, and slowly, the military operations began to be relaxed. After residing at Fort-Augustus from the 24th of May till the 18th of July, the Duke of Cumberland returned towards Edinburgh.

That town had, in the meantime, witnessed a procession of fourteen of the rebel standards, borne by as many chimney-sweepers, to be publicly burnt by the hands of the common hangman. A Jacobite might have observed, like a captive who received a blow after he was bound, that there was little gallantry in this insult. The Duke was received with all the honours due to conquest, and all the incorporated bodies of the capital, from the guild brethren to the butchers, desired his acceptance of the freedom of their craft or corporation. From Edinburgh his Royal Highness proceeded to London, to reap the full harvest of honours and rewards, which would not have been less richly deserved, if he had mingled more clemency with a certain degree of severity.

After this period the military executions, slaughters, and ravages, were in a great measure put an end to. The license of the soldiery was curbed; courts of civil justice asserted the wholesome superiority of the law over violence; the aggressions of the parties of soldiery were punished with damages in the usual course of justice; and the ordinary rules of civilized society were in a great measure replaced. We now dismiss the consideration of the calamitous consequences brought on the country by general military execution, and proceed to consider the fate of those chiefs whose insurrection had been the cause of so much evil.

The first in rank, in misfortune and in the temerity which led to the civil war, was, unquestionably, Charles Edward himself. A reward of £30,000 was offered for the discovery and seizure of this last scion of a royal line. It was imagined, that in a country so poor as the Highlands, lawless in a sense, so far as the law of property was concerned, and where the people were supposed to be almost proverbially rapacious, a much smaller reward would have insured the capture of the Pretender to the throne. His escape, however, so long delayed, and effected through so many difficulties, has been often commemorated as a brilliant instance of fidelity. I shall only here touch upon its general outlines, leaving you to acquire farther details from other authors.*

* Mr John Home, in his *History of the Rebellion*, and Mr James Boswell, in his *Tour to the Western Isles*, have given each a minute account of the Prince's escape, more correct than those formerly published under the name of

During the battle of Culloden, Charles had his share of the dangers of the field. The cannon, specially directed against his standard, made some havoc among his guards, and killed one of his servants who held a led horse near to his person. The Prince himself was covered with the earth thrown up by the balls. He repeatedly endeavoured to rally his troops, and in the opinion of most who saw him, did the duties of a brave and good commander. When he retreated from the field, he was attended by a large body of horse, from whom, being perhaps under some doubt of their fidelity, he disengaged himself, by dismissing them on various errands, but particularly with instructions to warn the fugitives that they were to rendezvous at Ruthven, in Badenoch; for such had been the reckless resolution to fight, and such perhaps the confidence in victory, that no place of rendezvous had been announced to the army in case of defeat. Having dismissed the greater part of his horsemen, Charles retained around his person only a few of the Irish officers, who had been his constant followers, and whose faith he considered as less doubtful than that of the Scots, perhaps because they were themselves more loud in asserting it. He directed his flight to Gortuleg, where he understood Lord Lovat was residing. Perhaps he expected to find counsel in the renowned sagacity of this celebrated nobleman; perhaps he expected assistance from his power; for the Master of Lovat, and Cluny MacPherson, Lovat's son-in-law, were neither of them in the action of Culloden, but both in the act of bringing up strong reinforcements to the Prince's army, and on the march thither when the battle was lost.

Charles and Lovat met, for the first and last time, in mutual terror and embarrassment. The Prince exclaimed upon the distresses of Scotland; Lord Lovat had a more immediate sense of his own downfall. Having speedily found that neither counsel nor aid was to be obtained at Lovat's hands, the Prince only partook of some slight refreshment, and rode on. He thought Gortuleg dangerous, as too near the victorious army; perhaps also he suspected the faith of its principal inmate. Invergarry, the castle of the Laird of Glengarry, was the next halt, where the chance success of a fisherman who had caught a brace of salmon, afforded him a repast. The mansion-house suffered severely for the temporary reception of the Prince, being wasted and destroyed by the English soldiery with unusual rigour.* From Invergarry the fugitive Prince penetrated into the West Highlands, and took up his abode in a village called Gleinbeisdale, very near the place where he had first landed. By this time he had totally renounced the further prosecution of his enterprise, his sanguine hopes being totally extinguished in the despair which

Ascanius, Young Juba, &c. They have been embodied in Mr Robert Chambers's History of the Rebellion in 1745-6, a work which contains a great quantity of curious information, both historical and traditional, respecting the rebellion.

* Two large chestnut trees were blown up with gunpowder; one was destroyed totally, the other survived the explosion, one half continuing to flourish though the other was torn off. Glengarry's plate fell into the hands of the soldiery; part of it was melted into a cup, long in the possession of Sir Adolphus Oughton, commander-in-chief in Scotland, bearing the motto, *Ex præda prædatoris*.

attended his defeat. Charles dispatched a message to those chiefs and soldiers who should rendezvous at Ruthven in obedience to his order, to acquaint them that, entertaining deep gratitude for their faithful attention and gallant conduct on all occasions, he was now under the necessity of recommending to them to look after their own safety, as he was compelled by circumstances to retire to France, from whence he hoped soon to return with succours.

Although not above one thousand men had attended at the appointed rendezvous, a great many of these thought that there was still hopes of continuing the enterprise, and were disposed to remonstrate with the Prince on his resolution of abandoning it. Lord George Murray was of this opinion, and declared that, as for provisions, if he was intrusted with any direction, they should not want as long as there were cattle in the Highlands, or meal in the Lowlands. John Hay was dispatched to wait upon the Prince, and entreat him even yet to resume his post at the head of his army.

It must be owned that these were the thoughts of desperate men; the enterprise had been despaired of by all sensible persons ever since the retreat from Stirling, if not since that from Derby. It was not to be supposed that an army with little hope of supplies or reinforcement, and composed of clans each independent of the others, and deprived of a great many of the best and boldest chiefs, while others, like Lochiel, were disabled by wounds, should adhere to an alliance in which there was no common object; and it is much more likely, that, divided as they were by jealousies, they would have broken up as on former occasions, by each clan endeavouring to make its separate peace.

When John Hay, therefore, came to Charles at Glenbeisdale, to convey Lord George Murray's exposition and request, he received from the Prince a letter in answer, declaring, in stronger and plainer words, his determined intention to depart for France, from which he hoped soon to return with a powerful reinforcement. Each behaved according to his character. The stubborn resolution of Lord George Murray demonstrated the haughty obstinacy of his rough and indomitable character, which had long looked on the worst as an event likely to arrive, and was now ready to brave it; while the Prince, whose sanguine hopes could not be taught to anticipate a defeat, now regarded it with justice as an irretrievable evil.

From this time Charles must be regarded as providing for his own escape, and totally detached from the army which he lately commanded. With this view he embarked for the Long Island, on the coast of which he hoped to find a French vessel. Contrary winds, storms, disappointments of several sorts, attended with hardships to which he could be little accustomed, drove him from place to place in that island and its vicinity, till he gained South Uist, where he was received by Clanranald, who, one of the first who joined the unfortunate Prince, was faithful to him in his distresses. Here, for security's sake, Charles was lodged in a forester's hut of the most miserable kind, called Corradale, about the centre of the wild mountain so named.

But every lurking place was now closely sought after,

and the islands in particular were strictly searched, for the purpose of securing the fugitive Prince, suspected of being concealed in their recesses. General Campbell sailed as far as the island of St Kilda, which might well pass for the extremity of the habitable world. The simple inhabitants had but a very general idea of the war which had disturbed all Britain, except that it had arisen from some difference between their master, the Laird of MacLeod, and a female on the continent—probably some vague idea about the Queen of Hungary's concern in the war.

General Campbell, returning from Kilda, landed upon South Uist, with the purpose of searching the Long Island from south to north, and he found the MacDonalds of Skye, and MacLeod of MacLeod, as also a strong detachment of regular troops, engaged in the same service. While these forces, in number two thousand men, searched with eagerness the interior of the island, its shores were surrounded with small vessels of war, cutters, armed boats, and the like. It seemed as if the Prince's escape from a search so vigorously prosecuted was altogether impossible; but the high spirit of a noble-minded female rescued him, when probably every other means must have failed.

This person was the celebrated Flora MacDonald; she was related to the Clanranald family, and was on a visit to that chief's house at Ormaclade, in South Uist, during the emergency we speak of. Her stepfather was one of Sir Alexander MacDonald's clan, an enemy to the Prince of course, and in the immediate command of the militia of the name of MacDonald, who were then in South Uist.

Notwithstanding her stepfather's hostility, Flora MacDonald readily engaged in a plan for rescuing the unfortunate Wanderer. With this purpose she procured from her stepfather a passport for herself, a man-servant, and a female servant, who was termed Betty Burke—the part of Betty Burke being to be acted by the Chevalier in woman's attire. In this disguise, after being repeatedly in danger of being taken, Charles at length reached Kilbride, in the Isle of Skye; but they were still in the country of Sir Alexander MacDonald, and, devoted as that chief was to the service of the Government, the Prince was as much in danger as ever. Here the spirit and presence of mind of Miss Flora MacDonald were again displayed in the behalf of the object, so strangely thrown under the protection of one of her sex and age. She resolved to confide the secret to Lady Margaret MacDonald, the wife of Sir Alexander, and trust to female compassion, and the secret reserve of Jacobitism which lurked in the heart of most Highland women.

The resolution to confide in Lady Margaret was particularly hardy, for Sir Alexander MacDonald, the husband of the lady to be trusted with the important secret, was, as you will recollect, originally believed to be engaged to join the Prince on his arrival, but had declined doing so, under the plea, that the stipulated support from France was not forthcoming; he was afterwards induced to levy his clan on the side of Government. His men had been at first added to Lord Loudon's army, in Inverness-shire, and now formed part of those troops from which the Chevalier had with difficulty just made his escape.

Flora MacDonald found herself under the necessity of communicating the fatal secret of her disguised attendant to the lady of a person thus situated. Lady Margaret MacDonald was much alarmed. Her husband was absent, and as the best mode for the unfortunate Prince's preservation, her house being filled with officers of the militia, she committed him to the charge of MacDonald of Kingsburgh, a man of courage and intelligence, who acted as factor or steward for her husband. Flora MacDonald accordingly conducted Charles to MacDonald of Kingsburgh's house; and he was fortunate enough to escape detection on the road, though the ungainly and awkward appearance of a man dressed in female apparel attracted suspicion on more than one occasion.

From Kingsburgh the Wanderer retired to Rasa, where he suffered great distress, that island having been plundered on account of the laird's accession to the rebellion. During this period of his wanderings he personated the servant of his guide, and the country of the Laird of MacKinnon became his temporary refuge; but notwithstanding the efforts of the chief in his favour, that portion of Skye could afford him neither a place of repose or safety, so that he was compelled once more to take refuge on the mainland, and was by his own desire put ashore on Loch Nevis.

Here also he encountered imminent danger, and narrowly escaped being taken. There were a number of troops engaged in traversing this district; which being the country of Lochiel, Keppoch, Glengarry, and other Jacobite chiefs, was the very cradle of the rebellion. Thus the Wanderer and his guides soon found themselves included within a line of sentinels, who, crossing each other upon their posts, cut them off from proceeding into the interior of the province. After remaining two days cooped up within this hostile circle, without daring to light a fire, or to dress any provisions, they at length escaped the impending danger by creeping down a narrow and dark defile, which divided the posts of two sentinels.

Proceeding in this precarious manner, his clothes reduced to tatters, often without food, fire, or shelter, the unfortunate Prince, upheld only by the hope of hearing of a French vessel on the coast, at length reached the mountains of Strathglass, and with Glenaladale, who was then in attendance upon him, was compelled to seek refuge in a cavern where seven robbers had taken up their abode—(by robbers you are not in the present case to understand thieves, but rather outlaws, who dared not show themselves, on account of their accession to the rebellion)—and lived upon such sheep and cattle as fell into their hands. These men readily afforded refuge to the Wanderer, and, recognising the Prince, for whom they had repeatedly ventured their lives, in the miserable suppliant before them, they vowed unalterable devotion to his cause. Among the flower of obedient and attached subjects, never did a Prince receive more ready, faithful, and effectual assistance, than he did from those who were foes to the world and its laws. Desirous of rendering him all the assistance in their power, the hardy freebooters undertook to procure him a change of dress, clean linen, refreshments, and intelligence. They proceeded in a manner which exhibited a mingled character of ferocity and

simplicity. Two of the gang way-laid and killed the servant of an officer, who was going to Fort-Augustus with his master's baggage. The portmanteau which he carried fell into the robbers' hands, and supplied the articles of dress which they wanted for the Chevalier's use. One of them, suitably disguised, ventured into Fort-Augustus, and obtained valuable information concerning the movements of the troops; and, desirous to fulfil his purpose in every particular, he brought back, in the singleness of his heart, as a choice regale to the unhappy Prince, a pennyworth of gingerbread!

With these men Charles Edward remained for about three weeks, and it was with the utmost difficulty they would permit him to leave them. "Stay with us," said the generous robbers; "the mountains of gold which the government have set upon your head may induce some gentleman to betray you, for he can go to a distant country and live on the price of his dishonour; but to us there exists no such temptation. We can speak no language but our own—we can live nowhere but in this country, where, were we to injure a hair of your head, the very mountains would fall down to crush us to death."

A singular instance of enthusiastic devotion happened about this time (August 2d), which served to aid the Prince's escape. A son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh, one Roderick MacKenzie, late an officer in the Prince's army, happened to be lurking in the braes of Glenmoriston. He was about the same size as the Prince, and was reckoned like him both in person and features. A party of soldiers set upon the young man in his hiding-place; he defended himself gallantly; and, anxious to render his death useful to the cause which he must no longer serve in life, he said in his mortal agony, "Ah, villains! you have slain your Prince!" His generous design succeeded. MacKenzie's head was cut off, passed for that of Charles Edward, and was sent as such up to London. It was some time ere the mistake was discovered, during which the rumour prevailed that Charles was slain; in consequence of which the search after him was very much relaxed. Owing to this favourable circumstance, Charles became anxious to see his adherents, Lochiel and Cluny MacPherson, who were understood to be lurking in Badenoch with some other fugitives; and in order to join these companions of his councils and dangers, he took leave of the faithful outlaws, retaining, however, two of them, to be his guard and guides.*

* I am ashamed to tell, that one of these poor men, who had showed such inflexible fidelity, was afterwards hanged at Inverness for stealing a cow. Another, by name Hugh Chishold, resided at Edinburgh, and was well known to your grandfather, then a young man at College, who subscribed with others to a small annuity, which was sufficient to render him comfortable. He retired to his native country, and died in Strathglass some time subsequent to 1812. He was a noble commanding figure, of six feet and upwards, had a very stately demeanour, and always wore the Highland garb. The author often questioned him about this remarkable period of his life. He always spoke as a high-minded man, who thought he had done no more than his duty, but was happy that it had fallen to his individual lot to discharge it. Of the death of the officer's servant, he spoke with great composure. "It was too much honour for the like of him," he said, "to die for the relief of a Prince." Hugh had some peculiar customs and notions. He kept his right hand usually in his bosom, as if worthy of more care than the rest of his person, because Charles

VOL. VII.

After many difficulties he effected a junction with his faithful adherents, Cluny and Lochiel, though not without great risk and danger on both sides. They took up for a time their residence in a hut called the Cage, curiously constructed in a deep thicket on the side of a mountain called Benalder, under which name is included a great forest or chase, the property of Cluny. Here they lived in tolerable security, and enjoyed a rude plenty, which the Prince had not hitherto known during his wandering.

About the 18th of September, Charles received intelligence that two French frigates had arrived at Lochannagh, to carry him and other fugitives of his party to France. Lochiel embarked along with him on the 20th, as did near one hundred others of the relics of his party, whom the tidings had brought to the spot where the vessel lay. Cluny MacPherson remained behind, and continued to skulk in his own country for several years, being the agent by means of whom Charles Edward long endeavoured to keep up a correspondence with his faithful Highlanders. A letter is in my possession, by which the Prince expressed his sense of the many services which he had received from this gentleman and his clan. I give it as a curiosity in the note below.*

The Prince landed near Morlaix, in Brittany, on the 29th of September. His short but brilliant expedition had attracted the attention and admiration of Europe, from his debarkation in Boradale, about the 26th of August, 1745, until the day of his landing in France, a period of thirteen months and a few days; five months of which had been engaged in the most precarious, perilous, and fatiguing series of flight, concealment, and escape, that has ever been narrated in history or romance. During his wander-

Edward had shaken hands with him when they separated. When he received his little dole (I am ashamed of the small amount, but I had not much to give), which he always did with the dignity of one collecting tribute rather than receiving alms, he extended his *left* hand with great courtesy, making an excuse for not offering the other, "that it was sick." But the true reason was, that he would not contaminate with a meaner touch the hand that had been grasped by his rightful Prince. If pressed on this topic, or offered money to employ the right hand, he would answer with passion, that if your hand were full of gold, and he might be owner of it all for touching it with his right hand, he would not comply with your request. He remained till the last day of his life a believer in the restoration of the Stewart family in the person of Charles Edward, as the Jews confide in the advent of the Messiah; nor could he ever be convinced of the death of his favourite Prince. A scheme, he believed, was formed, by which every fifth man in the Highlands was to rise—if that number was insufficient, every third man was to be called—"if that be not enough," said the old man, raising himself and waving his hand, "we will all gather and go together." Such delusions amused his last years; but when I knew him, he was quite sane in his intellects.

* *Mr MacPherson, of Clunie,*

"As we are sensible of your and clan's fidelity and integrity to us during our adventures in Scotland and England, in the year 1745 and 1746, in recovering our just rights from the Elector of Hanover, by which you have sustained very great losses both in your interest and person, I therefore promise, when it shall please God to put it in my power, to make a grateful return, suitable to your sufferings.

(Signed)

Charles, P. R.

"Diralagich in Glencamyier of Locharkaig,

18th Sept. 1746."

It is dated two days before Charles left Scotland.

ings, the secret of the Adventurer's concealment was intrusted to hundreds of every sex, age, and condition; but no individual was found, in a high or low situation, or robbers even who procured their food at the risk of their lives, who thought for an instant of obtaining opulence at the expense of treachery to the proscribed and miserable fugitive. Such disinterested conduct will reflect honour on the Highlands of Scotland while their mountains shall continue to exist.

CHAPTER XXV.

Lord George Murray—Pardon of Murray of Broughton, on his making Disclosures relating to those connected with the Enterprise of Prince Charles—Trial of the Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromarty, and Lord Balmerino—Reprieve of Cromarty—Execution of Kilmarnock and Balmerino—Trial and Execution of Lord Lovat—Executions on Kennington Common, at Brompton, Penrith, York, and Carlisle—Act of Indemnity, but with a long List of Exceptions—Short Imprisonment of Flora MacDonald—Long Period during which Prosecutions against the Jacobites were kept on Foot.

WE must now detail the consequences of the civil war to the Prince's most important adherents. Several had been taken prisoners on the field of battle, and many more had been seized in the various excursions made through the country of the rebels by the parties of soldiery. The gaols both in England and Scotland had been filled with these unfortunate persons, upon whom a severe doom was now to be inflicted. That such was legally incurred, cannot be denied; and on the other hand, it will hardly be now contradicted, that it was administered with an indiscriminate severity, which counteracted the effects intended, by inspiring horror instead of awe.

The distinguished persons of the party were with good reason considered as most accountable for its proceedings. It was they who must have obtained power and wealth had the attempt succeeded, and they were justly held most responsible when they failed in their attempt at accomplishing a revolution.

Lord George Murray, who acted so prominent a part in the insurrection, effected his escape to the continent, and died at Medenblinck in Holland, in 1760.

The Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromarty, and Lords Balmerino and Lovat, in Scotland, with Mr Charles Ratcliffe, in England (brother of the Earl of Derwentwater, attainted and executed in 1715), were the persons most distinguished by birth and title whom the government had within their power. The Marquis of Tullibardin had also been made prisoner, but death, by a disease under which he had long languished, relieved his captivity in the Tower, and removed him from all earthly trial or punishment. There could have been no difficulty in obtaining evidence against Kilmarnock, Cromarty, and Balmerino, all three of whom had acted openly in the rebellion at the head of an armed force; but in Lovat's case, who had not been personally in arms, it was absolutely necessary that evidence should be brought of his accession to the secret councils of the conspiracy, which it was also desirable should be made known to the British public.

The government were therefore desirous to get at the grounds, if possible, on which the conspiracy had

been originally formed, and to obtain knowledge of such Jacobites of power and consequence in England, as had been participant of the councils which had occasioned such an explosion in North Britain.

A disclosure so complete could only be attained by means of an accomplice deep in the secret intrigues of the insurgents. It was, therefore, necessary to discover among the late councillors of the Chevalier, some individual who loved life better than honour and fidelity to a ruined cause; and such a person was unhappily found in John Murray of Broughton, secretary to Charles Edward. This unfortunate gentleman, as we have already seen, was intimately acquainted with the circumstances in which the rebellion had originated, had been most active in advancing the Chevalier's interest, both in civil and military affairs; and though he considerably embroiled his master's affairs, by fanning the discord between the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, and stimulating the Chevalier's dislike to the latter nobleman; yet it would be overloading the memory of the unfortunate, to suppose that his conduct arose from any other motive than a desire to advance the objects of his own ambition, without a thought of betraying his master's interest. After the battle of Culloden, Murray fled to the Highlands, but, unable to endure the hardships which he incurred in these regions, he returned to his native country, and took refuge with a relation, whose seat is in the mountains, at the head of Tweeddale. He was here discovered and made prisoner.

Being assailed by threats and promises, this unhappy gentleman was induced by promise of a free pardon, to confess to ministers the full detail of the original conspiracy in 1740, and the various modifications which it underwent subsequent to that period, until the landing of Prince Charles in the Hebrides. It has never been doubted that his details must have involved the names of many persons, both in England and Scotland, who did not take up arms in the insurrection of 1745, although, as the law of England requires two witnesses to every act of high-treason, none such could have been brought to trial upon Murray's single evidence. He himself urged in extenuation of his conduct, that although he preserved his own life, by bringing forward his evidence against such men as government could have convicted without his assistance, yet he carefully concealed many facts, which, if disclosed, would either have borne more hard upon such complotters before the fact, or would have implicated others, against whom government had no other information. It is not necessary to examine this species of logic; as, on the one hand, it is unlikely that government would have been trifled with in this manner by a person in Murray's situation; and, on the other, it does not appear that the moral guilt of an approver, or King's evidence, is diminished, because he discharges with infidelity the base bargain he has entered into.

The government thus made fully acquainted, by Mr Murray's means, with the original plan and extent of the conspiracy, proceeded to bring to trial those leading culprits by whom it had been carried on in arms.

The two Earls, of Kilmarnock and Cromarty, with Lord Balmerino, were brought to the bar of the House

of Lords, towards the end of July, 1746, upon a charge of high-treason, to which the two Earls pleaded Guilty, and adhered to that plea. Lord Balmerino, when asked to plead, declared, that he had been indicted as the Lord Balmerino "of the city of Carlisle," a title which did not belong to him, and that he even had not been at Carlisle on the day when he was charged by the indictment. He was answered, that the words, "late of Carlisle," were not made part of his title, but only an addition of place, which law required by way of description, of a person indicted like his lordship. Lord Balmerino then pleaded Not Guilty. Several witnesses appeared, who proved that the accused party had been seen clothed in the uniform of the rebel guards, heading and commanding them, and acting in every respect as a chief of the rebellion. Lord Balmerino only alleged, that he had not been at the taking of Carlisle on the day mentioned in the indictment. This, he said, was an idea of his own adoption, and as he was now satisfied that it was not founded on law, he was sorry that he had given their lordships the trouble of hearing it. The three peers were then pronounced Guilty, by the voice of the House of Lords.

On the noblemen being brought up for sentence, on the 30th July, Lord Kilmarnock again confessed his offence, and pleaded guilty, urging that his father had bred him up in the strictest revolution principles, and pleading that he himself had imprinted the same so effectually on the mind of his own eldest son, that Lord Boyd bore, at the very time, a commission in the royal service, and had been in arms for King George at the battle of Culloden, when he himself fought on the other side. He pleaded likewise, that he had, in the course of the insurrection, protected the persons and property of loyal subjects; and that he had surrendered after the battle of Culloden of his own accord, although he might have made his escape. Although this confession of offences was made at a time when its sincerity might be doubted, the grace and dignity of Lord Kilmarnock's appearance, together with the resignation and mildness of his address, melted all the spectators to tears; and so fantastic are human feelings, that a lady of fashion present, who had never seen his lordship before, contracted an extravagant passion for his person, which, in a less serious affair, would have been little less than a ludicrous frenzy.

Lord Cromarty also implored his Majesty's clemency, and declined to justify his crime. He threw his life and fortune on the compassion of the high court, and pleaded for mercy in the name of his innocent wife,—his eldest son, who was a mere boy,—and eight helpless children, who must feel their parent's punishment before they knew his guilt.

Lord Balmerino being called upon to speak, why judgment of death should not pass upon him, at first objected to the act of Parliament under which he was tried; but withdrew his plea in arrest of judgment upon further consideration. Sentence of death was pronounced according to the terrible behest of the law, in cases of high-treason.

The conduct of Balmerino was a striking and admirable contrast to that of the other two noblemen. He never either disowned or concealed his political

principles. He stated, that he had, indeed, held an independent company of foot from Queen Anne, which he accounted an act of treason against his lawful Prince; but that he had atoned for this by joining in the insurrection in 1715; and willingly, and with his full heart, drew his sword in 1745, though his age might have excused him from taking arms. He, therefore, neither asked, nor seems to have wished, for either acquittal or pardon, and the bold and gallant manner in which he prepared for death, attracted the admiration of all who witnessed it.

It was understood that one of the two Earls who had submitted themselves to the clemency of the sovereign, was about to be spared. The friends of both solicited anxiously which should obtain preference on the occasion. The circumstance of his large family, and the situation of his lady, it is believed, influenced the decision which was made in Lord Cromarty's favour. When the Countess of Cromarty was delivered of the child which she had borne in her womb, while the horrible doubt of her husband's fate was impending, it was found to be marked on the neck with an impression resembling a broad axe; a striking instance of one of those mysteries of nature which are beyond the knowledge of philosophy.

While King George the Second was perplexed and overwhelmed with personal applications for mercy, in behalf of Lords Cromarty and Kilmarnock, he is said to have exclaimed, with natural feeling, "Heaven help me, will no one say a word in behalf of Lord Balmerino!" The spirit of the time was, however, adverse to this generous sentiment; nor would it have been consistent to have spared a criminal, who boldly avowed and vindicated his political offences, while exercising the severity of the law towards others, who expressed penitence for their guilt. The Earl of Cromarty being, as we have said, reprieved, the Earl of Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino remained under sentence, with an intimation that they must prepare for death. The King, however, commuted the mode of execution into decapitation.

The behaviour of both noblemen, during the short interval they had now to live, was of a piece with their conduct on the trial. Lord Kilmarnock was composed, though penitent, and prepared himself with decency for the terrible exit. Balmerino, on the contrary, with a bold military frankness, seemed disposed to meet death on the scaffold with the same defiance as in a field of battle. His lady was with him at the moment the death-warrant arrived. They were at dinner: Lady Balmerino fainted at the awful tidings. "Do you not see," said her husband to the officer who had intimated the news, "you have spoiled my lady's dinner with your foolish warrant?"

On the 18th of August, 1746, the prisoners were delivered over by the Governor of the Tower to the custody of the Sheriffs; on which occasion, the officers closed the words of form by the emphatic prayer, "God save King George!" Kilmarnock answered with a deep "Amen." Lord Balmerino replied, in a loud and firm tone, "God save King James!"

Having been transported in a carriage to an apartment on Tower-hill provided for the purpose, the companions in suffering were allowed a momentary

interview, in which Balmerino seemed chiefly anxious to vindicate the Prince from the report, that there had been orders issued at the battle of Culloden to give no quarter. Kilmarnock confessed he had heard of such an order, signed George Murray, but it was only after he was made prisoner. They parted with mutual affection. "I would," said Lord Balmerino, "that I could pay this debt for us both." Lord Kilmarnock acknowledged his kindness. The Earl had the sad precedence in the execution. When he reached the spot, and beheld the fatal scaffold covered with black cloth; the executioner with his axe and his assistants; the saw-dust which was soon to be drenched with his blood; the coffin prepared to receive the limbs which were yet warm with life; above all, the immense display of human countenances which surrounded the scaffold like a sea, all eyes being bent on the sad object of the preparation, his natural feelings broke forth in a whisper to the friend on whose arm he leaned, "Home, this is terrible!" No sign of indecent timidity, however, affected his behaviour; he prayed for the reigning King and family; knelt calmly to the block, and submitted to the fatal blow.

Lord Balmerino was next summoned to enter on the fatal scene. "I suppose," he said, "my Lord Kilmarnock is now no more; I will not detain you longer, for I desire not to protract my life." His lordship then, taking a glass of wine, desired the bystanders to drink, "*ane agra tad haivan*," that is, an ascent to Heaven. He took the axe out of the hand of the executioner, and run his finger along the edge, while a momentary thrill went through the spectators, at seeing so daring a man in the possession of such a weapon. Balmerino did not, however, meditate such desperate folly as would have been implied in an attempt at resistance; he returned the axe to the executioner, and bid him strike boldly, "for in that," he said, "my friend, will consist thy mercy." "There may be some," he said, "who think my behaviour bold. Remember what I tell you," addressing a bystander; "it arises from a confidence in God and a clear conscience."

With the same intrepid countenance, Balmerino knelt to the block, prayed for King James and his family, entreated forgiveness of his own sins, petitioned for the welfare of his friends and pardon to his enemies. These brief prayers finished, he gave the signal to the executioner; but the man was so surprised at the undaunted intrepidity of his victim, that he struck the first blow irresolutely, and it required two to dispatch the bloody work.

The conclusion of Lord Lovat's eventful and mysterious career was the next important act of this eventful tragedy. That old conspirator, after making his escape from his vassal's house of Gortuleg, had fled to the Highlands, where he was afterwards taken in one of the Western Islands, by a detachment from the garrison of Fort-William, who had disembarked from on board a bomb-vessel, called the Furnace. The old man was brought to the Tower of London. On this occasion, using the words of the Latin poet,* he expressed himself prepared either to resort to his old stratagems, or to meet death like a man, if he

should find it inevitable. Lovat's trial, which came on before the House of Lords on the 9th, and was finished on the 19th day of March, was very long and extremely curious. On the former occasions it had not been necessary to produce the evidence of Secretary Murray; but on the present, as Lovat had not been personally engaged in the insurrection, it was indispensable to prove his accession to the previous conspiracy. This was accomplished in the fullest manner; indeed he said of himself, probably with great truth, that he had been engaged in every insurrection in favour of the family of James the Seventh, since he was fifteen years old; and he might have added, he had betrayed some of them to the opposite party. His guilt, thinly covered by a long train of fraud, evasion, and deceit, was clearly manifested, though he displayed very considerable skill and legal knowledge in his defence. Being pronounced guilty by the House of Lords, the sentence of high-treason was pronounced upon the old man in the usual horrible terms. He heard it with indifference, and replied, "I bid your lordships an everlasting farewell! Sure I am, we shall never all meet again in the same place."

During the interval between the sentence and its execution, this singular personage employed himself at first in solicitations for life, expressed pretty much in the style of a fawning letter, which, when he was first taken prisoner, he had written to the Duke of Cumberland, pleading his high favour with George the First, and how he had carried his royal highness about when a child, in the parks of Kensington and Hampton-Court. Finding these meannesses were in vain, he resolved to imitate in his death the animal he most resembled in his life, and die like the fox, without indulging his enemies by the utterance of a sigh or groan. It is remarkable, my dear boy, how the audacity of this daring man rendered him an object of wonder and awe at his death, although the whole course of his life had been spent in a manner calculated to excite very different feelings. Lovat had also, indeed, the advantage of the compassion due to extreme old age, still nourishing a dauntless spirit, even when a life beyond the usual date of humanity was about to be cut short by a public execution. Many circumstances are told of him in prison, from which we may infer, that the careless spirit of levity was indulged by him to the last moment. On the evening before his execution, his warder expressed himself sorry that the morrow should be such a bad day with his lordship. "Bad!" replied his lordship; "for what? do you think I am afraid of an axe? It is a debt we must all pay, and better in this way than by a lingering disease."

When ascending the scaffold (in which he requested the assistance of two warders), he looked round on the multitude, and seeing so many people, said with a sneer, "God save us, why should there be such a bustle about taking off an old grey head from a man who cannot get up three steps without two assistants?" On the scaffold he repeated the line of Horace—

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

It was more in his true character, that when a scaffold fell, and he was informed that many persons

* *Seu versare dolos, seu certæ occumbere morti.*

had been killed and maimed, he replied, in the words of the Scottish adage—"The more mischief the better sport!" He submitted to the fatal blow with unabated courage, and left a strong example of the truth of the observation, that it is easier to die well than to live well. The British government did not escape blame, for having selected as an example of punishment, an old man on the very verge of life. Yet, of all the victims to justice, no one either deserved or received less compassion than Lovat.

While the blood of the nobility concerned in the insurrection of 1745 was flowing thus plentifully, the criminals of minor importance had no cause to think that justice was aristocratic in her selection of victims. The persons who earliest fell into the hands of the Government, were the officers of the Manchester regiment, left, as we have seen, in Carlisle after the retreat from Derby. Of these the colonel and eight other persons who had held commissions, were tried and condemned in London. Eight others were found guilty at the same time, but were reprieved. Those who were destined for execution, underwent the doom of law in its most horrible shape, upon Kennington Common; where they avowed their political principles, and died firmly.

A melancholy and romantic incident took place amid the terrors of the executions. A young lady, who had been contracted in marriage to James Dawson, one of the sufferers, had taken the desperate resolution of attending on the horrid ceremonial. She beheld her lover, after having been suspended for a few minutes, but not till death (for such was the barbarous sentence), cut down, embowelled, and mangled by the knife of the executioner. All this she supported with apparent fortitude; but when she saw the last scene finished, by throwing Dawson's heart into the fire, she drew her head within the carriage, repeated his name, and expired on the spot. This melancholy circumstance was made by Mr Shenstone the theme of a tragic ballad.

The mob of London had hooted these unfortunate gentlemen as they passed to and from their trial, but they witnessed their last sufferings with decency. Three Scottish officers of the party taken at Carlisle, were next condemned and executed, in the same manner as the former; others were tried in the like manner, and five were ordered for execution; among these, Sir John Wedderburn, Baronet, was the most distinguished.

At Carlisle no less than 385 prisoners had been assembled, with the purpose of trying a select number of them at that place where their guilt had been chiefly manifested. From this mass, 119 were selected for indictment and trial at the principal towns in the north. At York, the Grand Jury found bills against 75 insurgents. Upon this occasion, the chaplain of the High Sheriff of Yorkshire preached before the judges on the very significant text (Numbers, XXV, 5), "And Moses said unto the judges of Israel, slay ye every man his man that were joined unto Baalpeor."

At York and Carlisle seventy persons upon the whole received sentence of death; some were acquitted on the plea of having been forced into the rebellion by their chiefs. This recognises a principle which might have been carried much farther; when it is

considered how much by education and principles these wretched kerne were at the disposal of their leaders, a similar apology ought, in justice, to have been admitted as an excuse to a much larger extent. The law, which makes allowance for the influence of a husband over a wife, or a father over a son, even when it involves them in guilt, ought unquestionably to have had the same consideration for the clansmen, who were trained up in the most absolute ideas of obedience to their chief, and politically exerted no judgment of their own.

Nine persons were executed at Carlisle on the 18th of October. The list contained one or two names of distinction; as Buchanan of Arnpryor, the chief of his name; MacDonald of Kinloch-Moidart, one of the first who received the Prince on his landing; MacDonald of Tiendriech, who began the war by attacking Captain Scott's detachment when marching to Fort Augustus, and John MacNaughton, a person of little note, unless in so far as he was said, but it is believed erroneously, to have been the individual by whose hand Colonel Gardiner fell at Preston. Six criminals suffered at Brampton; seven were executed at Penrith, and twenty-two at the city of York; eleven more were afterwards executed at Carlisle; nearly eighty in all were sacrificed to the terrors which the insurrection had inspired.

These unfortunate sufferers were of different ages, rank, and habits, both of body and mind; they agreed, however, in their behaviour upon the scaffold. They prayed for the exiled family, expressed their devotion to the cause in which they died, and particularly their admiration of the princely leader whom they had followed, till their attachment conducted them to this dreadful fate. It may be justly questioned, whether the lives of these men, supposing every one of them to have been an apostle of Jacobitism, could have done so much to prolong their doctrines, as the horror and loathing inspired by so many bloody punishments. And when to these are added the merciless slaughter upon the fugitives at Culloden, and the devastation committed in the Highland districts, it might have been expected that the sword of justice would have been weary with executions.

There were still, however, some individuals, upon whom, for personal reasons, vengeance was still desired. One of these was Charles Ratcliffe, brother to the Earl of Derwentwater. This gentleman had been partaker in the Earl's treason of 1715, and had been condemned for that crime, but escaped from Newgate. In the latter end of the year 1745, or beginning of 1746, he was taken on board a French ship of war, with other officers. The vessel was loaded with arms and warlike stores, bound for the coast of Scotland, for the use of the insurgents. Ratcliffe's case was, therefore, a simple one. He was brought before the King's Bench, where evidence was adduced to show that he was the same Charles Ratcliffe who had been condemned for the earlier rebellion, and who had then made his escape. Upon this being found proved by a jury, he was condemned to die, although, appealing to his French commission, he pleaded that he was not a subject of Britain, and denied himself to be the Charles Ratcliffe to whom the indictment and conviction referred, alleging he was Charles Earl of Derwentwater.

On the 8th of December, Ratcliffe appeared on the scaffold, where he was admitted, in respect of his birth, to the sad honours of the axe and block. He was richly dressed, and behaved with a mixture of grace and firmness which procured him universal sympathy. Lovat, whose tragedy I have already given, was, in point of time, the last person who suffered death for political causes in 1747.

An act of Indemnity was passed in June, 1747, granting a pardon to all persons who had committed treason,* but with an awful list of exceptions, amounting to about eighty names. I may here mention the fate of some of those persons, who had displayed so much fidelity to Charles during the time of his escape. The Laird of MacKinnon, MacDonald of Kingsburgh, and others, ascertained to have been active in aiding the Prince's escape, were brought to London, and imprisoned for some time. Flora MacDonald, the heroine of this extraordinary drama, was also, for a time, detained in the Tower. As I have recorded several of the severities of government, I ought to add, that nothing save a short imprisonment attended the generous interference of those individuals in behalf of the unfortunate Adventurer, during his dangers and distresses. After being liberated from the Tower, Flora MacDonald found refuge, or rather a scene of triumph, in the house of Lady Primrose, a determined Jacobite, where the Prince's Highland guardian was visited by all persons of rank who entertained any bias to that unhappy cause. Neither did the English Jacobites limit their expressions of respect and admiration to empty compliments. Many who, perhaps, secretly regretted they had not given more effectual instances of their faith to the exiled family, were desirous to make some amends, by loading with kind attentions and valuable presents, the heroine who had played such a dauntless part in the drama. These donations supplied to the gallant Highland-woman a fortune of nearly £1500. She bestowed this dowry, together with her hand, upon MacDonald of Kingsburgh, who had been her assistant in the action which procured her so much fame. The applause due to her noble conduct was not rendered by Jacobites alone; many of the Royal Family, and particularly the good-natured and generous Prince Frederick of Wales,† felt and expressed what was due to the worth of Flora MacDonald, though exerted for the safety of so dangerous a rival. The simplicity and dignity of her character was expressed in her remark, that she never thought she had done any thing wonderful, till she heard the world wondering at it. She afterwards went to America with her husband Kingsburgh, but both returned, in consequence of the civil war, and died in their native Isle of Skye.

I should make these volumes thrice as long as they

* 20th George II. 1747.

† The present King's grandfather, Frederick. His Royal Highness gave a proof of this generous and liberal mode of thinking, when the Princess his wife informed him that Lady Margaret MacDonald, concerned with Flora in saving the Chevalier, had been presented to her Royal Highness, adding, with some concern, that she did not know her to be the person implicated in the escape of Charles Edward. "And would you not have done the like, madam," replied the high-minded Prince, "had the unfortunate man appeared before you in such calamitous circumstances? I know—I am sure—you would."

ought to be, were I to tell you the stories which I have heard (sometimes from the lips of those who were themselves the sufferers) concerning the strange concealments and escapes which the Jacobites were reduced to for the safety of their lives, after their cause was ruined. The severity of legal prosecution was not speedily relaxed, although the proceedings under martial law were put a stop to. Lord Pitsligo, who lurked on his own estate, and displayed a model of patience under unusual sufferings, continued to be an object of occasional search long after the 1746; and was in some degree under concealment till his death in 1762, at the age of eighty-five. Some other criminals peculiarly obnoxious to government were not liberated from prison until the accession of George the Third.*

CHAPTER XXVI.

Daring Character of Prince Charles's Enterprise—the Consequences that must have attended its Success, adverse as the Majority in the Country was to his Claims, and divided as his own Followers were among themselves—Causes which contributed to Charles's temporary Success—False Lustre which Romance throws around the System of Clanship—Abuses to which that system led—Proscription of the Highland Garb—Abolition of Hereditary Jurisdictions, and of Feudal Tenures.

WE have hitherto only detailed the penal procedure taken against the principal actors in the rebellion 1745. Before proceeding to narrate the legislative measures which parliament thought proper to adopt to prevent the recurrence of such a calamity, it may be necessary, in this place to take a review of the character of the insurrection, and the result which it actually did or might have produced.

Looking at the whole in a general point of view, there can be no doubt that it presents a dazzling picture to the imagination, being a romance of real life, equal in splendour and interest to any which could be devised by fiction. A primitive people, residing in a remote quarter of the empire, and themselves but a small portion of the Scottish Highlanders, fearlessly attempted to place the British Crown on the head of the last scion of those ancient kings, whose descent was traced to their own mountains. This gigantic task the undertook in favour of a youth of twenty-one, who landed on their shore without support of any kind, and threw himself on their generosity—they assembled an army in his behalf—their speech, their tactics, their arms, were alike unknown to their countrymen and to the English,—holding themselves free from the obligations imposed by common law or positive statute, they were yet governed by rules of their own, derived from a general sense of honour, extending from the chief to the lowest of his tribe.† With men unaccustomed to

* Farquharson of Monaltry, lieutenant-colonel of one of Lord Louis Gordon's Aberdeenshire battalions, was the last person who remained in confinement for the affair of 1745.

† A remarkable instance of this occurred when the Highland army advanced to Kirkliston, in their march on Edinburgh, 1745. It was recollected that the house of Newliston, lying near the camp of the Highlanders, had been built by the Secretary, Lord Stair, who was so deeply implicated in the massacre of Glencoe; it was also remembered, that the grandson of the murdered Glencoe was in the Highland camp, at the head of his clan regiment; it was,

arms, the amount of the most efficient part of which never exceeded 2000, they defeated two disciplined armies commanded by officers of experience and reputation, penetrated deep into England, approached within ninety miles of the capital, and made the crown tremble on the King's head; retreated with the like success, when they appeared on the point of being intercepted between three hostile armies; checked effectually the attack of a superior body detached in pursuit of them; reached the North in safety, and were only suppressed by a concurrence of disadvantages which it was impossible for human nature to surmount. All this has much that is splendid to the imagination, nor is it possible to regard without admiration, the little band of determined men by whom such actions were achieved, or the interesting young Prince by whom their energies were directed. It is therefore natural that the civil strife of 1745 should have been long the chosen theme of the poet, the musician, and the novelist, and each has in turn found it possessed of an interest highly suitable to his purpose.

In a work founded on history, we must look more closely into the circumstances of the rebellion, and deprive it of some part of the show which pleases the fancy, in order to judge of it by the sound rules of reason. The best mode of doing this, is to suppose that Charles had accomplished his romantic adventure, and seated himself in temporary security in the Palace of St James's; when common sense must admit that nothing could have been expected from such a counter-revolution, excepting new strife and fiercer civil wars. The opinion and conduct of the whole British empire, with very few exceptions, had shown their disinclination to have this man to rule over them; nor were all the clans in his army numerous enough to furnish more than two battalions of guards to have defended his throne, had they been able to place him upon it. It was not to be supposed that England, so opulent, so populous, so high-spirited, could be held under a galling yoke by a few men of unknown language and manners, who could only be regarded as a sort of Strelitzes or Janissaries, and detested in that capacity. By far the greater part of Scotland itself was attached to the House of Hanover, and the principles which placed them on the throne; and its inhabitants were votaries of the Presbyterian religion, a form of church government which it had been long the object of the Stewart family to destroy. From that quarter, therefore, Charles, in his supposed state of perilous exaltation, could have drawn no support, but must have looked for opposition. The interference of a French force, had such taken place,

therefore, to be apprehended, that they would commit some violence on the house of Newliston, and as this would be highly prejudicial to the reputation of the Chevalier's army, it was proposed to place a guard for the purpose of preventing it.

Glencoe heard this proposal, and demanded an audience of the Prince. "It is right," he said, "that a guard should be placed upon the house of Newliston, but that guard must be furnished by the MacDonalds of Glencoe; if they are not thought worthy of this trust, they cannot be fit to bear arms in your Royal Highness's cause, and I must, of course, withdraw them from your standard." The claim of the high-spirited Chief was necessarily admitted, and the MacDonalds of Glencoe mounted guard on the house of Newliston; nor was there the least article deranged or destroyed.

could only have increased the danger of the restored dynasty, by rousing against them the ancient feelings of national hatred and emulation; nor is it likely that they could have offered successful resistance to the general opposition which such unpopular aid would have accumulated around them.

Neither is it probable that Charles Edward, educated as he had been in foreign courts, and in the antiquated principles of passive obedience and arbitrary power, would have endeavoured to conciliate the affections of the great mass of his subjects, by disavowing those sentiments of despotic government which had cost his grandfather so dear. Even while his enterprise was in progress, there existed a great schism in his camp, between Lord George Murray, Lord Elcho, and others, who, though engaged with the Prince and favouring his pretensions to the throne, conceived themselves entitled, as their lives and fortunes were depending on the issue, to remonstrate against measures of which they did not always approve. Charles Edward naturally, but fatally for himself and his family, preferred and followed the councils of those who made it a point to coincide with him in opinion; so that had the strength of this army been adequate to place him upon the throne, he must nevertheless have speedily been precipitated into civil war, the seeds of which existed even among his own followers, since they did not agree among themselves on what principles he was to govern, whether as a despotic or constitutional monarch.

From all this it would appear, that however severe upon the Highlanders and their country at the moment when it happened, the defeat of Prince Charles at Culloden could alone have ended the internal divisions of Great Britain; and that any victory which he might have obtained, would only have added to the protraction of civil strife, and the continuance and increase of national calamity.

Neither were the actions of the Highlanders under Prince Charles, though sufficiently glorious for their arms, altogether so wonderful as to be regarded as miraculous. Without detracting from their undoubted bravery, it must be said that the Chevalier was fortunate in meeting with two such antagonists as Cope and Hawley, neither of whom appear to have dreamed of maintaining a second line or effectual reserve, though rendered so necessary by the violence and precipitance of the Highland attack, which must always have thrown a certain degree of disorder into those troops who were first exposed to its fury, but at the same time have brought confusion among the assailants themselves. The two regiments of dragoons who fought, or rather fled, at Preston, having previously lost their character by a succession of panics, must be also looked upon as affording to the Highlanders an advantage unusual to those who encounter an English army. Of the general plan of insurrection, it may be safely said to have been a rash scheme, devised by a very young man, who felt his hopes from France to be rendered absolutely desperate; and by piqueing the honour of Lochiel and his friends, wrought them to such a height of feeling as to induce them to engage in what their common sense assured them was positive ruin.

We may also observe, that though the small num-

ber of this Prince's forces was in a great measure the cause of his ultimate defeat, yet the same circumstance contributed to his partial success.

This may appear paradoxical, but you are to remember, that the imperfections of an undisciplined army increase in proportion to its numbers, as an ill-constructed machine becomes more unmanageable in proportion to its size. The powerful army of clans commanded by Mar in the year 1715, could not have acted with the same speed and decision as the comparatively small body which was arrayed under Charles. And if, on the latter occasion, the Prince wanted the aid of such large forces as were brought to Perth in 1715 by the Marquis of Huntly and the Earls of Breadalbane and Seaforth, his councils were also unembarrassed by the respect and deference claimed by these dignitaries, and by the discords which often arose between them, either amongst themselves, or with the Commander-in-Chief. It is also worthy of remark, that without derogating from the desire to maintain discipline, which was certainly entertained by the Highland chiefs during the enterprise, the small number of the Prince's army must also have occasioned among themselves a consciousness of weakness, and they were perhaps the more disposed to attend to orders and abstain from all unnecessary violence, because they saw from the beginning that their safety depended on mutual concord, and on preserving or acquiring the good opinion of the country.

Upon the whole, it was perhaps fortunate for the history of Highland clanship, that in point of effective and recognised influence, the system may be considered as having closed with the gallant and generous display of its character which took place in 1745. We have said already that the patriarchal spirit was gradually decaying, and that the system had been insensibly innovated upon in each successive generation. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, it probably would not have existed, if the chiefs had not sedulously nursed and kept it alive, to maintain in their persons that peculiar military power, which most of them expected to render the means of distinguishing themselves in the civil war that was yearly expected. If the country had remained in profound peace, the chiefs, like the Lowland barons, would have been induced to exchange the command of their clansmen, whose services they had no prospect of requiring, for other advantages, which increased rents, and improved possessions, would have procured them. The slow but certain operation of those changes would have finally dissolved, though perhaps at a later period, the connexion between the clan and the chief, and under circumstances, perhaps, less creditable to the latter. It is therefore better, even for the fame of the Highlands, that the spirit of the patriarchal system, like the light of a dying lamp, should have collected itself into one bright flash before its final extinction; and, in the short period of a few months, should have exhibited itself in a purer and more brilliant character than it had displayed during the course of ages.

It must also be remarked, that the period at which the patriarchal system was totally broken up, was that at which it presented the most interesting appearance. The Highland chiefs of the eighteenth

century, at least those who were persons of consideration, were so much influenced by the general civilisation of Britain, as to be not only averse to the abuse of power over their clansmen, but disposed, as well from policy as from higher motives, to restrain their followers from predatory habits, and, discouraging what was rude and fierce, to cultivate what was honourable and noble in their character. It is probable the patriarchal system was never exercised, generally speaking, in a mode so beneficial to humanity, as at the time when it was remotely affected by the causes which must ultimately have dissolved it. In this respect, it resembled the wood of certain trees, which never afford such beautiful materials for the cabinet-maker, as when they have felt the touch of decay.

For these and other reasons, the view which we cast upon the system of clanship, as it existed in the time of the last generation, is like looking back upon a Highland prospect, enlivened by the tints of a beautiful summer evening. On such an occasion, the distant hills, lakes, woods, and precipices, are touched by the brilliancy of the atmosphere with a glow of beauty, which is not properly their own, and it requires an exertion to recall to our mind the desolate, barren, and wild character, which properly belong to the objects we look upon. For the same reason, it requires an effort of the understanding to remind us, that the system of society under which the Highland clans were governed, although having much in it which awakens both the heart and the fancy, was hostile to liberty, and to the progress both of religious and moral improvement, by placing the happiness, and indeed the whole existence, of tribes at the disposal of individuals, whose power of administration was influenced by no restraint saving their own pleasure. Like other men, the heads of the clans were liable to be seduced into the misuse of unlimited authority; and you have only to recall what I have said in these pages of Lovat and others, to be aware what a curse and a plague a violent or crafty chief might prove to his own clan, to the general government, to the peace of his neighbours, and indeed to the whole country in which he lived. The possession of such power by a few men made it always possible for them to erect the standard of civil war in a country otherwise disposed to peace; and their own bravery, and that of their retainers, only rendered the case more dangerous, the provocation more easily taken, and their powers of attack or resistance more bloody and desperate. Even in peace, the power of ravaging the estates of a neighbour, or of the Lowlands, by letting loose upon them troops of banditti, kennelled like blood-hounds in some obscure valley, till their services were required, was giving to every petty chieftain the means of spreading robbery and desolation through the country at his pleasure.

With whatever sympathy, therefore, we may regard the immediate sufferers, with whatever general regret we may look upon the extinction, by violence, of a state of society which was so much connected with honour, fidelity, and the tenets of romantic chivalry, it is impossible, in sober sense, to wish that it should have continued, or to say that, in political wisdom, the government of Great Britain ought to have tolerated its longer existence.

The motives, however, of the legislature, in destroy-

ing the character of the patriarchal system adopted in the Highlands, were more pressing than those arising out of general expedience and utility. The measures struck less at what was inexpedient in general principles, than at the constant source of repeated rebellions against the Royal Family; and we cannot wonder, that being now completely masters of the disaffected districts by the fate of war, they aimed at totally eradicating all marks of distinction between the Highlander and Lowlander, and reducing the mountains to the quiet and peaceful state which the Lowlands of Scotland had presented for many years.

The system of disarming the Highlands had been repeatedly resorted to upon former occasions, but the object had been only partially attained. It was now resolved, not only to deprive the Highlanders of their arms, but of the ancient garb of their country; a picturesque habit, the custom of wearing which was peculiarly associated with the use of warlike weapons. The sword, the dirk, the pistol, were all as complete parts of the Highland dress, as the plaid and the bonnet, and the habit of using the latter was sure to remind the wearer of the want of the former. It was proposed to destroy this association of ideas, by rendering the use of the Highland garb, in any of its peculiar forms, highly penal.*

Many objections, indeed some which appealed to compassion and others founded upon utility, were urged against this interdiction of an ancient national costume. It was represented that the form of the dress, light, warm, and convenient for the use of those who were accustomed to it, was essentially necessary to men who had to perform long journeys through a wild and desolate country; or discharge the labours of the shepherd or herdsman among extensive mountains and deserts, which must necessarily be applied to pasture. The proscription also of a national garb, to which the people had been long accustomed, and were necessarily much attached, was complained of as a stretch of arbitrary power, especially as the law was declared to extend to large districts and tracts of country, the inhabitants of which had not only refrained from aiding the rebellion, but had given ready and effectual assistance in its suppression.

Notwithstanding these reasons, and notwithstanding the representation of the loyal chiefs that it was unjust to deprive them of the swords which they had used in the government's defence, it was judged necessary to proceed with the proposed measure, as one which, rigidly enforced by the proposed severity of government, promised completely to break the martial spirit of the Highlanders, so far as it had been found inconsistent with the peace and safety of the country at large. A law was accordingly passed, forbidding the use of what is called tartan, in all its various checkers and modifications, under penalties which, at that time, might be necessary to

* This was a very harsh regulation, affecting the feelings and the habits of many who had no accession to the rebellion, or who had taken arms to resist it. Yet there was a knowledge of mankind in the prohibition, since it divested the Highlanders of a dress which was closely associated with their habits of clanship and of war. In like manner, I am informed that in some provinces of Italy the peculiar dress of the banditti is prohibited to be worn even at masquerades, as it is found to excite by association a liking to the freebooting trade.

overcome the reluctance of the Highlanders to part with their national dress, but which certainly now appear disproportioned to the offence. The wearing any part of what is called the Highland garb, that is, the plaid, philabeg, trews, shoulder-belt, or any other distinctive part of the dress, or the use of any garment composed of tartan, or party-coloured cloth, made the offender liable, for the first offence, to six months' imprisonment; and for the second, to transportation to the colonies. At the same time, the wearing or even possession of arms subjected a Highlander to serve as a common soldier, if he should prove unable to pay a fine of fifteen pounds. A second offence was to be punished with transportation for seven years. The statute is 20th George II, chap. 51.

Whatever may be thought of these two statutes, not only restraining the use of arms under the highest penalties, but proscribing the dress of a whole nation, no objection can be made to another Act of Parliament, passed in the year 1748, for abolishing the last effectual remnant of the feudal system, viz. the hereditary jurisdictions throughout Scotland. These last remains of the feudal system, I have repeatedly alluded to, as contrary alike to common sense, and to the free and impartial administration of justice. In fact, they vested the power of deciding all ordinary actions at law in the persons of great landholders, neither educated to the legal profession, nor in the habit of separating their own interests and passions from the causes which they were to decide as judges. The statute appointed sums of money to be paid as a compensation to the possessors of those judicial rights, whose existence was inimical to the progress of a free country. The administration of justice was vested in professional persons, called Sheriffs-depute (so called as deputed by the Crown, in contra-distinction to the Sheriffs principal, formerly enjoying jurisdiction as attached to their patrimony). Such a Sheriff-depute was named for each county, to discharge the judicial duties formerly exercised by hereditary judges.

This last Act was not intended for the Highlands alone, its influence being extended throughout Scotland. By the Act of 20th King Geo. II, cap. 5, all tenures by wardholding, that is, where the vassal held lands for the performance of military service, were declared unlawful, and those which existed were changed into holdings for feu, or for blench-tenures,—that is to say, either for payment of an annual sum of money, or some honorary acknowledgment of vassalage,—so that it became impossible for any superior or overlord, in future, to impose upon his vassals the fatal service of following him to battle, or to discharge the oppressive duties of what were called hunting, hosting, watching, and warding. Thus, although the feudal forms of investiture were retained, all the essential influence of the superior or overlord over the vassal or tenant, and especially the right which he had to bring him into the field of battle, in consequence of his own quarrels, was in future abrogated and disallowed. The consequence of these great alterations we reserve for the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Allowance granted by France to Charles's Followers—Removal of the Prince from France—Miss Walkinshaw—Charles's Visit to London—Jacobite Intrigues—Death of Prince Charles—and of his Brother, Cardinal Duke of York—Changes effected in the Highlands by the Measures adopted in consequence of the Rebellion—Decay of the System of Clanship—the Jacobites become reconciled to the House of Hanover—Restoration of the Forfeited Estates—The Highland Garb again permitted to be worn—Introduction of Store-Farming—Improvement in the Commerce of Scotland.

BEFORE giving a farther account of the effect produced on Scotland and its inhabitants by the Disarming Act, the Jurisdiction Act, and other alterations adopted into the law of Scotland, in consequence of the insurrection of 1745, we may take some notice of the melancholy conclusion of Charles Edward's career, which had commenced with so much brilliancy. There are many persons like this unfortunate Prince, who, having failed in an effort boldly made and prosecuted with vigour, seem afterwards to have been dogged by misfortune, and deprived, by the premature decay of the faculties they once exhibited, of the power of keeping up the reputation gained at the beginning of their career.

On his first arrival in France, with all the eclat of his victories and his sufferings, the Chevalier was very favourably received at Court, and obtained considerable advantages for some of his followers. Lochiel and Lord Ogilvie were made lieutenant-colonels in the French service, with means of appointing to commissions some of the most distinguished of the exiles who had participated in their fate. The Court of France also granted 40,000 livres a-year for the support of such Scottish fugitives as were not provided for in their military service.

This allowance, however liberal on the part of France, was totally insufficient for the maintenance of so many persons, accustomed not only to the necessities but comforts of life; and it is not to be wondered at, that many, reduced to exile and indigence in his cause, murmured, though perhaps with injustice, against the Prince, whose power of alleviating their distresses they might conclude to be greater than it really was.

An incident which followed, evinced the same intractability of temper which seems to have characterised this young man in his attempt to regain the throne of his ancestors. When the French Government, in the winter of 1748, were disposed to accede to a peace with England, it was an indispensable stipulation, that the young Pretender, as he was styled, should not be permitted to reside within the French territories. The King and ministers of France felt the necessity of acceding to this condition if they would obtain peace; but they were desirous to do so with all the attention possible to the interest and feelings of Charles Edward. With this purpose, they suggested to him that he should retreat to Friburg, in Switzerland, where they proposed to assure him an asylum, with a company of guards, a large pension, and the nominal rank and title of Prince of Wales.

It is not easy to say with what possible views Charles rejected these offers, or from what motive,

saving the impulse of momentary spleen, he positively refused to leave France. He was in a kingdom, however, where little ceremony was then used upon such occasions. One evening, as he went to the Opera, he was seized by a party of the French guards, bound hand and foot, and conveyed first to the state prison of Vincennes, and from thence to the town of Avignon, which belonged to the Pope, where he was set at liberty.

To this unnecessary disgrace Charles appears to have subjected himself from feelings of obstinacy alone; and of course a line of conduct so irrational was little qualified to recommend him as a pleasant guest to other states.

He went first to Venice with a single attendant; but upon a warning from the Senate, he returned to Flanders.

Here, about the year 1751, he admitted into his family a female, called Miss Walkinshaw. The person whom he thus received into his intimacy had connexions, of which his friends and adherents in Britain were extremely jealous. It was said that her sister was a housekeeper at Leicester House, then inhabited by the Prince of Wales; and such was the general suspicion of her betraying her lover, that the persons of distinction in England who continued to adhere to the Jacobite interest, sent a special deputy, called Macnamara, to request, in the name of the whole party, that this lady might be removed from the Chevalier's residence, and sent into a convent, at least for a season. The Prince decidedly put a negative upon this proposal,—“Not,” he said, “that he entertained any particular affection or even regard for Miss Walkinshaw, but because he would not be dictated to by his subjects in matters respecting his own habits or family.” When Macnamara was finally repulsed, he took his leave with concern and indignation, saying, as he retired,—“By what crime, sir, can your family have drawn down the vengeance of Heaven, since it has visited every branch of them through so many ages?”

This haughty reply to a request, reasonable and respectful in itself, was the signal for almost all the Jacobite party in England to break up and dissolve itself; they were probably by this time only watching for an opportunity of deserting with honour a cause which was become hopeless.

Before this general defection, some intrigues had been set on foot in behalf of Charles, but always without much consideration, and by persons of incompetent judgment. Thus the Duchess of Buckingham, a woman of an ambitious but flighty disposition, took it upon her at one time to figure as a patroness of the House of Stewart, and made several journeys from England to Paris, and also to Rome, with the affectation of making herself the heroine of a Jacobite revolution. This intrigue, it is needless to say, could have no serious object or termination.

In 1750, the Jacobite intrigues continued to go on, and the Prince himself visited London in that year. Dr King, then at the head of the Church of England Jacobites, received him in his house. He assures us, that the scheme which Charles had formed was impracticable, and that he was soon prevailed upon to return to the Continent. Dr King at this time draws a harsh picture of the unfortunate Prince; he

represents him as cold, interested, and avaricious, which is one frequent indication of a selfish character. This author's evidence, however, must be taken with some modification, since the Doctor wrote his anecdotes at a time when, after having long professed to be at the head of the nonjuring party, he had finally withdrawn from it, joined the Government, and paid his duty at court. He is therefore not likely to have formed an impartial judgment, or to have drawn a faithful picture, of the Prince whose cause he had deserted. In 1752, the embers of Jacobitism threw out one or two sparks. Patrick, Lord Elibank, conducted at this time what remained of a Jacobite interest in Scotland; he was a man of great wit, shrewdness, and sagacity; but like others who are conscious of great talent, often both in his conduct and conversation chose the most disadvantageous side of the question, in order to make a more marked display of his abilities.

The Honourable Alexander Murray, one of Lord Elibank's brothers, a very daring man, had devised a desperate scheme for seizing upon the Palace of St James's and the person of the king, by means of sixty determined men. There was a second branch of the conspiracy which should have exploded in Scotland, where there were no longer either men or means to accomplish an insurrection. MacDonell of Lochgarry, and Dr Archibald Cameron, brother to Lochiel, were the agents employed in this northern part of the plot. The latter fell into the hands of the Government, being taken upon the banks of Loch Katrine, and sent prisoner to London. Dr Cameron was brought to trial upon the Bill of Attainder, passed against him on account of his concern in the Rebellion 1745, and upon that charge he was arraigned, condemned, and put to death at Tyburn. His execution for this old offence, after the date of hostilities had been so long past, threw much reproach upon the Government, and even upon the personal character of George the Second, as sullen, relentless, and unforgiving. These aspersions were the more credited, that Dr Cameron was a man of a mild and gentle disposition, had taken no military share in the Rebellion, and had uniformly exercised his skill as a medical man in behalf of the wounded of both armies. Yet since, as is now well known, he returned to Scotland with the purpose of again awakening the flames of rebellion, it must be owned, that whatever his private character might be, he only encountered the fate which his enterprise merited and justified.

The Honourable Alexander Murray ventured to London about the same period, where a proclamation was speedily issued for his arrest. Having discovered that the persons on whose assistance he had relied for the execution of his scheme had lost courage, he renounced the enterprise. Other wild or inefficient intrigues were carried on in behalf of Charles down to about 1760; but they have all the character of being formed by mere projectors, desirous of obtaining money from the exiled Prince, without any reasonable prospect, perhaps without any serious purpose, of rendering him effectual service.

A few years later than the period last mentioned, a person seems to have been desirous to obtain Charles's commission to form some interest for him among the North American colonists, who had then

commenced their quarrels with the mother country. It was proposed by the adventurer alluded to, to make a party for the Prince among the insurgents in a country which contained many Highlanders. But that scheme also was entirely without solid foundation, for the Scottish colonists in general joined the party of King George.

Amidst these vain intrigues, excited by new hopes, which were always succeeded by fresh disappointment, Charles, who had supported so much real distress and fatigue with fortitude and firmness, gave way both in mind and body. His domestic uneasiness was increased by an unhappy union with Louisa of Stohlberg, a German princess, which produced happiness to neither party, and some discredit to both. Latterly, after long retaining the title of Prince of Wales, he laid it aside, because, after his father's death in 1760, the courts of Europe would not recognise him as King of Great Britain. He afterwards lived incognito, under the title of the Count D'Albany. Finally, he died at Rome upon the 31st of February, 1788, and was royally interred in the cathedral church of Frescati, of which his brother was bishop.

The merits of this unhappy Prince appear to have consisted in a degree of dauntless resolution and enterprise, bordering upon temerity; the power of supporting fatigues and misfortunes, and extremity of every kind, with firmness and magnanimity; and a natural courtesy of manner highly gratifying to his followers, which he could exchange for reserve at his pleasure. Nor when his campaign in Scotland is considered, can he be denied respectable talents in military affairs. Some of his partisans of higher rank conceived he evinced less gratitude for their services than he ought to have rendered them; but by far the greater part of those who approached his person were unable to mention him without tears of sorrow, to which your Grandfather has been frequently a witness.

His faults or errors arose from a course of tuition totally unfit for the situation to which he conceived himself born. His education, intrusted to narrow-minded priests and soldiers of fortune, had been singularly limited and imperfect; so that, instead of being taught to disown or greatly modify the tenets which had made his fathers exiles from their throne and country, he was instructed to cling to those errors as sacred maxims, to which he was bound in honour and conscience to adhere. He left a natural daughter, called Countess of Albany, who died only a few years since.

The last direct male heir of the line of Stewart, on the death of Charles, was his younger brother, Henry Benedict, whom the Pope had created a Cardinal. This Prince took no other step for asserting his claim to the British kingdoms, than by striking a beautiful medal, in which he is represented in his cardinal's robes, with the crown, sceptre, and regalia, in the back ground, bearing the motto, *voluntate dei non desiderio populi*, implying a tacit relinquishment of the claims to which, by birth, he might have pretended. He was a Prince of a mild and beneficent character, and generally beloved. After the innovations of the French Revolution had destroyed, or greatly diminished, the revenues he derived from the

church, he subsisted, singular to tell, on an annuity of £3000 a-year, assigned to him by the generosity of the late King George the Third, and continued by that of his royal successor. In requital of their bounty, and as if acknowledging the House of Hanover to be the legitimate successors of his claims to the Crown of Britain, this, the last of the Stewarts, bequeathed to his present Majesty all the crown jewels, some of them of great value, which King James the Second had carried along with him on his retreat to the Continent in 1688, together with a mass of papers, tending to throw much light on British history.

Having now finished my account of the House of Stewart, extinguished in the person of its last direct male heir, I return to notice the general effects produced in Scotland by the laws adopted for the abolition of the hereditary jurisdictions, and prohibition of the Highland dress and arms. On the first point, no dissatisfaction was expressed, and little was probably felt, excepting by a few landed proprietors, who might conceive their dignity diminished by their power over their tenants being abridged and limited. But it was different with the Disarming Act, which was resented by the Highlanders as a deadly insult, and which seemed for a considerable time rather to increase than allay the discontent, which it was the desire of the Government to appease.

Indeed, when the state of the Highlands is considered, we cannot be surprised, that for the space of ten years at least, it should have been wilder than it was before the insurrection. The country was filled with desperate men, whom their education to the use of arms, as well as the recent scenes of civil war, had familiarized to rapine and violence, and the check, such as it was, which the authority of the chiefs extended over malefactors, was entirely dissolved by the downfall of their power. Accordingly, the criminal records of that period are full of atrocities of various kinds, perpetrated in the Highlands, which give a strange idea of the disorderly state of the country.

Tradition also delights to enumerate, among the sons of vulgar rapine, the names of Sergeant More, Cameron and others, depredators of milder mood, and whose fame might rank with that of Robin Hood and his merry archers, as friends and benefactors to the poor, though plunderers of the rich. The sword of justice was employed in weeding them out; and if frequent examples of punishment did not correct the old depredators, it warned the young from following their footsteps. But the race of *Forty-five* men, as they were called, who supplied this generation of heroes, became in time old, and accustomed to peaceful habits.

Government also had, by the Act of Attainder, which forfeited the lands of those engaged in the rebellion, acquired very large estates in the Highlands, which had previously belonged to the Jacobite chiefs. More wise than their predecessors in 1715, instead of bringing this property to sale, they retained it under the management of a Board of Commissioners, by whom, after the necessary expenses were defrayed, the surplus revenue was applied to the improvement of Scottish arts and manufactures, and especially to

the amelioration of the Highlands. The example of agriculture and successful industry, which was set on foot under the patronage of these commissioners, was imitated by those Highlanders, who, excluded from the rough trade of arms, began to turn a late and unwilling eye to such pursuits. The character of the natives, as well as the face of the country, underwent a gradual change; the ideas of clanship, which long clung to the heart of the Scottish Highlander, gradually gave way under the absence of many chiefs, and the impoverishment of others. The genius of the Earl of Chatham, about the same time also, opened a fresh career to the martial spirit of the Highlanders, by levying regiments for the service of Government in Canada, where they behaved themselves in a distinguished manner; while, in the meantime, the absence of the most inflammable part of a superabundant population greatly diminished the risk of fresh disturbances. Many persons also, who had served in their youth in the campaigns of Prince Charles, now entered this new levy, and drew the sword for the reigning monarch, whose generosity readily opened every rank of military service to his ancient enemies. I will give you one instance among many:

The commission of a field-officer, in one of these new regiments, being about to be bestowed on a gentleman of Athole, a courtier who had some desire to change the destination of the appointment, told his late Majesty of some bold and desperate actions which the candidate for military preferment had performed on the side of Charles Edward, during the insurrection of 1745. "Has this gentleman really fought so well against me?" said the good-natured and well-judging monarch; "then, believe me, he will fight as well in my cause." So the commission kept its original destination.

Such instances of generosity, on the part of the Sovereign, could not but make proselytes among a warm-hearted people like the Jacobites, with whom George the Third became personally popular at an early period of his reign. With an amiable inconsistency, many of those who had fought against the grandfather would have spent the last drop of their blood for the grandchild, and those who even yet refused to abjure the right of the Pretender, showed themselves ready to lay down their lives for the reigning monarch.

While a good understanding was gradually increasing between the Highlanders and the Government which they had opposed so long and with so much obstinacy, the management of the forfeited estates in the Highlands was so conducted as to afford the cultivators a happy and easy existence; and though old men might turn back with fondness to the recollection of their younger days, when every Highlander walked the heath with his weapons rattling around him, the preference must, upon the whole, have been given to a period, in which a man's right needed nothing else to secure it than the equal defence of the law. In process of time, it was conceived by Government that the period of punishment by forfeiture ought, in equity as well as policy, to be brought to a close, and that the descendants of the original insurgents of the year 1745, holding different tenets from their unfortunate ancestors, might be safely

restored to the enjoyment of their patrimonial fortunes. By an Act of Grace accordingly, dated 24th George III, chap. 37, the estates forfeited for treason, in the year 1745, were restored to the descendants of those by whom they had been forfeited. A long train of honourable names was thus restored to Scottish history, and a debt of gratitude imposed upon their representatives to the memory of the then reigning monarch. To complete this Act of Grace, the present King has, in addition to the forfeited property returned by his father, restored, in blood, such persons descended of attainted individuals as would have been heirs to Peerages, had it not been for the attainder;—a step well chosen to mark the favour entertained by his Majesty for his Scottish subjects, and his desire to obliterate all recollection that discord had ever existed between his royal house and any of their ancestors.

Another feature of the same lenient and healing measures, was the restoring the complete liberty of wearing the Highland dress, without incurring penalty or prosecution, by 22d George III, chap. 63. This boon was accepted with great apparent joy by the natives of the Highlands; but an effectual change of customs having been introduced during the years in which it was proscribed, and the existing generation having become accustomed to the Lowland dress, the ancient garb is seldom to be seen, excepting when assumed upon festive occasions.

A change of a different kind is very deeply connected with the principles of political economy, but I can here do little more than name it. Clanship, I have said, was abolished, or subsisted only in the shadow of a shade; the generality of Highland proprietors, therefore, were unwilling to support, upon their own estates, in the capacity of poor kindred, a number of men whom they no longer had the means of employing in military service. They were desirous, like a nation in profound peace, to discharge the soldiers for whom they had no longer use, and who, indeed, could no longer legally remain under their authority. The country was, therefore, exposed to all the inconveniences of an over-population, while the proprietors were, by the same circumstance, encumbered by the number of persons whom, under the old system, they would have been glad to have enrolled in their clan-following.

Another circumstance greatly increased the multitude of Highlanders, whom this new state of things threw out of employment.

The mountainous region of the north of Scotland contained large tracts of moorland, which was anciently employed, chiefly if not entirely, for the rearing of black cattle. It was, however, found at a later period, that these extensive pastures might, with much better advantage, be engaged in the feeding of sheep; but to this latter mode of employing them, the Highlanders are by nature and education decidedly averse and ill qualified, being as unfit for the cares of a shepherd, as they are eminently well acquainted with those of the rearer of cattle. The consequence was, that as the Highlands began to be opened to inhabitants from the Lowlands, the sheep farmers of the Southland mountains made offers of large rents to the proprietors of these store-farms, with which the Highland tenant was unable

to enter into competition; and the latter, deprived at once of their lands and their occupation, left the country in numbers, and emigrated to North America and other foreign settlements.

The author can well recollect the indignation with which these agricultural innovations were regarded by the ancient Highlanders. He remembers hearing a chief of the old school say, in sorrow and indignation, the words following: "When I was a young man, the point upon which every Highland gentleman rested his importance, was the number of MEN whom his estate could support; the question next rested on the amount of his stock of BLACK CATTLE; it is now come to respect the number of *sheep*; and I suppose our posterity will inquire how many *rats* or *mice* an estate will produce."

It must be allowed that, in a general point of view, this change was a necessary consequence of the great alteration in the system of manners, and that therefore it was an inevitable evil. It is no less true, that the humanity of individual proprietors bestowed much trouble and expense in providing means to enable those inhabitants who were necessarily ejected from their ancient pastures and possessions, new occupation in the fisheries, and other modes of employment, to which their energies might be profitably turned. Upon the great estate of Sutherland in particular, the Marquis of Stafford incurred an outlay of more than £100,000 in providing various modes of employment for Highland tenants, who might be unfit to engage in the new system of improved farming, while two years' free possession of their old farms without rent, in order to furnish funds for their voyage, was allowed to those who might prefer emigration.

But many other Highland proprietors neither possessed the means nor the disposition to await with patience the result of such experiments, and the necessary emigration of their followers was attended with circumstances of great hardship.

It is, however, a change which has taken place, and has had its crisis. The modern Highlanders, trained from their youth to the improved mode of agriculture, may be expected to maintain their place in their native country, without experiencing the oppressive rivalry of the South country farmers, which a change of times has done much to put a stop to. The late introduction of steam navigation, by facilitating the communications with the best markets, presents an important stimulus to the encouragement of industry, in a country almost every where indented by creeks and salt-water lakes, suitable to the access of steam-vessels. We may therefore hope, in terms of the Highland Society's motto, that a race, always renowned in arms, will henceforward be equally distinguished by industry.

With the Highlands we have now done, nor are their inhabitants now much distinguished from those of the rest of Scotland, except in the use of the Gaelic language, and that they still retain some vestiges of their ancient feelings and manners.

Neither has any thing occurred in Scotland at large to furnish matter for the continuation of these narratives. She has, since 1746, regularly felt her share in the elevation or abasement of the rest of the empire.

The civil war, a cruelly severe, yet a most effectual remedy, had destroyed the seeds of disunion which existed in the bosom of Scotland; her commerce gradually increased, and, though checked for a time by the American war, revived after the peace of 1780, with a brilliancy of success hitherto unexampled. The useful arts, agriculture, navigation, and all the aids which natural philosophy

affords to industry, came in the train of commerce. The shocks which the country has sustained since the peace of 1815, have arisen out of causes general to the imperial kingdoms, and not peculiar to Scotland. It may be added also, that she has not borne more than her own share of the burden, and may look forward with confidence to be relieved from it as early as any of the sister kingdoms.

END OF VOL. VII.

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

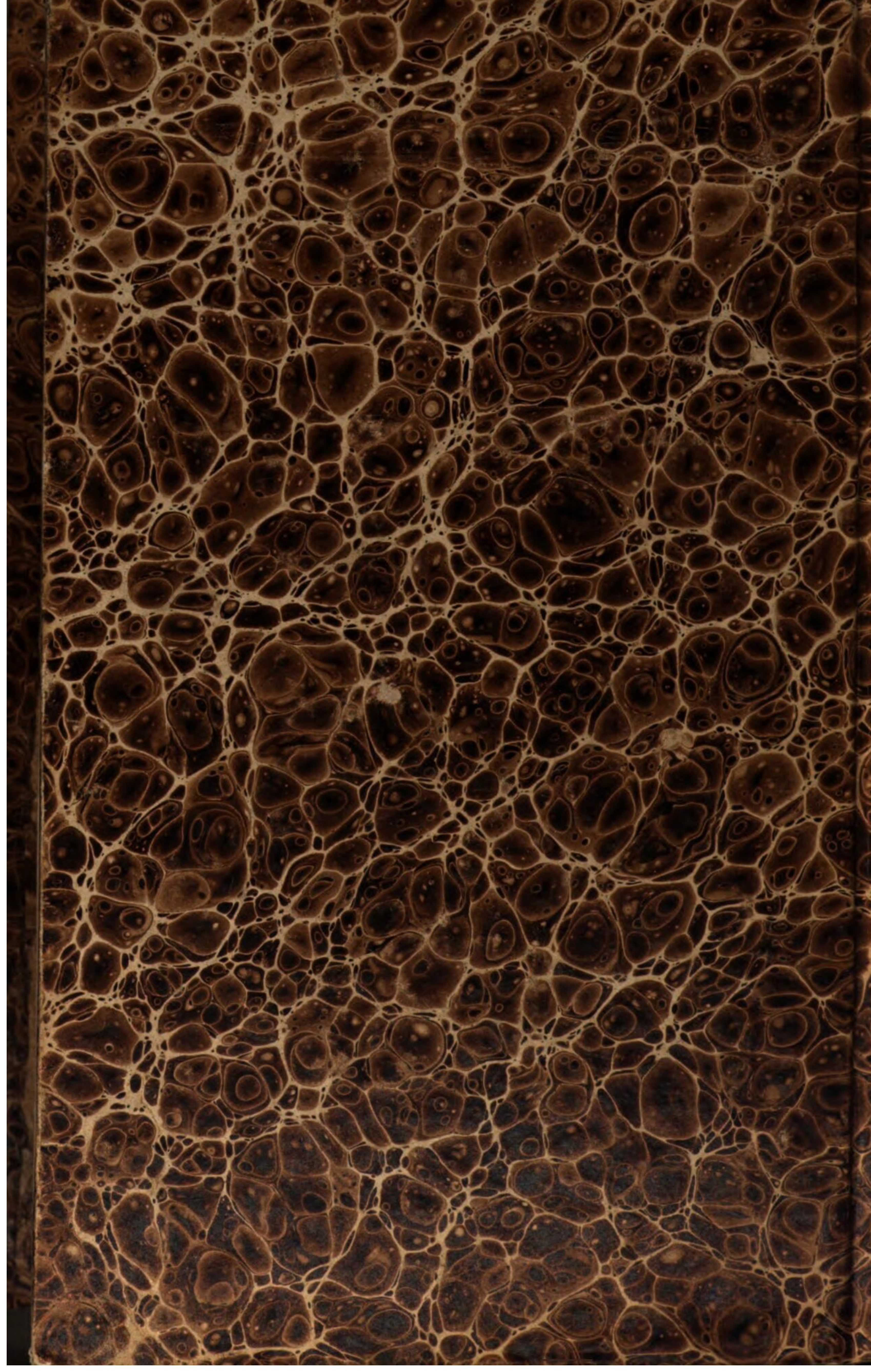
REPORT OF A GRANDFATHER

My dear son,
I have just received
your letter of the 10th
inst. and am glad to hear
from you. I am well and
hope this finds you the same.
I have not much news to write
at present, but I will write
again soon.

I have just received
your letter of the 10th
inst. and am glad to hear
from you. I am well and
hope this finds you the same.
I have not much news to write
at present, but I will write
again soon.

Yours affectionately

Grandfather



Scott, Walter,

The prose works of Sir Walter Scott

Bd.: 7

Paris 1830

Bibl.Mont. 879-7

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10714020-8